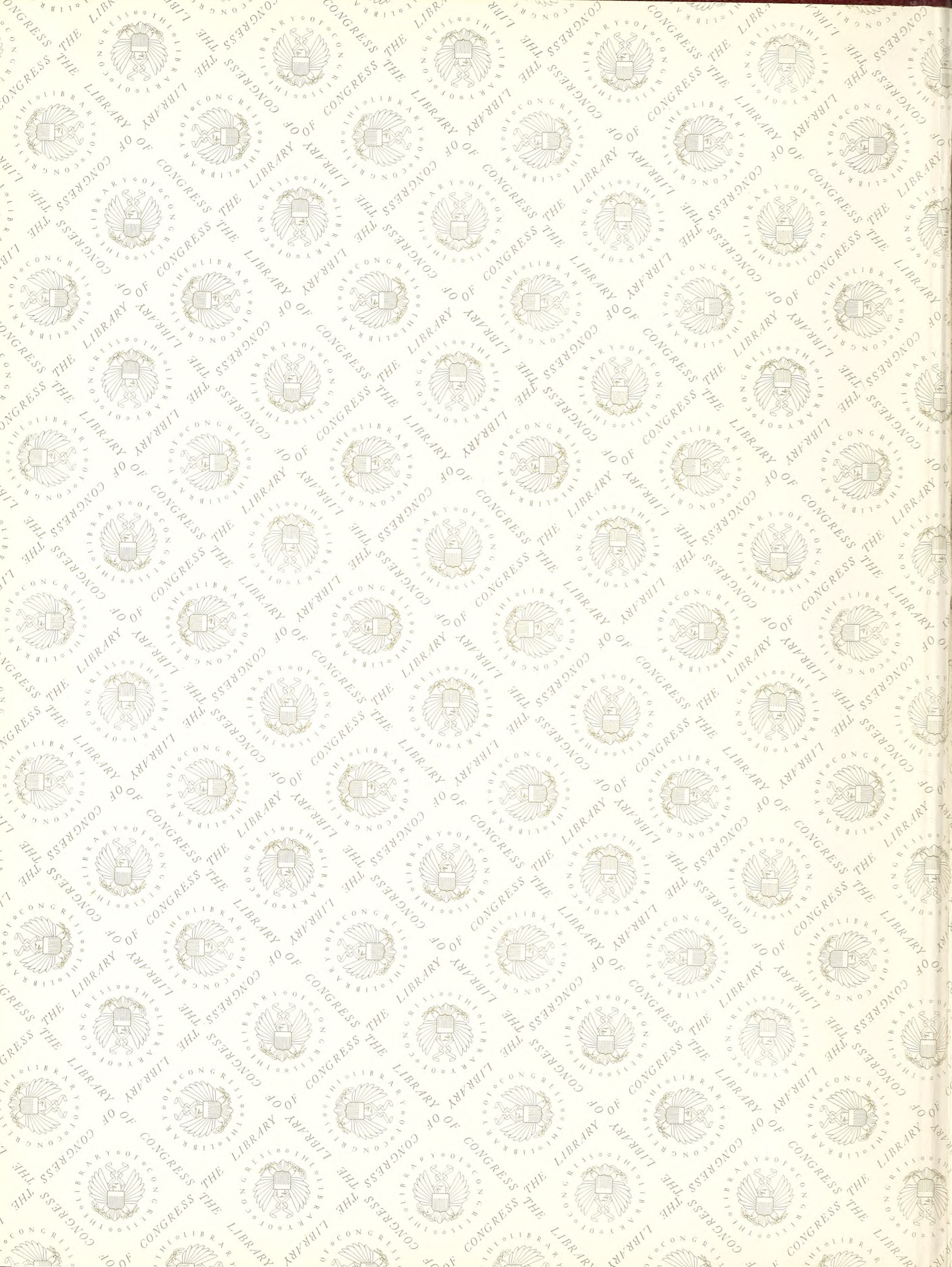

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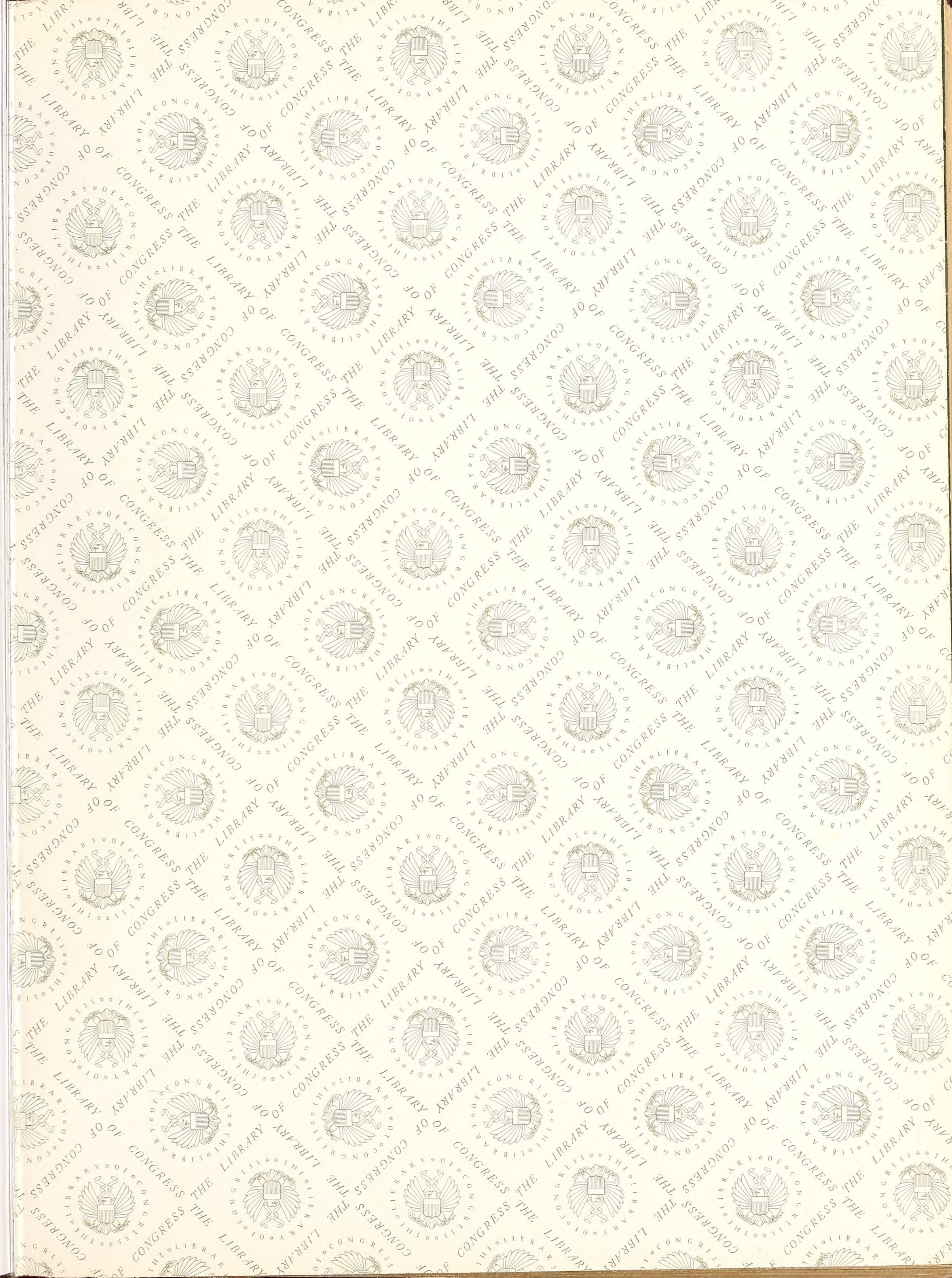
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Modern Screen

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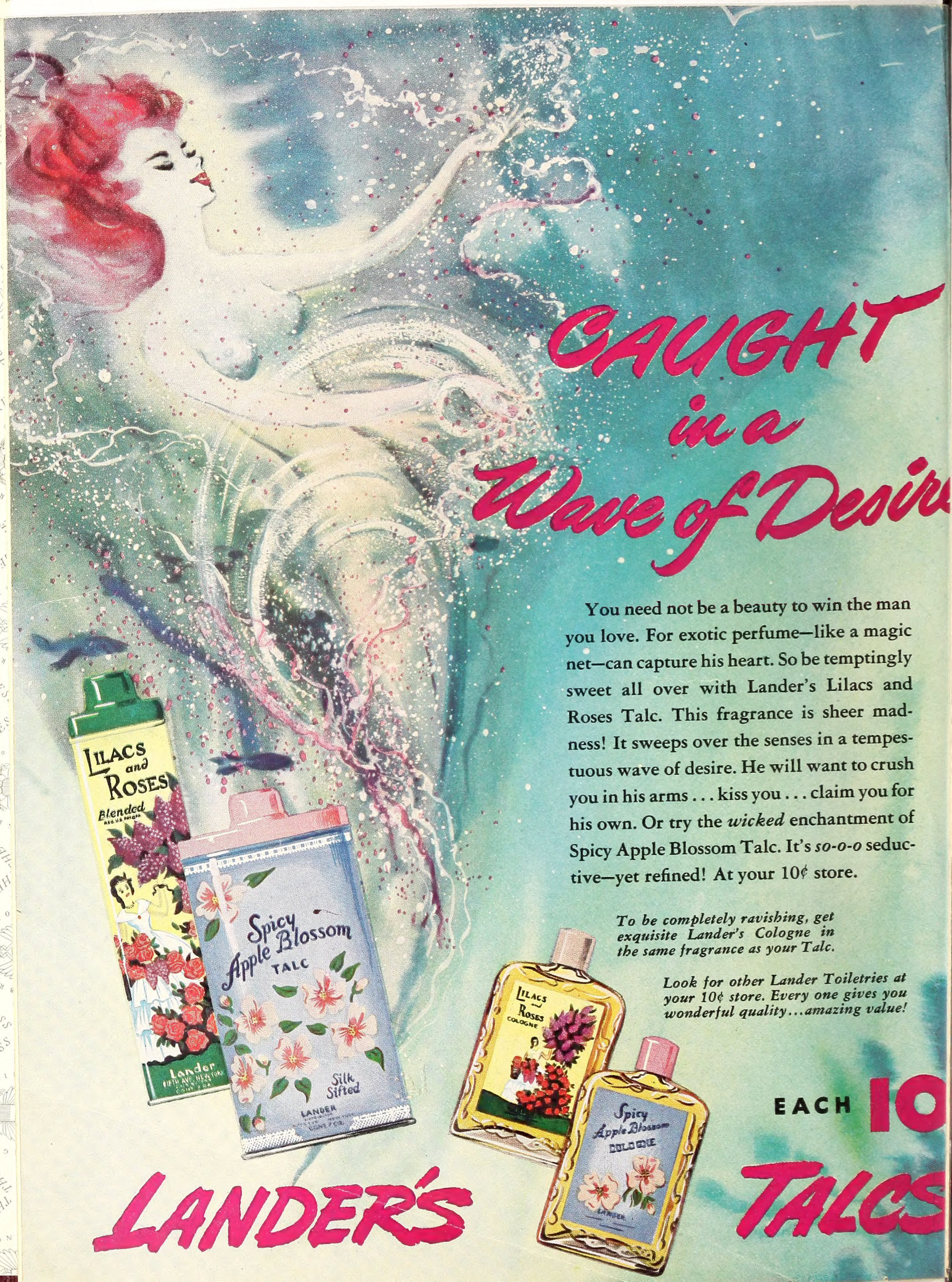
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TALCS

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To be completely ravishing, get exquisite Lander's Cologne in the same fragrance as your Talc.

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"What're you looking at, Sis?"

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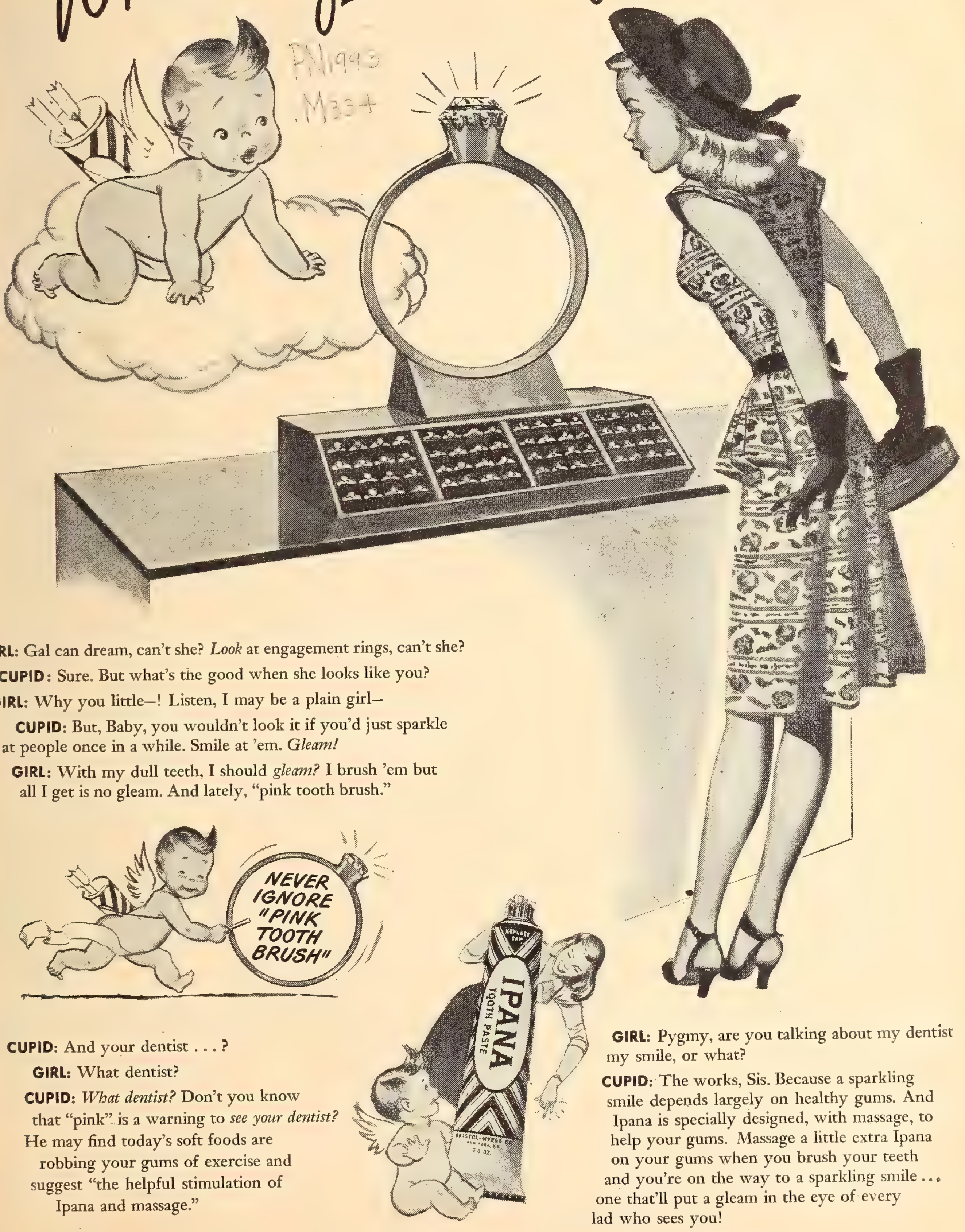

GIRL: Gal can dream, can't she? *Look* at engagement rings, can't she?

CUPID: Sure. But what's the good when she looks like you?

GIRL: Why you little—! Listen, I may be a plain girl—

CUPID: But, Baby, you wouldn't look it if you'd just sparkle at people once in a while. Smile at 'em. *Gleam!*

GIRL: With my dull teeth, I should *gleam?* I brush 'em but all I get is no gleam. And lately, "pink tooth brush."

CUPID: And your dentist . . . ?

GIRL: What dentist?

CUPID: *What dentist?* Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist?* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Pygmy, are you talking about my dentist my smile, or what?

CUPID: The works, Sis. Because a sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you're on the way to a sparkling smile... one that'll put a gleam in the eye of every lad who sees you!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)

We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd be saying: "We told you so!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audience you could possibly get together.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

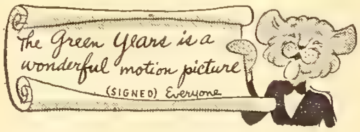
And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? Everyone says so!

★ ★ ★ ★

Our congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon. To a perfect supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. To those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

★ ★ ★ ★

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:


The Green Years is a wonderful motion picture
(SIGNED) Everyone

Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our role of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—*Leo*

modern screen

JULY, 1946

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dances and romances with
gorgeous Esther Williams
IN TECHNICOLOR

Van!

sings love songs . . . and so
does Lucille Ball
IN TECHNICOLOR

Van!

fights and frolics with
funny-man Keenan Wynn
IN TECHNICOLOR

M-G-M's whirlwind musical romance IN TECHNICOLOR

VAN JOHNSON ★ ESTHER WILLIAMS
LUCILLE BALL ★ KEENAN WYNN

"Easy to Wed"

CECIL KELLAWAY
CARLOS RAMIREZ · BEN BLUE
ETHEL SMITH
AT THE ORGAN

Adapted by Dorothy Kingsley • From the Screenplay
"Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard
Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer
Directed by
EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by
JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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No ugly cuts or scratches.
No stubble or shadow.
Keeps skin lovely longer.

QUICK!
EFFECTIVE!

At drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon
***Madame Berthé,* Specialist, 608 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

Two Sisters From Boston

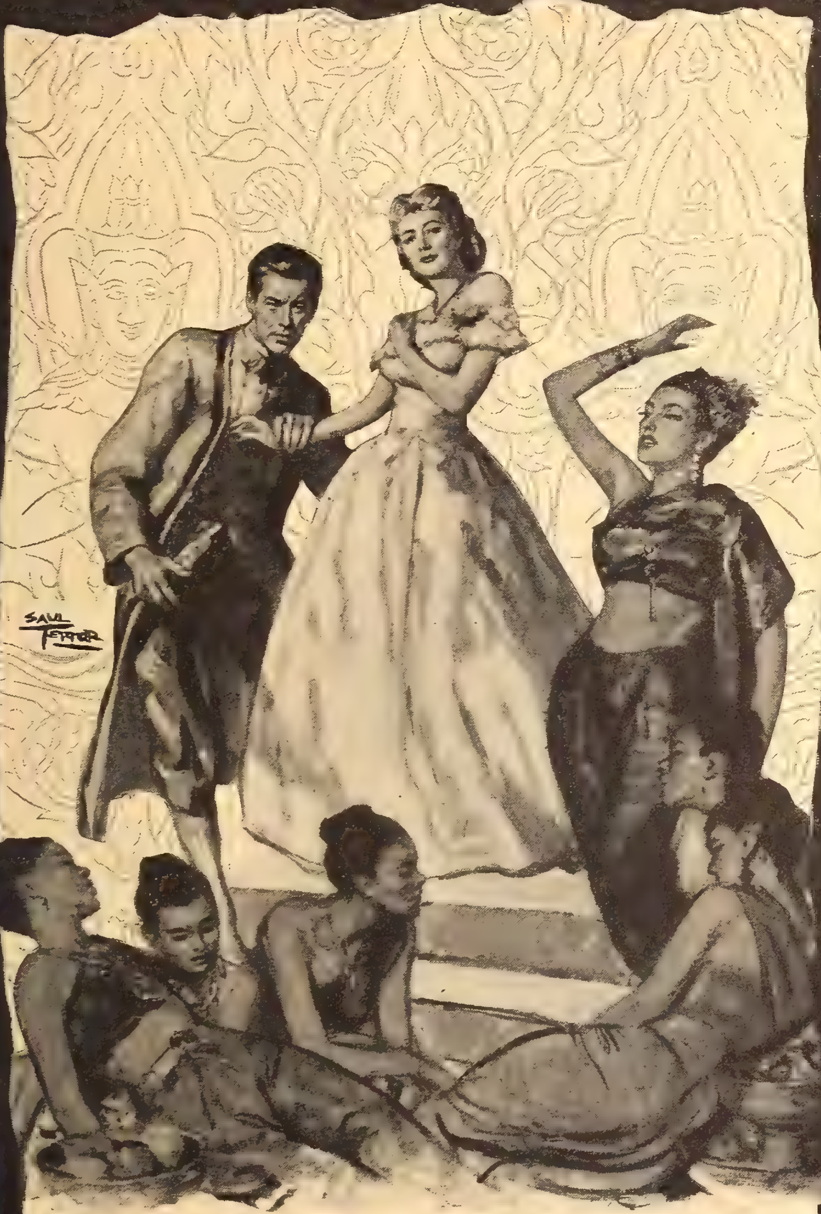
■ Here, folks, is where you really have a fine and fancy time for yourself. Just the line-up is enough to tell you why. You like Kathryn Grayson, don't you—remember "Anchors Aweigh?" You howl with laughter at Jimmy Durante. You love June Allyson and Lauritz Melchior and Peter Lawford . . . I guess that did it. You'll be there.

The first thing you'll see will be June Allyson, decked out as a Boston debutante in the year 1903. As Martha Chandler, she is playing the piano at a Back Bay musicale. It's a pretty dull party, until a couple of old gossips just back from wicked New York, pass the word around that Martha's sister has been seen singing and dancing at a Bowery cafe! The Chandler family refuse to believe it. They're sure dear Abigail (Kathryn Grayson) has been quietly taking voice lessons and spending her spare time at museums, just as she's written them. But—well—maybe just in *case,* they'd better go to New York and see.

Martha sends Abigail a letter about their impending arrival. It's bad news for Abigail, who, as "High C Susie," has been doing fine at the Golden Rooster in the Bowery. She needs the money she makes there so she can have an extra-special voice teacher, because some day she hopes to sing at the Met. But now her family will make her go back to Boston and that will be the end of her career. She tells her troubles to Spike (Jimmy Durante), her piano player. "There's nuttin' to it," he announces. "I won't let dem bums take ya home. I'll get ya into opera poissonally. Tonight."

He actually does accomplish this feat, by his own unique methods. Come evening, Abigail is in the front row of the opera chorus. In a desperate effort to make sure her family, which is present, is sufficiently impressed, she sings a duet with the surprised tenor, Olstrom (Lauritz Melchior). This, plus the story Spike has told to get her in, leads to more trouble than she had before. It also leads to Lawrence Patterson, *(Continued on page 10)*

The Chandler sisters (J. Allyson, K. Grayson) bewail their lost careers—and loves.



Into his strange, Exotic Kingdom came Anna . . .
Bringing the wonder of her western beauty . . .
The flame of her courage . . . the weapon of her wit!

ANNA and the KING of SIAM
MARGARET LANDON

From the top of every
best-seller list it
comes . . . to top all
screen entertainment
with its warmth
and splendor!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

IRENE DUNNE
REX HARRISON
LINDA DARNELL
IN

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM

with
LEE J. COBB · GALE SONDERGAARD · MIKHAIL RASUMNY
DENNIS HOEY · TITO RENALDO · RICHARD LYON
Directed by JOHN CROMWELL · Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON
Screen Play by Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson
Based upon the Biography by Margaret Landon

20th CENTURY-FOX

1946—*6* Academy Awards including best picture, "The Lost Weekend," and best male performance, Ray Milland!

Paramount the Academy Award Company Brings You Two great new hits!

1945—*8* Academy Awards including best picture, "Going My Way," and best male performance, Bing Crosby!

OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND . . . AND THE MOST DYNAMIC MALE STAR DISCOVERY OF OUR TIME . . . BRING YOU A STORY THAT RANKS WITH THE TWO UNFORGETTABLE ROMANCES IN SCREEN HISTORY!

Olivia DeHavilland

in

"To Each His Own"

with Mary Anderson • Roland Culver
Virginia Welles • Phillip Terry • Bill Goodwin
and introducing John Lund

A Mitchell Leisen
Production

Produced by Charles Brackett • Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Jacques Thery

THEIR "HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY" . . . AND NOW THEY'RE HAVING TWICE AS MUCH FUN WITH A COLLEGEFUL OF MEN . . . TAKING OVER A PRINCETON HOUSE-PARTY, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARITONES!

"Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

Starring
GAIL RUSSELL • DIANA LYNN
and **BRIAN DONLEVY**
with **BILLY DE WOLFE • WILLIAM DEMAREST**
James Brown • Bill Edwards
Produced by Daniel Dare • Directed by William D. Russell
Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank
Based on a story by Frank Waldman

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

Jr. (Peter Lawford), who doesn't think much of Abigail, but does approve of sister Martha, who can speak Greek!—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Peter Lawford stood on the set one day, watching Ben Blue give out with a short dance routine. Peter imitated the steps perfectly. Ben smiled, did a more complicated step. Peter surprised him by repeating perfectly. Ben figures that Peter is potential dancing material, says he has the grace and the knack for it. . . . June Allyson married Dick Powell while the picture was in production. The day before the wedding, she was called into the studio early in the morning. Seems a brass hat wanted to see her. Completely on the defensive, Junie walked into his office—and was told that the studio was giving her ten days off for a honeymoon. She left, melting all over the place.

A STOLEN LIFE

If you're a Bette Davis fan, this picture is going to make you happy. Because Bette plays a dual role—twin sisters—one very, very bad, one very, very good. As a foil to Bette's double charms, there is Glenn Ford, looking very he-mannish in dungarees, a pipe and a motor boat. Dane Clark has a field day as the rudest character ever to appear on the screen.

The good sister, Kate Bosworth, is an artist. She comes up to the Island, a tiny isle off the New England coast, to visit her cousin Freddie (Charles Ruggles). When she misses the steamer to the Island, she gets a ride with Bill Emerson (Glenn Ford). He does repair work at the lighthouse. Kate thinks she'd like to see him again, but being a shy type, goes about it very indirectly. She makes arrangements to sketch Eben Folger (Walter Brennan), the lighthouse keeper.

She's doing all right both with the sketch and with Bill, when he meets her sister, Pat. Now Pat looks so much like Kate that no one can tell them apart, but she's quite a different type underneath. When Pat gets a load of Bill, she goes to work on him immediately. Love to Pat is like a soap bubble, fun to toss around for awhile and never mind when it bursts. Love to Kate is as enduring as life itself. But men are easily dazzled, and Bill marries Pat. He soon regrets it. She is selfish and unfaithful, and makes him give up the work he likes, in order to make more money.

Then comes the sailing accident where Pat is drowned and Kate is saved. Only, by a curious quirk of fate, Kate is wearing her sister's wedding ring when she is found, and everyone believes she is Pat. This, Kate thinks crazily, is her chance to win Bill's love, to be his wife. She soon finds that she couldn't have picked a worse way, for he and Pat had been ready for divorce when Pat went sailing that day. Still, there *might* be something she could do . . . —*War.*

P. S.

Miss Davis was overjoyed with her role, once a starring vehicle for Elizabeth Bergner on the English stage. It allowed her to get out of period costumes and into 24 changes of gay and modern clothes . . . All was not sweetness and light, though. Miss Davis suffered a sprained ankle, acute laryngitis, a touch of seasickness brought on by the storm sequences, and finally a head-on collision with a balky door that failed to open for a hasty exit. The collision knocked her unconscious . . . While working in the film, his first since his discharge from the Marine Corps, Glenn Ford became a father with the advent of Peter Newton Ford . . . Glenn continued with his cinema superstitions, wearing the same brown necktie given him by Margaret Sullavan during the filming of his "break" picture, "So Ends Our Night." He also insisted on wearing his wedding band, and though he was playing a single man in the picture, wore the ring suspended from his neck inside his shirt.

ONE MORE TOMORROW

Here is a new version of "The Animal Kingdom" with Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan and Alexis Smith playing the famous triangle. Jack Carson is cast as a butler named Pat, and he takes a great personal interest in his boss, Tom Collier (Dennis Morgan).

Tom is a millionaire's son, and he's led a pleasant, easy-going existence till he meets Christie Sage (Ann Sheridan). Christie is a working girl—a photographer, to be exact, but she treats Tom and his millions with equal indifference. There's no real reason why that should bother him. After all, she's just a girl who came to take pictures of his birthday party, and here is luscious Cecelia Henry (Alexis Smith) at his elbow to keep him happy. So why is it that Tom walks out on the party and drives home with Christie? He isn't sure himself, especially when he gets there and finds her apartment full of the kind of people he has always been taught to regard as "radicals."

AUGUST ISSUE

Long and lanky Gregory P.
Adorns our August cover—
July 12th's the newsstand day
To buy your M. S. right away!

Tom's ideas change a lot in the next few months. He goes to work on a progressive magazine and puts up money for it, too, because he believes in its principles. He falls in love with Christie, but she won't marry him because "I couldn't live the way you've been brought up, Tom. Country estates and town houses and not caring what happens to the world as long as your little corner of it is comfortable."

So Christie goes to Mexico, and Tom marries Cecelia Henry. She pulls him back with velvet relentlessness into the social whirl she loves. She even makes him fire Pat, which is okay with that young man. "I don't like it around here anyway now," he says. "Things have changed." Then Christie comes back from Mexico, and the plot speeds up considerably.

You'll find Jane Wyman, John Loder and Thurston Hall agreeably in the cast.—*War.*

P. S.

When not before the camera, Miss Sheridan devoted considerable time to knitting —a habit she established when "Bundles for Britain" were being made up. . . . The only arguments that went on day after day were between Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson and it always dealt with technique in playing golf. These two are ardent golfers, and even during the noon hour they'd dash over to the nearby Lakeside course. . . . During the length of the production, Miss Smith received—by actual count —1143 fan letters. More than 1000 were from men in the service, and half of these asked for photographs of the pin-up variety. . . . In their spare time on the set, Sheridan and Wyman and Morgan and Carson perfected an act consisting of gags, dances and jokes, designed to entertain service men stationed in Southern California.

THE STRANGER

Charles Rankin (Orson Welles) is a newcomer to the village of Harper. He has been there long enough, however, to establish himself as a professor of history at the school and as the fiancé of Mary Longstreet (Loretta Young). He has done both things deliberately, as he does everything, for the time when they will be useful to him. When he and others like him can re-weld the power which not long ago almost defeated civilization.

There are obstacles in his path of which he is not yet aware. One of them lands in South America from England. He is a big, slow-moving detective named Wilson (Edward G. Robinson) who is following a neurotic, escaped German prisoner. The prisoner, Meinike (Konstantin Shayne) was deliberately allowed to escape. Allowed to get in touch with his contacts in South America. Allowed to take a boat from there to New York and a train to Harper, Connecticut. But when he tells Rankin, whom he knew in Germany as Fritz Krindler, about these escapes, Rankin knows it's a trap. Fortunately, no one has seen Meinike come to his house—no one but Mary Longstreet, who is to be his bride that night.

So Meinike disappears. Wilson is suspicious, but he has no proof. He asks as many questions as he can about Charles Rankin, who is now away on his honeymoon. When Rankin comes back, he finds Wilson established as an authority on clocks, which are Rankin's own hobby. The men are thrown together constantly. They talk over the 200-year-old clock in the Harper church tower, but neither of them knows the part it is to play in their tragedy.—*RKO*

P. S.

. . . For the death jump of more than sixty feet, Orson Welles hired a stunt man, Paul Stader, who was overjoyed at the prospect, claiming he'd break the record (if not his neck) for stunt jumping for films. After piling up a heap of cardboard boxes at the foot of the steeple, Stader was dismayed to find that the front office thought it would be better to use a dummy than to take a chance with his life. Stader went home that night practically in tears . . . Orson Welles was also a mighty dejected man when Rita Hayworth left him right in the middle of the production. He spent days on the set hiding from the ever-curious press, who mobbed the studio for a few words with Welles.

TO EACH HIS OWN

Girls fell in love just as suddenly and

WOW! WHAT A LESSON IN CARESSIN'!

THE SCREEN'S
FULL OF
STARS WITH
THEIR ARMS
FULL OF
LOVE!

Kiss
Kiss
Kiss
Kiss
Kiss

OH, WHAT ANNIE DID TO THE "XMAS IN CONNECTICUT" KID!

ANN SHERIDAN *and* **DENNIS MORGAN**

JACK CARSON
A weed in their garden of love!

ALEXIS SMITH
Everybody's sweetheart—all at once!

JANE WYMAN
She's been around so much she's dizzy!

IT'S THE BIG LOVE AND LOVE-IT SHOW FROM WARNERS!

ONE MORE TOMORROW

The hit with the Hit Parade tune "ONE MORE TOMORROW"

with
REGINALD GARDINER • Screen Play by Charles Hoffman & Catherine Turney • Additional Dialogue by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Music by Max Steiner • DIRECTED BY PETER GODFREY • PRODUCED BY BENJAMIN GLAZER

Louis Philippe
Louis Philippe
SunBird
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Louis Philippe

For the song in your heart...

SunBird, Louis Philippe's new lipstick shade

Sing of new love this happy summer —and wear your heart upon your lips! Sunbird, Louis Philippe's dreamy new lipstick shade comes in a golden-colored metal case of jeweler design. The smartest color in captivity. Matching lure for cheeks in Sunbird rouge, feather-light creme or cake.

Lipstick, $1., Rouge, 49c. (Plus tax.)

recklessly during the first World War as they did during this last one. One day they were heart whole and fancy free, and the next, in love. That's what happens to Jody Norris (Olivia De Havilland). Captain Cosgrove (John Lund) comes through her home town on a bond selling tour. He's only there one night, but one night is enough. Jody falls in love with a terrific smash. Three months later, when she hears that Cosgrove has been killed in France, she already knows that she is to bear his child. She goes to New York when the time comes, and young Griggsy is born in a hospital there. Jody has figured out a way by which she can adopt him without anyone at home knowing he's really hers.

But Jody's plans go astray. Griggsy is adopted instead by her neighbors, a rich young couple. Alex (Philip Terry) and Corinne (Mary Anderson) are devoted to the boy. Jody spends as much time at their home as she can—so much that Corinne gets jealous and finally demands that she stay away. Even when Jody desperately tells her the truth about Griggsy's birth, Corinne refuses to give him up. The next years are hell for Jody. She goes to New York and becomes phenomenally successful in business, but it's a lonely life. For a few short months, she has Griggsy with her, but even that doesn't work. He is homesick and wants his "mother." So Jody goes to England to open a branch of her business. She is still there when World War II breaks out, with unexpected consequences.—*Par.*

P. S.

Prepared for a big crowd scene supposed to have taken place about 1920, Director Mitchell Leiser groaned when the extras appeared on the set. Their hair was done up strictly in 1946 fashion, which clashed with their long waistlines and French heels. "Good lord," he said, "you girls can certainly remember how you used to do your hair in those days. You're not that young!" "Oh, I remember!" howled one woman, and immediately began to spangle her hair with frenzied hands. Others regained their memories and followed suit. "That's it! That's it!" said the delighted director . . . John Lund comes to the scene from the Broadway play, "The Hasty Heart," and promises to be a sensational success with moviegoers. Supposed to play only the part of Olivia De Havilland's lover in the early sequences, his performance was so fine that producer Charles Brackett and Leisen decided to give him a dual role and have him portray Olivia's son at the end of the film. For the latter sequences, Lund's blond hair was dyed brown.

SUSPENSE

Barry Sullivan plays a *very* tough guy named Joe Morgan, who makes love and commits murder with the same deadpan expression. When we first encounter Joe, he's looking for a job. He soon gets one from Dan Leonard (Albert Dekker), who owns a huge ice show and is married to its star, Roberta (Belita). It isn't much of a job at first, but he has a hunch he'll get a better one soon.

For a while, Roberta is conscious of Joe only as a fresh guy who ought to be put in his place. Then he comes through with a startling idea for her skating act. An idea that scares the daylights out of everybody but Roberta. She likes it, and she isn't afraid of the risk involved. So, a few nights later, clad in a scanty and altogether alluring costume, she does this "death defying leap through a ring of knives." Something more dangerous than knives is confronting her at this point, however. She has begun to feel Joe's strange and rather sinister fascination. She isn't very much in love with her husband, and their relationship has been more like a business partnership than a marriage. Leonard begins to suspect what's going on. He takes Roberta off to their hunting lodge in the mountains. When Joe turns up there, Leonard is sure. He decides to shoot this interloper. Joe is saved by a sudden snowslide, which kills Leonard. Or does it? His body isn't found, and in the next few months some strange things happen. Joe determines that if Leonard is alive he won't stay that way long.—*Mon.*

P. S.

The first time the producers saw Belita take a spill during rehearsal, they jumped onto the ice and nearly broke their own necks trying to reach the star. They had her carried off the ice and insisted she go home for the day. Belita couldn't convince them that spills are a common occurrence in her life . . . During rehearsals for the "Cabildo" number, Miguelito Valdes stood on a huge drum in the middle of the arena, clad in earmuffs, muffler and lumpy gloves, in addition to a few sweaters, etc. Out came Belita, wearing little more than a few spangles. Valdes beckoned to her, handed down a cigarette lighter. "Here," he said, "warm yourself up!" . . . Eugene Pallette, ex-butcher, spent spare time off the set at the store of a friend in the valley, merrily hacking away at cuts of meat.

DO YOU LOVE ME?

In the Hilliard School of Music, nothing but the classics are taught. There has always been a Hilliard at the head of the school, and there still is—Miss Katherine Hilliard (Maureen O'Hara). Look at her now as she addresses the board of trustees. She's wearing tweeds, low heeled shoes, and eyeglasses. "I'm leaving for New York today," she announces. "While there I'll consult with Deems Taylor about a classical and symphonic program for our Spring Music Festival. I'll be back in three days."

That's what *she* thinks. On the train she runs into Barry Clayton (Harry James) and his hot band. Barry tries out his latest song on her, and loses fifty fast bucks to Dilly, his clarinetist, because she doesn't react. "Aw, she's not normal, you can't count her," Barry complains. "Look at the way she dresses. She has no more sex appeal than a turnip." Katherine, overhearing, is furious. No girl likes to hear that she has no sex appeal! Then when she meets Deems Taylor in New York, he gives her a polite brush-off in favor of a singer in a super-feminine hat. That does it. Katherine gets the works—she becomes a blonde, she buys a whole new wardrobe, she discards the eyeglasses entirely. Glamor, Incorporated. Now all she needs is a man, to take her to the night club where Barry is playing.

She picks one up on the street and he turns out (this could only happen in the movies) to be Jimmy Hale (Dick Haymes), the town's favorite crooner. He introduces her to Barry who hasn't the faintest idea that she's the girl of the train. Jimmy thinks she's in love with Barry, when actually she is only trying to prove to herself that she does so too have more sex appeal than a turnip! It doesn't take her long. Both men are soon in love with her. Even Deems Taylor asks her for a date. But something outrageous happens. Katherine develops a taste for swing music, and wait till the trustees of the Hilliard School hear about *that!*—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

The Haymes-James combination got

It isn't your necklace they'll notice, Pet!

No one overlooks underarm odor—so look to Mum for protection

IT'S A GIFT—the way you wear jewels for smart effect.

But, honey, can't you see? Even the loveliest of trinkets fails to be effective when charm itself fades away.

So don't stop at washing away *past* perspiration. But *do* guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. Let Mum give underarms the special care they need.

Mum smooths on in half a minute. Keeps you bath-fresh and sweet—safe from offending underarm odor all day or evening long.

Mum is harmless to skin and clothing. Creamy, snow-white Mum is so quick and easy to use—before or *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar of Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.

An exquisitely fair complexion accents charming Mrs. Gould's lovely dark hair and brown eyes. Like so many other society favorites, she is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. "After the Mask, my skin feels different—so beautifully soft and 'unruffled'!" she says.

1-Minute Mask

"Most effective complexion 'pick-up' I know!"

Mrs. Gould has a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream three or four times weekly

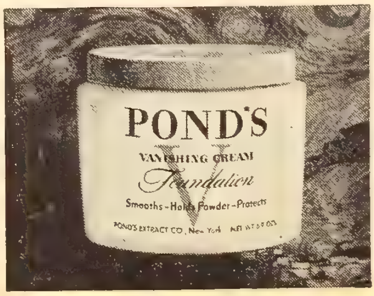
Give your face this quick glamour refresher!

Mask your face—all but eyes—with a fragrant, snowy coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Right away, what skin specialists call "keratolytic action" goes to work. The Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens and dissolves ruffly bits of dead skin and embedded dirt particles. Gets them ready to tissue off!

After one minute—tissue off the Mask. See how much brighter and *smoother* your complexion looks! You'll be thrilled by the soft, even way make-up goes on—*to stay!*

Grand powder base, too!

"My make-up base is Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on lightly—and left on! Keeps my make-up fresh for hours!" says Mrs. Gould.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

on extremely well during the production; no small wonder, since Dick used to sing with Harry's band. Dick laughed when he was told he would sing in the picture one of Harry's tunes, "As If I Didn't Have Enough on My Mind." "Ye gods," said Dick, "this is irony. Years ago, I showed Harry the tunes I had written, and he turned them all down. Now here I am, plugging one of his" . . . When you hear Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony played in the picture, one of the trumpets in the brass section is played by Harry. He just wanted to get in there and blow out some good music . . . James says the GIs aren't too keen on him now, just because he married Betty Grable, but says they'd really hate him if they knew he was the guy who recorded "Reveille" for use in army camps both in the United States and overseas.

LOVER COME BACK

Kay Williams (Lucille Ball) is a top dress designer. She is also a very beautiful girl, and men can't be blamed too much for wanting to console her for her husband's absence. However, they get no encouragement from Kay. She is true to Bill (George Brent) just as she's sure he is to her. The fact that as a war correspondent he is doing the rounds of Europe with a charming femme photographer, Madeline (Vera Zorina), doesn't alter her viewpoint at all. Just the same, she's pretty glad to get Bill's cable that he's arriving in New York.

Kay goes out in the press boat to meet him, and finds that Madeline is on the ship—in the next room to Bill, as a matter of fact. Just coincidence, of course, and Kay determinedly ignores it. They are all three invited to a cocktail party, and there things get really tough. It is full of alluring damsels, all of whom seem to have known Bill when they were overseas on U.S.O. tours and things. Kay is going to be a good sport about that too, until one of these dizzy babes whips out a recording Bill has sent her. It's his own voice telling her just how much he misses her, and so forth, *and* so forth. The fact that he has sent Kay one just like it doesn't help. She decides to give Bill something to worry about. The something is Paul (Carl Esmond) who has been in love with her for some time, in a wolfish sort of way. Maybe she'd better get a divorce and marry him, and let Bill go on chasing blondes with that Harpo Marx gleam in his eye. Maybe—and maybe not.—*Univ.*

P. S.

When Lucille Ball read the script of "Lover Come Back" and learned she was to wear 15 exclusive costumes designed by Travis Banton, she accepted the part that quick. She portrays a character described as "the best dressed woman in America," and Banton worked day and night perfecting Miss Ball's $75,000 wardrobe. That he succeeded beyond his dreams is testified to by the star's purchase of all the clothes she wears in the film. . . . George Brent lost 20 pounds before the picture started, in order to better portray a man who had been overseas for three years. Vera Zorina arrived from New York to play her role, and her luggage was so late in arriving that she had to borrow clothing from the studio wardrobe and players on the lot until her trunks came through. This is the first time Zorina has ever played a role in which she does not dance.

THE DARK CORNER

You've been chloroformed, and when you come to you have a poker in your hand

and there's a dead man beside you. His name is Jardine and he's a man you hated. The doorbell is ringing like crazy—probably the police. Tough!

Only, as it happens, it isn't the police at the door. It's your beautiful red haired secretary, Kathleen (Lucille Ball). And she is willing, even anxious, to help you out of the mess you're in. A mess that started three years ago in San Francisco when you had a partner, Arthur Jardine (Kurt Kreuger). You, of course, were a private detective then, as now. You were Bradford Galt (Mark Stevens) and you objected to having a crooked partner—one who was blackmailing all your feminine clients. You told Jardine so, the night you caught him stealing some of the firm's money. He said, "Very well, Brad, you have me cold. Drive me out to my house and I'll give you back what I've stolen." You fell for it, like a dope. On the way, he hit you over the head, doused you with Scotch, and started the car down a hill. It hit a truck and killed the driver and you went to jail for two years. When you got out, you came to New York, to start over. You would forget about Jardine.

But he won't let you forget him. You go out to do the town with your gorgeous secretary and you spot a guy tailing you. A big guy in a white suit (William Bendix). You get him up to your office and give him the works and find out the name of the man who hired him. Jardine. It's a lot more complicated than it seems on the surface, too. You find that out later. Right now you've never heard of Mr. Cathcart (Clifton Webb) who owns the famous art gallery. Or his lovely wife, Mari (Cathy Downs). If you had, you might not be so baffled when you wake up and find Jardine dead beside you.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

After his performance in "The Dark Corner," Mark Stevens was acclaimed as one of the top movie finds of 1946. And less than three years ago, he had to walk twelve miles to his first film test for lack of carfare . . . During the film's making, Mark learned that his wife, Annelle, would make him a father in September . . . Kurt Kreuger's home life was disrupted during the shooting of the picture when his address and phone number appeared in print. His home was deluged by fans, and his studio couldn't reach him by phone. "If you don't believe it," Kurt told the phone company, "listen in on my wire some time." The phone company did, agreed with their customer, and gave him a new phone number. . . Lucille Ball is one star who doesn't fake her typing and shorthand in movie scenes. An ex-stenographer, she can bat out a letter with ease, although she admits she's no expert. . . .

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

When columnist Gilbert Archer (Lee Bowman) was a boy, Father Walsh kept him out of reform school. They've been friends ever since, so it's natural that the good Father should come to Archer with the puzzle of the two Bibles and the painting "The Walls of Jericho." That night, Father Walsh is found hanging in his living room. The police call it suicide, but Archer is sure it's murder. He starts an investigation of his own, and the first person he comes across is a pretty girl who calls herself "Patricia Foster" (Marguerite Chapman). Archer finds out that her real name is Laura Browning, and that she is a granddaughter of the man who owned the painting.

Archer's connection with Father Walsh

(*Continued on page 18*)

7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

"Of all brands I like Kleenex best"

KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

Now!
MORE KLEENEX
being made than ever before.
So keep asking for it!

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is*Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others *can't be* "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes, only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

There's only one Kleenex*
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Smart Headwork

To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to *there*...

DeLong
STRONG SPRING—WON'T SLIP OUT

Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

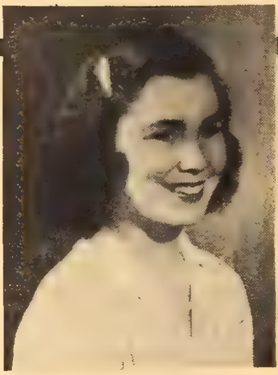
Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

CO-ED

Ghost stories aren't scarey in the daytime, and emotional problems lose their punch when you talk 'em out. So speak up, sister!

We did some investigating this month to discover what goes on under that cute, fresh exterior of yours, and—after talking to dozens of teen-agers—we've learned that underneath the wisecracks and jive you're not always as sure of yourself as you let on; not always as happy as you'd have people think. The worst dragon you have to tussle with, you told us, is fear. Oh, you can cope with the quick, clean fear of a roller coaster or a fast horse or a tremendous flash of lightning; it's the slow, crawly fear of intangible things that gets you down. You're scared of being stuck at the prom, scared of saying the wrong thing in class. You're afraid you'll be laughed at if your clothes aren't beautiful, if your parents speak broken English, if your ideas are a little bit different from the gang's. Half your precious hours are literally destroyed by fear. And that's not good. Please, *please* let us help.

You're Scared of Guys: Maybe you do all right with the gals (proving that you're no jerk, as you've been thinking), but you freeze when the group is co-ed. Why? Because you've gotten the idea into your head somehow that boys don't like you, and you're afraid that anything you say will make them like you just that much less. That is strictly hooey. Look. As of now, you're beau-less. What have you got to lose? Start relaxing when they're around, give them the same gay patter that panics the gals, the same big smile, the same easy-going sort of kidding. Give them a chance to see what sort of babe you are. You're not going to be every guy's idea of a Large Charge, natch. Even Grable's not that good. But there'll be boys who'll think you're wonderful. Nice, friendly kids who'll want to take you to the movies or bowling or to the doings at school. There'll even be a guy or two who'll want you to go steady. Cross our heart, once *(Continued on page 124)*



JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

My older sister is much more popular than I am, and it annoys me terribly. We're about equally attractive, but somehow wherever we go, she's the one they fall for. What can the matter be? (With me.) H. S., Lake Forest, Ill.

The stiff competition may have one of two effects on you. It may drive you into your shell so that you just don't sparkle at all, or it may make you loud and boisterous in an effort to distract the lads' attention from her. Strive for a middle course, somewhere between those extremes. Next, stop trying to imitate her, and work out your own line, your own technique. Also, confide in your sister that you wish awfully you could be as attractive as she, and get her to give you some pointers and maybe even a plug or two with the boys.

What is your opinion about unchaperoned vacations? We are two gals, aged 17 and 18, and we'd like to take a motor trip through New England in September. One of our mothers approves. One doesn't. What do you say? J. J., Madison, Conn.

(Continued on page 112)

No Risk Too Great for Love so Enticing!

CARY GRANT

INGRID BERGMAN

in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

Notorious!

with

CLAUDE RAINS

LOUIS CALHERN · LENORE ULRIC

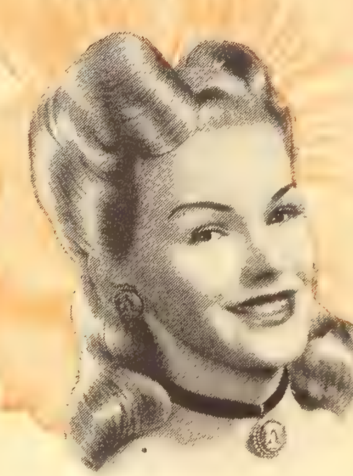
MADAME LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Written by BEN HECHT

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Give Springtime Beauty
TO YOUR HAIR



What a thrill you'll get when your *own* hair rivals the beauty of a bright spring day.

It can, you know, when you use Nestle Colorinse. For this wonder-rinse gives your hair more color, highlights and sheen than you've ever dreamed possible.

See for yourself how bright, sparkling hair reflects lovely color tones in your complexion. Try Nestle Colorinse today! You'll be thrilled with the softness and sheen it gives.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle
COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.
2½ oz. bottle 25¢

Nestle HAIRLAC

comes out in the newspaper accounts of the priest's death. He soon has a somber and threatening caller—a Mr. Stoker, who is convinced that Archer knows the whereabouts of the two Bibles. When the columnist tells him, quite truthfully, that he has no idea where either of them are, Stoker has him beaten up. Archer's next caller is a nervous, weird little man named Helms. He insists that he is the father of "Patricia Foster," and he is willing to pay a large sum for the two Bibles.

Everybody, at this point, is searching madly for the Bibles, and things get a little rough. Especially when Archer discovers that one of the Bibles was buried with the body of Laura's grandfather. A spot of grave-robbing seems indicated, and that gets complicated.—*Col.*

P. S.

Lee Bowman, by the time the film was half finished, vowed that fate was against him. In the first place, he broke two bones in his right hand during a fight sequence. He was no sooner back in front of the cameras than he found himself in a rain sequence that went on for fourteen days. "I used to take more punishment in the days I played villains on the screen," he said. To top it all, his wife turned interior decorator and flew to Canada to "do" the house of director Victor Fleming. Mrs. Bowman's absence left Lee alone with his household and when the cook came down with the flu, the actor spent extra hours cooking breakfast for his two children. And of course he had to burn his hand in the process. . . Marguerite Chapman, who would rather eat spaghetti than anything else she can think of, had her fill of the dish during the film's shooting. On a set representing an Italian restaurant, she ate spaghetti for three days running.

A SCANDAL IN PARIS

"A Scandal In Paris" is based upon the life of Eugene Francois Vidocq, who seems to have offered plenty of cause for scandal.

George Sanders, as Vidocq, makes it all plausible and amusing. The story begins with him in jail. His cellmate at the moment is Emile (Akim Tamiroff) who comes from a long line of thieves. One of them kindly sends him a file in a birthday cake. Nothing like a file for a happy birthday. They are soon out of jail, and Vidocq celebrates by making love to a vivacious entertainer, Loretta (Carole Landis). In the course of the evening, he also steals her ruby-studded garter, and he and Emile get out of Paris for a while.

The next year passes in a series of what come to be known to the police as the "Casanova" robberies. Eventually Vidocq and Emile encounter the elderly Marquise de Pierremont (Alma Kruger) who, like all women, takes a vast liking to Vidocq. She invites him to visit her, and he brings Emile along as his servant. They discover, to their considerable consternation, that her son is the Minister of Police. It takes more than that to deter Vidocq. He and Emile steal the Marquise's diamonds. Emile wants to head straight for Paris with them, but Vidocq, instead, hides them in the shrubbery outside the castle. Then when the Minister has discharged his Chief of Police for not finding them, Vidocq discovers a series of "clues" which lead directly to the jewels. So who is the next Chief of Police? Naturally—Vidocq! —*U. A.*

P. S.

Ever since he read the memoirs of Eugene Francois Vidocq, in the original French, George Sanders has wanted to play the swash-buckling Frenchman on the screen. He had only one regret during the filming of the picture when, fully clad in a suit of armor, he was thrown from a horse who objected to the medieval burden. . . . Akim Tamiroff, always a lover of character makeup, complained for the first time on this movie. As Emile, he wears a false nose and false ears. Especially molded of plastic makeup, the nose could be used only once, which meant that summed up, Tamiroff wore 56 different noses, each one of which was extremely uncomfortable to wear. "No civilian could stand it!" he griped, and threw the company into hysterics. . . . All the costumes, for both men and women, were created by Norma, a twenty-three-year-old girl. This was the first job she did on her own.

LADY LUCK

Lady Luck may be flickle, but she's gay and fun to have around. The same may be said of this picture, which stars Robert Young, Barbara Hale and Frank Morgan. One of my favorite characters, James Gleason, gives one of my favorite performances of the year. There is a hilarious scene with a little guy (Teddy Hart) in his first crap game, which will appeal to anyone who ever rolled dice.

The story concerns the Audrey family, who have always been gamblers. Gramp (Frank Morgan), only surviving male Audrey, is no exception. But his granddaughter, Mary (Barbara Hale), won't even buy cigarettes from a machine because it reminds her of slot machines. She runs a bookstore in Beverly Hills and spends her spare time trying to keep Gramp from playing the races—definitely a losing battle. One day she leaves Gramp to look after the store while she goes to the bank. Larry Scott (Robert Young), one of the sporting men about town, drops in in search of a racing form. He and Gramp get into conversation, and Gramp offers to book his bet, thinking it won't be more than ten bucks or so. It's two hundred, and the darn horse wins. Gramp decides to leave town, but Larry gets a quick look at Mary and offers to settle the debt for an invitation to dinner.

When he finds out how she feels about gambling, he is at first incredulous. Gradually, as he falls in love, he thinks maybe she's got something there. Maybe he *ought* to start being a respectable, law-abiding citizen. So he reforms, and they go to Las Vegas and get married. But on the wedding night, Larry gets involved, quite innocently, in a crap game. Mary is furious. "Once a gambler, always a gambler," she says, and starts divorce proceedings instead of the honeymoon. That's when Sam (James Gleason), one of Larry's pals, has a brainstorm. If he could only get Mary to gamble once herself, she might understand how Larry feels. But he doesn't know about the Audrey gambling blood, or he would never have done what he did.

That Barbara Hale is going places very fast indeed. Keep an eye on her.—*RKO.*

STEAM ON THE BEAM

—That's our Jean and her teens. We mean Jean Kinkead, of course. Her "Glamor For The Teens" is one chart you teen-agers agree no gal should be without. You particularly like the way it tackles ALL those little take-the-joy-out-of-living problems like (sh-h-h!) blackheads, pimples, oily skin, protruding tummy. Jean's just revised the whole works, adding two completely new sections. See Super Coupon, page 24, to get your free copy.

He'll steal anything!

Women lose their heads . . . their hearts . . . their treasures when master-thief, master-tempter Vidocq comes calling. What a vandal! What a scandal!

Arnold Pressburger presents

GEORGE SANDERS
SIGNE HASSO
CAROLE LANDIS

in

"A Scandal in Paris"

with

AKIM TAMIROFF
GENE LOCKHART

Alma Kruger · Alan Napier · Jo Ann Marlowe
Vladimir Sokoloff · Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK
Screenplay by ELLIS ST. JOSEPH
Produced by ARNOLD PRESSBURGER
Released thru United Artists

Oh, that sensational Flame Dance! It's torrid!

Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

■ Last time I started in by saying this was Feather-Sticks-His-Neck-Out Month in the Sweet and Hot department. This time it's Feather-Sticks-His-Chest-Out, or Personal Plugs Month. All the records in the Hot Jazz section feature my own music and/or lyrics; I played piano on some of them, got the bands together and supervised the recordings on seven of them. Therefore, they're recommended with reservations.

I'd modestly been avoiding mentioning most of my own records for a long time, but a thought has occurred to me. Sure, I have thoughts. All the *other* reviewers either ignore or pan my records, since no critic likes to see a rival critic trying to be a musician at the same time. So why shouldn't they (my records, not the critics) get a mention from the one writer who's ready, willing and simply delighted to give you some inside stories on them? Therefore, without a by-your-leave to Editors Al or Henry, I've gone and disposed of the subject of Records by Feather in one large dose and I promise to be a good boy and not plug myself again for a long, long time. A couple of months, anyway.

Oh, before I forget: Best *popular* record of the month: "Legalize My Name" (Pearl Bailey), *not* sweet.

Woody Herman's got "The Band Of The Year" *and* Lynne Stevens, singer.

Best hot jazz: Esquire All-Star Album (with reservations)!

BEST POPULAR

CEMENT MIXER—Alvino Rey (Capitol), Slim Gaillard (Cadet), Wingie Manone (Four Star), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo)—The latest novelty tune, and, depending upon whether you go for novelty tunes, guaranteed to either make you drunk with joy, or drive you raging insane. If you're a Mairzy Doats hater, this may just be the straw that cracks your back. However . . .

It was originated by Slim Gaillard, formerly of Slim and Slam. (Slam Stewart.) Slim and Slam first got famous when, back in 1938, they came up with "Flat Foot Floogie." They were on the road for a while, and then Slam went with Benny Goodman, and now he's a big name on his own. Slim was in the Army, then drifted out to the West Coast and stayed there, making records by the bushel with different combinations. This "Cement Mixer" puts him right up there with Slam as a big name now. It's a real crazy thing, goes along something like: "Cement mixer, put-ti put-ti, puddle de voot, puddle de root," etc. Voot is Slim's favorite word, anyway, and he's got a whole language of his own. Including "oreenee" which he sticks on the end of practically everything. Vootoreenee, for instance. And he's really a very talented guy. Plays guitar, piano, vibes, trumpet and tenor saxoreenee.

DON'T BE A BABY, BABY —Trummy Young (G.I.), Tommy Dorsey

(*Continued on page 22*)

"Stick to the script!" warned "Supper Club" maestro. But Perry Como had such a good time with Carole Landis when she appeared on his show they had to smother the giggles.

The RED MILL

ENJOY THE ENTIRE STAGE SHOW

★ in RCA Victor's exciting new "Two on the Aisle" album ★

FROM THE PAULA STONE—HUNT STROMBERG, JR. PRODUCTION
Book revisions by MILTON LAZARUS

AL GOODMAN

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Earl Wrightson **Mary Martha Briney**
Donald Dame **The Mullen Sisters**
Mixed Chorus

★

YOU'LL HEAR eight sparkling Victor Herbert hits from "The Red Mill" . . . recorded by this scintillating cast!

YOU'LL READ the story of the whole show in eleven exciting pages bound right into the album! You'll follow actual dialog of the Broadway hit that has thrilled 2½ million!

YOU'LL SEE gorgeous, full-color pictures of the important scenes! You'll see portraits of the stars of the Broadway production! Pictures of the recording cast!

YOU'LL FEEL as if you were seeing the show from the best seat in the house! Don't miss it—ask for RCA Victor Album K-1. Price $4.00, exclusive of taxes. Get yours *today*.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

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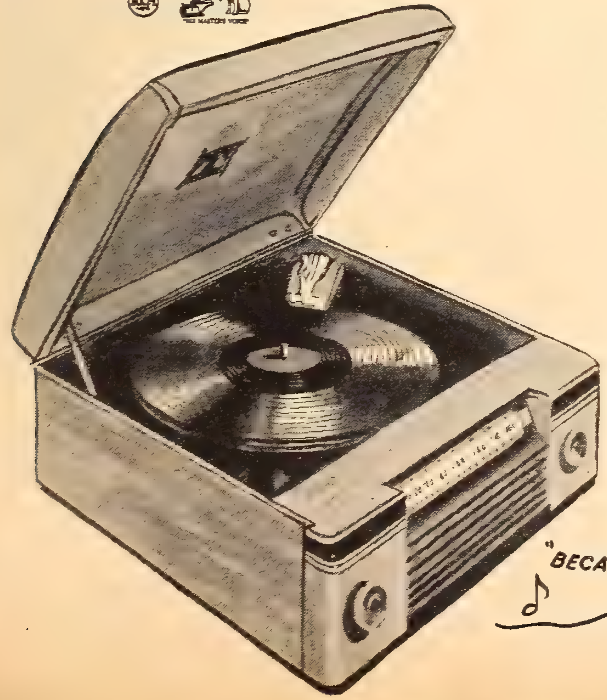
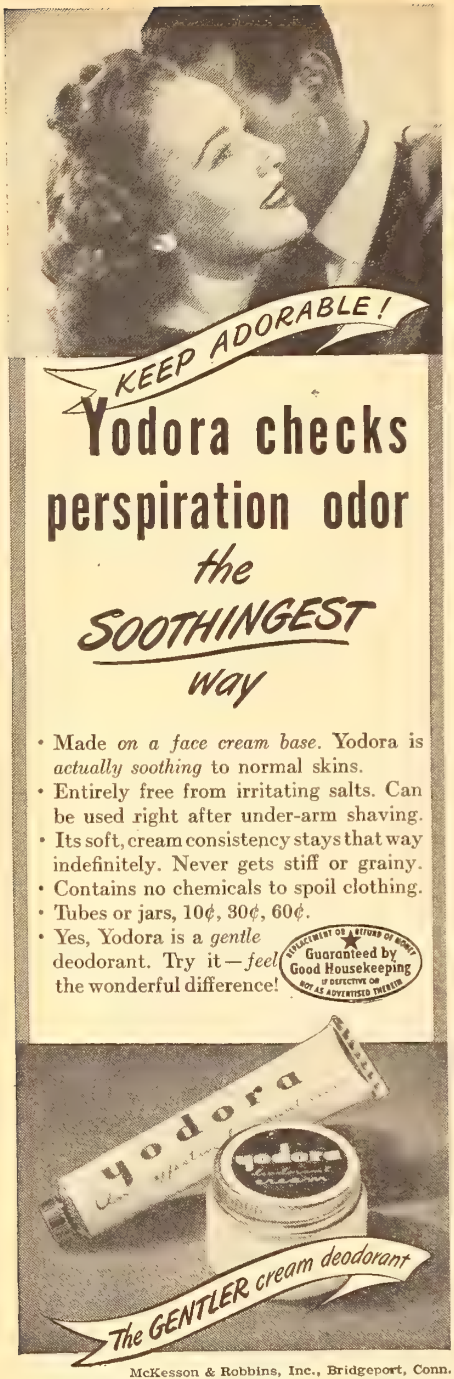
"THE ISLE OF OUR DREAMS"
"EVERY DAY IS LADIES DAY WITH ME"
"WEDDING BELLS"
"WHEN YOU'RE PRETTY AND THE WORLD IS FAIR"

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VOGUE PRODUCTS 1151 Seward Street Hollywood 38, Calif.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

(Victor), Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia)—The Trummy Young version of this is out under a new label—GI Records. It's an outfit owned and operated entirely by ex-GIs. Principally Justin Stone. (As a band leader, he played at the Lincoln Hotel, if you remember.) Justin really assembled this band, which recorded under Trummy Young's name. Trummy, who used to be with Goodman, and who plays trombone and sings very well here, is the only non-ex-GI connected with the proceedings.

On the Dorsey "Don't Be a Baby, Baby," the label reads "Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven." It's the first time T.D.'s used that name in about seven years. And there's an ex-GI connected with *his* version, too: Sy Oliver, who does the vocal. Sy was recently appointed musical director of the Mutual Network program, "Endorsed by Dorsey." He's the first Negro ever to get a job of that kind with a big network.

The Benny Goodman waxing of "Don't Be a Baby, Baby," has its patriotic angle, too. *Its* ex-GI is Art Lund, who sang with Benny in 1941, before going into service. He was calling himself Art London, then. Right now, he's having a big success with the band, has been offered jobs by four, count 'em, four, movie companies. You think that's bad? Don't be a baby, baby.

LEGALIZE MY NAME—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)—Pardon your friend Feather while he sits back and swells up. Do you happen to recall the very first L. Feather column in this splendid magazine? The one where I did a little raving about a girl called Pearl Bailey? Watch her, I said in some excitement. And now I feel very smug, because she's gone and swiped the new show, "St. Louis Woman," right out from under the feet of the other performers, and all Broadway's singing her praises. Although why anybody else should sing, when Miss Bailey's around, *I* don't know.

Anyhow, in case you're a long, long way from Broadway, you can still hear the terrific Miss B. tearing off "Legalize My Name," from "St. Louis Woman," on a Columbia disc. She's also recorded another hit song from the show—the one called "A Woman's Prerogative." Funny sidelight is that Johnny Mercer, who owns Capitol, wrote the lyrics for "St. Louis Woman," so he was able to borrow Pearl from Columbia, this time for the Capitol album called "St. Louis Woman!" But no matter how you label it, it's still Pearl Bailey.

HOT JAZZ

AMATEUR NIGHT IN HARLEM—Willie Bryant (Apollo)—Willie Bryant's a very

(Continued on page 26)

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Riddle: What's the difference between a pair of nylons and MODERN SCREEN? Easy. For nylons, you stand in line. For M.S., you've got 500 additional chances this month to sit back and let us send you a three months' subscription ABSOLUTELY FREE! Here's how you do it: Simply fill in the Questionnaire below, clip this coupon and send it to us IMMEDIATELY. If you're one of the first 500, you'll receive the AUGUST, SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER issues FREE.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Rendezvous with Lana by Earl Wilson .... ☐
That Hopper Party .... ☐
East Side, West Side (Guy Madison and Jan Clayton) .... ☐
Peter Lawford Life Story (Part One) .... ☐
Full House—Full Heart (Paul Henreid) .... ☐
"Bloomer Girl" (Margaret O'Brien) . ☐
Peace, It's Wonderful! (Wyman-Reagan) .... ☐
For the Love of "Mike!" (Payne-DeHaven) .... ☐
Molly and Me (Johnny Coy) .... ☐
He Sings for Your Supper (Perry Como) .... ☐
Ball of Fire (Cornel Wilde) ...... ☐
Cutest Per-son-al-i-ty! (Ross Hunter) .... ☐
"My Hobby Is You" (Allyson-Powell) .... ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons .. ☐
Ed Sullivan Speaking .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..............................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference ....

....

....

My name is..............................

My address is.............. City.............. Zone...... State......

I am .... years old.

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...so for every blonde he fondled—she went out and found 6 feet of man . . .

Oh, Man!

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George BRENT **Lucille BALL**

Vera ZORINA

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A FESSIER-PAGANO PRODUCTION

with **CHARLES WINNINGER**

CARL ESMOND RAYMOND WALBURN ELISABETH RISDON

LOUISE BEAVERS WALLACE FORD FRANKLIN PANGBORN

Original Screenplay Written and Produced by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER Executive Producer: HOWARD BENEDICT A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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New CHARTS THIS MONTH

SUPER STAR INFORMATION—1946-'47 (10c)—Hot off the presses is this new super-duper Info Chart. Crammed with exclusive, advance data on lives, loves, hobbies, latest pics, little known facts about all your old favorites, PLUS 100 NEW STARS NEVER BEFORE LISTED! Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.............................. ☐

✓ **PLEASE BEHAVE!**—Rusty manners sometimes make you wish the ground would open up and swallow you. Here are common sense, practical rules of etiquette that will make you sure of yourself in any social situation. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer...... ☐

FOR FANS

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand-new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see column on page 92 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS—by Jean Kinkead—This teen-agers' beauty bible has been revised and enlarged to include new sections on Body Beautiful, Grooming, Clothes, Jewelry, Accessories, etc. PLUS up-to-date advice on complexion, hairdos, makeup, nails, exercise and diet. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

HOW TO USE MAKEUP (10c)—Makeup CAN make you more lovely, if you know how to apply it properly. Here are step-by-step directions, with diagrams, that tell you how to blend your cosmetics to bring out your own natural beauty; minimize your defects. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope..... ☐

✓ **SKIN CARE FOR TEENS**—Teen beauty depends on care, diet, grooming. Here's a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skin. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer .... ☐

✓ **HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS**—This is the last word on hair glamor. It's got everything—hair grooming directions, charts for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.. ☐

✓ **YOU CAN BE CHARMING!—says Jean Kinkead**—It isn't always the gal with the smoothest chassis and prettiest face who's perfect date-bait. It's a warm, friendly spirit and that glow from within that really count. Here's how to de-vel-op your per-son-al-i-ty. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer............. ☐

FOR ROMANCE

✓ **HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead**—Be dated, re-dated, but never superannuated! The secret of making the right kind of impression on the nice boys you know. Hold-your-man tactics that WORK! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer........ ☐

✓ **BE A BETTER DANCER!—by Arthur Murray**—Easy to follow directions on all the turns and tricks that will make you a honey on the dance floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear, how to be popular with the stags. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer... ☐

✓ **GUIDE FOR BRIDES**—Complete wedding etiquette for the girl who'll be a bride this year—and every girl who ever hopes to be one. Covers invitations, announcements, showers, trousseau, reception, flowers, music, expenses for formal and informal affairs. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer................. ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get"? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer all your vital heart-problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR THE FASHION WISE

✓ **DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer............. ☐

✓ **SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—Now that sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here's how to look your best in them. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer............. ☐

✓ **ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—It's accessories that make your outfit! How to glamor up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

FOR HOME SWEET HOME

HOW TO THROW A PARTY—How to make your shindig a sure-fire success, whether it's an orchids-and-tails gala, or Sunday supper for the gang. Sound advice on good hostessing, refreshments, decorations, entertainment, etc., and charted Party Index for all occasions. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope .... ☐

✓ **DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES—by Nancy Sinatra**—Here are recipes for making Frankie's Favorite Lemon Pie, Apples Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gingerbread, and many more that are high on the Sinatra Dessert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer .... ☐

✓ **MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE**—House-beautifying tricks to transform a drab corner or a whole room into a heavenly setting for you and yours. And it's both fun and money-saving to do it yourself! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer........ ☐

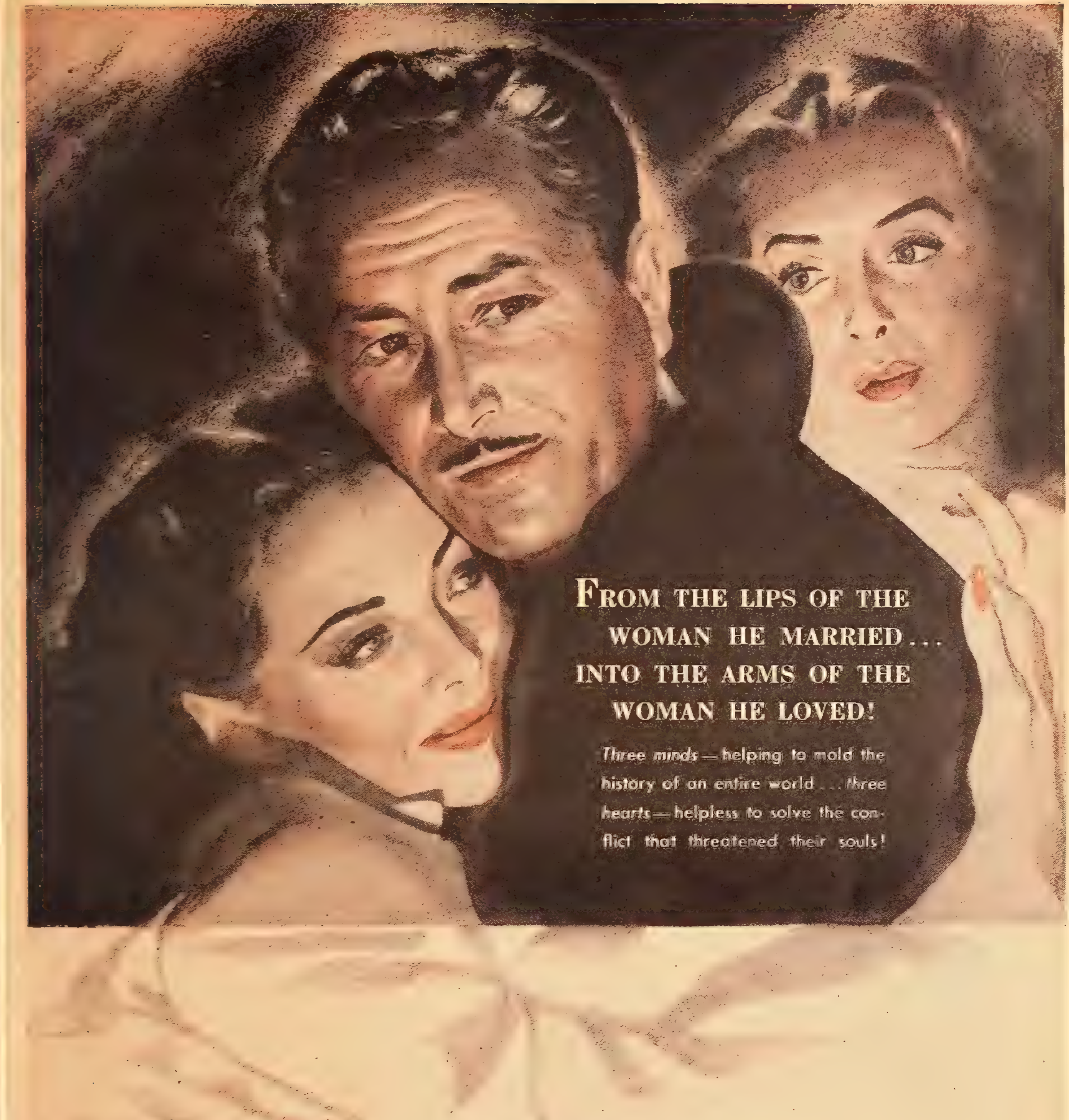
FOR CAREER

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart No. 1—Select the job that's right for you—on the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, personal desires. Private secretary, model, nurse, interior decorator, statistician—whatever your choice—here's how to decide whether you'd fit in. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (see Career Chart No. 2) ☐

JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM—Career Chart No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you, you'll want to know how to go about getting it. Here's the straight low-down on scores of career jobs—how to be interviewed, salaries to be expected, even your chances of marrying the boss. The same envelope that brings you Career Chart No. 1 will take care of this one, too, if you check here .... ☐

SPECIAL THREE-IN-ONE OFFER

Save postage! Select any three of the checked (✓) charts and enclose ONE large envelope (6c postage) for all three. Enclose additional envelopes (6c postage on each) for additional choices of three checked charts, four envelopes (6c stamps on each) for entire series of 12 charts.


FROM THE LIPS OF THE WOMAN HE MARRIED... INTO THE ARMS OF THE WOMAN HE LOVED!
Three minds — helping to mold the history of an entire world . . . *three hearts* — helpless to solve the conflict that threatened their souls!

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"The Searching Wind"

FROM THE SUCCESSFUL BROADWAY PLAY BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

STARRING **ROBERT YOUNG · SYLVIA SIDNEY · ANN RICHARDS**

with DUDLEY DIGGES *and Introducing* DOUGLAS DICK

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • *Screen Play by* LILLIAN HELLMAN

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From the Producer of
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MORE ATTRACTIVE SKIN *with* SIMPLE CARE

Your skin must meet the punishing demands of busy days and still have that alluring look. Skin needs special care to measure up to these requirements. Let that care be Mercolized Wax Cream which will help to obtain a lovelier, more youthful looking complexion. It gives an appearance of new skin beauty aglow with natural loveliness. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream tonight. It will aid in retaining the firmness and freshness of your complexion beyond your fondest dreams. Mercolized Wax Cream will help to make your skin look as young and lovely as your skin can look.

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OILY SKIN? USE SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT. Just dissolve Saxolite Powder in one-half pint witch hazel and pat it on the skin several times a day. It subdues excess surface oil, tightens soft skin tissue by temporary contraction, and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

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Bring out the teasing lights in your eyes with KURLASH, the easy-to-use eyelash curler. Curls lashes upwards—makes eyes appear larger, more alluring and lashes longer, darker. Absolutely safe—lashes are gently curled against protective cushion. At drug and dept. stores. KURLASH . . . $1.00

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clever, very funny, very popular guy. Among other things, he's m.c.-ed the show, "Amateur Night in Harlem" (broadcast from the Apollo Theater Wednesday nights over WMCA) off and on for a good many years. When I came to America, eleven years ago, very young, very thrilled, very impressionable, I met Willie up at the Apollo. He was swell to me, introduced me right in the middle of the show. It was my first time on the radio, and I was so excited it's a wonder I didn't eat the microphone. It would probably have tasted like a ham sandwich to me at the time.

Anyhow, I never forgot that night. And eleven years later, I wrote this tune in memory of the first time I met Willie Bryant. I helped Willie round up the men for this date, and I think the record's a lot of fun. You can hear Willie talking on it, just the way he does at the amateur shows.

ESQUIRE ALL-STAR ALBUM—Leonard Feather (Victor)—I've been a little premature in announcing this one before, but honest, kids, it's on sale now. And I'm terrifically proud of the results. I think the records are wonderful. We tried something new on the first side ("Long, Long Journey"). Duke Ellington speaks a few words, before the music begins, about how glad he is to be here with the All-Stars, etc. "Long, Long Journey" is my own song, and one of the two sides Louis Armstrong plays on. The other side with Louis is "Snafu," also my tune. "The One That Got Away" (yep, another Feather opus) features Red Norvo, and the fourth and last side in the album is "Gone With The Wind" (*not* a Feather touch) and has Johnny Hodges on alto sax and Don Byas on tenor sax.

PANACEA—Woody Herman (Columbia)—I was sitting there thinking about how the Herman bunch used to be known as the band that played the blues, and it occurred to me that Woody hadn't sung any new blues in a long time. A sad state of stuff. So I wrote this tune about a girl named Panacea—you know, on account of she was a cure for all this guy's ills—and I turned it over to Woody. Woody turned it over to Ralph Burns, who did a perfectly sensational blues arrangement—double-timed and double-double-timed so that it builds up a terrific tension—and it looks like a hit. Woody's already done it at his Carnegie Hall Concert, and believe me, he's just the guy who can.

D. D. T.—Mary Lou Williams (Continental)—An instrumental number by yours truly featuring the three girls I named last month as my favorite lady musicians. Mary Lou Williams at the piano (she's Cafe Society Uptown's pride and joy), Mary Osborne, guitar, and Margie Hyams (who used to be with Woody), vibraphone. The other side of this is "He's Funny That Way," and has a nice vocal by Mary Osborne, who sings as well as she plays the guitar. Yeah, some people have all the luck.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

SPELLBOUND—Spellbound—Vido Musso (Savoy)—"Spellbound," from the picture of the same name, has been made into an instrumental number, just like "Laura" and the "Warsaw Concerto." This recording background music from films is getting to be a habit. Leo Reisman's done "Spellbound," too, for Decca, but I think the Vido Musso (he's the sax man from Stan Kenton's outfit) version is more interesting. The other side of the Reisman record is "Amado Mio" from "Gilda." Dr. Miklos Rozsa, who wrote the so-called psychological musical score of "The Lost Weekend," did the very original and rather spine chilling score for "Spellbound."

LOVE STORY—Cornish Rhapsody—Henri René (Victor)—Here's another movie theme, from a Gainsborough picture called "Love Story." This recording features some amazing piano work by Vladimir Sokoloff. The melody was written by Hubert Bath, and I think you'll enjoy *bathing* yourselves in it. All right, all right, I'm going. Just one more thing . . .

TALK ABOUT A LADY—Avocado—Andrews Sisters (Decca)—This "Avocado" number is one of those semi-calypsos like "Rum and Coca-Cola." And it's by the same composers as the aforementioned "Amado Mio"—Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher. A fantastically successful team, they have written about five million songs this year, and made about five billion dollars. I've told you about them before, and I'll undoubtedly be telling you about them again. The way it looks now, they're only just beginning.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD—Mildred Bailey (Majestic), Tony Pastor (Cosmo), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
CEMENT MIXER—Alvino Rey (Capitol), Slim Gaillard (Cadet), Wingie Manone (Four Star), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo)
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE—Orrin Tucker (Musicraft), Dinah Shore (Columbia), Louis Prima (Majestic)
DON'T BE A BABY, BABY—Trummy Young (GI), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia)
THE GYPSY—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Jan Garber (Black and White), Gail Meredith (Manor)
IT COULDN'T BE TRUE (OR COULD IT?)—Judy Canova (ARA), Buddy Rich (Mercury), Tex Beneke (Victor)
JOSEPHINE PLEASE NO LEAN ON THE BELL—Eddie Cantor (Pan-American), Vaughn Monroe (Victor)
LEGALIZE MY NAME—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)
PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE AND THE MUSTARD ON TOP—Louis Prima (Majestic)
SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES—Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Kate Smith (Columbia)

HOT JAZZ

CLYDE BERNHARDT—The Lady In Debt (Musicraft)
WILLIE BRYANT—Amateur Night In Harlem (Apollo)
"COUSIN JOE"—Post-War Future Blues (Aladdin)
LEONARD FEATHER—Esquire All-Star Album (Victor)
WOODY HERMAN—Panacea (Columbia)
HELEN HUMES—Unlucky Woman (Aladdin)
ETTA JONES—PETE JOHNSON—I May Be Wonderful (But I Think You're Wrong) (National)
SLAM STEWART—On The Upside Looking Down (Continental)
SARA VAUGHN—Signing Off (Continental)
MARY LOU WILLIAMS—D.D.T. (Continental

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—As If I Didn't Have Enough On My Mind—Martha Tilton (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia)
GILDA—Amado Mio—Leo Reisman (Decca)
HOODLUM SAINT—Sweetheart—Connee Boswell (Decca)
KID FROM BROOKLYN—I Love an Old-Fashioned Song—Freddy Martin (Victor)
LOST WEEKEND—Lost Weekend — Al Goodman (Victor)
LOVE STORY—Cornish Rhapsody—Henri René (Victor)
MAKE MINE MUSIC—All The Cats Join In—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Roy Eldridge (Decca)
RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The Man I Love—Eddie Haywood (Decca), Barney Kessel (Atomic)
SPELLBOUND—Spellbound—Vido Musso (Savoy)
TALK ABOUT A LADY—AVOCADO—Andrews Sisters (Decca)

"Tell them we'll have Schlitz"

When you serve SCHLITZ to your guests, it says more plainly than words, "We want you to have the best." Where friendly glassware filled with Schlitz beams a cordial greeting, even the tick of the clock seems to say "You're welcome."

Schlitz
Schlitz

JUST

THE *kiss*

OF THE HOPS

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Where Beauty "reigns"

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage

IT'S SHINING BRIGHT! It's beautiful
behaved! It's Drene-lovely hair! Yes, y
bring out all the natural beauty of your hai
all its alluring highlights . . . when you u
Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"I always use Drene," says glamoro
fashion model and Cover Girl Lisa Fonss
grives, "because it reveals far more she
than any soap or soap shampoo." As mu
as 33 percent more lustre! Drene is not
soap shampoo. It never leaves any dulli
film on your hair as all soaps do. And t
very first time you use Drene, you co
pletely remove unsightly dandruff.

Here you see Lisa at the shore with h
gleaming hair in a practical, fetching to
knot. Below she shows you another favori
hair-do you can try at home or ask yo
beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother a
easier to manage when you use the wond
ful improved Drene with Hair Conditioni
action. No other shampoo leaves your hair
lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

▲ **AT THE SUMMER PLAYHOUSE,** you
the evening's star with lovely, lustrous h
"This dramatic hair-do is so easy to fix," L
says, "right after shampooing with Drene w
Hair Conditioning action." Just comb all l
back to point below crown, tie firmly and f
three large buns. Don't forget the rosebu

drene
drene
SHAMPOO

Drene
Shampoo wi
Hair Conditioning Acti

THIS IS IT! THE ONLY INTERVIEW LANA TURNER GAVE OUT WHILE SHE WAS VISITING IN NEW YORK—AND COLUMNIST EARL WILSON GOT IT FOR MODERN SCREEN!

Rendezvous with Lana

BY EARL WILSON

My editorial page was all written and ready to go this month, when along came a chance to get a scoop story on Lana Turner by Earl Wilson, that witty and widely-read Broadway columnist. With no place else in this issue to put it, I had to move out and make room. Please forgive me; I'll see you next month. —Al Delacorte

■ Lana Turner walked into the huge living room of her suite at the Sherry Netherland, said "Hello, Earl," and put out her hand. We shook hands.

She walked over to the divan and sat down.

With a gesture, she invited me over.

I sat down on the divan, two or three feet away.

For the next hour I sat on the divan with Lana Turner, interviewing her, taking down all she said in my notebook. A representative of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sat across from us, but Miss Turner did most of (*Continued on page 109*)

Over 100 reporters, photogs and newsreel men attended the shindig at the Quitandinha Hotel's "Boite" nightclub in Brazil to celebrate Lana's 25th birthday. That's Samba Queen Linda Batista hostessing in The Hat.

The girls bet Hedda she didn't own a hat *without* fruit or flowers, so H. unearthed her sailor-son's hat. As "ex-Emperor of China," *Prince* Mike Romanoff borrowed Oriental lid.

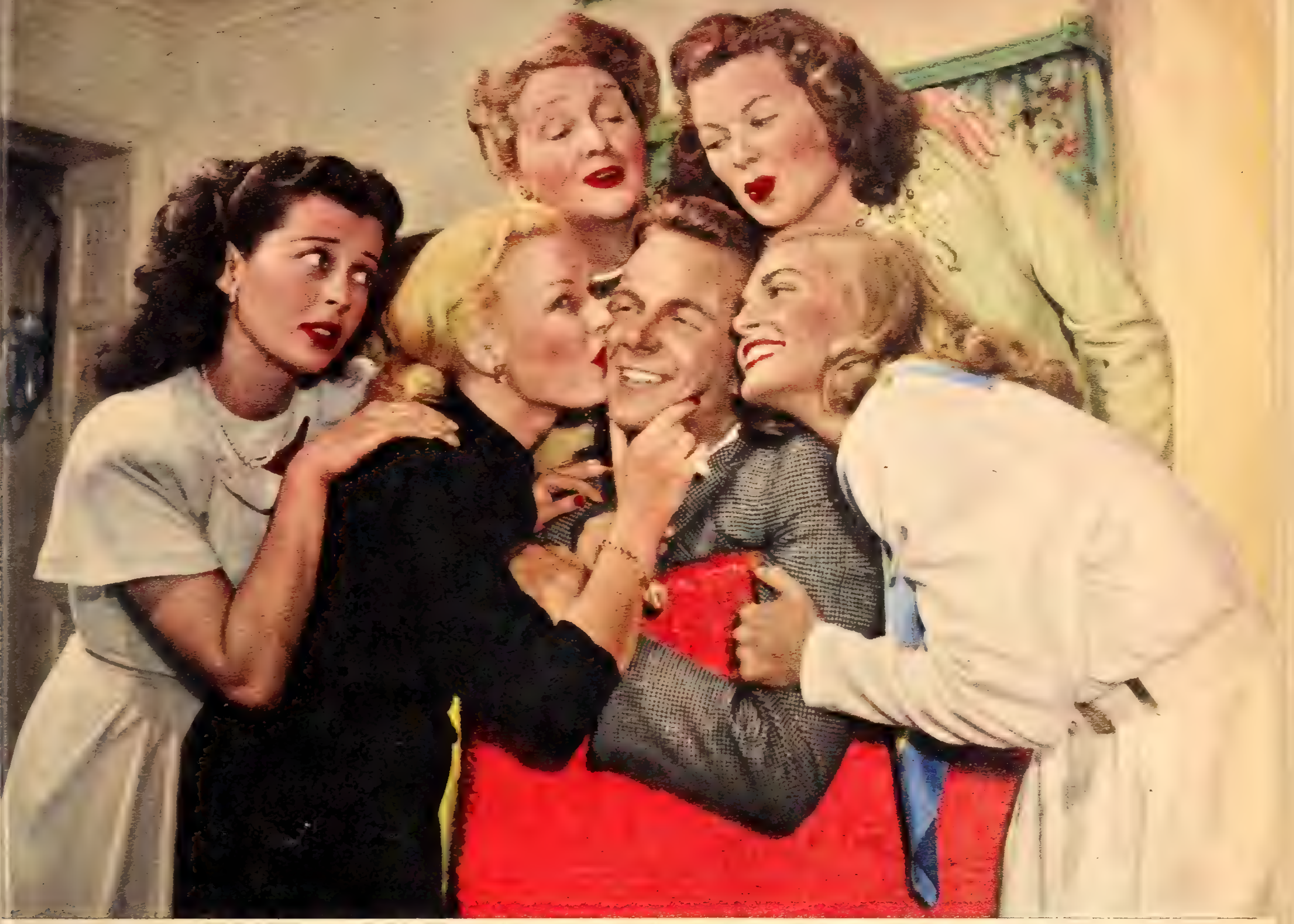
(**Editor's Note:** *Gather 'round, you party-loving readers, because here's your own Hedda Hopper telling you all about the big shindig she threw. Honored guests included all previous Gruen Watch Award Winners, as well as Frank Latimore, Hedda's choice for this month's Star-of-the-Month award.*)

■ 'Twas a gala night at ye Hopper household the other eve. The cream of the young Hollywood crop was there with their gals and pals to say "howdy" to Frank Latimore and to initiate him into the Royal Order of Gruen Wrist-Watch Winners as MODERN SCREEN'S Star-of-This-Month.

There was plenty of "Time On Their Hands" (that's a pun, son) as all our merry-making Gruen-ites trooped in with their time-

(*Continued on page 118*)

A lotta applesauce," grumbled Gruen Award winners at apple-peeling contest. That's Liz Scott in back, lagging behind J. Coy, B. Williams, F. Latimore, P. Lawford. Front row has B. Hale vying with Guy Madison, Mark Stevens. Hedda announced prizes for all contestants: A peeled apple!



Lucky Frank Latimore! He won the Gruen Award for the month, *and* got hugged by Hedda B. Hale, G. Russell, J. Haver, Liz Scott.

THAT HOPPER PARTY!

YOU'D THINK IT WAS TEXAS AT HEDDA'S SHINDIG. THE STARS WERE THAT BIG AND BRIGHT. THE JOINT JUMPED WITH [illegible] ROUTINES, CHARADES AND JUST THE JOY OF LIVING

urn page for more pictures ➤

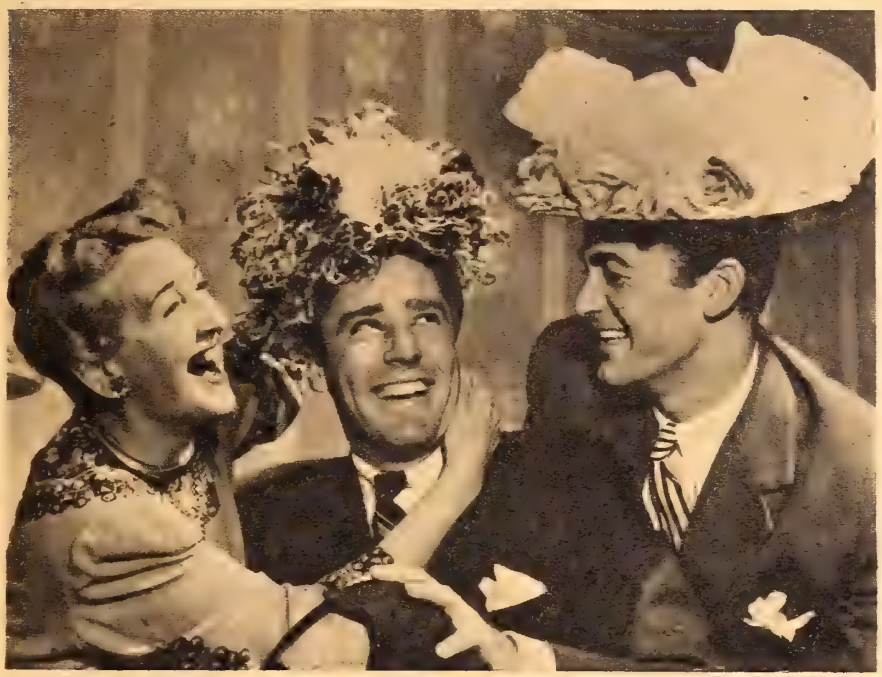
Heading Hopper Hat Parade is Bill Williams (of "A Likely Story") with Mark Stevens ("Dark Corner"), F. Latimore, P. Lawford. One look in mirror and boys agreed that on Hedda, hats looked better!

Guy vowed he'd hold on "Till The End Of Time," (his next pic) but just to make sure, Pete got a firm grip, too. Frank didn't mind being blindfolded for initiation . . . not with Liz at work!

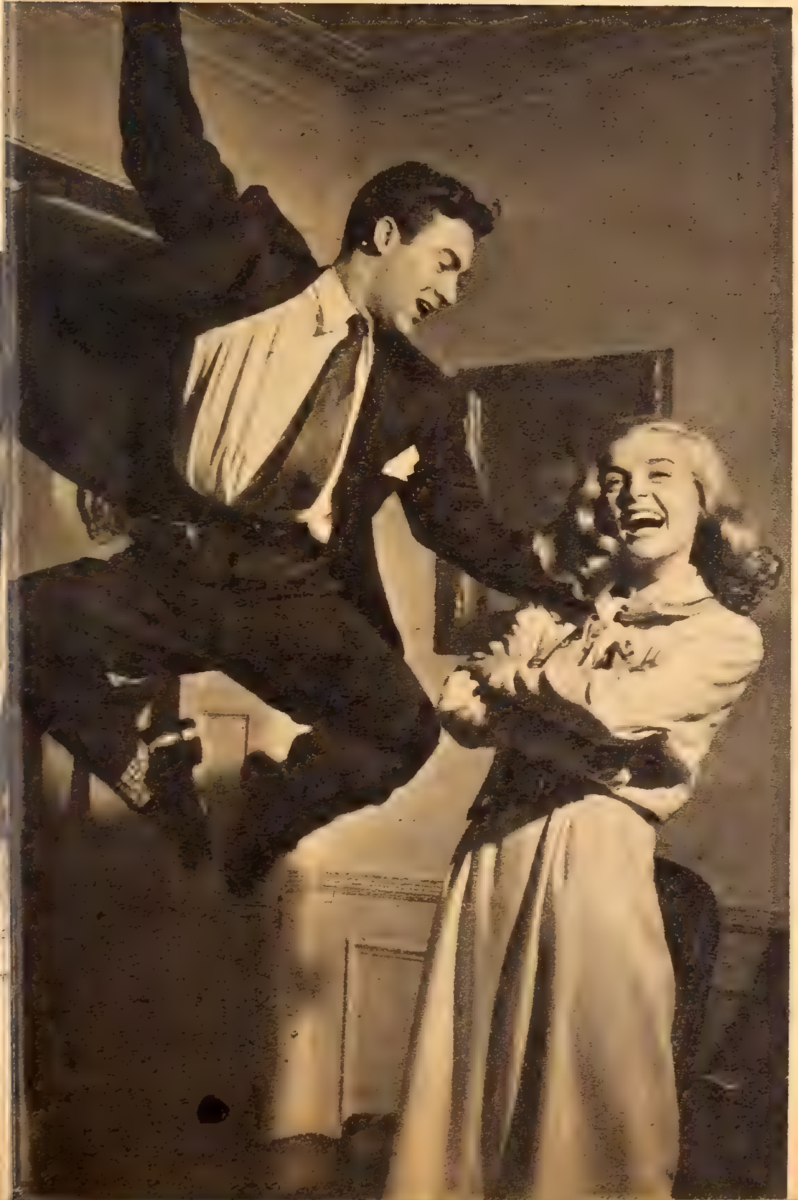
Johnny ("Ladies' Man") Coy admired Lizabeth's Gruen watc
then whipped out his own! Liz and other gals groaned
delicious pastry Hedda served, but ate it just the sam

Gail Russell put watch on Frank's wrist, blindfold was removed—and replaced by lipsticky kisses! Marilyn Maxwell (of "The Show-Off") wiped 'em off, soothed F. by singing "Pass That Peacepipe!"

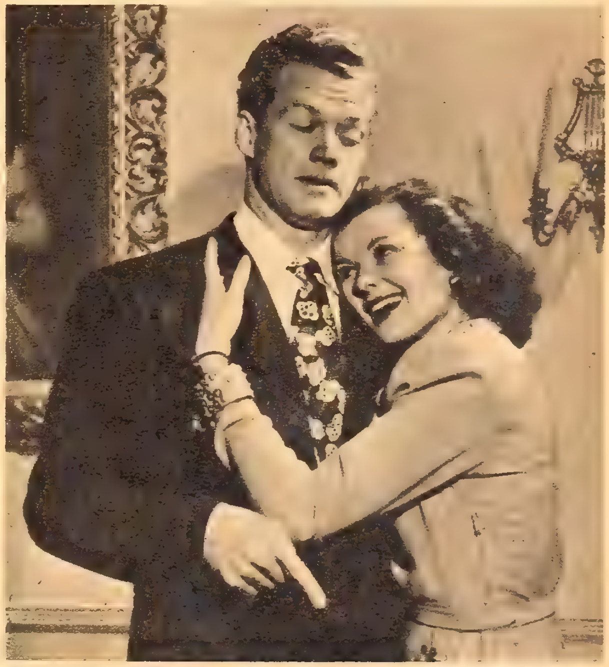
Now P. Lawford's "The Knee," so Hedda couldn't resist hugging Pete, ostrich plumes 'n' all. Mark Stevens liked pink rose creation better, modelled it for wife Annelle, who sat quietly in a corner, beaming about Mark's bonnet—and the baby they're expecting!



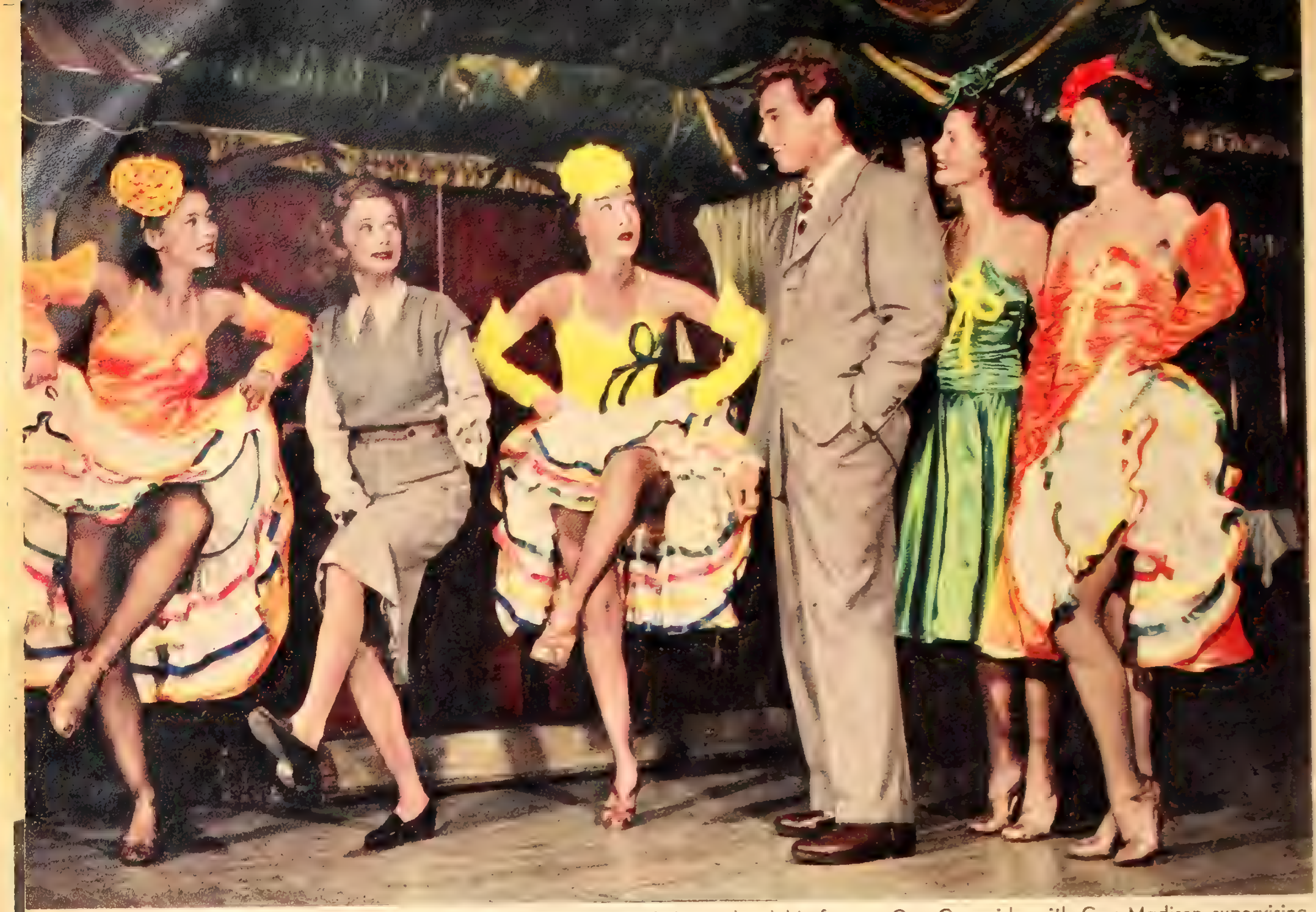
THAT HOPPER PARTY!



◀ Lots of excitement in this Double Charades game, with Johnny Coy helping by leaping high into the air, as Liz Scott rocked away. You guessed it! "Springtime In The Rockies!"



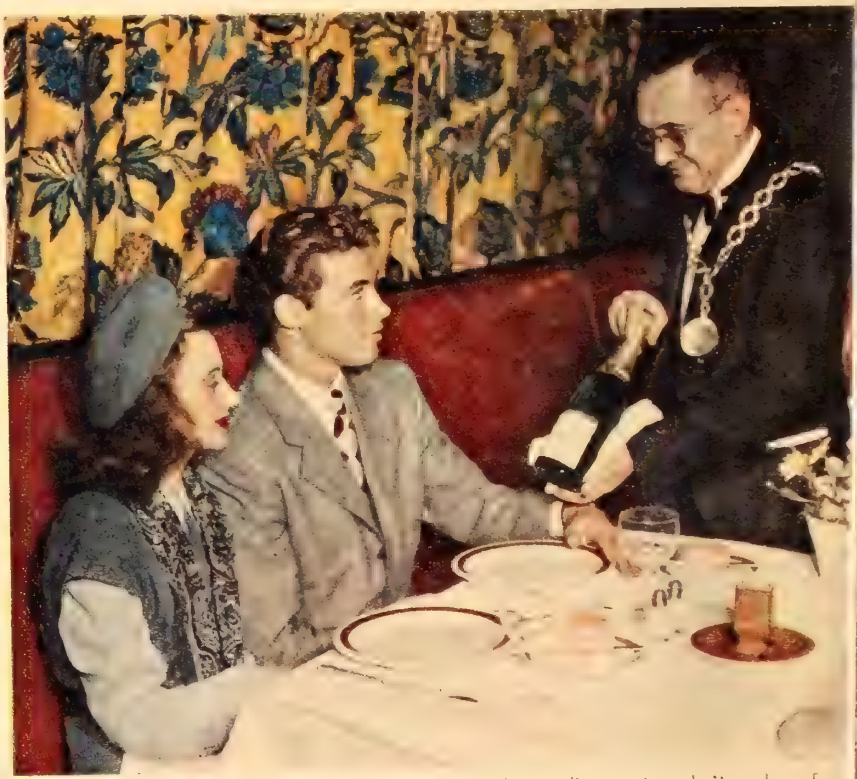
▲ Barbara and Bill hardly had to act out charade for "Now's the Time To Fall In Love;" they *looked* the part! They'll be married when studio schedules allow honeymoon time.



High kicks at the Bal Tabarin when Jan Clayton joined the night club's famous Can Can girls, with Guy Madison supervising.

■ Once upon a time a shy country boy timidly poked his head into the big, bad city of New York, looking for a sophisticated city gal. You know the rest—you think? But what about when Guy Madison's the country cousin and Jan Clayton's the city slicker? Guy's pal, Henry Willson, had asked his friend, Jan, to show Guy the town. So Jan proudly pointed out the Main Post Office, and Guy raised a blond eyebrow and said he hadn't heard they were running trains through post offices these days . . . (seems it was Penn Station)! And when the city gal showed a decided weakness for penny arcades 'n chocolate cake, and measures only 5 feet, 3 inches in heels, well! What can a 6 foot Guy do but feel protective as all get-out, do the town up brown, and go home to Hollywood, with huzzahs for Henry's pals?

(More pictures on following page)



The Twenty One Club's one of New York's most exclusive dine spots, admits only a few carefully selected guests. Laughter—and champagne—bubbled when wine steward brought over a bottle for Guy's approval. Steward's French was fast, Guy's was rusty

Acres and acres of Copacabana beauties—but no Jan! Guy got nervous waiting, spilled ome food, rushed to his hotel and changed suits, rushed back—and still no Jan! She inally arrived, spotted the surrounded Guy, remarked, "Once a sailor, always a sailor!"

OH, EAST WAS EAST AND
WEST WAS WEST, AND NEVER
THE TWAIN COULD
MEET . . . TILL CLAYTON AND
MADISON MET IN
NEW YORK ON FORTY-
SECOND STREET!

East side, west side . . .

Going up! Jan (the New Yorker) craned her neck to find the Empire State Bldg. for Guy (the Californian), who grinned knowingly, pointed out *east* was over *that* way. And anyway, he'd rather look at Jan!

TAKE
OU
PHO
Already
15

STRIKING
POWER
FISTS

Pennyland, on Broadway, tempted Guy's love of adventure. Fortunetelling machine labelled Guy "strong and handsome," but Jan, watching him punch, murmured, "Well, he *is* handsome . . ."

LIVE-LAFF-AND LOVE AT LEON & EDDIE'S NEW YORK
PRIX

Let 'em eat cake! So Jan plied the hungry Guy with chocolate layer special. Gay informality of Leon and Eddie's restaurant fascinated Guy who had to give tiny Jan a boost so's she could read titles under pics.

East side, west side...

They *tried* to hold still, but the light flashed on suddenly, Guy clutched Jan as she perched on the stool, so they got the giggles—and a blurred pic!

"Hasten, Jason, bring the basin," mourns Jan, who lost her enthusiasm for planes in the pilot trainer. Seems she hit the wrong pedal, and the plane went 'round 'n 'round . . .

PILOT TRAINER

Still dizzy from the pilot trainer ride, Jan had trouble with chopsticks and shrimp chow mein at Ruby Foo's. Guy stowed away gobs of delicious Chinese food, assured her the shrimp were *not* moving!

PETER LAWFORD LIFE STORY

■ One day, three years ago, Peter Lawford sat in a dusty day coach and popped aspirins periodically into his dry mouth. The sun burned hot through the windows as he crossed the desert from Phoenix, Arizona, to Hollywood. But Peter was a lot hotter. He had a temperature of 103. He was burning up with flu.

He shouldn't have been riding a train at all; he should have been in bed. Instead, he was making the gamble of his young life and he was so excited he forgot he had fever.

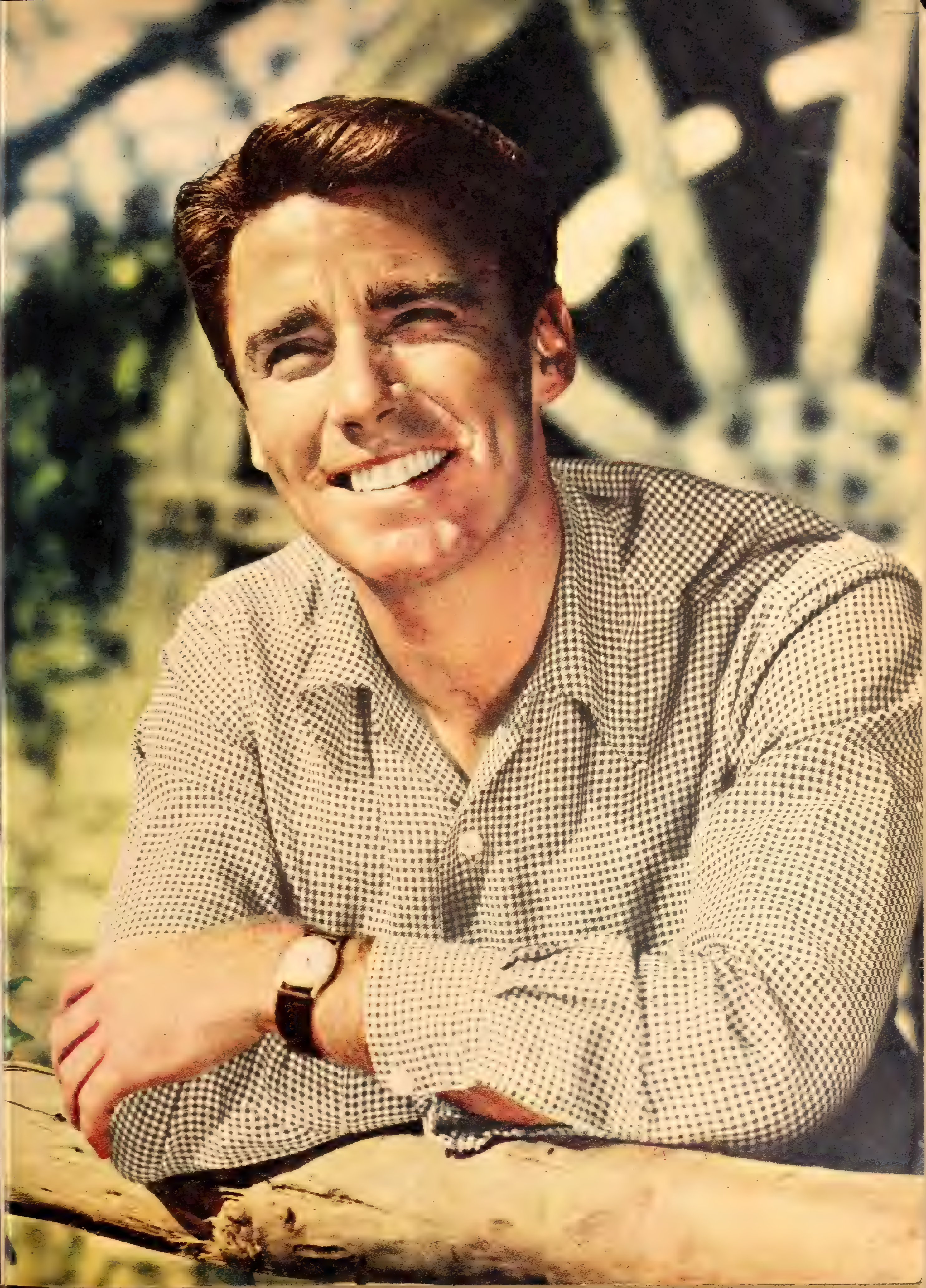
A few days before he'd ditched his job as usher at the Westwood Village Theater to sign on for a six-weeks' location extra job in the desert. He'd banked on the money he'd make, and vitally needed to make—but that day he had tossed the bankroll—$600 for six weeks—to the winds. There was an acting chance back in Hollywood for an English boy in an M-G-M picture, "A Yank at Eton"—just a chance, but Peter Lawford was taking it. He'd fast-talked his way out of the (*Continued on page 94*)

Even at six, Pete went in for acting. His parents took him to London parties, where he'd go into pantomime routines.

Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford traveled all over—even to Tahiti, where Pete ran wild, looked like a native.

India fascinated young Peter, who played with local kids, fell in love with an elephant. He dreams wistfully of returning one day!

"WARMER CLIMATES IF YOU WANT THIS BOY TO LIVE," WARNED THE DOCTOR. SO SIR SIDNEY AND LADY LAWFORD TOOK PETER 'ROUND THE WORLD—TO HOLLYWOOD AND FAME. (PART I) • by Kirtley Baskette



Full House-Full Heart

Monica Henreid, who's all of three, speaks English, French, German, but would rather play carpenter. Paul (in "Of Human Bondage"), has a small workshop where he repairs his daughters' toys, keeps them freshly painted.

HOME'S WHERE THE HEART IS—AND PAUL HENREID'S HEART IS HOPELESSLY ENTANGLED WITH THOSE THREE WOMEN OF HIS . . .

■ When a fan of Paul Henreid's recently sent him four miniature hats—for daughter Monica's dolls—Monica's face was a study in bliss as she examined the toys with her delicate fingers. One hat was white straw with an upturned brim in front, and a cloche effect in back. Within the upturned brim lay a cluster of brown and orange velvet flowers, and a tiny green veil completed the effect. The second hat was done in the "Spanish Main" effect and consisted of blocked blue felt finished with a swashbuckling pink feather. A blue felt hand embroidered bonnet, and a straw number completed the collection of millinery.

After having examined them minutely, Monica announced, "Now, I need a box for them."

Paul's wife, Lisl, produced a transparent corsage box in which Paul had recently presented to her an orchid. She has a good many of these, neatly stacked in cupboards, because Paul is the sort of husband who believes that a bouquet never broke a bride's heart, and that the road to Reno is NOT paved with roses.

Monica's essential neatness has occasionally caused trouble between her and her sister, Mimi. There is a two-year difference in (*Continued on page 69*)

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Lisl and Paul hang on to one-year-old Mimi, who's a natural comedienne. She greets all the Henreid visitors with "Go away!" which she says with great feeling. Seems she thinks it means "Hello!"

Studying cello for new pic, Paul waxed strings so only a squeak comes out. Lisl says it's to soothe his prof's nerves! P.'s a real fan, reads all books on cellists.

KARL VALENTIN

Paul's a "saver," collects scripts of pictures he's appeared in, as well as autographs of the casts. An excellent chess player, Paul enjoys playing by himself, taking part of opponent, too. He always wins!

Monica looks blonde and fragile, but she's really a beruffled ruffian. Absolutely fearless, she's always scampering up ladders or dashing around the water. Gives her parents gooseflesh to watch her from the window.

SUCH AN OLD-FASHIONED SWEETHEART, THAT MAGGIE O'BRIEN, WITH A YEN FOR HOOP SKIRTS, CAMEO BROOCHES—AND WICKED BLACK STOCKINGS!

by Cynthia Miller

"BLOOMER GIRL"

■ Miss Margaret O'Brien, the actress, is currently working in a picture entitled "Tenth Avenue Angel." Miss O'Brien is enjoying this production very much for two reasons: 1. She is working with Mr. George Murphy, whom she admires with an extravagant enthusiasm. 2. She is wearing a pair of long black stockings.

On several occasions, Maggie's upturned smile has persuaded the wardrobe department to allow her to wear the black stockings home. Of course, she hops into a car at the studio gate, and doesn't hop out until she reaches her own home or Aunt Marissa's. So her exotic underpinnings are never viewed by the public. However, wearing the stockings at dinner is in keeping with Margaret's current habit of dressing for dinner.

Margaret, at nine, is deep in the Dress-Up-Lady era of development. Deep—and almost lost in outsize hand-me-downs from Mom and Auntie. She owns a long black evening skirt, several fancy blouses and hats galore. Come dinner time, Maggie really goes to town!

The family suffers all this high fashion with admirable dignity—except on occasions like the night Marissa came home and found Miss Margaret seated at table, innocently drinking milk in Auntie's new Easter bonnet. Seems

(*Continued on page 88*)

Margaret's a domestic type, much more impressed with her ability as a laundress than the fact that she's the youngest person ever to be listed in the new "Who's Who."

Miss Margaret O'Brien (which is how Metro's ordered she be billed in the future), sold dolls at Bob Hope's gala Charity Fair with Aunt Marissa taking care of the cash.

PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

■ The phone rang, and Ronnie jumped.

"Relax," said Jane. "You're *Mr.* Reagan now, remember? The Captain went bye-bye—"

"Yeah, but he haunts me," muttered Ronnie, returning to his book.

That was last October. Three-and-a-half years after greeting him, Uncle Sam told this particular nephew goodbye. But for weeks, whenever the phone rang, something inside him snapped to the salute.

Maureen was disappointed that first night. "You don't *look* any different, daddy—"

"Wait," he promised, "till you get a load of me tomorrow—"

He could hardly wait himself. Like the rest of the Army, he itched to climb into civvies and the loudest tie he could get his hands on—

"*Un*like some," he observed smugly, "I don't *have* to wait. Got all those nice '41 models lined up for duty—"

In this he reckoned without the military life, which had added three inches across his back and chest. "Holy cow, they don't fit! I'll have to get me some new clothes—"

"*Try* and get 'em," cooed his wife.

Eventually, he did. Meantime, he wore the ones that didn't fit—with dark ties, mostly. The first time he dressed, he changed his tie six times. (*Continued on page 114*)

Jane Wyman Reagan's a sissie, prefers Ronnie's boat modelling to gun collecting. Firearms over the mantel are never taken down in her presence; they give her the willies! But they *both* love horses.

God's in his heaven, all's right with the world—'cause Reagan's back, and Wyman's got him! • By Abigail Putnam

He sings for your supper

HOLLYWOOD TALENT SCOUTS SHRUGGED WHEN THEY HEARD ABOUT THE CROONER WHO SOLD A MILLION RECORDS—AND THEN THEY SAW PERRY COMO'S PICTURE.

By Edward Herron

■ "I'm Perry Como."

The little man at the desk looked up with an air of infinite boredom. He didn't say so, but underneath his bald head you could see the thoughts creeping like termites. Okay, you're Perry Como. Maybe you're Christopher Columbus, so what? Then the name jelled in his skull, and he thumbed through a file. "I'll get the girl to bring in the script. Wait over there."

Como walked over to the water cooler and leaned his weight on it. Five days flying in from New York, bumped off the plane at every stop by every priority known to the War Department, air sick, no sleep, and Hollywood definitely not excited about his arrival. He should've stayed in New York.

A girl came in and the bored little Caesar threw the script at Perry, looking at his red-rimmed eyes and spotting the guy for a wastrel who'd just come off a binge. "Take this home and study it. Come back here tomorrow morning and we'll run the test. So long, Como."

He was exhausted and so excited he couldn't hold (*Continued on page 76*)

Don't be fooled; milk is for son Ronnie! Perry drinks coffee from breakfast to bedtime. Wife Roselle doesn't try to reform him, simply keeps the stuff brewing. Movies (like "Doll Face") keep him in Calif., but he prefers N.Y.

Groceries arrive regularly at the Comos' because Roselle and Perry prefer home cooking to the swankiest restaurant. Favorite dishes are spaghetti and corned beef, which Roselle cooks herself. R. loved recent N. Y. trip, would've stayed longer, but Perry got lonesome!

CALIFORNIA
RAISINS

Perry's the original CCC boy (calm, cool, collected). Only time he loses temper is when Roselle tries to move heavy furniture. Then he bellows, "Hey, take it easy!"

Ronnie's seven, likes to tell tales about his dad. Like the time Perry dove into a pool, came up yelling "Sharks!" Some joker had slipped Oscar, a tame seal, into the water.

Johnny's a crumb in the kitchen, only consented—tearfully—to this onion peeling stint with sister Molly Ogilvie because "hamburgers and" are one of his pet non-fattening midnight gorges. "Ladies' Man" is his next dance hit.

At one time Dorothy Babbs kept him guessing with this "Loves me, loves me not" routine, but soon they'll Be One. Dotty started out as one of the Jivin' Jacks and Jills, just signed a Para. contract.

Molly and Me

■ The Hollywood hotel clerk whirled the desk register around under Johnny Coy's bewildered face.

"I asked you down, Mr. Coy," he snapped, "to explain *this!*" He pointed his pen to the scribbled names.

"The young—er—lady who is sharing your suite is Miss Ogilvie?"

"Yes."

"And you're John Coy?"

"Sure."

"Mis-ter Coy," barked the clerk. "This is a respectable hotel. We simply cannot have . . ."

"Wait a minute," broke in Johnny, light dawning at last. "Molly Ogilvie's my sister."

"H-m-m-m."

"You see," explained Johnny, "Coy's just my *professional* name. My real name's Ogilvie, too. Show business—you understand."

"I'm not sure I do," huffed the clerk. "But I'll have to take your word, I suppose. These show business people!" he sniffed under (*Continued on page 90*)

akie" owes Molly and Dot a million bucks in gin rummy losses, eads he can't pay up 'cause he's always sending flowers to hostesses - being late! First watch he ever owned was M.S.'s Gruen Award.

DANCE CRITICS RAVE, BUT JOHNNY COY'S SISTER JUST LOOKS SMUG. HADN'T SHE HEARD HIM TAPPING ON THE BATHROOM TILES ALL HER LIFE?

By James Carson

JOHN PAYNE BOUGHT *HIM* BASEBALLS, GLORIA CALLED *HIM* "MIKE." SO ALONG CAME *KATHLEEN* —AND WHO WANTED A BOY, ANYWAY?

By Kaaren Pieck

At six months of age, Kathleen Hope Payne isn't too well thatched, has sparkling saucer eyes, a merry gurgle—and a solid gold identification bracelet! Pop, who "sweated out" the period before her birth, is now in "Razor's Edge."

■ Miss Julie Payne, now six, was quickly taken into the family secret. Devoted as she is to Gloria de Haven Payne, Miss Julie studies—and studied—everything her new mother did. She commented on the way Gloria wore her hair; she had favorite outfits from among Gloria's wardrobe.

Gloria knew that those bright eyes and that quick young mind would notice the gradual change in Gloria's figure as the months passed and the time drew near for the Paynes to start keeping vigil for the stork.

Gloria and John talked it over and decided that Julie must share their secret. Since Julie's favorite playmates are Bill Wellman's five children, the youngest of whom is two, the introductory buildup was easy. Gloria said one day, "How would you like to have a baby brother?"

"I'd rather have a baby sister," announced Julie without an instant's hesitation. "I like little girls much better." And she cited the attractions of the youngest Wellman child.

Having discovered that an addition to the family was a popular idea in Julie's mind, Gloria kept the subject unobtrusively alive until she could bring the announcement into a casual conversation. "You mean *we're* going to have a baby!" squealed Julie. "How wonderful." She disappeared at once, and afterward Mrs. Wellman called to say that Julie had announced triumphantly that "we" were thinking up names for a little sister.

"It might be a little boy," Gloria said to Julie as the sister-to-be was put to bed that night.

"If it is, they can just keep it at the hospital," ruled *(Continued on page 71)*

One of the sweetest surprises Gloria got in the hospital was Johnny's gift o 2 bed jackets—one satin and lace, the other velvet with jeweled buttons—"So you'll feel glamorous again, honey." That's daughter Julie Ann with hair posies

For the Love of "Mike"!

Not even to pop, who's the official slack switcher, is young Kathy a "Payne-in-the-neck." She'll never reach same fame as mom, though, whose birth was announced in first column Walter Winchell ever wrote.

The old man" is relaxing, ruins his eyes squinting at their sun-
y new beach lot. History Notes: One of J.'s ancestors signed
ec. of Independence, another wrote "Home, Sweet Home."

ball of fire

ROBINS SET THEIR WATCHES
BY CORNEL WILDE—THE GUY WHO'S
UP AT DAWN, WITH NARY
A DULL MOMENT TILL MIDNIGHT

By Nancy Winslow Squire

The Wildes got so enthused over a Beverly Hills home, they borrowed money for a down payment. Three days later, Pat received an inheritance from her grandfather's estate—enough to pay the debt twice over!

Wendy's just past 3, can count to 15, and thinks daddy (of "Centennial Summer") is "wunnerful." Tussles with Punch, the huge Wilde dog, are daily events, end in tie score!

The new house was built by Norma Talmadge, bought from George Jessel—and boasts a billiard room lined with oak and suede drapes! Only drawback is the dog haunting the swimming pool, forcing Cornel to follow bellowing "Watch out!"

sports—including spear fishing—fascinate Cornel. He beats Pat at nnis, then comes running to her for sympathy when the callouses pile up.

■ The bidding for the baby buggy was getting red hot. Cornel Wilde versus the field at the auction—a lone male surrounded by a crowd of expectant mothers. He felt a little silly topping every bid as the mob of madonnas shot him dirty looks.

"Twelve dollars—am I bid thirteen?"

"Thirteen!" yelled Cornel.

"Thirteen-and-a-half!"

"Fourteen!" shouted Wilde.

It was during the war baby bonanza and perambulators were scarcer than nylons. This one was really a sorry crate—the wheels wobbled; the frame was twisted; the paint chipped off, and the sides caved in. But it had real pre-war springs and Cornel had to have it, because Pat's baby was due any day. He'd spotted the auction list in the Sunday paper and raced over.

"Twenty-five dollars—"

"Twenty-six!" boomed Cornel.

"Sold to the gent for twenty-six dollars!"

ball of fire

The auctioneer banged his hammer down.

As Cornel grabbed his prize and wheeled it, squeaking, out of the place he heard an angry murmur. One outraged gal frantically grabbed at his coat.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she barked. "Outbidding everybody! I *need* that buggy," she cried tearfully. "I'm going to have a *baby!*"

Cornel gave her a frantic look over his shoulder. "But lady," he protested, "*so am I!*"

Cornel Wilde wasn't trying to be funny, and he certainly wasn't counting on being the first masculine mother in history. It was just that he always thinks of himself as somebody else and of somebody else as himself, too. The somebody else, naturally, is his pretty wife, Patricia Knight.

They've been a team ever since Cornel saw Pat walking up Broadway and risked getting his face slapped to court her without an introduction. Right from the day they met, Cornel knew for keeps that Pat was made for a guy like him, and vice versa. That day of the auction two Broadway stage parts he'd been banking on didn't come through. That day he'd gotten fired from his stage managing job on "Having Wonderful Time" because, he admits—he was a terrible stage manager. He had to see that some girls' camp bloomers were hung on a clothesline when the curtain went up, and he forgot about it once too often. He went home to his bride, Pat, and told her the sad news. He was deep in the dumps. The money between the newlywed Wildes and mutual starvation was exactly thirty-eight bucks.

The tall girl he'd married got a twinkle in her eyes as he sang her the blues, and what she said was, "I know what—let's step out for dinner!"

How she thought of that startled Cornel Wilde. That's the kind of crazy thing *he'd* do, if he didn't have a wife to think about. But the wife was doing that kind of thinking, too.

"The ritziest, snootiest restaurant in town," proceeded Pat. "We'll dress. We'll have wine. We'll shoot the works. We'll feel better. Then we'll have some luck." (*Continued on page 77*)

Mrs. W. carries on the "Let's rib Cornel" tradition, howls every time her hubby's stand-in, a Greek, murmurs, "Good morning, Mr. *Hormel.*" "Once a ham, always a ham," she shrieks.

Even though Pat's signed up for pictures and Cornel's films are lined up for a year in advance, they insist there'll be no governess for Wendy—"She needs parents more than we need careers!"

. . . CUTEST PER-SON-AL-I-TY!

. . . FROM THE SONG OF THE SAME NAME, WE GIVE YOU ROSS HUNTER, WHO FLEW FROM CAMPUS TO CAMERA WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE.

By George Benjamin

■ The other day, Ross Hunter, a notoriously vague auto driver, whirled his battered car around in the middle of the Sunset Strip, which wasn't a regulation traffic maneuver at all. Then bam! right in his middle smacked a car, crumpling its fenders into accordion pleats. The driver jumped out hopping mad, swearing at Ross and shaking his fists. But in a couple of minutes he was practically apologizing and, arm in arm, the opponents walked through the crowd over to the Cock and Bull for a cup of coffee. "That's the best way I know," Ross was chuckling, "to get a seat at the Cock and Bull!"

It's very hard for anyone to get mad at a charmer like this tall, curly-haired newcomer. In fact, no one's ever met an enemy of his yet, which is (*Continued on page 124*)

Gals make with the phone calls for Ross, who used to be a teacher! Hobby is speech correction. He once helped a stutterer friend overcome defect; pal brought around others, and soon Ross had a speech clinic!

A serious drama student, Ross attends preems with Audrey Totter, teaches play production at Pasadena College. His fans like to send mash notes, will like new pic, "Out Of The Depths."

◄ "The vocabulary's good, but the plot's weak," murmurs June. Dick, watch in hand, vowed J.'d read Encyclopedia Britannica a half hour nightly after she coaxed him into buying set.

▲ Junie was thrilled with pansies that bloomed in her garden, afraid to pick 'em till assured they'd grow even better. She floats 'em in silver dishes, keeps talking about "their faces."

"My Hobby is You"

"The Secret Heart" is Junie's next, but there's no secret about her eeling for Dick. She dotes on him, dutifully sews his buttons on while iting her tongue, follows him around the house like a lonely puppy.

ick (in "The Brick Foxhole"), has to help June wind huge clock. It's ade of brass shield with crossed lances on back, hangs over rugged flagtone fireplace. They agree it's their favorite—and heaviest—piece.

Boats gave Dick headaches, planes gave June shivers. "But we oughtta have a hobby," insisted Dick . . .

by Ida Zeitlin

■ June hates to sign checks. Dick sat her down and stuck the pen into her fist. "When I come back, I want your little John Henry on every one—"

When he came back, they were signed. At sight of the last one, his face crinkled all up—you know Dick's grin. On a blank check, over the signature WIFE, she'd written: "I love you—"

This was hardly news. June uses it as a kind of refrain to living. Her whole heart goes into everything she does, so when love came along, you can imagine. But there's more to it than that. Until a few years ago, life had trained her the hard way. So she doesn't take happiness for granted. It's a miracle, delivered fresh every day, and when June says "I love you," that's a little prayer of thanksgiving.

She says it in various ways, mostly original. On her dressing table, for instance, stand two kingsize photos of Dick, one in full color, the other a black and white. She'll pick one up, gaze at it fondly and croon: "Bless his little pointed head—"

After listening to that a couple of dozen times, Arleen revolted. Arleen's her secretary. "His head isn't pointed," said Arleen.

"I know it isn't—" the voice fairly ached with tenderness— "but bless his little pointed head anyway—"

Or a girl friend calls her. Pretty soon June'll be asking: "Don't you want to talk to Husband?" (For a while that's how she always referred to him, as if his name were Husband Powell.) Then: "*Hus*-band! Dorothy wants to talk to you—" Dick has nothing to say to Dorothy, nor she to him. When they get through saying it, he turns to read his wife the riot act, but something (*Continued on page 73*)

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

JIMMY STEWART AND CARY GRANT PLAY HOST; ANNE BAXTER IS WEARING JOHN HODIAK'S RING; CROSBY SOLOS FOR MRS. PAT O'BRIEN!

■ The first prediction I had on my radio show was that Anne Baxter and John Hodiak would be married long before they got around to formally announcing the news through her family. I happen to know that a certain jeweler had a beautiful engagement ring and wedding ring made up. But before John could give it to her, they had a lovers' quarrel. I remember talking to Anne at the time, and she told me that she was disturbed by the gossip. People were saying that she and John wouldn't marry because her family objected to him because he wasn't upper crust. Whatever that means. Well, John's a wonderful boy and devoted to his foreign born parents and brothers and sisters whom he brought over here to live in this country. That's upper crust enough for anybody. And Anne said the same thing to me. But there's no getting away from the fact that there was a strain between them for several months, and they didn't see each other. John was perfectly miserable. Not once did he step out with another girl, even though Anne had some other dates now and then. He was terribly in love with her all that time and made no secret of it. Well, you know the happy ending to the story. They'll probably be married by the time you read this. And if you ask me, I think they are a swell team. P.S. Yes, John kept that same engagement ring to put on Anne's finger when the announcement was made, (*Continued on page 66*)

Ray Milland still gets kidded about drunkard role that won him an Oscar. Wife Mal, with him at Bob Hope's party, served him harmless bottle of Pepsi!

At the auction held toward afternoon's end, Joan Leslie won prettily wrapped feminine doo-dads. Bob says the horse (there for the laughs) is the one that comes in *after* Crosby's nags!

Bob Hope's Charity Garden Fair was a huge success, brought in many shekels for children of war-torn Europe. Pat O'Brien sold posies to Irene Dunne, Freddy Martin's orchestra played, and *everybody* devoured buffet supper.

At college Mary has been majoring in music. During vacations she gives time to teaching piano to youngsters in a foster home. People who play and sing are always needed. Can't *you* give away some of your music as Mary does?

Mary Margaret Topping
to wed Navy Lieutenant

Daughter of the Hudson Robert Toppings of Peoria, Illinois, engaged to Lt. (j.g.) Edgar A. De Yoe, Jr., U.S.N.R., of Ramsey, New Jersey. Mary is a senior at Connecticut College and met her fiancé when he was a Cadet at the Naval Training Station in New London.

Her ring—a dew-clear diamond in a perfectly plain white-gold setting

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

nother engaged girl with a Pond's-ared-for complexion, Mary says, "Pond's old Cream makes face care so easy. I ist love the way it helps to keep my in in good condition—clean, soft and nooth." And *this* is how she uses it.

e smooths the silky-soft cream over face and throat, pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

e rinses with more of her luscious feeling Pond's—slipping her white-tipped fingers over her face in quick little circles. Tissues again. "It's a *plus* creaming that makes my face *extra clean* and *soft*," she says.

py Mary Topping's cream-rinse way of ing Pond's Cold Cream—every morn-g, every night *regularly!* Use your nd's for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll e why it's no accident so many more men use Pond's than any other face eam at any price. Ask for a *big* jar, so kurious to dip into!

Mary Topping—her deep-shoulder dress is wonderful against her smooth-as-cream skin.

POND'S
COLD CREAM
Cleansing

Ask for a big luxury jar of Pond's today!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. *Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton*
H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco *Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle*

ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING...

■ It was a double-barreled explosion of awards this time, an explosion right in the July 4th tradition. It happened this way: High on the list for Ed Sullivan-Modern Screen silver plaques were Frank Sinatra and Jack Benny, but radio summer schedules being what they are, ol' man Sullivan found himself on the horns of a dilemma. The bigger radio shows, about this time of year, take an air vacation, and the stars go into their bank vaults to determine what, if anything, has been left to them by the income tax men.

Not being able to choose between the two contenders, I cut into the Frank Sinatra program from New York, reached out across a gap of 3,000 miles and handed him an Ed Sullivan-Modern Screen plaque—and a few weeks later, went on Jack Benny's May 26th broadcast, his last of the winter series, and handed him a similar handsome trophy.

For me, this was a particularly pleasant double-header of awards. Sinatra is one of my favorite characters, a fine, likeable person. Early in his career as a headliner, when others were rapping him, I drifted to his corner because behind the scenes on Broadway, he already was exhibiting the generosity of impulse that later impressed the country. That early judgment never has been changed. When he was struggling to win a name for himself, he was a splendid boy. Since getting into the $1,000,000-a-year bracket, he is still a splendid person—warm, human, compassionate.

Last winter, the businessmen of Richmond, Virginia, came to me in some distress. They desperately needed a War Bond show to put their E-bond drive over the top, but there were complications. Because of the restrictions on train space, and because of their unwillingness to shove a lot of soldiers off trains, the men of Richmond needed some peculiar and unique attraction that could attract $1,000,000 in E-Bonds.

"What about Frank Sinatra?" I asked them. They looked at me as though I'd gone completely daft. "Certainly, but who can get Sinatra to come to Virginia? He's playing in vaudeville, he's appearing simultaneously at the Waldorf-Astoria, he's doing his radio shows, he's spearheading rallies for the kids of America—he's not going to come to Richmond." They looked even glummer, and some of them cast reproachful eyes at me for having raised their hopes, only to dash them more *(Continued on page 122)*

Ed almost split the MODERN SCREEN Radio Award in half, but instead gave separate plaques to F. Sinatra, singer, and J. Benny, comic and part-time violinist. (At "Truth And Consequences" broadcast.)

ORANGE BLOSSOM BLONDE—*by James Bingham*

Famous artist, James Bingham, portrays vibrant londe skin color which can be yours with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

Bulletin for blondes: Dust some drama on your skin with Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in the new "Flower-fresh" shade of Natural. Such angelic radiance! Super-smooth, too. It gives your skin a satiny surface that masks tiny blemishes. Its freshly-put-on look stays for hours and hours. There are other "Flower-fresh" shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder for all skin types from a sultry brunette to a siren red-head.

Cashmere Bouquet
NATURAL

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural*, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

ASHMERE BOUQUET *face powder*

YOUR BEAUTY EDITOR
ENGAGES IN CHIT-CHAT WITH PRETTY
JOAN CAULFIELD, AND
THE RESULT IS AN ARTICLE FULL OF
BEAUTY HINTS TO HELP
YOU IN THE JOB OF GLAMORIZING
YOUR LEGS FOR SUMMER

By Carol Carter

SUMMER LEG SHOW

■ Casting for Carol Carter's "Summer Leg Show of '46," I hereby nominate Joan Caulfield as star! Incidentally, even Paramount agrees with me that the lass has talent . . . they're featuring her in "Monsieur Beaucaire" with Bob (who-knows-a-handsome-leg-when-he-sees-one) Hope. Joan very prettily let the MODERN SCREEN camera catch her in the process of smoothing on leg makeup and very helpfully gave me some hints on leg-art about which I will Tell All.

But first I shall be stern with you. Not a word about that fascinating leg makeup until it is thoroughly understood that legs *must* be smooth and fuzz-free. You might try an improved, new odorless hair-removing cream that's as pleasant and easy to use as your favorite cold cream. The whole process takes a matter of only six to eight minutes and the cream washes off easily. Too, a particular love of mine is a hair-removing "glove" which very happily leaves the ends of the hair frayed and soft to the touch, instead of bristly as does that demon razor. Friction does the job, so be careful not to move the abrasive gadget up and down. Instead, just wipe gently with an alternating circular motion . . . oh, say, three times to the right and then, without lifting the glove, three times to the left. Repeat this circular motion until your legs are as hair-free and smooth as a gardenia petal.

Chances are that your legs are also pale as a gardenia petal, and here's where Joan (*Continued on page 113*)

Man meets his match!

Revlon's new color

NAIL ENAMEL • LIPSTICK • FACE POWDER

"Bachelors' Carnation"

a capricious carmine with a tender passion!

ACHELOR'S CARNATION" SANDALS BY BERNARD RUDOFSKY — SOLD AT NEIMAN-MARCUS — PHOTO BY PLUCER

Bachelor's Carnation
Revlon

because you see, he's a boy who never really gave up hope.

* * *

Alan Ladd and Sue Carol have suspected for some time that their three-year-old, Alana, is a ham at heart.

The other day she cinched the suspicion.

Sue and the baby were driving into Hollywood in Sue's car when they suddenly heard that sound of sounds to a motorist—a cop's siren. Motioning them over to the side of the road, he started making out a ticket for not pausing long enough at a boulevard stop.

The moment seemed dramatic and unusually interesting to Alana.

"Oh, mother," she gurgled, "don't you wish we could have our pictures made this way?"

* * *

Tony Martin, who used to be Rita Hayworth's big moment before Jimmy Stewart became her big moment, nods coolly when their paths cross in night clubs.

* * *

I have never seen so many pretty summer prints and so many gay colors as our movie stars wear to the parties these days—and what a lot of parties!

I've gone to many festive affairs during the years I've lived in Hollywood, but it remained for four bachelors to outdo all our Hollywood hostesses.

Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, Eddy Duchin, famed orchestra leader, and Johnny McClain, well known writer, decided they should repay some of the Hollywood hostesses who have been entertaining them for so long. They took over the long closed Clover Club, re-opened it—and then their troubles began. They had to have the lights and gas turned on, and the telephone connected for just one night's service—and that took a lot of fast talking in these times.

But, undaunted, the "Cads," as they called themselves, went ahead with their decorations—festooning the walls with gardenias and ferns, seeing that each table had a centerpiece of roses and sweetpeas, arranging with Mike Romanoff, the Prince of food, to conjure up the wonderful supper served continuously from 8:30 p.m.—until breakfast started the following morning at 8:30 a.m.!

The invitations read, "Black tie for the men—gowns cut as low as possible for the ladies"—and s'help me, several belles took them at their words! Whoops!

Ingrid Bergman looked covered up by comparison—and she came with her husband and Signe Hasso. There was a little private story going that only Ingrid and I knew about—and I'm telling you here for the first time.

We have the same masseuse, Hilda, a marvelous person—and Hilda had told us both that she would give anything in the world to see that party. So imagine our surprise to go into the ladies' room and find Hilda in charge of checking the ladies' coats and wraps! Anita Loos, another customer of hers, had arranged with Eddy Duchin for her to handle the coat checks that night!

Gagster-musician Spike Jones knocked himself out at his Trocadero opening, was comforted by Dorothy Lamour and Lois Andrews. Dot's husband, Maj. William Howard, now out of the Army, took family to Baltimore for their daughter's christening

"Champion" and his master, Gene Autry, take a bow in the indoor arena of Gene's 300-acre Melody Ranch. Since Gene's out of the Air Force, there's no saddling the cowboy, who bought a twin-engine plane to fly between N. Y. and Hollywood

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

Racing fans, here're the Rooney s at the track! Mickey sent wife Betty a song called "Peek-a-boo" when their baby was born, later took 'em both on a delayed honeymoon.

Loretta Young dined at Stork Club with husband Tom Lewis, but they're usually stay-at-homes. Daughter Judy, ten, had birthday luncheon at mom's studio, with Orson Welles as head waiter!

Maria Christina Aumont stared at the press, let mom Maria Montez do all the talking. So Mom bragged about the new leopard coat husband Pierre's giving her!

Bob Montgomery's bought a Naval film of the war's submarine action, hired two Navy writers to do a script on it, plans to give profits from pic to Navy Relief Fund. (At art gallery with wife.)

When Ingrid saw Hilda, she burst out laughing at her countrywoman in maid's uniform. "Come on," said Ingrid, "have a glass of champagne." So Hilda sat with Dr. and Mrs. Peter Lindstrom and drank their health.

Many stars who are seldom seen in public accepted the coveted invitation. Charles Chaplin and Oona (her baby was only a month old) sat in a secluded corner with the Vincent Astors, the Sam Goldwyns, Annabella and Ty Power.

Virginia Cherrill, the Countess of Jersey to us commoners, who was Mrs. Cary Grant No. 1, arrived the very day of the party. Everyone expected Cary to devote himself to her—but it was Betty Hensel, pretty blonde non-professional, who held his attention.

Gary Cooper was there, of course, and his wife, Rocky, looked like a dream. So did Rita Hayworth in a strapless dress that was almost frontless.

The last to go home at eight a.m. were Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien. Eloise, Pat's wife, couldn't come to the party because of the expected baby—and when Pat saw what time it was, he insisted that Bing come home with him.

"To sing a song to Eloise," begged Pat. "That's the only thing that will soothe her. I promised I'd be home early."

"You will be," flipped Bing, "it's eight a.m."

* * *

Will Kathryn Grayson, the M-G-M thrush, marry singing Johnny Johnston when her divorce is final?

Looks like it now, but you never can tell what will happen in a year.

Johnny, who gets *his* divorce soon, tells me he thinks Kathryn is the most wonderful girl he has ever known, but if all the publicity they have been getting hurts her, he's willing to step out of the picture.

He was referring to the fight he had with her brother—a silly fracas that seemed to be centered in the brother's resentment of Johnny trying to help Kathryn move.

The little Grayson girl has had many bad breaks about family "rows." She and her husband, John Skelton, were always in the news, fighting and making up.

But I admire Johnny Johnston for what he said. A gentleman couldn't say more.

* * *

The real human interest story of the month concerns Susan Peters, her husband, Richard Quine—and that little 10-day-old baby boy they have adopted.

When Susan was injured a year ago by an accidental bullet wound that hit her spine and partially paralyzed her, her greatest grief was that she could never hope to have a baby of her own. When I talked to her at the time, it was the only thing about her tragic accident that brought tears to her eyes. She was wonderful and courageous about everything else.

But six months ago, very quietly—without telling even their most intimate friends—Dick and Susan made arrangements to adopt a baby at birth! One day last week, the little stranger, just 10 days old, planed in from "somewhere down South."

Of course, the reporters flocked to Susan's home to get a story. And if you ask me—what she said to them was terribly sweet in its utter simplicity:

"All I know about this baby is that I love him—and that he was born for me to love"—and even those hardboiled guys from the newspapers had to turn their heads away.

* * *

The Jack Bennys give the most wonderful parties. You see just about everybody when Jack and Mary send out "bids."

Not long ago they hosted one of the best of the season and I saw some people I haven't seen for a long time. For instance, Barbara Stanwyck, who hasn't gone any place all winter, came with Bob Taylor, who didn't leave her side. Barbara has been suffering with an ear complaint and just hasn't felt up to social affairs.

Joan Bennett surprised the natives by appearing in spectacles set with diamonds. On her, they looked good.

Sylvia Fairbanks Stanley was greeting old friends again before returning to London to arrange a divorce from Lord Stanley. Merle Oberon was there with her cameraman husband, Lucien Ballard, and Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling seemed more in love than ever following the lovers' quarrel that parted them for a week. Bebe Daniels, still the darling of the whole town, and Gracie Allen and George Burns, were among those who danced the night away.

At 2:00 a.m., Mary said goodnight to her guests and went to bed. She had a radio show to do next day, but Jack stayed up until five, when the last guests said *au revoir*.

* * *

I suppose it's no news to you to hear that I have been in the hospital taking a much needed rest.

But with the usual Parsons luck—who do you think was in the hospital at the same time? Van Johnson, kiddies—and Van had the room directly under mine on the seventh floor.

Van had undergone an operation—and I was supposed to be taking it very quiet. At first we just wrote notes and talked over the hospital house phone. "Can you sleep at night, Louella?" Van asked me during one of these chats. "No," I told him. "Neither can I," he said, "so let's talk on the phone all night." It was all right by me—but the nurses thought differently.

Anyway, one evening Van came a-callin' in his best silk pajamas. He looked well, a little thinner, but he didn't mind that. "You used to say I was getting too fat," he kidded me.

We talked for a little while, when I suddenly noticed he was getting very pale. It was the first time he had been up since his operation and he was plenty wobbly. Fact is, he almost fainted.

"Bet that's the first time you ever swooned in the presence of a woman," I laughed, when he finally came around. "It's usually just the other way."

* * *

Also, I want to say that while I have been in the hospital, I have enjoyed more than ever all the letters I have received from MODERN SCREEN readers. I have read every one of them myself this month (with nary a secretary putting a hand on them).

I notice that a great many of you say that you would like to hear about the stars' homes in more detail, along with news about the Hollywood parties. Sooooo—I want to tell you something about one of the most charming homes I have seen recently.

The former screen actress, Marian Nixon, and her director-husband, Bill Seiter, have a perfect dream home in the Valley where they live with their three children.

Just recently they invited a few old friends out to see the place—and believe me, the town is still talking. I know it seems funny to start talking about a bathroom first—but Marian's is a dream. Personally, I don't see why she doesn't spend her whole time there.

The bathroom is the size of an ordinary bedroom, and at first glance you barely notice the tub, which is set in an alcove. The entire floor is carpeted in soft, light woolly carpeting that never shows the slightest trace of a wet foot. In the center of the room is a low glass table, large and circular, which holds beautiful bottles of bath salts, dusting powder and colognes.

But the cutest touch of all is a small divan, vivid red, covered in a waterproof material, and on the walls are beautiful waterproofed prints in all the gay colors. It is all so comfortable and wonderful and "just right"—not at all like one of those super De Mille bathrooms, even with all its luxury.

The living room is enormous—done in several shades of green with touches of white and gay Chinese-red lamps. And the fireplace and beams—if you please—are made of that same beautiful wood as the finest pipes for men.

Yes, even the "barn" is something to see, with the old oak tack room serving as a "stag" bar. You can imagine what this is like—set in ten acres of orange and lemon trees! And, oh, yes—Marian is very quick to say that William Haines can take all the bows on the decorating.

* * *

Maybe you remember that I predicted on my radio show not long ago that Lana Turner was practically a cinch to marry again this year. She's the marrying type—and she darn near

MODERN SCREEN

"Are you there? This is the Van Egan residence and the Jean Pierre Aumont Fan Club, Inc.!"

up and did it again—this time the gent being a handsome radio executive named Charles P. (for "Pete") Jaeger.

She certainly had the town winging when she planed back to New York with Jaeger after he had planed to Hollywood to spend exactly twenty-four hours with Lana.

But at this writing—they have not yet said "I do."

Lana continues to puzzle me—and everyone else, I guess. When she first landed in New York she was constantly in the company of her rumored fiancé. But, one night, she made an unscheduled appearance with her former boy friend, Bob Hutton.

Since he is supposed to be practically engaged to June Haver, that started the guesses all over again. You figure this all out.

* * *

There was something a little unhappy about that interview Vic Mature gave out not so long ago. The Hunk o' Man said that he had not been invited to a Hollywood party—or even to dinner at anyone's home—since he got out of the service.

"I don't think it's a slight," mused Vic, "it's just that while the war was on, the older crowd and the younger crowd sort of set up their own circles—and they don't happen to think of outsiders now." What do you mean, "outsiders," Vic? No man who has served his country should be forgotten—and doggone it, I'm going to see that you are invited to a party, if I have to give one myself as soon as I'm well again.

* * *

Vignette On Joe Cotten: He likes to dine in night clubs and "watch the people"—but he won't dance. . . . He likes "upswept" hairdos on women whether they're still in style or not because they're "neat." . . . He can't stand pigtails, or little girl fashions on grown women. . . . He likes his bedroom ice cold—and the rest of the house warm. Even in the summertime he likes an open fire at night. . . . He hates people who evade an answer, preferring a definite "Yes" or "No." . . . While he can't stand loud, sporty jackets or ties on men, he likes pale yellow driving gloves himself. . . . His favorite "foreign" food is chop suey, and you can have Russian dishes. . . . He can't stand too much jewelry on women and thinks one beautiful ring, or clip or necklace is enough to be worn at one time. . . . He isn't a gladhander, but his intimate friends adore him, and once he is your friend he's that for life. He's a great guy and I'm for him.

* * *

Judy Garland hasn't come along as well as expected since the birth of her baby and so she has gone back into the hospital. The doctors think a wisdom tooth is what has been holding Judy back—so she went in for this surgical dentistry.

Even if she is all grown up, and married, and a mother—Judy is still so young she still has these "juvenile" ailments—it was just a few years ago she was little more than a baby herself.

FULL HOUSE—FULL HEART

(*Continued from page* 41)

their ages, so Mimi—at age one—doesn't get the message that order is to be preserved, regardless of pains.

The two girls, supervised by Paul who was sunbathing, were out in the play yard one morning. Mimi was restrained by her play pen, but Monica—being a responsible citizen—was loping about, swinging and amusing herself. Whenever Mimi tossed a toy outside the play pen, Monica—her forehead slightly disturbed by a pained expression—would hurry over and restore the toy to its proper place beside Mimi.

not my sis! . . .

Wham! A few moments later another toy would sail over the fence. Again Monica would return it. Stuffed animals, dolls, and plastic dishes engaged in thirty minutes of hedge-hopping before Monica's patience was utterly exhausted. Lifting the fabric elephant from the grass, she brought it down forcibly on Mimi's surprised head.

Promptly, Paul took action. He gave Monica solemn orders NEVER to hit her little sister with anything—not even a feather. Then he went into an explanation of the difference in human beings. Some people, like herself, he said, were born tidy. It was easy for them to keep order. But others, like Mimi, were light-hearted and careless.

Before Mimi was introduced into the family, Paul and Lisl did their best to prepare Monica for the newcomer. They asked in their most ingratiating tones, "Wouldn't you *love* to have a little sister to play with?"

Monica said dreamily, "Ja."

But the first time she looked at Mimi, Monica shook her head.

"This is your pretty new sister," explained Paul. "She is ALL yours. She is a present we bought for you."

"No," said Monica. "Not for me."

No amount of persuasion could induce Monica to take a proprietary interest.

Mimi was about four months old and had just reached the gurgling stage when Paul was playing with her in the nursery one morning. He tossed her into the air and she squealed with delight. He pinched her toes and recited nursery rhymes.

As Paul turned to leave, Miss Monica stalked over and slapped Mimi.

The inclination of a parent less wise than Paul would be to punish so naughty a child, but Paul understood his elder daughter. Here was a small human being in serious trouble, he knew. He had been partly to blame for devoting himself entirely to Mimi without including Monica—however indirectly—in the fun; he had not been helping Monica adjust to sharing his attention with the baby.

Paul simply looked at Monica for several moments until she got the point. But he said nothing. After that, he and Lisl were careful to include Monica in every romp with Mimi.

Monica is likely to be the great beauty of the family, and she already has a well-developed love affair with Fred MacMurray's two-and-a-half-year-old son, who is tall and big for his age, and a bit of a wolf.

Monica and Mimi have supplied two new subjects for Paul's prime hobby: Photography. Visitors to the Henreid home are, if they evince the slightest interest, plied with dozens of albums of still pictures. Paul has owned a superb Rolleiflex for many, many years. When he and Lisl went on their honeymoon, motoring from Vienna to the tip of the Italian boot, and back through Switzerland, they photographed each of the thousands of beautiful spots. Many of the pictures, because they depict buildings and panoramas now destroyed, are priceless.

Monica was a bundle of less than ten pounds when she sat for her first portrait, and Paul has made frequent pictures of her ever since. Mimi's book isn't quite as large yet, but only because Monica has a two-year head start.

Success sits well on Paul's wide shoulders. The presence of the two children in the home is a direct result of that success. Lisl and Paul had always wanted youngsters as soon as they were able to give them proper care and advantages. And the house in which the Henreids live is a fruit of Paul's success. The grounds occupy an acre, and in addition to the play yard, the grass court and the motor court, there is a pool.

The house is charming. Paul and Lisl managed to bring some of their oil paintings to this country, and these are arranged in the pleasant, congenial living room. Focal point in this room is the fireplace, before which is a gigantic oval coffee table, and surrounding three sides of the coffee table are deep chairs and lounges.

On every coffee table on the lower floor of the house, sits an invention of Lisl's that bespeaks her concern for her guests' comfort. On a huge pewter tray she has set a large rock, and around the rock are clustered hundreds of matches. No guest at the Henreids ever fumbles for a light.

In the rumpus room, which is upholstered in red leather, Paul has his collection of autographed pictures. He has a photograph of every leading woman with whom he has appeared and delights in showing them to guests. "I'm a fan of actresses," he says. There is a huge picture of Bette Davis, who is a great Henreid favorite, and a photograph of Greer Garson (taken years ago) that is a prize!

fan grumbles . . .

These rooms always have flowers artistically arranged in tall vases. In the early spring, the living room was aglow with great clusters of calla lilies which Paul had raised. Someone said, "You must give them plenty of vitamins—just look at the way those leaves shine!"

Said Paul with a straight face, "Not vitamins, believe me. I varnish all my leaves, then wax them—nothing but the best in horticulture for me."

Paul's secretary has an office in the Henreid home, where she and Paul attend to his fan mail, a duty that he takes seriously.

A fan wrote recently saying, "After seeing you in 'The Spanish Main,' I could scarcely wait to see you in 'Devotion.' Well, I almost needed a microscope to find you, and when I could catch a glimpse of you—what were you doing! Just looking glum, that's what. I didn't like that part for you at all, although you did the best you could with it, I know."

About "Devotion," Paul says, "It is not a good picture for me, of course but how did you like the really beautiful performances of Lupino and de Havilland? Aren't they superb actresses?"

Which is the kind of gallant talk you'd expect from him. A man the ladies can't do without. Especially those three darling ladies in the lovely Brentwood house—the full house!

Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

by *Helen Neushaefer*

Color authority... stylist

...Postwar's loveliest color collection for nail make-up

She has a heaven-born sense of color—and millions of women knew it—though they did not know *she* had created their loveliest nail polishes. Now, Helen Neushaefer, the originator of Creme nail polishes, presents her newest creations... her most dazzling... and *the first to bear her name.* No other nail polish at any price will possess the postwar miracle Helen Neushaefer has created for hers... Plasteen*, the magic new ingredient that helps add extra days to the beauty of your nail make-up. To look your loveliest to your very fingertips—look for Helen Neushaefer's ravishing nail make-up colors in the "pyramid" bottle at cosmetic counters.

NEU RED
by
HELEN
Neushaefer

*PLASTEEN—Helen Neushaefer's own postwar ingredient to help shock-proof nails against chipping.

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

FOR THE LOVE OF "MIKE!"

(*Continued from page 50*)

Julie. "But it isn't going to be. We're going to have a baby, and it's going to be a little sister."

It occurred to Gloria that Julie might as well learn the medical term for an interesting condition, so she corrected gently, "Instead of saying that a lady is going to have a baby, it's better to say that she's pregnant. Can you say 'pregnant'?"

Julie could and did. It was a lovely word and she was properly proud of this addition to her vocabulary.

A few weeks later Gloria and Julie had been shopping for diapers and shirts in Beverly Hills, and stopped at the Beverly Derby for luncheon. As the popular spot was crowded, the Payne girls had to stand in line for a table. However, as the head waiter passed Julie, that resourceful young woman clamped onto an important corner of his coat. "Please, sir," she said, giving him her most social smile, "we're pregnant. Could we have a table soon?"

planning mite . . .

In addition to having a way with head waiters, Miss Julie is ingenious in other departments. She overcomes obstacles by an exercise of imagination. To wit: After having watched various grownup friends of Gloria's struggling with the problems of turning a heel in a pair of bootees, she decided that such knitting was too complicated. However, she was determined to build a pair of shoes for her new sister, so she hit upon a device. "I'm just going to knit two squares," she told Gloria. "That's easy. Then I'm going to stitch them together with ribbon. Because the yarn is soft, the baby's foot will make the square fit. There will be four corners sticking up, but I think that will be cute and—well—*different!*"

During recent months, Julie made a good many verbal plans. Since the youngest Wellman child was two years old, Julie seemed to be able to visualize best the time when her own sister would be two. She would say to Gloria, "When our baby is two, I'm going to teach her how to ride a tricycle." Or, "When my little sister is two, I'll teach her to say big words."

After all this buildup, Miss Julie's first reaction to the infant was sheer panic. "But she's so *little!*" she breathed. Luckily, since Julie has a tizzy every time the baby whimpers, the newcomer has a blithe and cheerful disposition and—aged six weeks—had already learned how to grin at anyone who leans over her crib.

One night, John and Julie were watching the nurse put Kathleen to bed. John leaned over and kissed the back of the baby's neck. Julie, advancing over invisible eggs, stopped a foot from the baby lying on the nurse's lap, then bent low enough to brush the baby's toes with a quick kiss.

During the months before Miss Kathleen arrived, both John and Gloria were convinced that the newcomer would be a boy. They planned to call him Michael, and in their cosy, private conversations never referred to him by any other name but "Mike."

During the first month of her pregnancy, Gloria prepared Mike's nursery. The walls were papered with a soft pink paper on which was lithographed a white menagerie of fluffy ducks and bunnies, separated in sections by festoons of printed blue ribbon. Ruffled criss-cross curtains were hung at the windows, and the white bassinet was prepared. That much accomplished, Gloria canvassed the town until she found a bassinet and an infant's wardrobe. She bought diapers and all the rest of the paraphernalia demanded by junior citizens.

One night she said to John, "Well, thank goodness, we're all ready for Mike. His room is ready and his clothing is ready. Now I haven't a thing to worry about."

"Except—where is the nurse to sleep?" amended John.

They studied the blueprints of the house and they consulted architects, but a sad fact became inescapable. There was no way in which to add to the house's floor space without ruining its style.

"Besides," reminded John, "in time to come, when Mike has a little sister, we won't have enough room for her. We might as well face it now—we're going to have to find a larger house."

In house-starved California, that purchase was about as easy as drilling for oil in the Arctic Circle. Not until a month before Mike was due did they find a house in Santa Monica that was large enough for the expanding Payne platoon, complete with nurse. So Gloria and John spent the weeks just before Christmas (Mike was due on Christmas Day) packing things in boxes, bales and barrels, and unpacking in the new abode.

Gloria was not supposed to touch a thing, of course. Every time John caught her looking contemplatively at an ash tray, as if to move it, he would protest. "You sit down somewhere and read a book, Button."

Button would wander away, feeling simply marvelous and yearning to help. She did attend to some of the moving of her own clothing, but when John found out about that, he put a stop to it.

A week before Mike was due, and about four days after the Paynes were settled in the house they will inhabit until they can build on John's Malibu Beach property, Gloria came down with a heavy cold. John, frantic, nursed her night and day. He gave her alcohol rubs and fed her nourishing soups, and behaved in general like a desperately worried prospective father. He took her temperature every hour and held long conferences with the doctor.

The day after Christmas, Gloria looked at her husband critically. "I think I heard you sneedz when you were oud in the hallway," she managed to say.

"Absolutely not," said John, placing a forefinger against his upper lip as tears formed in his eyes. "I feel fine."

When the doctor arrived, he disagreed with Mr. Payne. "You've caught the same bug," he announced. "We'll take Mrs. Payne to the hospital. You hop into bed right now or you aren't going to be of much help when we *really* need you."

That is why Gloria was removed, on a stretcher, via ambulance to the hospital. As the bearers came down the stairway with their light passenger, Gloria begged them to stop in the hallway for a moment so that she could look at the Christmas tree. There it stood, vivid with lights, scintillant with tinsel, surrounded by unopened presents. Under her breath she said, "Well, Mike, you didn't get here for Christmas, 1945. But won't you be having fun with the tree in 1946!"

Because of her cold, Gloria couldn't be given some of the anesthetics recently developed. The anesthetic she *was* given put her under for some time; still she seemed, in a vague and cloudy way, to know some of the things that happened. As she was being wheeled down the corridor to her own room with John faithfully striding beside her, Gloria looked up at him through torrents of tears. "Mike is a *girl!*"

John wasn't certain whether she knew what she was saying or not. Glancing uncertainly at the nurse, he was given a reassuring nod. "Mike's a beautiful girl," he said. "I think she's going to be almost as pretty as you are."

Tears still trickling across her cheeks, Gloria asked, "Can I keep her?"

"I'd just like to see anybody try to take her away from us," said John, more vehemently than was necessary.

Later, the doctor said, "She didn't know what she was saying—a result of the anesthetic. Probably she doesn't really know that the baby is a girl yet. You mustn't let that question bother you. Incidentally, you'd better get home and into bed. You look shot."

So John, jubilant over his new daughter, went home and fell into a sleep that made Rip Van Winkle look like an amateur . . . with the difference that Rip had no telephone beside his bed to ring until a man couldn't see his own dreams.

"H-H-hullo . . ." answered John.

A light voice on the other side of the wire identified itself as the mother of John's new daughter. "I feel fine—wonderful," said Gloria. And she babbled on, not very coherently. At that time, Miss Payne was about three hours old, and Mrs. Payne was still partly under the spell of the ether. You can imagine the bewilderment of her husband, who would have dressed and gone to the hospital if it hadn't been that he was still taking the count from the Joe Louis of flu germs.

The next morning Gloria was blooming. "I've seen her," announced the ecstatic mother, "and she's wonderful. Her hair is black and . . . I'm afraid it's going to be straight like mine. But she has your chin, complete with cleft, which is a wonderful asset for a girl. I think her nose is like mine . . . and her eyes, darling, her eyes are like yours *and* like mine, because they're going to be hazel."

The nurse came in then with the birth certificate, wanting to know what the baby was to be named. Gloria and John exchanged quick glances. "For my mother?" asked John.

Gloria nodded warmly. It was that simple. "Her name then," said the debutante's father, "is Kathleen Hope Payne; weight—six pounds, ten ounces; disposition—perfect."

On the afternoon of the first day after Kathleen's birth, John brought Gloria two dozen magnificent long-stemmed roses and the second day, Gloria's room was so stacked with cut flowers, potted plants, ceramic cradles from which trailed sweetheart roses, musical toys, and dozens of similar offerings, that it looked like a combination greenhouse and toy ship.

glamor for mom . . .

On the third day, when Gloria opened the package John had brought her, she found two of the filmiest handmade nighties ever to be constructed of chiffon, satin applique, and lace. Discussing this gift with a friend, Gloria said thoughtfully, "One of the most wonderful things about John is that he's so *knowing*. There aren't many men who would realize how desperately a new mother wants to appear glamorous for her husband. There aren't many men who realize what *new* things, especially extravagant new things, do for a girl when she feels that her hair needs to be washed, and she's tired of brushing her teeth over a little white bowl."

Gloria had been home only a few days

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when Dorothy Lamour had her baby. Although Gloria and Dorothy had never met, there exists a fraternity of new mothers Impelled by the warm fellowship of motherhood, Gloria telephoned the hospital; she had no idea that she would be allowed to talk to Dottie, so she simply gave her name and said she'd like to leave a message. She was composing a verbal greeting, expecting the switchboard operator to make a note of it, when Dorothy herself came on the line.

The two girls had a wonderful time comparing notes about their hospital experiences. "Since our youngsters are so close together, one a boy and the other a girl, we'll have to foster a romance," laughed Dorothy.

"I'm in favor of it," Gloria said. "I'm the smart mother—I'm getting escorts lined up already. Won't we have fun, planning birthday parties for them?"

After the third week of Miss Kathy's life, she was fully in the care of her mom and dad whenever the nurse was away. John always got up to give the little lady her two o'clock feeding until that repast was discontinued.

"I don't see how you wake up so easily," Gloria told her husband in the depths of night as she watched him cuddling Kathy and giving her the bottle.

Grinned John, "I'm an old hand at this I got my workout with Julie. Just think how useful I'm going to be with the rest of the family as they come along."

discovery . . .

It was early in March when John and Gloria began to plan their trip east. Although Gloria hadn't regained her strength yet, she knew that this spring was the only time she and John could get away together because of John's picture commitments, so she rested as much as she could, slept long hours, and saw very few people. She wanted to store up her vitality for the plane trip to New York.

Never having been in a plane in her life before, she was positive that she was going to be ill. "Of course you won't," said John. "I've never seen you much bothered by anything else—this won't even cause a ripple."

"Nevertheless . . ." said Gloria, as she boarded the plane, and she carried one of those celebrated little paper cartons along with her. She kept it tightly gripped in her two untrusting hands until they had passed Kansas City. Then she leaned back and relaxed. "Well . . . this is something like *traveling!*" she announced.

There was no snow in New York, and Gloria was very disappointed. Bitterly disappointed, the girl who had never made a snowball, nor a snowman, nor a butterfly in new-fallen flakes, became a sky watcher. Day after day the sun came out in a trickle of golden light, not exactly springlike yet, but not at all wintery, either.

And then, one morning in Virginia, Gloria was sleeping late when John shook her shoulder gently and whispered, "I hate to disturb you, Sleepyhead, but the sun is coming out and the surprise is going to be gone if I don't awaken you. Come on over to the window."

During the night a fluffy storm had coated every tree branch with glistening powder. Gloria went into ecstasies.

She was still congratulating the landscape when the mail arrived. In it was a letter for the Paynes from their nurse. When the envelope was slit, out tumbled pictures that the nurse had taken of Kathy—the first Gloria and John had seen.

Gloria studied them for several minutes, then, inexplicably, she burst into tears. With her face against John's shoulder she said, "I want to go home to see my baby."

And so they came home to see Kathy, one of the luckiest little girls in the world.

"MY HOBBY IS YOU"

(*Continued from page 59*)

n her softly shining face makes him hange his mind—

"You know what I was thinking all the me you were talking, Richard? I was hinking, that's my husband talking to y friend—"

There was also the time—but for that e have to go back a little. June's a hummy soul. She hates doing things y herself. When her appendix acted p and the doctor gave her stuff to ake, she made Dick take it first. "To ee if I react normally." When she was ut on a weight-gaining diet, she handed im the list. "Here's what we have to at—"

"Not *me*, Blurpface. I've got to keep my eight down—"

She grew highly indignant. "Why, you on't either—" A friend was in the car vith them. "Feel his stomach, Betty. Richrd, let her feel your stomach. Well, of *ourse* she wants to feel it, *any*body would, nice, flat stomach like that—"

"Stop the car," said Dick, "while I take his character I married to a padded cell—"

aughing girl . . .

The character subsided, giggling. Next o Richard, she loves laughter best. Like he month she was named after, June has sunny nature. And a well-developed unnybone. Things that might irk you nd would certainly make me mad strike er as comical.

Dick phoned from the studio one day nd asked her to meet him.

"I can't. I don't have a car—"

"Where did you leave it?"

"No place. Some lady plowed into me his morning—"

"ARE YOU HURT?!"

"No, that's the silly part of it. *She* wasn't, ither. That's why we sat and made okes—"

"*Who* sat and made jokes?"

"Me and the lady. After the accident—"

At the other end of the phone Dick wiped is brow. "Only jokes?" he managed to sk. "Not a buck-and-wing?"

That's the wonderful thing about being narried to Richard—one of the eight or ine hundred wonderful things. He doesn't et upset over trifles. Bickering he can't stand, and June's never known him to ose his temper. When he's displeased, e'll sort of get *above* a situation, and look own his nose at it. When *she's* displeased, er mouth buttons up and her foot starts apping. For some reason or other, Richard thinks that's funny. He grins, her nouth comes unbuttoned and the crisis is ver.

It's always something silly. They gave a party and the Paul Henreids were late.

"Maybe you didn't ask them," said Dick.

"Well, of *course* I asked them—"

"Sweetheart, I'm sure you had every intention of asking them, but you may have orgotten—"

The foot had just started tapping when the Henreids walked in. Sweetheart tossed her head like a horse, murmured: "Need say more?" and swept forward to greet her guests. This performance broke Dick up. June meant to be cold and reserved for a full half hour, but with Richard aughing down at her, she compromised on wo minutes.

She's inconsistent and unpredictable. Her reactions are her own. They may startle, amuse or confound, but they'll never bore you. She sleeps in flannel pajamas because her trousseau's too beautiful to sleep in.

"What are you saving it for?" Arleen wants to know.

"For the happy day when I have a baby or the mumps."

She used to adore Dick's sailboat, the Santana, and kept on adoring it as long as they stayed in port. But with war's end, they moved into open waters. "Oooh," said June, "it bounces. Won't it turn over?"

"No dear," said Dick. After he'd said it a couple of thousand times, they sold the boat to the Bogarts.

Came spring and the new catalogues, which June examined from a perch on her husband's knee. "Now *there's* a boat I'd like. It wouldn't bounce—"

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Well—it looks awfully quiet in the picture."

According to June this was all an act, so Richard could stop getting headaches. One headache lasted three weeks and scared her stiff. The doctor said they came from the sun and salt air, but her dear adorable husband said pooh! and wouldn't even wear dark glasses. "They look silly on men," said her dear adorable husband, and let the sun beat right down on his sinuses. So his loving wife had to protect him against boats—

"All right, let's forget about boats for a while. But we ought to have a hobby—"

"You're my hobby—"

That stopped him—what man wouldn't it stop?—but eventually he returned to his theme. "Now darling, I know you love me and I love you, but people ought to have some interest outside each other. Something they enjoy doing together, like painting china or raising little pigs—"

She knew just what he had in mind. Before the war, Dick flew. Planes are as close to his heart as boats. But June *really* was scared of planes, and no kidding. Right after their marriage, Dick had planned a South American trip, which they wouldn't have time for unless they flew. "I'm afraid," said the brave little bride, "but I'll go—" So he cancelled the plans, as she darn well knew he would. But she knew what he meant all right when he kept bringing up this hobby business, and next time he brought it up, she was ready for him.

"Sweetheart, you know we ought to have a hobby—"

MODERN SCREEN
BIJOU
JOHNSON

'We're at that awkward age—too old for Frankie, too young for Bing—"

"I've *got* a hobby. My hobby's skiing."

"But you've never skied in your life!"

"What difference does *that* make? Look, I'll prove it to you. Your hobby's fishing. Why? Because you love boats. Well, I love snow, so my hobby's skiing—"

"I never heard anything more logical," said Dick. "But I've *been* skiing. It's dangerous—"

"Don't try to squirm out of it. I've got a beautiful ski suit that my fan club gave me, and how many sweaters and caps do you think I'll need?"

They went to Tahoe, had a wonderful time and two days after they got back, Dick was saying: "Dollface, we ought to have a hobby—"

What's more, he took action. The basic cause of fear, he reasoned, was ignorance. June was terrified of planes because she knew nothing about them. Let her see for herself how simple they were and she'd quit being scared. So, enlisting the aid of Bob Cummings, he framed his wife.

"Let's go for a drive," he suggested one Sunday afternoon. So they skimmed along at random—that's what *she* thought—till suddenly they came to a flock of airports.

"That one belongs to Andy Devine," said Dick carelessly. "Like to take a look?"

They hadn't been looking for more than a minute when Bob Cummings happened by. "Want to see my plane?" Next minute he was saying: "Try the back seat," just as if it were nothing at all, like offering a chair. Well, all through the war Bob had been an instructor, he'd taught thousands of boys to fly, she couldn't act like a dope in front of him—but she still doesn't know whether she stepped or was lifted. Quick as a flash, Bob was in the pilot's seat, Richard beside him. June closed her eyes and hung on.

But in spite of herself the eyes opened and slithered to the right. Nothing there. To the left. Nothing there. Must be an empty part of the field. Then she was looking down. . .

The boys were prepared for reproaches when they landed, but not the kind they got. "Why didn't you *tell* me how wonderful it was? Let's go up again—"

found: one hobby . . .

That's how the Powells found their hobby. They've bought an Ercoupe, and as soon as Dick's had his license renewed, he'll take June up. Meantime, he gives her flying lessons in the living room, playing the dual role of pilot and plane. "Now I'm revving the motor—zzzz—now I'm taking off—"

Cheek on palm, she sits lost in admiration. "Oh, Richard, you flap your arms so cute—"

Of course the fact that June's wild about something today doesn't mean that she'll be equally wild tomorrow. But her heart is loyal. No matter how many projects she abandons, she goes right on loving them.

Before moving into the new house, she made Dick promise she could have her own flower garden, to take care of herself. She even went so far as to dig a few holes.

"Why don't you plant something?" asked Dick.

"Jimmy said I dug the holes in the wrong place—"

"Why don't you dig some more in the right place?"

"Because I can't figure out what to do with the dirt—" Dick doesn't even blink any more. He just waits. "*You* know, honey—that dirt you scoop out of the hole? It just lies around looking foolish, and there's no place to put it—"

"But don't get you wrong," says Dick. "You *love* gardening—"

"There's nothing I'd rather do," murmurs June.

Both are great readers. Both wanted plenty of room in the new house for books, so two walls of the big living room were lined with shelves. Their combined libraries didn't begin to fill them. Even with knicknacks around, there were wide-open spaces. These gave June one of her ideas. "Richard, you know what I've always wanted? The Encyclopedia Britannica—"

His answering look was just slightly skeptical. "You're sure of that, huh?"

"Yes, I am—" That's June being wide-eyed and demure—yes-I-am—yes-I-do—

"If I buy you a set, you'll use it?"

"Yes, I will—"

"And *how* you will, sweetheart! Because every night at 8:30, I'll sit you down, stick a volume between your pretty little paws and stand over you till the clock strikes nine. You still want it?"

"Yes, I do," she gurgled.

shy boss . . .

Another pet idea is herself in the role of housewife. She tries to sell this to Dick. "I told Teru what to have for dinner tonight, darling. I even told her how to slice the ham because you like it thick—"

"Now wasn't that sweet of you! I certainly appreciate that—"

"Then will you kindly stop telling people, my wife's awfully cute but she can't do anything round the house—"

Dick laid down his fork and looked hurt. "But, honey, you *are* cute—"

And she *can* do things round the house—in an emergency. To any emergency June rises like a lark. When the housekeeper left, she and Arleen scrubbed and polished and waxed, turned the place upside down and restored it to gleaming order. Then she bathed and dressed, tied a frilly apron round her middle and got dinner.

FREE MODERN SCREENS!

A three months FREE subscription to M. S. (August, September and October issue) may be yours if you are among the first 500 to fill in the Questionnaire Poll on page 22 and mail it to us at once! We're pretty anxious to know what you liked and didn't like about us this month, so hurry, hurry—and you may be one of the lucky winners to boot.

When Dick turns into the driveway, he gives a special little whistle and she flies to meet him. That evening she was all aquiver. "I thought it never would, but everything's coming out at the same time—"

"You don't say so! Coming out of what?"

"The oven, of course. Steak and baked potatoes and peas—"

Later he pronounced it a simple but delicious meal.

Meantime he'd been interviewing couples, and found Tack and Teru. "You mean they're going to take my chores away?" asked June hopefully.

It's not that she minds housekeeping, please understand, but when you have a wonderful couple like Tack and Teru, why get in their way? As a matter of actual fact, though she won't admit it, June's shy of her help. In the war, Tack served as interpreter to General MacArthur.

"And Teru's his wife. How can I ask them to do things for *me?*"

Whatever happens, she knows Richard will take care of it. So maybe she kind of takes advantage a little—pretends she's a shade more helpless than she is. Not that she's fooling *him,* he sees right through her but lets her get away with it—up to a point. Because he's big and she's small. Because for years she *did* have to do everything for herself. And because he can't resist the sad look she puts on her face . . .

dogged devotion . . .

Her mother and brother were coming to visit, and the Powells needed pillows. "How do you buy pillows?" asked June.

"Call some of the stores—"

"What *kind* of pillows?"

"Honey," said Dick, taking the phone from her hand, "how did you ever get along without me?"

"Oh, *I* got along pretty good—" Her voice dropped to the cellar—"but not as good as I'm gettin' along now—"

Last Christmas MODERN SCREEN's Jane Wilkie gave her a cocker spaniel.

"Remember he's *your* dog," warned Dick. "Don't expect me to train him—"

"Sweetheart, he's *our* dog—"

"Look, Doll, I'm a man. I like a big dog. I like a dog, that if someone comes prowling around, maybe he'd condescend to give a little bark—"

Heathcliff, as they call him, developed many enchanting habits and a couple of bad ones. Dick discovered, for instance, that he scratched on Teru's door at six sharp every morning.

"Does he really, Teru?" mourned June. "Oh, that's awful. Richard, you'll have to do something about it—"

"He's *your* dog, remember?"

"But you're the only one he'll get off the furniture for. *Please* talk to him."

Richard talks to him. "Come here or I'll beat your brains out." He says it in a perfectly conversational tone, yet Heathcliff knows he's done wrong, droops his

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ears and looks crushed. Dick swears that's a trick he copied straight from June.

Though she'll often put on her sad face just for fun, sometimes she's truly crushed. Like the day they were going out to dinner, and Dick phoned from the airport not to forget to pick up his tux at the cleaner's. June has a poor memory. So she was very careful about the tux, and kept writing it down all day all over the house—

Dick got home and showered and shaved. "Where did you hang my suit?" he called in to June.

A long pause was all the answer he needed, and a glance at the clock told him the shop would be closed. They leaped into the car, drove to the village and banged on the doors till they found out where the tailor lived. He was kind enough to come down and release the suit.

June felt awful. She felt worse because Dick didn't kick up a fuss. Next time they went out she got all his things ready.

Indulgent though he is most of the time, he can also be firm. It's been his practice, when Tack and Teru are off, to make the coffee and take June's in on a tray. But one morning he had some early business appointments.

"I've got to be out by 7:30 tomorrow, wife. You don't want me to go away hungry, do you?"

"Oh, Richard, I'll get up and fix you the nicest breakfast—"

When the alarm rang, nobody stirred but Dick. At 7:30 he came in to kiss June goodbye—

"*Darling!* Did you have breakfast?"

"Nope. I'll stop in somewhere—"

"Aren't you going to bring me any coffee?"

"Nope." His smile was just as loving. "S'long, Doll." She sat staring after him with this funny little look on her kisser—

When he phoned later, she told him all about it. "I went out and made coffee. There was only one roll. I cut it in four parts and stuck it in the toaster, but it never popped up—" Suddenly she was chuckling. "You sure fixed me good—"

beneath the banter . . .

For the most part they keep it light. On their six-month anniversary, Dick surprised her with a party at Chasen's, including two dozen good friends and a cake inscribed: SIX MONTHS—WHO SAID IT WOULDN'T LAST? Yet, under all the banter, it's clear that nothing's half so important to either as their marriage.

They'll argue about who loves the other more. June gets very upset when a Hollywood marriage breaks up. "They're such *sweet* people. What did they *do* that for?" Dick understands the passionate protest in her voice. It can't happen to us—never, *never* to us—

"I won't change," he teases, "so it'll have to be you—" This achieves its purpose—makes her so furious, she forgets to be sad.

Since "Cornered" and "Two Girls from Boston," they've both been on layoff. Now June's due at M-G-M for "The Secret Heart" and Dick's going into "The Brick Foxhole" for RKO.

"I'm glad we'll be working at the same time," says June, "but oh, Richard, suppose you get home first and I'm not here to fly to the door when you whistle—"

"Well, *you* whistle and *I'll* fly—"

"No, it won't be the same and besides, I don't whistle good—"

So they've cooked up a deal, that has Dick sneaking out the back when he hears her coming, and around to the front, and he whistles and she flies to meet him.

"Sweetheart," she coos, "I've done nothing but sit by the window and miss you—"

It sounds involved and Dick thinks it'll go the way of the art lessons, but it's June's latest fancy and for the moment she dotes on it, bless her little pointed head.

Let us help feed your baby, too!

Mother, this is an invitation—an invitation already accepted by millions of mothers who have fed their happy, healthy babies on Gerber's Cereals.

Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are specially made to suit baby, both as *starting* cereals and continuing through babyhood. For instance, they are made to mix creamy smooth—a consistency close to baby's milk diet. Next, both cereals are rich in *added iron* . . . to replenish the loss of *prenatal* iron which begins to run low some months after birth.

Here is another advantage! Both have generous amounts of added B complex vitamins (from natural sources—not synthetic), as a further aid to baby's well-being. Your baby will do well on Gerber's Cereals, too. Look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box) and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (hot or cold). Serve Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at alternate meals. You'll find variety helps baby's appetite!

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Gerber's Baby Foods
FREMONT, MICH...OAKLAND, CAL.

CEREALS STRAINED FOODS CHOPPED FOODS

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FREE SAMPLE

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE7-6, Fremont, Mich.

My baby is now .... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

Name..

Address.. *City and State*..

HE SINGS FOR YOUR SUPPER

(Continued from page 47)

the typewritten sheets still in his hands. Every two minutes he dragged the telegram from his pocket to reassure himself: IMPERATIVE YOU FLY OUT IMMEDIATELY TEST FOR LEAD NEW PICTURE TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.

Next day they tested him—but good! He didn't get the lead in "Something for the Boys." They tossed him a couple of songs to do and that was all. When he finished his scenes he took the train back to New York. That was May of 1944.

Two years later, Como is a character who came out of nowhere to play tag with Crosby and Sinatra in the popularity polls; he knocks out record hits like Greenberg blasts home runs; he has a radio show so popular that people all over the country use it to set their alarm clocks on the beam; he's deep in his third picture with Twentieth Fox, in an iron-bound contract.

Nineteen forty-five is the year of the Como boom, the tidal wave that swept five million records into every home.

Three hundred thousand is a tidy number of sales to make on a record and everybody is satisfied. But Perry's song sold a million copies and became the best-selling record of 1945—"Till The End Of Time."

he did it again . . .

"Fluke!" And Como agreed with the astonished board of directors. So they tried the fluke again, flipping out a number called "Dig You Later." This time they ran out of wax, and a million became the starting point for the adding machines rather than the goal. Then it was bang! bang! bang! with three more hits.

Five nights a week, come rain or shine, a couple million people flicked a dial to sit, swoon or contemplate while Como alternated with Jo Stafford on the Chesterfield Supper Club to roll out little ditties like "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Temptation" and "A Prisoner of Love."

The boy rapidly threatens to become a millionaire, yet the only thing that has changed about him in the past thirteen years is his hair.

Back in 1933 the population of Canonsburg, in western Pennsylvania, fell off to a hollow 12,557 when Perry took a vacation to Cleveland. At nineteen he was a man of the world, a substantial figure in the tonsorial racket. Had his own shop, an extra barber on Saturdays, and vague plans for expanding into the hair-slickum field.

Even in those days, singing to Perry was as natural as wriggling a pair of scissors between his fingers. Never had a lesson in either art. He sang in the church choir, where it seems all singers get their first start in the amusement world, sang at parties, sang at hell-raising wienie roasts on the banks of the Chartiers Creek where he went sporting, a 13-year-old freshman, boldly escorting his first date.

He saw a little blonde-haired kid there, Roselle Belline, and knighthood was in flower, sprouting right up through the wienie roast, with Roselle making shy eyes at the boy with the soft, tanned complexion, while he blushed and dug holes in the ground with his new shoes. They played a game, and for a penalty Perry had to kiss Roselle. He wouldn't do it, not even a furtive peck, but he did walk her home.

Roselle knew he was going to Cleveland—this was seven years later, seven years of steady dating—but she didn't know he was going to slip into the Crystal Slipper Ballroom and listen to Freddy Carolone's band. He walked up to Freddy hesitantly.

"You need a singer?"

Carolone lifted his shoulders. He wasn't tipping anybody off to the fact that his vocalist had just come down with the measles. He flipped a finger up. "Open up, fellow. Let's hear what you've got."

Carolone took him on. At twenty-eight dollars a week. It was a comedown from the barber shop and Papa Pietro Como would raise merry Cain when he heard about it, but Perry was started on something that had been nibbling at the edges of his and Roselle's heart for years.

When Corolone saw he had him tied up neatly he tossed Perry a half dollar. "Run across the street and get some cokes for the boys." Perry ran. It was part of the vocalist's job.

Roselle was waiting when he came back. There wasn't any fuss or feathers. They went quietly on Saturday and got the license, and they planned to go very quietly on Monday and be married. "Listen," Perry whispered to the drummer, Tony Carolone, "you're to be the witness. Wear something informal so we won't be conspicuous."

Roselle was a dream in white silk crepe with a white cape and blue buttons. Perry and Tony, who'd become confused at the word "informal," showed up in yellow polo shirts, slacks and sneakers.

You couldn't stop Roselle from smiling, though. This was the end of the trail, and she held tight to the signet ring Perry had slipped around her finger. He couldn't afford a wedding band.

They managed to weave moonbeams into romantic jobs like washing socks and changing tires, for they were determined to have a home, even though Carolone's band was making circles around the state of Ohio doing one-night stands, then dipping erratically down to the tier of States along the Gulf of Mexico for engagements in cities like Shreveport, Louisiana. Perry borrowed the money from his father and bought an old Packard coupe, vintage very uncertain, but the name unmistakable.

Four years of barnstorming. Then in the Hollyhock Gardens, out in Warren, Ohio, Ted Weems bent an ear to the stuff Como was delivering, and snaked him away with an offer of fifty dollars a week.

With Weems the green stuff came in steady increases until the weekly pay envelope touched one hundred and fifty, but it was still barnstorming with a more comfortable cushion. Roselle stuck with it, taking the tough times with the good.

Even when they knew Roselle was going to have a baby, the Packard kept rolling, though the men in the band were as anxious as any bunch of old sewing school comrades. The doctor said it was okay, and every month without fail she'd visit a doctor in a different state of the Union. Each doctor would write ahead to the next giving all the pertinent facts on the status quo. The doctor in Chicago hit the jackpot.

Weems' band was playing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in the bitter cold of January 1940. That was the year the ice set up housekeeping in Jackson Park. The baby came along about six at night, and Perry went on the show two hours later.

He hadn't slept for three days, worrying about Roselle. His mind was in a fog. He sang eight bars, then sat down abruptly.

No one had tipped off Weems about the baby. He came charging over to the table where Perry sat, threatened him with burning at the stake, breach of contract, lawsuits and misdemeanor.

the worm turns . . .

Como, the quiet one, the guy who takes life with a shy smile and a pinch of salt, rose unsteadily to his feet.

"You can't fire me, Weems," he said evenly. "I've already quit. You can take this band of yours and shove it into the small end of Lake Michigan." He walked out and went over to the hospital.

Someone came up and whispered into Weems' right ear. He turned pink, ran out to the florist shop and spent a fat chunk of green arranging for a river of flowers into Roselle's hospital room. Perry came back and everybody was happy.

It was the sight of little Ronnie growing up in the back of the old Packard, bouncing around on rusty springs when he should have been out to grass, that made him quit barnstorming. It was back to the barbering business and no mistake.

They sat around Canonsburg for three months there in 1942, trying to pick out the best location for a shop. The phone rang one night and Perry answered. "It's New York. Tom Rockwell of General Artists wants me to do a sustaining program for CBS. No traveling, and a flat seventy-six bucks a week. Shall I take it?"

Roselle nodded eagerly.

From there Perry stepped into a spot at New York's swanky Copacabana.

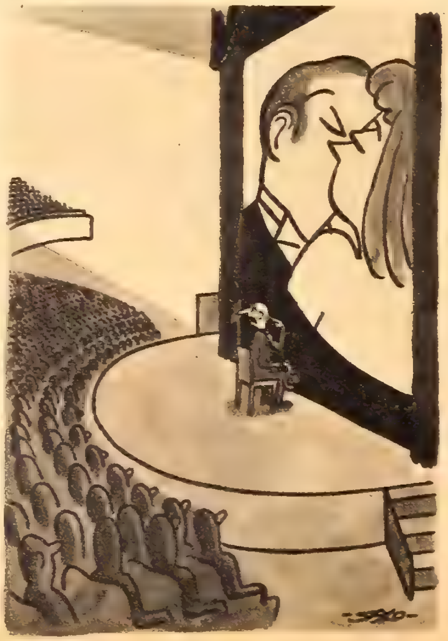
It was tough in the night spot, singing alone with none of the familiar faces to back him up, looking out at the huddle of boiled shirts and flashing evening gowns. Roselle would brace him up with a sound kiss and a gentle push. For morale building, she bought him some expensive shirts. One night she slipped into the dressing room at the Copacabana and saw Perry in sweatshirt and slacks, carefully dusting off the new shirt on the wall.

"Darling," she anguished, "why aren't you wearing the shirts?"

"Are you kidding?" he asked. "Wear these shirts when I'm not on? Not at twelve fifty a throw!"

That's when he fell on his face trying for the lead in "Something for the Boys." Fox had him under contract, but he knew the option would be dropped like a dated trolley transfer.

MODERN SCREEN



"Weak eyes!"

The sting wasn't so bad, though, for only a few months after battling with the Hollywood shadows, he bluffed his way into the Chesterfield Supper Club.

"They asked me, those good people, if I could read script, and quick as a flash I came back, 'sure.'"

He's never pulled another bluff like that one except when maybe they were trying to decide which house to buy. Golf had him in a vise, and that house out at Flower Hill is next door to a swell course. He used a two-headed coin when they flipped to see what house they'd move into.

They're not kidding themselves about these past two years, about this leap from seventy-six dollars a week to the stage where money comes gushing out of the kitchen faucet. This Como boom, they hope, will go on for fifty years, but if it doesn't there'll be a fat reminder of the days when the bobby soxers' screams meant bread and butter on the Como table.

For a firm anchor against the wind, they've got seven-year-old Ronnie tearing up the house, digging into the depths of their hearts. Out in Hollywood with them, he pals around with Crosby's kids, swapping homework with them, dragging a little black dog through the swankiest villa in Hollywood, digging exciting tunnels under hundred dollar camellia bushes. The little fellow attends the Catholic school nearby. One day he came home with a note written in beautiful script. That night at the Supper Club broadcast Perry Como stood in front of the microphone, his voice going all over America and to a good many parts of the world.

"Now, in answer to a request from Sister Joan Maria, a little number, 'I Can't Begin to Tell You.'" The soft music, a nod from the director, then the pure notes welling from a handsome throat.

That's our boy, Perry Como.

BALL OF FIRE

(*Continued from page 53*)

They dolled up like a couple of Park Avenue swells, stepped grandly out of their boxy hotel room, hailed a cab and dined at the Chambord, which, if it isn't the highest priced cafe in New York City, will do as runner up. They blew the roll, and, sure enough, next week Cornel, and Pat, too, got themselves parts in a show.

It's only natural that by now Cornel Wilde thinks of himself as "We"—like kings and editors—instead of the "I" most Hollywood stars adore. Cornel and Pat tackled their careers together, flopped together, stuck together, found success together. Today they have contracts at the same studio. They have identical gold wedding bands, engraved with the Bible's wedding service that starts inside one ring and ends on the other.

Home for Cornel and Pat is a big English style house far up Deep Canyon Drive, above Beverly Hills. It's sheltered by ancient trees, surrounded by a five-foot steel wire fence—which the deer hop nonchalantly every morning in order to nibble away at Cornel's prize plants—and there's a swimming pool in the middle of the five acres. It seemed crazy to buy at the time—but that's a funny thing about the Wildes. Half the things they do don't make sense—but end up being right as rain.

I'd better explain that Cornel and Pat Wilde have lived in half the houses in Southern California, practically, and inspected the other half. They've rented, leased, bought and sold, taken options, made down payments and generously distributed their addresses around Hollywood in six years. Once Cornel and Pat bought a bungalow one week, found a house to rent the next, sold the bungalow and made a profit of $1800 cash, in one easy lesson. Of course, the fact that the 1800 bucks went promptly into a fur coat for Pat (when they couldn't any more afford that than they could the Hope diamond) is also right in line with the Wilde character.

pillar to post . . .

Anyway, this time they'd found a cute little white colonial house in Beverly Hills and were happy as larks with it and the sizeable raise the studio had handed Cornel after choppin' up Chopin. They moved in and settled down. A week later to the dot the telephone rang and the realtor who'd handled the deal said, "The dreamiest house just came into the office. I do wish you had seen it before you bought yours—but—well it's too late now!"

"It's never too late," came back Cornel. "Let's see it," seconded Pat. So they went up, fell in love with it, made an offer, peddled their own house for a slight profit, and inside another week they were all moved into the dream house.

It didn't upset them one bit, either, that they didn't own half enough furniture to cover the floor space of the big villa. They'd risen above that sort of thing before. Once, in their unemployed ramblings, Cornel and Pat—with barely a bean between them—rented an unfurnished apartment with nothing inside but a carpet and a refrigerator. They hauled in a mattress and slept on the floor. They ate off the sink. They loved it, and finally when they'd collected a few dollars—which was quite an effort in those broke days—they bought a set of rattan furniture for $95 and felt elegant as royalty.

The house is mostly Pat's baby; it's outside that Cornel vibrates. He hadn't been moved in a week before he started major alterations and improvements. The biggest project was hewing down a row of giant eucalyptus trees that shut out the sunlight. Thirty-five of them, there were. Cornel paid a tree-moving company $900 to yank the first twelve, but he got so intrigued kibitzing around that he fired the tree experts and lit into the rest himself. It took just three days for Cornel, his pal, George Elliott, and some camera crew friends from Twentieth Century-Fox to saw down and drag away the other twenty-three.

That's why Cornel Wilde is happiest away from the studio, stripped to his waist digging up something or planting something and getting his hands as horny and calloused as possible. Luckily, he can handle that and make a picture at the same time with the greatest of ease, because unlike any other star in Hollywood, Cornel Wilde gets up with the birds at 6 a.m. and works out on his acres before he even has breakfast—a fact that sometimes appalls poor Pat, who's nice and normally theatrical and thinks people who rise with the sun when they don't have to need psychoanalyzing.

The members of the Wilde household are Cornel, Pat, Wendy, their daughter, and Punchinello, the inky black French poodle. Of them all, maybe the one who packs the most authority is "Punch." Time and again the Wildes have altered their life for Punchinello. They were living in a tiny Hollywood apartment when they took a drive in the San Fernando Valley one Sunday, saw Punch's ebony puppy curls and just had to take him home. That kicked them right out of the apartment and into a house with a yard, which they couldn't afford, for Punch to run in. It's happened two or three times like that, and Cornel has probably had more anxious moments about Punch and landed in more hot water than he has through Pat, his career, or his financial ups and downs all put together.

Last year, for instance, when they travelled to New York, Cornel almost got left at the station because of Punchinello. Pat had him on a leash, all set to walk him right into their Pullman compartment when the gate guard said, "He'll have to be crated. See the baggage master."

Cornel rushed to the baggage master, but it was right at the time when the Los Angeles Union Station was milling with returning GIs and he found a line reaching halfway to Texas. He dashed wildly here and frantically there with the minutes ticking off. When he rushed up to the gate with everything all arranged—they were already on the train. Pat had turned on the charm for the gateman and he'd winked Punch through.

canine capers . . .

Punchinello wasn't through then—not by a long shot. In Manhattan, Cornel took him for a stroll in Central Park, legally tied to a leash. But he looked so happy to be outdoors that Wilde's heart melted. He unsnapped the leash for Punch to chase a squirrel up a tree and, "Tweet!" he heard the cop's whistle. He got a ticket; his crime got in the papers. When he showed up at court to plead guilty, he got mobbed by fans and the judge was not amused. Result—Cornel got fined.

After Punch, the next autocrat at the Wilde house is Wendy Wilde. She's only three-and-a-half, but already she's in love. Wendy loves her Daddy, but Daddy hasn't half the charm quotient of one particular Hollywood star for Wendy. In fact, stacked up against Charlie McCarthy, Cornel just doesn't rate at all.

Cornel was on the Edgar Bergen radio show a few weeks ago. He took Wendy along, perched her in the sponsor's booth, and was sure her wide eyes were riveted on her old man. Was he wrong! After the program, Bergen introduced wide-eyed Wendy to the guy she'd been beaming at all the time, Charlie.

"Hello, Cutie," cracked Charlie, "have you got any boy friends?"

Wendy shook her head solemnly. "No."

"You wouldn't kid me?"

"N-o-o-o," said Wendy earnestly.

"Then how about stepping out with me?"

"Oh, yes," nodded Wendy, making a heavy date fast.

It's pretty hard to pry Cornel away from his happy home life. The only reason he succumbs now and then to a dinner out at a Hollywood night club is because he thinks Pat's so beautiful in an evening gown! He'll even get decked out in a hated dinner jacket just so Pat can dress up in a dazzling creation. She's his dream pin-up, in a bathing suit. What he revels in the rest of the time are tweed sports clothes, open collars, slacks, loungers, and definitely no neckties. And he's got the kind of a build tailors love. In fact, Cornel is disgustingly healthy, and strong as a young bull.

Cornel will drink beer with ice cream

and enjoy it. He likes pie for breakfast. When he and Pat vacationed at Cape Cod last year, he had blueberry pie and ice cream every morning after his orange juice, when the blueberries were in season. His salads include about every green except loco weed.

No matter what he consumes, though, Cornel doesn't gain a pound over his normal 175 stripped. He burns up calories like a bonfire in the sports he's loved all his life. Cornel was only 16 and weighed 140 when he entered Columbia University, but he made the freshmen teams in tennis, track, wrestling, boxing, football and crew. He's a fencing expert, made the last U. S. Olympics squad in fencing, and while he was hanging around Hollywood with not much on his career mind a few years ago, he copped the All-Pacific Coast sabre title just to keep his wrist in. He's added bareback horseback riding and goggle fishing since he came to California, and his big ambition right now is to qualify for the "Bottom Scratchers," an elite crew of surf spear divers. Cornel and Pat both put on their rubber fins and goggles whenever they get a chance and dive around the rugged rocks of Laguna Beach.

Cornel can do with practically no sleep or rest, and he has so much natural animal voltage it doesn't seem to bother him a bit. He wound up "Bandit" at Columbia, for instance, one evening at six o'clock. He stomped to the barber shop to get his first modern haircut in two years and then rolled out to his home lot, Twentieth Century-Fox, to start "Leave Her to Heaven." At ten he climbed into a limousine which drove him 400 miles north to Yosemite Valley in the High Sierras. By five o'clock in the morning, with only snatches of sleep, he was on location, and late that afternoon he made his first scene in the picture, driving another 20 miles up a bumpy mountain road to Bass Lake where the very first Wilde chore was to dive in the lake. It was May. It was cold. The water was 38 degrees. He did that dive twice to wind up the marathon endurance test.

They rib Cornel all the time about his name, of course. What makes Cornel wild is to ask him what makes Cornel Wilde—a lousy pun, but he's always getting it. They rode him a lot too, when that popular rage, Chopin's "Polonaise," was blaring out of every radio and juke box. All through "Leave Her to Heaven," every time he came on the set in the morning they had a loud speaker rigged up to boom out the number, but Cornel hasn't tired of it yet!

But he's getting pretty sick of the requests to play the piano when he's at a Hollywood party. Most of them are facetious but a few are serious, naively based on the belief that Cornel actually pounded those ivories through that beautiful "Song to Remember" score. In a way, it's a compliment and tribute to the 400 hours of practice Cornel put in with Victor Allen to simulate reality, although the great Jose Iturbi did the recording keywork, as everyone knows. And so, to all such ribs or real requests, Cornel answers,

"I'm sorry, but I didn't bring Iturbi with me!"

He can play a little piano, as Cornel Wilde can do a little of almost everything—paint, dance, sing, photograph, and write. Especially write. Cornel loves to write. He'd rather be a successful playwright than the greatest star in Hollywood. He started early, scribbling out drama even when he was in college, and if you added up all the playlet scripts he has penned, you'd have quite a stack. Over a hundred were used by various New York drama groups before he ever saw Hollywood. Full length works dot his shelves. He worries far more about the fate of Wilde's pen children than the fate of his dashing screen characters.

Cornel is that perverse curiosity—a writer who likes to write. He has studied about every play ever produced and almost anything else he can get his hands on, but guess what his favorite bedside tome is—the Encyclopedia Britannica! He's a demon for storing knowledge in his thickly thatched bean. The quirks Cornel has about literary creation are: He doesn't write in longhand—he uses a typewriter, five-finger fashion—and he makes it a marathon effort. Sometimes when he feels the muse stirring and has the time, Cornel runs over to the office of his agent, Nat Goldstone, borrows an office and a typewriter, closes the door and gives it the machine gun treatment. He won't eat lunch, he won't stop until he's finished a chapter or act.

This avocation, or second profession of Cornel's, accounts for a lot of his slants on what's fun. It's why he hates frittering away nights at parties and cafes. Why he doesn't play cards—poker, gin, bridge or anything. The waste of time dealing pasteboards around makes him feel guilty. But he'll sit up all hours talking to his friends, mostly writers, actors and dramatists.

He's had his eyes opened, of course, about what happens to a normal guy's private life when the Hollywood lightning strikes home. Fans go Wilde (sorry, Cornel) when they catch him. He's been chased all over New York and Hollywood, and—let's face it—when he can, he ducks. But when he's trapped he's nice about it. He tried to sneak out of the Hollywood Derby one recent noon when a mob of fans, hot on the trail from nearby NBC studios, spied him. He met a solid mob at the side door which swept him back and jammed him against a door. The door opened at his back and Cornell fell back inside as his fans screamed. He didn't know it but he'd been pressed right into the men's room. Six sailors inside offered to break him through to safety, and did, for the fee of six autographs.

Wilde has a soft heart, and also a memory like an elephant, for kindnesses shown him when the going was tough. One of Cornel's best pals in New York and constant correspondents is big-hearted Perry Belmont Frank, the former owner of the St. James Hotel, where Cornel and his wife, Pat, along with dozens of other impoverished actors, lived when they battled stone-hearted Broadway. He staked Cornel to rent on the cuff and even loaned him money to get to Hollywood. Cornel doesn't forget people like that.

Cornel cashes a $3500 check each week today, but he'll probably never be rich. Actually, money means practically nothing to him. The Goldstones have a security plan worked out for Wilde, so he'll probably salt some away. One of his pet extravagances is sports equipment. He can't control himself when he enters a sporting goods store. The other day he dropped in a Beverly Hills place to buy a can of tennis balls. When he came out he had a set of boxing gloves, two fish spears, a patent exerciser (which he'll never use; push-ups are all he ever does in the calisthenics department), an archery set and a mess of fancy fishing tackle. Oddly enough, one of his pet economies is cutting his own hair. Cornel just chops it off in back when it gets too long. He went for two years of costume parts wearing long hair, so somehow when he gets a barber shop treatment he feels naked.

Pat and Cornel are forever giving each other handsome gifts now, maybe to make up for the years when birthdays, anniversaries and Christmases had to be skimped sometimes, even skipped. They're so close in their thoughts that they're almost telepathic about their gifts to each other. Last Christmas Cornel ordered a big surprise for Pat—a beautiful, especially designed gold watch and bracelet. When he unwrapped Pat's gift to him, he had the same thing, man fashion. And what burned him up is that his watch cost more than he'd paid for Pat's.

Both Pat and Cornel, however, are smart enough to know that baubles and comforts, big houses, swimming pools and jewels, are unimportant items when it comes to real happiness. Pat was every bit as happy when she wore the dime store "green gold" ring that Cornel slipped on her hand before the preacher. The green came off on her fingers for years because it was all of six years before they could afford the two matching solid gold bands they wear today. They ordered them when Cornel was signed for "Song to Remember." The one thing that does make them happier now is the chance that was lacking then—the chance for Cornel—and for Pat—to make good in what they've dreamed about for years—acting.

They've never stopped looking on their two careers as a joint family affair, either Now they want to share their success, too.

Since Pat's screen contract is at the same studio with Cornel, they've revived the team approach to acting they held so fiercely in New York during their early Manhattan marriage days. Cornel made Pat's test with her, after Mrs. Darryl Zanuck spotted her in a beauty parlor and tipped her studio-boss husband off to an actress bet. Cornel never plays a part himself except with Pat's okay on home rehearsals and they've taken to studying scripts together again at nights, like they used to in their tiny hotel rooms.

They'd like to make a picture together, playing leads opposite each other, and already Pat and Cornel have definite ideas on just what picture and why, but they aren't telling yet.

When the Hollywood guys hear of that project they wag their heads gloomily.

"Husband-wife acting teams are box office murder," the sages state. "No romance the fans don't like 'em. It's suicide!"

But Cornel Wilde has an answer.

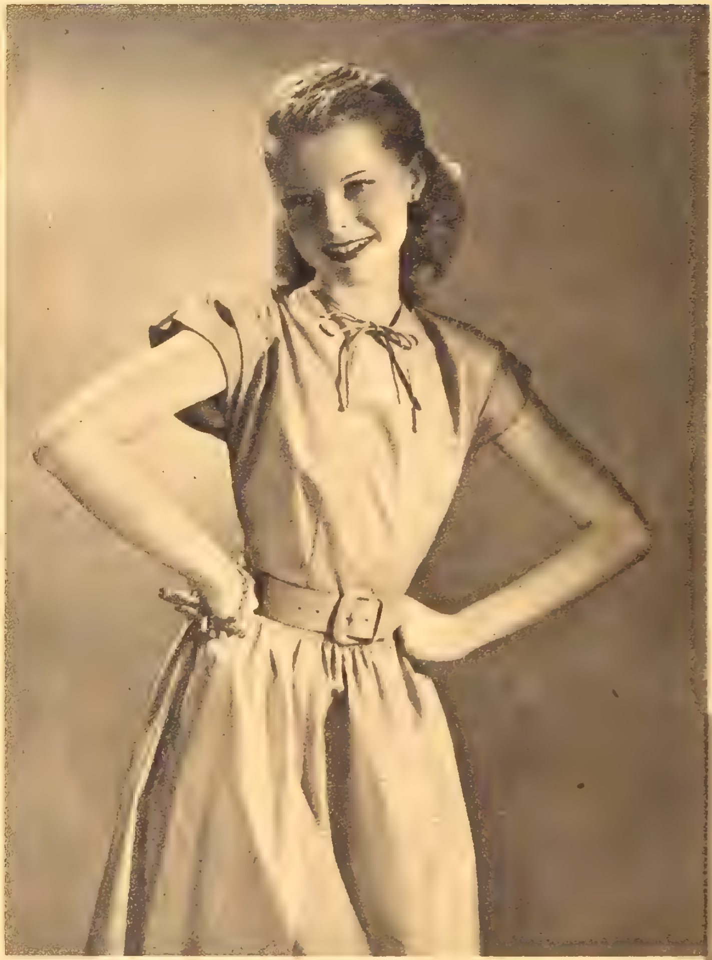
"Is that so?" he comes back. "Ever hear of a couple of actors named Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne?"

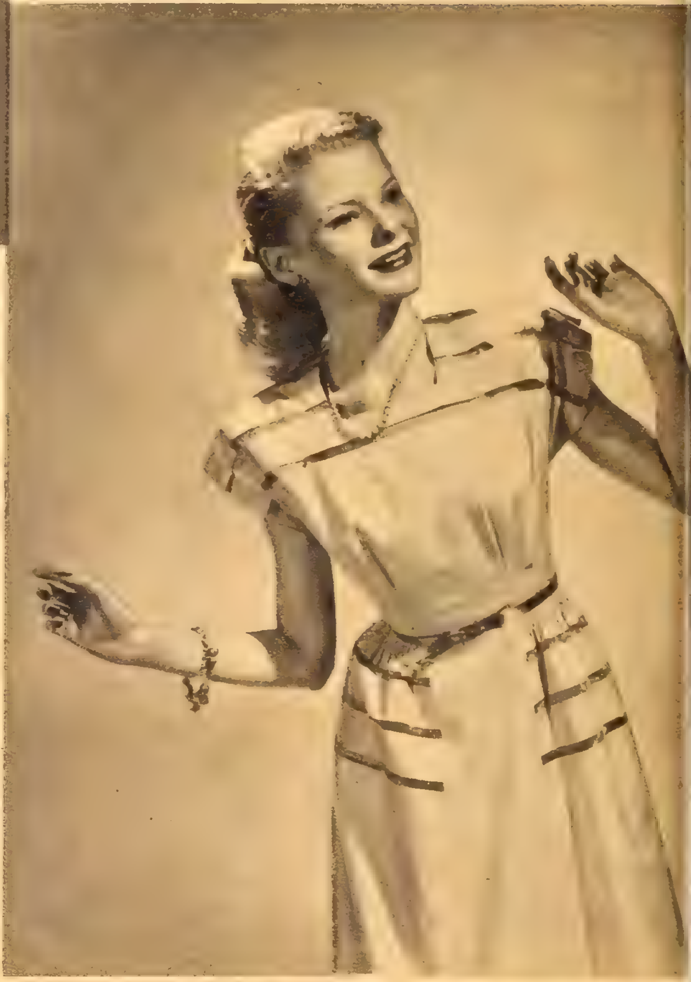
Bonita Granville, soon to be seen in the United Artists release, "Breakfast in Hollywood," wears this sweet Junior dress by Laura Lee. It's made of cool spun rayon, with a beautifully fitted basque top, and a gentle dirndl skirt. Note the embroidered detail on the skirt. It's one of those distinctive little touches that make a dress different! Bonita wears it with a black straw cartwheel and black shortie gloves. You might also try it with a lime colored flower hat or flowers in your hair.

To find out where to buy this dress, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S Fashion Section, write to: Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Modern Screen Fashions

Cotton





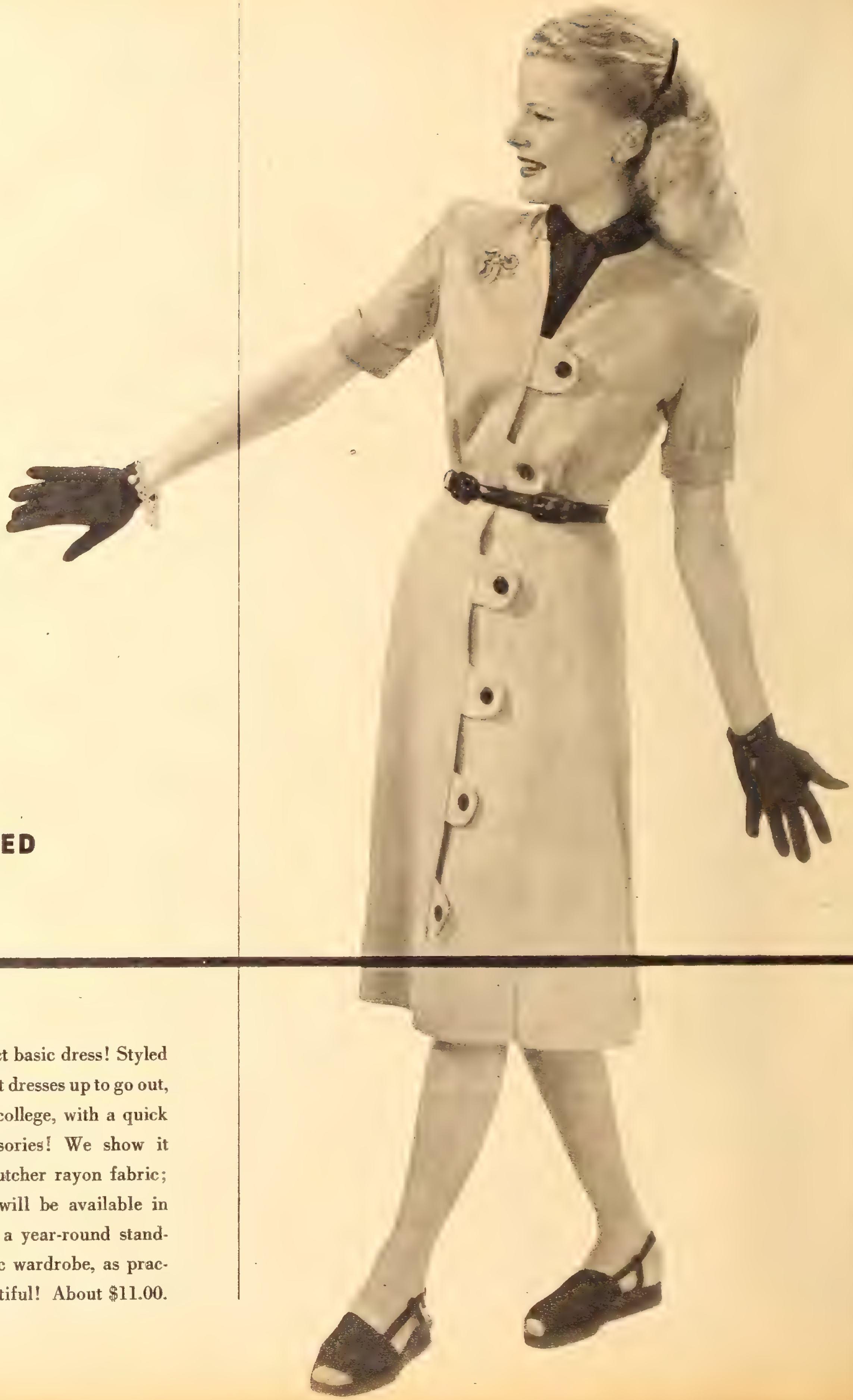
Above: This dirndl-skirted darling really ought to be in color, to show you the luscious ice cream colored stripes that make the dancing skirt. See the peek-a-boo keyhole neckline, the tiny string bow—that's glamor for you! Under $16.00.

Right: Cotton broadcloth makes this cool, cool summer date dress, with its touches of fagotting, that look hand-made. Wear it, wash it, love it for summers to come. Under $16.00. To dress up that neckline, wear these lovely pearls by Marvella.

Far Right: Here's that Chinese influence again, this time in a cotton broadcloth lovely, beautifully bound in contrasting color, snugly buttoned with silver knobs, embroidered with a huge monogram. Under $16.00. Use dark accessories for drama!

tales

Cottons with a
college education-
by Berkeley Jr.



COOL, CALM AND COLLECTED

■ Here's a perfect basic dress! Styled by Willy Marks, it dresses up to go out, goes casually to college, with a quick change of accessories! We show it here in a cool butcher rayon fabric; a little later, it will be available in wool. It can be a year-round stand-by for your basic wardrobe, as practical as it is beautiful! About $11.00.

it's a
Laura
Lee original
...one of those unusually pretty dresses*
for pretty . . . unusual you!
*a Duplex fabric

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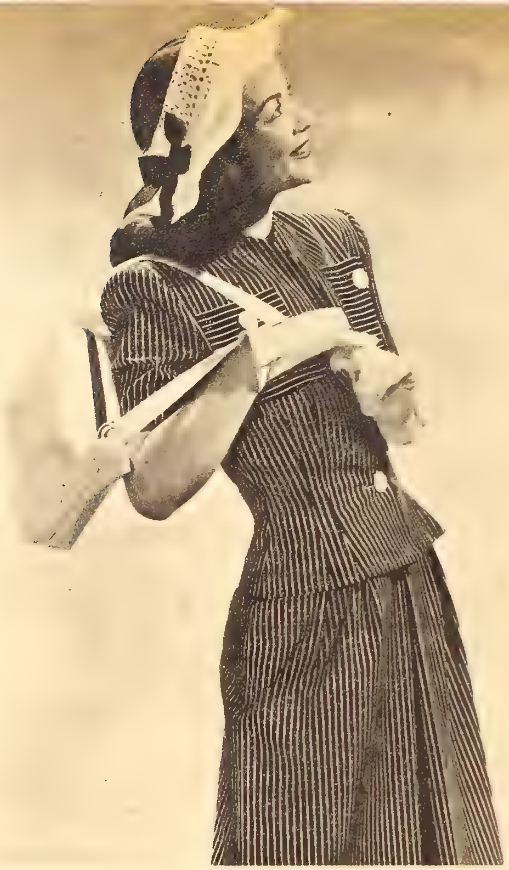
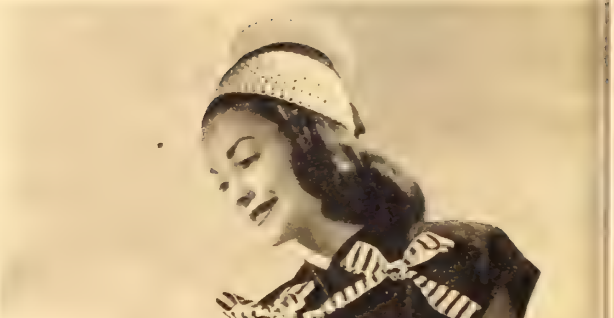


IT SUITS YOU FINE



■ This stunning striped pique suit will keep you looking crisp through the hottest summer days. It's a Colleen Original in a Regency fabric, and it's about $23.00. The cool rippled brim hat by Madcaps is about $7.00, the handsome white bag by Art-Flex is about $5.00. Add white short gloves!

■ Feminine as can be, yet tailored with a knowing hand is this Colleen Original. Wear the dot-and-dash printed skirt with your peasant blouses, the top with your red dirndl skirt. Crocheted fez by Madcaps is about $5.00, bag by Art-Flex is about $5.00. And don't forget those crisp, cool gloves!

UNDERNEATH IT ALL

Looking wonderful in your clothes begins with the type of underpinnings you wear, so, true to our promise to make you a glamour-gal from the skin out, here are a few real finds that we've rounded up for you!

For a bra made by experts, try a Bestform! Made in lace, in satin, in broadcloth, there isn't a bra on the market that is more precisely fitted to make your figure lovelier. Bestform bras come in all sizes, but their most important feature is the fact that each size comes in an A, B or C cup, to fit the small, average and large bust. Since Bestform bras come in prices starting from 79c, you can get super-fit at a tiny price!

Perma-lift has developed a revolutionary innovation in the girdle field. Perma-lift, as you probably know, became famous originally for their wonderful Perma-lift bras, the bra with "The lift that never lets you down." Well now, in addition to their bra line, they have introduced a new girdle with another catchy slogan — "No bones about it—stays up without stays." The Perma-lift girdle won't roll over; won't wrinkle, won't bind, yet it is made entirely without bones. To accomplish this miracle, the same specially processed fabric that made the bra famous is fashioned in the front panel. This amazingly comfortable inset eliminates wrinkling and rolling over and gives maximum comfort in any position, sitting, bending, walking. The girdle or pantie-girdle are available from $5.00 to $8.50, and there is a magnificent Perma-lift foundation at $10.00.

Another find is the Pembroke Junior slip, the best slip for the money that we've ever seen! It's a brand new development in slip-making, scientifically proportioned to fit the petite figure alone. This slip has a bias midriff which clings to your waist, a divided, shaped, bra-like top, and a straight cut skirt, which won't cling or ride up. It's available in sizes 9 to 15, in white rayon crepe or satin, and its price is only $1.90.

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Sleepy time Gal

■ For glamor while you sleep, buy a Tommies Weekender Wardrobe! This one, in a gay Ballerina print, consists of a bra, shorts and Tommiecoat of the print, plus stunning tailored trousers in black rayon crepe. Here we show our retiring beauty wearing three pieces of the set.

■ Cutest nightwear in town is this Tommiecoat, part of the Weekender Wardrobe. Our model wears it with the collar flipped up, and tied with a saucy ribbon bow. It's just as charming, and a lot cooler, to wear the collar down. The entire Wardrobe, styled by Harry Berger, is about $11.00.

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"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness"

Laraine Day

Lovely star of

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

Soon to be seen in R.K.O.'s "What Nancy Wanted"

TRY the Lux Toilet Soap facials screen stars recommend! Just smooth the beautifying lather well into your skin, as Laraine Day does. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. With a soft towel pat to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier—tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

You will find Active-lather facials give fresh new beauty that wins Romance!

FIGHT WASTE
Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

"BLOOMER GIRL"

(*Continued from page 43*)

that the milliner had delivered the package that afternoon, and the maid—accustomed to accepting packages for Margaret—placed the hat box on Margaret's bed.

Maggie is nine—but her tastes in fashion date back approximately 50 years.

Not so long ago, she stopped drawing horses and dogs, and started designing dresses. In every case the frocks were high necked—with a bit of 1890 ruching at the prim throat—and long sleeved.

Because Mrs. O'Brien and Marissa thought it would be quaint for Maggie to wear one of these self-designed fashions, they had the dress made up according to specifications. When it was fitted, Margaret gave explicit directions about the length of the skirt—she wanted it to end about halfway between knee and ankle.

Along with this Jane Eyre costume, Margaret likes to wear Mexican silver *earrings*. When the O'Briens were in Mexico, Margaret accompanied the older women on a round of sight-seeing.

Unlike most children, she didn't tease for things to eat, nor for unusual toys. She made no request for anything until they visited a silversmith's shop. Then, her eyes wide with admiration, she pointed out a pair of huge, hand-made sterling earrings. "*Please*, will you buy them for me?"

"But, darling, whatever will you do with them?" asked Marissa.

"Wear them to dinner," said Margaret.

She made one additional purchase in Mexico: A pair of dolls. Mexican dolls are, as you know, a colorful lot. They are done in woven straw, and painted; they are made of bisque, or china, or fabric. They are gowned in gawdy skirts, serapes, or starched white headdresses.

Margaret passed by all the dimpled, dark-eyed senorita dolls and all the gallant, jaunty bullfighter dolls; she bought a pair of grandparent dolls dressed in sober black and white, their faces lined with age, their hair white.

Margaret's jewelry collection, in addition to her silver earrings, is impressive. She owns three wrist watches, one of which was a gift of her dearly loved Mr. Lionel Barrymore. She owns a diamond ring (chip diamond, narrow gold band) given by Jimmy Durante, and four other rings presented at various times by those with whom she has worked. She has perhaps half a dozen chains and lockets, and several strings of tiny pearls.

diamond lil . . .

Wordlessly, she will study the decor of any woman who visits the set. One afternoon, a tourist wearing fifteen or twenty thin silver bracelets was given the long stare by Miss O'Brien. Thought Marissa, "I wonder what will come of this?"

She found out the following morning. Margaret emerged aglitter with three chains with locket, two strings of pearls, all three of her watches, a pair of earrings, and every ring she owned.

Margaret, however, is sharp. Cocking an eye at Marissa, she caught her aunt's quickly controlled expression of mirth. "Do you think I'm a little over-dressed for school?" she demanded. Without waiting for an answer, she wheeled and returned to her bedroom. When she came out the second time she was wearing one watch, one ring, and one string of pearls.

At Christmas, when Mrs. O'Brien asked Margaret what she wanted to find under the tree, she expected a number of answers. For one thing, she imagined that Little Miss-Nose-In-A-Book would place an order for an entire library in order to be equipped with literature for the year 1946. She also presumed that Margaret would ask for an addition to her dolls. As usual, Margaret wowed the lady.

"The only thing I really want," said she, "is a cameo brooch and a cameo ring to match."

After regaining her breath, Mrs. O'Brien inquired, "Wherever did you get that idea, darling?"

"I saw some pictures of old-fashioned girls in a book, and *they* were wearing cameos," said Margaret. She received her two cameos, as specified.

Although Margaret is now nine years old, she hasn't been awarded a formal allowance. She isn't interested in carrying pennies or nickels in her purse, and never seems to be impelled to buy things *herself*, as some children are. Nor does she understand the connection between her work and her income.

Since California professional children are, in effect, wards of the court and must have each individual contract reviewed and approved by a judge, Margaret spends a good deal of time in the Hall of Justice.

Once she arrives in the court room, she has to sit and listen, sometimes for long periods, to a group of tiresome adults arguing over a matter that she can't understand. If her case is fourth or fifth on the docket, she gets bored to extinction. One afternoon—after sitting through several minor cases involving absolutely nothing of interest to a girl of nine—Margaret whispered to Marissa, "This is silly. Let's go home now and come to see the judge when he doesn't have so many friends to fight with."

In Maggie's opinion, making pictures and radio appearances is on an amusement par with jacks, checkers or roller skating.

You probably remember that Margaret went through a card-sharper phase. She was the gin rummy genius of every set on which she worked and great was her fury if she lost a hand. She still gets almost as irked if she is licked at checkers. She is the same way with jacks.

Mrs. O'Brien and Marissa watch closely to see that Missy M. doesn't take her games too seriously. After she had taken a two-game licking one day, she made such a fuss that she was ordered to refrain from playing checkers for two days, one penalty day for each blowup. "You've got to learn that you MUST lose occasionally," reasoned Mrs. O'Brien. "No one wins all the time."

"I don't see why not, if I work hard enough," encountered Maggie.

Probably this philosophy has been bolstered by the fact that, so far, she has realized most of her dreams. Take, for instance, the Lassie situation. Around Christmas, 1944, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, whom Margaret adores, asked his favorite star, "What would you like to receive from me this year?"

Margaret didn't have to waste a moment's reflection upon her request. "Lassie," she said.

Mr. Mayer gave a number of pertinent reasons why such a thing was impossible, each of which was gravely accepted by Miss O'Brien. The result was that Maggie was promised the first of Lassie's puppies.

For months, Marissa had to drive Maggie seventy miles out into the country each Sunday to visit Lassie. When Lassie's puppies were born, Maggie promptly chose one of the males and named him Laddie.

As the time approached for Laddie to be brought home, Mrs. O'Brien and Marissa realized that Margaret was going to have to be warned about the jealousy that would inevitably develop between Maggie, the cocker spaniel, and Laddie.

Thinking that this situation might be used as an object lesson of value, Mrs. O'Brien explained that everyone craves attention and affection and that, when one is living in a family, one must try to show each member equal favor.

arithmetic annoyance . . .

She wasn't certain that she had put the message over until the following afternoon when she glanced out the window to check on the behavior of Maggie and the two dogs. All three were sitting in the grass; Margaret was in the middle, with a dog stretched out on either side. She was patting each head simultaneously. The movement, forward-bending and slowly leaning back, made her look as if she were paddling a small canoe.

When a Charity Fair was given at the Bob Hope home recently, Margaret was chosen to preside over the doll booth. "Of all the dolls here," she confided to Marissa—who was to handle the cash transactions at the register—"my favorite is this one." You guessed it: It was an antique French doll dressed in provincial style.

To her first customer Margaret said, "I'm sure you'll like this one," and held up the antique. That customer selected a baby doll with sleepy eyes.

The next customer shrugged aside the antique and chose a bride doll. The gypsy pair went next. As sales continued and no one evinced the slightest interest in Margaret's idea of the prize, she said forlornly to Marissa, "I don't know why people don't appreciate nice things."

When little Frenchie was finally sold after two-and-a-half hours of brisk trade, Maggie closed her eyes and heaved a profound sigh of relief. "The sale has been a big success, hasn't it?" she asked Marissa. "How much did we make for Charity?" (It turned out later that she thought Charity was an under-privileged child for whom this whole party was given!)

Marissa mentioned the pleasant sum taken in by her ardent niece.

"Oh, dear—I'll probably have that number in Arithmetic tomorrow," said Margaret.

She has been attending formal school for only fourteen months, but she is reading sixth grade language books, working on fourth grade history and arithmetic. The reading and history are duck soup for Margaret, but if she could skip arithmetic it would be a fine thing, in her opinion.

Considering the brief period spent in a classroom, Margaret is remarkably hep. This is due, undoubtedly, to the fact that she listens to adult conversations and relates everything she understands. Sometimes, as in the case of the word "charity," she gathers an off-beam impression, but usually her conclusions are solid.

As the 1945 holidays neared, for instance, Mr. Mayer again asked, "What would you like to find under your Christmas tree from me this year, my dear?"

Once again Margaret was delayed by no uncertainty. All during the racing season she had heard enthusiastic backers singing the praises of one horse; this filly's fighting heart had been extolled, along with her speed, stamina and beauty. And so, being a refreshingly frank young lady, she said sweetly, "Thank you, Mr. Mayer. This year I'll take Busher!"

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WILLIAM ELLIOTT and **CONSTANCE MOORE**

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BOBBY BLAKE • Screen Play by
Frances Hyland • Adaptation by Frank Gruber
Original Story by Jerome Odlum
Associate Producer & Director Joseph Kane

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOLLY AND ME

(*Continued from page 49*)

his breath as Johnny went back upstairs, chuckling, to tell his sister and best pal, Molly, the joke.

Molly wasn't amused. She was sore. "We'll fix that," she said, "from now on, I'm Molly *Coy!*"

Molly's his best booster, severest critic, toughest audience, sister, mother, confidant, advisor and Girl Friday. And it's Molly who reports faithfully each week to his doting mother back in Montreal on the state of the boy as to health, career and heart interests. She had to write a long letter on that last department recently—but it was one she liked to write.

Johnny had called up from the studio. "Molly, I'm bringing a new girl home for dinner. I hope you'll like her."

Molly's eyebrows lifted. "What difference does *that* make?"

She got the answer the minute Johnny walked in the door with petite, brunette, twinkle-toed little Dorothy Babbs. Johnny was just starting "Ladies' Man" then, and Paramount wisely told him, "You pick your own partner for the specialty numbers." Johnny's an eager beaver and he tested dozens of Hollywood dancers. It was pretty discouraging until Dorothy Babbs stepped into his arms and smiled and said, "Just dance—I'll fake along."

After one routine, all Johnny knew was that he could let his slippers go and not run into any interference, and also that a funny feeling came over him when he had his arms around this sweetie which wasn't all art and terpsichore. It was that fast and quick that the bug bit him.

Anyway, after Molly Coy pondered a minute or two on the strange note in her brother's voice about the new girl he was bringing to dinner, she got busy. She ran down to the market and got a pork roast and made apple sauce and candied some yams—that was Johnny's idea of a spread. She put a bottle of Johnny's one extravagant weakness, champagne, in the icebox. Remembering that Johnny's first kiddish crush was a dancer, she wondered if Johnny's "new girl" was a dancer. She chuckled to herself, because she knew how Johnny would introduce her: "This is Miss Coy—my *sister,*" making a clear explanation of *that.* Molly still had a laugh a day, it seemed, when some smitten girl fan called the apartment for Johnny and she answered.

"Oh," they'd stammer, "I—I'm sorry. Must have the wrong number!" And they'd hang up, thinking they'd stumbled into Johnny Coy's wife!

johnny's got a girl . . .

Molly didn't have to wonder much after she saw Dorothy. And she knew that funny note in Johnny's voice was no false alarm. He was treating this sweet little peach like a china doll. That night Molly could write home to Mother Ogilvie, "Johnny's got himself a new girl. Her name's Dorothy Babbs, and she dances—wouldn't you know it? I think he's already tumbled, but don't you worry a bit. She's sweet and lovely and I think Johnny'll be a lucky boy if she likes him, too."

So when Johnny admitted that Cupid was shooting him full of holes and he was dreaming about diamond rings and rice and things, Molly thought, with a big sister's instinct, "Oh-oh, I wonder if he's *sure?*" She kept her mouth shut, but she held the thought and Johnny got it, or maybe he had it all by himself. When "Ladies' Man" was finished, he announced: "I'm going to fly back to Montreal and see Mom and the kids."

"That's a wonderful idea," agreed Molly.

"Yep," Johnny said, "I'm homesick." Then he confessed, "Dorothy and I talked it over. We think it's a good idea to separate and see whether it's a case of 'absence makes the heart grow fonder'—or, 'out of sight, out of mind.'"

So Molly stayed in Hollywood, and off Johnny flew to Montreal, where Mother Ogilvie had his dancing cups and medals polished up for the occasion and his old room redecorated, as she does every time he comes home. The sisters gathered around to hear all about Hollywood and discreetly inquire about this Dorothy Babbs Molly had been writing about. His Montreal buddies and fans poured into the Ogilvie house all day and night and it was just like old times. But fate stepped in after a week. The telegram said, "Catch plane immediately. Star part in 'Earl Carroll's Sketchbook' starts immediately at Republic." So Johnny was winging his way back West before he knew it, and he still didn't know the answer about himself and Dorothy. Then, the minute he got to Hollywood, they told him, "Pick a partner for your dances," and whom did Johnny Coy pick? That's right—Dorothy Babbs.

Johnny Coy was still working day and night when the matter of the ring came up. He couldn't get to a jewelry store when one was open to pick out the diamond ring, but he had that surprise in his mind. Johnny's quite a romantic soul at heart; he likes to do things with a flair and he had his heart set on giving Dorothy the ring in a romantic spot—removed away from workaday Hollywood. Somewhere where he could propose as he'd always dreamed of proposing.

That would be up in Carmel, California, where the blue Pacific lazily sweeps a snow white beach and dark pines whisper at the water's edge. It's the prettiest spot on the California coast, and that's where Dorothy was going to join her mother for a vacation the minute the whistle blew on "Sketchbook." Johnny saw his chance, so he decided to drive Dotty up the very night they called "Cut!" on their last number. But how to get that surprise diamond ring all picked out and ready for the big event? Answer—as usual, Sister Molly.

It was a secret, deep and thrilling, and if Dotty found out about the ring or Johnny's plot it would spoil the romantic surprise Coy was counting on. Molly knew it was up to her. She called in Evelyn Babbs, Dorothy's older sister. They went shopping, found just the right sparkler. Then they both had to launch a painful act of deception that made Dorothy cry—but they couldn't help it.

Because, it *would* happen that Johnny brought Dotty in too soon and the sisters had to make quick with the ring under the sofa pillow and then try to look calm and nonchalant about the whole thing. But Johnny had been acting a little odd around the set that day, like he'd swallowed a mouse or something, and when Dotty saw her sister, Evelyn, and both she and Molly looking like a couple of kids caught in the cookie jar, she started asking questions.

"Say," pondered Dotty, "what's cooking here, anyway?"

Molly knew right then she'd have to do something to frighten her off the scent, and Molly can think fast when something her brother, Johnny, has his heart set on is about to fly out the window. She was going to protect that surprise if it killed her, or killed Dorothy or someone.

desperate measures . . .

So she started running Johnny down, just to get farthest away from romance as she could. "What in the world do you see in Johnny?" remarked Molly. "If you had any sense you'd toss him over for keeps," she stated. "He's fickle. He doesn't love you. All he cares about is his dancing."

"Wh—what!" stammered Dotty, going white.

Evelyn caught on to the act. "Sure, Sis," she said. "Molly's right. I never could understand what you see in him. A selfish guy, no ideals. He'll break your heart. Get rid of him, is my advice!"

Dorothy turned from white to angry pink. And loving Johnny, as the gag went on and on and got hotter and hotter she burst into tears and stamped out saying she'd never speak to either of them again.

By now, of course, Dorothy Babbs is hep to what went on herself and, having a sense of humor, she appreciates Molly's struggles to keep the surprise on ice even if she did have to make Dotty see red to do it. Because by now, of course, Johnny has popped the question and Dorothy has said "Yes" and they made their promises as Johnny had planned in dreamy Carmel-by-the-Sea. They'll be married soon.

Molly doesn't claim to be Johnny's favorite sister. But in a big family, somebody has to be a second mama to the brood, and that was Molly Ogilvie's job. She was just the right age and the right disposition. Every Ogilvie moppet danced—all except Molly. She was the quiet, domestic type—there's usually one in a talented family like that—and the talent Molly did have came a cropper early in her life. She used to sing lyric soprano, studied music at McGill University for seven years and belonged to the Montreal Opera Society, warbling in light operas like "Prince of Pilsen," "The Quaker Girl," "Floradora," and such. She had hoped someday to go on to grand opera and make a career for herself. Un-

MODERN SCREEN

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"Captivating!"

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Look cool and inviting all summer long...by using the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. This Tangee triumph does not get "streaky" from perspiration—lasts for *extra hours* no matter what the weather man says.

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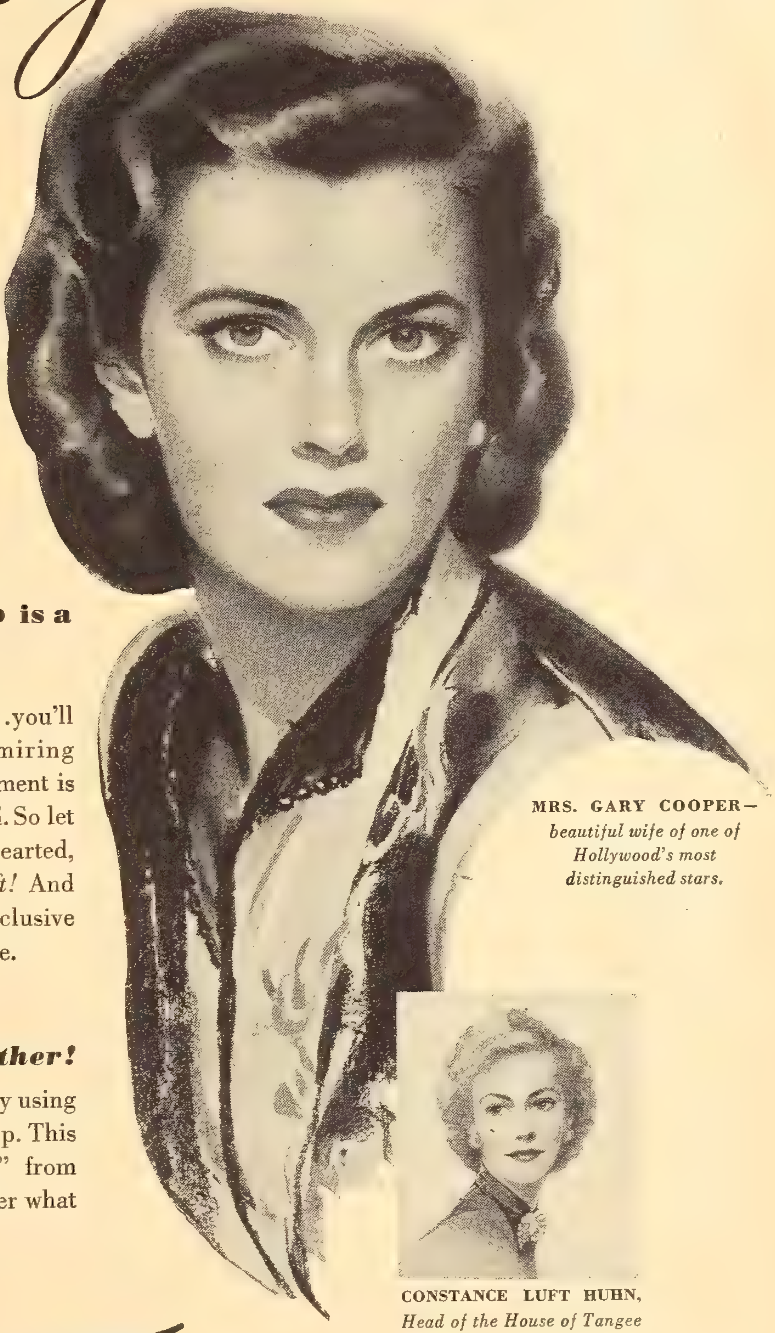

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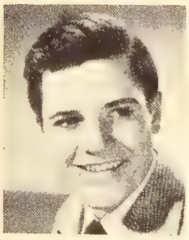
INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

July is the time for Bev-rages (ouch), so here's BOB TURNER, 24 come Sept. 7, free, 6' tall and weighing 155 lbs. Has brown hair and eyes. Wanted to be a soldier of fortune, settled for vaudeville, films, a three-year-Navy hitch, and currently, a role with Mary Martin in B'way's "Lute Song." Is now considering many picture offers. Collects giraffes, and loves Chinese food. Write to him at the Jaffe Agency, 119 W. 57th St., N. Y. C. Ann Salmansohn, 1333 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa., has his fan club.

I played Sherlock Holmes, and found JOE ROACH the cowboy with the green shirt, red tie, and blonde hair, who stood out in an extra role in "The Harvey Girls." He's 25, 6', 2" tall, and unmarried. Write him at his army address: No. 39742723, E-17, Reg. Hospital, Fort Wood, Mo.



RICHARD LONG scored as Drew in "Tomorrow is Forever" and does equally well in "The Stranger." Born in Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17, 1927, he is 6' tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. No gal. Write to him at RKO, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Graves, N. Y.: The romantic theme of "They Were Expendable" was "The Marcheta." It's been published, as has the "Spellbound Concerto." "Saratoga Trunk" music was just background score. 17-year-old Bill Riley was "the kid" in "Expendable."

Pat Moorehead, Iowa: JACK BUETEL, star of "The Outlaw," was born in Dallas, Texas, Sept. 5, 1919. Is 6' tall and weighs 160 lbs. He has blue eyes and black hair. Recently was discharged from the service. No club for him, but LON McCALLISTER'S CLUB was reorganized, and Lenore Becker, 1902 N. 36 St., Milwaukee, Wis., will send you details.

CORRECTION: Leona Rosenthal, 1285 St. John's place, Brooklyn, N. Y., has a fan club for James Mason, and not Leslie Vincent, as stated in my June column. Sorry!

Come on now! You MUST have something that you want to know about. Well then, just send your question and a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

luckily, though, Molly lost her voice when she was still in her teens by getting too lucky at a racetrack, of all places, and shouting herself hoarse.

Dad Ogilvie worked for the Canadian National Railways, so they traveled a lot, to Ottawa, Toronto and other Canadian cities, where Johnny never failed to walk off with medals and cups. Mrs. Ogilvie liked to escort her kids on most of the trips because she got and still gets a terrific bang out of watching Johnny dance. When he went down to New York to dance professionally at night clubs for the first time, Mama Ogilvie made fourteen trips down in one year just to see her Johnny perform. But often she couldn't get away, and then the chaperone job was up to Sister Molly.

that johnny! . . .

It was that way all the way along, even when Johnny branched out—with hazardous results—into the big outside world of show business. It was Molly Coy who was usually on the business end of the long distance calls (collect) that Johnny was always shooting home, or the telegrams marked "urgent"—but both with the same idea—send some money, quick! Her mother would say, "Molly, it looks like Johnny needs some money—you'd better run up to the bank." So Molly would send on the Western Union order and shake her head, muttering, "That Johnny!" But like the rest of the family, she was always touchily proud of him. She talked her boss into a couple of days off to run down to New York and stand in line with her mother to see Johnny in his first stage act. And she bought all the Montreal papers that printed the "local boy makes good" article with Johnny's picture when he was signed for the lead with Mary Martin in "Dancing in the Streets," the Broadway show that had his hopes in the air, then flopped.

That's the kind of warm feeling Johnny held for his family and the kind they held for him. And that's why, when Buddy de Sylva spotted a star in Johnny Coy tearing up the floor at the Copacabana, and handed him a contract, Johnny had Molly come out to share his good luck.

He wired home from New York. "Hollywood's a long way from home. Molly, can you come out and take care of me?"

And Molly wired back, "You're a big boy, now Jakie—but I still like that job. You're on."

At first, all Johnny had to worry about was good times and lazy days. The part Paramount had in mind for him with Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde" was much too small, they rightly reasoned. Before "Bring On the Girls" came along for him to prove he was a cinch for stardom, Johnny Coy had time on his hands and he had to keep doing something or go crazy, because that's the kind of a restless ball of fire he is. He took it out in swimming, bowling, golfing, playing badminton, chasing around to night spots, and Molly tried to keep up with her kid brother for a while. But she finally retired to the role of housekeeper and hostess and let Johnny's bouncy friends take over the strenuous life. Once Johnny went to work, Molly's worries were over—one look at Coy in action and Hollywood kept him plenty busy.

But although Molly Coy will be passing on the care and feeding of Johnny Coy to Dorothy Babbs pretty soon now, she still knows more about her famous brother than anyone else, except maybe Mom Ogilvie. So Dotty Babbs, please note: Life will not have many dull moments around that Coy guy. Just ask Molly.

Johnny's going to want to stay up all night and sleep all day, yes he is, unless you put your little foot down. He'll read until all hours, then want sandwiches in the middle of the night! When he wakes up, he'll yelp for his o.j. (orange juice) and coffee and want to stay sipping them in the sack another hour while he catches up with the morning newspapers that he's bought the night before.

You'll have to keep that date blackboard in his bedroom up to snuff on appointments or Johnny'll get in a jam. Half the time his mind's off on a dance step and he just can't remember what year of Our Lord it is. Do you mind tap dancing in the bathroom? Maybe you don't—the neighbors do, though, sometimes, when Coy gets a brainstorm and works it out on the hard tiles while he's shaving.

Then there's money. That Coy—he's got porous pockets, no matter how much he makes. Because, one, he's a soft touch for a hard luck yarn. Two, he thinks the stuff's made to spend and enjoy.

Telephonitis—and how!—count on at least $100 a month long distance tolls. Gifts—for you, for Molly, for Mom, for everyone he fancies, like the sick little girl in the Montreal hospital children's ward he fell for on his last visit and showered with jewelry, books and toys.

Better be resigned to a marathon open house. People will walk in and out saying "Jake here?" and half the time you won't know who or why. But no real wild-Indian problems with Coy. You don't even drink or smoke and Johnny practically doesn't, either. Just rise above his smitten fans who call up. Johnny's strictly a one-woman guy when he's in love. Except for dogs—they're the rivals.

He'll be dragging home strange mutts all the time and you'll have to turn them away, just like Molly, because the apartment manager says "No." But if a pup does worm his way in, you won't get a tumble. He'll be nuts about Johnny.

Don't count on any help around the house; Coy's not a bit domestic. Molly caught him frying bacon with butter once—imagine! He's hard to get out of the bathroom, takes a tub *and* a shower, reads in the tub, reads anywhere, books all over the house, paints and paint brushes too, that's a secret ambition. Hope you like the radio, because Johnny keeps it humming. Murder mysteries send him.

Things to watch: Dentists' appointments—Johnny's scared of drill doctors. He'll keep a toothache for weeks rather than climb in the chair. Bank accounts—Jakie never keeps stubs and the bank might get nasty. Autos—Jakie's get stolen, roll down hills, smack into things. Socks—better learn to knit. He wears nothing but home made Argyles, but Mother Ogilvie helps out there. Colds—he catches them every time he starts a picture, won't go to bed.

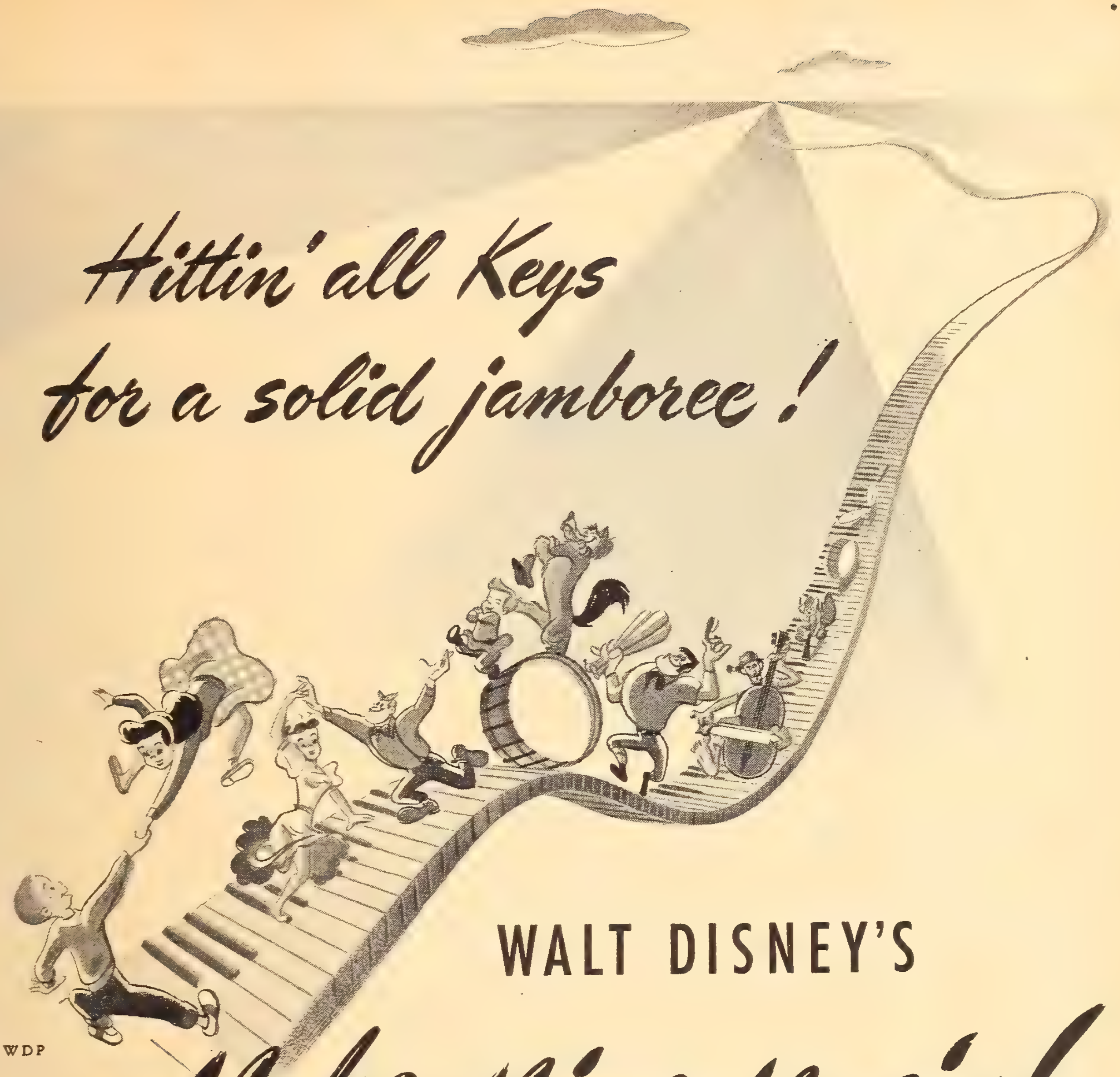
silent treatment . . .

Fun's no problem. Johnny will step out at the drop of a suggestion. Ciro's, Mocambo, the Hollywood high spots are his dish. Hockey games he loves madly, gin rummy, the beach, badminton. If he gets sassy or there's a spat—just don't speak to him. That Johnny can't stand, and he'll come around quick with flowers and perfume.

That ought to be a fair bunch of tips on Jakie Coy to start. But if Dorothy ever gets stuck—why, there's always Molly to huddle with. She's taken out her first naturalization papers and Johnny's set her up in the laundry business.

In fact, Johnny and Dorothy want Sister Molly to keep on living with them in the apartment after the wedding. But even with the Hollywood housing shortage as tight as it is, Molly shakes her practical Scotch head at that idea. There are living quarters back of the shop they bought and she can make them do if necessary.

There's nobody Molly loves better than her cute kid brother. But Molly Coy also knows that when a man's married—well—three's a crowd.



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CAKE MAKE-UP

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PETER LAWFORD'S LIFE

(Continued from page 39)

location contract, and here he was—no job, no money, and a dose of flu built for an oxygen tent.

He tottered off at the Los Angeles Union Station and drove with his agent to M-G-M. He didn't have time for any lunch. Halfway out he had to stop and be sick. His head was spinning dizzily as he read his lines at the interview, but at last he seemed to hear Director Norman Taurog say, "That's it. You've got the part," from far away. He said, "Thanks," walked outside and fainted dead away. Maybe nobody but Peter Lawford would have slugged himself that way on a gamble in the fickle, long-shot world of Hollywood.

Because in Peter's aristocratic world the dreams he clung to were outrageous. Movie acting was a disgrace. It fell under the great taboo for religious reasons—"not done." That made Peter Lawford, from the start, one against the gods.

dramatic entrance . . .

The winter storms were lashing London early the furious Steptember night Peter Lawford was born. The surly sky broke into a tempest, the worst in years. Gales blasted the window panes and sheeted rain crashed in rolling salvos against the slate roof of the West End flat where General Sir Sidney Lawford, K.E.B., Royal Fusiliers, retired, and his pretty young Lady, awaited their first child.

The baby was large, nine-and-a-half pounds, and slow to arrive. He was being born upside down with complications. He showed little signs of life. His left arm was paralyzed. When he was finally into this world, the doctor examined infant Peter Lawford and then shook his head. To the nurse he said, wearily.

"You needn't bother to try and feed him. He'll be dead before night."

"I'm not going to let him die," said Miss Hemming, the nurse.

She worked over him all that day, this hopeless little mite who was to become Peter Lawford. She massaged, rubbed, patted and bathed him with brandy. By evening he could eat. The next morning he was very much alive and making a fuss about it. Miss Hemming (she has written Peter every month since for the past twenty-two years) placed him on his mother's bed the next day. The first thing he did was put on a show.

Lady Lawford switched on the lamp at her bed table. To her amazement, her day-old son turned his head and looked right at it. "Nurse," she called. "Something's queer here. I say, aren't babies blind when they're born?"

"Yes, your Ladyship, they are."

"But he's looking at the light!"

So tiny Peter put on his act for the nurse. Every other member of the household staff came in for a look. The London relatives, dropping by for a look at the new Lawford heir, saw Peter in his believe-it-or-not baby act. He swivelled his head back and forth most of the day, winding up the show when the doctor came that afternoon. The physician carried Peter to the window and examined his eyes. "He can see, all right," he muttered incredulously. "But," he added, with British correctness, "he really shouldn't, you know."

But Peter kept up the wonder baby act. They packed him off to the South of France before he was five weeks old, to escape the harsh London winter. The nurse who had rubbed life into him at birth went along. Each day she strapped his good right arm to his side so he'd have to use the well-massaged but paralyzed left one. Pretty soon that developed until today Pete Lawford is ambidextrous, a lucky talent he could use later on when he wrecked his right arm in an accident. When he was only six weeks old the second wonder act occurred.

The Lawfords stopped in a Riviera resort hotel and one day Peter's doting nurse knocked at Lady Lawford's room in a justifiable rage. "These stupid servants!" she stormed. "The chambermaid or someone has put Master Peter sitting up in bed. Anyone knows that injures a baby's spine."

Lady Lawford agreed. She called in the floor staff and read them a lecture. "You must never, never sit the baby up in bed," she demanded. "Never touch Master Peter at all."

They all protested. "But, Madame, no one has even been in the room." But who had propped Baby Peter up in bed? He gave the answer himself. When they tiptoed, en masse, into the room, he was flat on his back again. To everyone's astonishment, he pulled himself up to a sitting position. "Call the General," gasped Lady Lawford. Sir Sidney came running. Peter was keeping up the bedroom acrobatics. It was unheard of. Even the calm General was impressed.

The life that young Peter Lawford was born into was the tradition-governed, history-hallowed world of British aristocracy. What was and was not "done" was what counted and the rules were rigid. Both his mother and his father's families were among the oldest and the best in England.

Young Peter was whisked about the Continent as a baby, as the retired Sir Sidney and his Lady travelled with the seasons and the International Set. He was always being bundled up and taken aboard a steamer or catching a train. He lived in a world of hotels, spas, Paris pensions, Mayfair flats.

His tutors and his playmates, too, could have stepped right out of a geography book. Swiss, German, English, Portuguese, Italian teachers had him in tow in turn. Wherever he went, he played with moppets from other lands—Czech, Swedish kids, Turkish, Viennese, Americans.

pride of the nursery . . .

In true British tradition, Lady Lawford entrusted Peter mainly to the nursery staff. Peter had breakfast by himself in the nursery, spent the day from nine to one o'clock with his tutor, went to the nearest park or playground in the afternoon and got tucked in early, with perhaps a sleepy-eyed look at his mother, coming in mink-coated and perfumed to give him a goodnight kiss on the way out for dinner.

Two things which she drummed into Peter early were a world consciousness and respect and tolerance for all races and religions. There's just one church that counts in aristocratic England, but Lady Lawford encouraged every governess to instruct Peter in whatever her religion happened to be. Before he was ten, Peter was exposed to the Catholic, Protestant, Lutheran and Jewish faiths. He discovered, as his mother wanted him to, that there was something swell in them all. As he did about the races he ran up against.

One day, in Paris, he came running in from play and made the mistake of repeating a slighting remark he'd heard a German kid make about an Italian kid. There was an ugly word in it and Lady Lawford spoke her mind to four-year-old Peter Lawford in a fashion he never forgot.

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"The world is a big place, Peter," she told him. "There are lots of kinds of people in it and every one has something admirable and nice that no other has. No country is better than any other country and no race better than any other race. Now, see if you can repeat what I have just said."

Peter repeated it, and then he repeated it again. He was five before he could speak English. Most of his playmates jabbered away in the Continental language, French, and his parents spoke it, too. It was quite a day when he finally learned enough of his native tongue to carry a conversation. They celebrated the event by putting through a telephone call to his dad, then in London.

"*'Allo,*" began Peter.

"Are you there?"

"*Oui*—yes, I am here. I am well. How are you?" Peter squeezed it out slowly.

"That's good," said his dad. "Well, old boy, and what are you doing there in Paris?"

"*Moi*—I *je* play the *gendarmes et voleurs,*" struggled Peter, "how you say?—the cops and robbers." So although Sir Sidney had to laugh, at the same time it shocked him a bit. From then on nothing but English was spoken around the house and soon Peter was as British as the next boy.

His governess was German then and so was his nurse and Peter didn't like either one. He said one looked like a cow and the other a fish and what was probably the matter is that with true Teutonic discipline, they made him walk the chalk line. One day he rebelled.

The governess had been ironing out some things in the nursery and unwisely left the iron on the board. When she left the room Peter saw his chance, and he didn't hesitate for a second. He switched the iron back on and removed himself and all tracks. He knew what would happen, although he wasn't much more than five or six. The iron would get hotter and hotter and spoil the clothes and the governess would catch plenty.

The iron did get hotter. It burned right through the ironing board, kept on burning and fell through the nursery floor. From the downstairs room it seared its way through a rich carpet and the floor, too, and plummeted merrily on down to the basement, glowing like an evil coal. The discovery was made only when the butler rushed into the wing of the house where General and Lady Lawford sat, crying "Fire!" Then the Oxford volunteer fire brigade was called and rumbled up noisily to save the day. The plot worked all right. The German governess got her bawling out. But Peter felt so badly about it he came clean himself. As for Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, they were happy enough that the house hadn't burned down, so no drastic measures were taken.

young sportsman . . .

Before Peter was eight years old he could ride, stiff-backed and firm seated, on a flat English saddle without losing his feet from the stirrups. He could hold his own at tennis with the other kids and give the older boys a race before the net, too. In his favorite scrapbook today Peter has the trophy of his early skill with a rifle. Sir Sidney taught him how to shoot the minute he was big enough to heft a rifle. The trophy is a small target and punched through the center dot are six bullseyes out of ten shots—not bad for an eight-year-old kid. Peter could ski, too, and swim and dive—and all expertly because in every sport he undertook he had an instructor to start him off with the right style. He could handle his dukes, too, although you'd never guess it. Because as a boy Peter Lawford was one of those

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slim, English boy-beautifuls. He wore his yellow-brown hair that darkened each year brushed straight back in a slick "pompadour." His skin, faintly olive, browned to a rich tan with the winter sun at Cannes and Deauville. His eyes were brown and merry and his lashes long. He wore all hand-tailored clothes usually cut by "Bill of Bond Street," who has a shop in Santa Barbara today.

One habit which drove his governesses wild and shocked them no end was Peter's penchant for chumming with strange kids. The Lawfords spent most of their winters on the Riviera and at places like Nice and Deauville. Peter spent most of his play hours on the beach. He'd ramble over the sands faster than his governess could hobble and when she'd catch up with Master Peter he'd be playing with some swarthy Italian-French moppet of doubtful family. Then the governess would haul Pete away firmly and warn,

"Don't let me ever catch you with any child who doesn't belong to your family's friends."

servant snobbery . . .

But Peter complained to headquarters about this and Lady Lawford backed him up. She knew what a horrible little snob that type of thing could breed and that wasn't her style at all. And she laid down the rule: "Peter can play with any child as long as he hasn't the measles, mumps or some sickness and has had a bath within a reasonable time. All children," she assured Peter, "are God's children, and all of them are nice. Pick your own friends." And Master Peter did. He picked some beauties.

Peter had heard about Hollywood, of course, but outside of the fact that it was the home of the American shoot-'em-up wild westerns, which his governess allowed him to view now and then with his little friends, it meant little to him—or at least so his governess and his parents innocently thought. But Master Peter was more impressed by the gods and goddesses who flickered on the screen than he let on. Privately, he knew all about them and how they got that way at a very tender age. He was to reveal this with shocking clarity when his chance came.

That was when he was only seven years old. And it stemmed from a fiery political crusade Lady Lawford was engaged in.

At this particular time she was chairman of a London Committee, and commuted to her office from her home town of Reading, in Berkshire, where Sir Sidney had found a house. Every day, the governess brought Peter round in the limousine to have lunch with his mother, and inject a bit of home life into her strenuous penning of political blasts. To get to Lady Lawford's office, Pete had to walk through one where Sir Thomas Paulson, M.P., another Conservative booster, worked.

After a succession of mannerly "Good morning, Sir's," Sir Thomas was on friendly terms with manly Peter Lawford, and often he would halt him and chat about this and that. One day he popped the question, whose answer he knew, of course.

"Peter," asked Sir Thomas, "have you decided what regiment you're going into when you grow up?" The answer would be his father's, General Lawford's Royal Fusilliers.

"None," stated Peter firmly. "I'm not going to be a soldier. I'm going to be a film star."

Sir Thomas almost fell through the floor. "Good Lord, son," he gasped. "Don't ever say such a thing in front of your father or mother! They'd skin you alive."

Peter ignored that. His brain was ticking on more important matters. "I hear, sir," he said, "that you have an interest in Elstree." Elstree is Britain's M-G-M,

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and the center of English movies.

"Why, yes," admitted the peer. "I have a few shares." He had a lot of them and Peter knew it.

"I wonder, sir," pressed Peter, "if you'd give me a letter to the studio manager—so I can find out if I'm an actor or not." Age seven, Peter was. The Parliament Member and film financier smothered a laugh. "You mean you'd like to visit Elstree? Well, I think that can be arranged. I'll give them an order to show you through. How about tomorrow?"

Peter thought he'd carry the battle through. He told his mother of the big break that noon and made her promise to take him through the studio. He didn't conceal his plans, though. Always Peter was frank and above board. "I'm going to be like Charlie Chaplin when I grow up," he stated. "I don't want to be a soldier."

soldier or actor? . . .

Lady Lawford saw a way out. She knew nobody was going to make her seven-year-old son a film star. She knew it was just a tour of the studio. Now was the time to nip this. "Certainly," she smiled. "We'll make a bargain, Peter. If they don't want you to be an actor today—then you'll grow up to be a soldier; is that all right? If they do, you can be an actor."

"Yes," said Peter, "but that's honor bright?"

"Oh, yes, it's a bargain." They shook hands on it and everything in front of the chauffeur and the governess. Lady Lawford practically forgot the whole thing.

Next morning Elstree rolled out the red carpet for Peter and Lady Lawford. The order they had was about as if Louis B. Mayer had written a special pass to M-G-M. They saw everything. They visited sets and Lady Lawford was surprised how much her little son seemed to know about it all. But she almost fell over when Peter upped to the studio head and said, "I want you to tell me if I'm an actor or not." The man looked baffled and Lady Lawford smiled, "Oh, he's just stage-struck, you know, like all boys."

"Wait a minute," broke in Peter. "I'll show you." Whereupon, to his own mother's amazement, he danced, sang, rattled off a few impersonations, and generally knocked himself out in a one boy impromptu skit that took her breath away and also made her heart turn chilly. Why, the boy was serious! He meant what he said. She thought of her bargain and frowned. "Peter," she said hastily, "that's enough. Now we must go. It's all been very, very charming. Thank you so much for showing us. . . ."

"Wait a minute," said the manager. "No—please, Lady Lawford—may I call in someone?" That's when Lady Lawford really got scared.

Monty Banks, a British producer, came in the office then. He looked at handsome Peter, asked him a few questions, watched a few of the secret tricks Pete's own family had never seen.

"Why, he's the very kid for 'Poor Old Bill,'" said Banks. "I'll put him right in the picture, ten pounds a day." There was the offer.

"Excuse me," said Lady Lawford, in a weak voice. She called General Lawford at home and told him the astounding turn of events.

"Are you insane, my dear?" asked the General.

She explained the bargain, the solemn bargain, with witnesses and everything. She was on a spot and Peter was in the clouds. It seemed to mean so much to the boy. Would it really hurt, just as a lark?

The General laughed. "I suppose not. It really can't hurt Peter. Let him have the fling."

So Peter Lawford was a movie actor,

as he said he would be, and as happy as a prince. Lady Lawford brought him home that night, a little dazed by it all. They had always had trouble getting Peter to eat, that was the one fly in his boyhood health ointment. But that night Master Peter ate like a young horse.

Monty Banks said right away that Peter Lawford was a natural if he ever saw one. He waltzed through his scenes in "Poor Old Bill" like a veteran. Nothing around the studio set seemed strange to him. It was as if he had been doing that sort of thing all his young life. He knew all the expressions, the movie-making argot. He wasn't camera shy or self-conscious. He ate it up. After "Old Bill" he went into another picture, "Bill's War Debts." It was the same story. He was obviously cut out to be a child actor, but the thought of his keeping it up was still not acceptable to the Lawfords, or to their relatives, who saw Peter's picture "in the papers" and shuddered with shame.

But studios and acting were all Peter could think of from the time he donned his first wardrobe and makeup. When he was working he was happy and healthy as a lark. When he he wasn't, all kinds of maladies and nervous upsets ganged up on him. Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford faced a baffling dilemma. Obviously, it was beneficial for their boy to act if he wanted to. It improved his disposition one hundred percent. But obviously, also, this sort of thing couldn't go on forever. The best answer seemed to be—fly away from the studios somewhere. Again it was their favorite spot, the south of France. They went to Monte Carlo and took an apartment in the big marble villa opposite the Hotel Metropole. Right down the street was the famous International Sporting Club. That made it just about the most unpromising place the Lawfords could have picked to get their son Peter's theatrical notions out of his young head. Because, at that casino, with an American troupe of the "Follies," was a New York dancer, loaded with talent and charm. His name was Carl Randall, and today he's a well-known Broadway dance director. At that time, Carl was Mister Glamor himself to young Peter Lawford. Tall, handsome, and able to dance like nobody's business, Carl was full of tales about the thrills and triumphs of show business in America.

me, too . . .

Every afternoon there was a tea and floor show at the International. Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford usually showed up later for dinner and a turn at the tables, but to Peter the highlight of the day was the tea-show in the afternoon. But it cost two dollars just to get in and sit down without a cup or a cake. That irked Peter; it meant he couldn't go every day. Entertainers, however, people like Carl and Fanette were issued special passes, allowing them a cut rate on everything they ordered and free admission. Peter didn't see why he shouldn't qualify.

One day he walked up to the office of the Sporting Club and demanded his rights. "I'd like a special artist's pass to the Club," said Pete airily.

They looked him over. He was all of ten years old. "We don't issue passes to little boys."

Peter drew himself up to his last quarter inch. "I am an artist," he stated imperiously. "I am an actor in British films. I demand the courtesies of the profession."

The management was baffled. Pete drew out stills of himself at Elstree. There it was. He walked away with the pass!

Peter was happiest when he was playing actor and basking in the glamorous personalities of Carl Randall and his theatrical friends. But he had a raft of other normal

(*Continued on page 102*)

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fresh fruit desserts

This will show you what Van looks like in an apron! Also his effect on the cook, Pat Kirkwood, who upends the salt box and pours and pours as she gives Van the dreamy look!

THAT'S WHAT PAT KIRKWOOD, ENGLISH STAR, LIKES ESPECIALLY ABOUT LIFE IN THE U.S.A.!

By Nancy Wood

■ **YOU** can imagine Pat Kirkwood's delight when she arrived in the U.S. about a year ago after all the war years in London! Here she was—and still is—thrilled with all the fruit flowers, vegetables, milk, eggs and brilliant electric lights. Her small Culver place, where she lives with her mother, is a-cackle with 1000 chickens and she's got all kinds of fruit trees in the back yard!

As for lights—she was a very popular English stage and movie star—"the girl who kept London laughing during the Blitz," yet she'd never seen her name in lights when she left England right after V-E day! One of her English movies, "Let's Face It," expressed her attitude exactly. She never took refuge in a shelter, but spent long hours as a fire-fighter and worked and slept in the same clothes for weeks at the height of the bombings.

She deserves all the swell things that are happening to her now, such as making the M-G-M picture, "No Leave, No Love" with your favorite Van Johnson and also, being surrounded by all sorts of beautiful fruit from which to make these desserts:

Photo courtesy Knox Gelatine

Some big, pink-cheeked peaches come to a very good end in this Peach Charlotte Russe—easy to make and yummy to eat!

Photo courtesy Best Foods

Your friends will love this Banana Split Salad and it won't be strictly from hunger, either! Almost all ripe fruits combine well.

PEACH CHARLOTTE RUSSE

1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold peach juice
1½ cups mashed peaches
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup light cream
stale cake slices

Mash 1¾ to 2 cups peeled, sliced, thoroughly ripe peaches—enough to allow 1½ cups mashed peaches and ¼ cup juice. (If there isn't enough juice, add a little water to make ¼ cup.) Soften gelatine in cold peach juice and dissolve over hot water, stirring thoroughly. Combine peaches, lemon juice, sugar, corn syrup and salt. Add dissolved gelatine. Cool. Add cream. Arrange pieces of stale cake in sherbet glasses. Fill with dessert. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

BANANA SPLIT SALAD

3 bananas
lemon juice
3 peaches
1 pint berries or sweet cherries
real mayonnaise
chopped nuts

Peel and halve bananas lengthwise. Dip in lemon juice. Peel and halve peaches; remove pits. Dip in lemon juice. Arrange banana half lengthwise on lettuce. Place peach half in center. Heap berries or sweet cherries on either side. Top peach half with real mayonnaise. Sprinkle with nut meats. Serves 6.

BLUEBERRY TARTS

2 cups blueberries
1 glass currant or other tart jelly
6 baked tart shells

Wash blueberries, drain and chill. To make tart shells, prepare a flaky pastry. Roll thin, cut out with 3 or 4-inch cookie cutter. Line 6 tart shell pans or muffin tins. Prick well to prevent puffing, then bake. Divide berries among cooled tart shells. Soften jelly over hot water and pour over berries. Chill. As jelly cools, it will glaze the berries. Top with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream and serve. Serves 6.

SWEET CHERRY UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

2 cups pitted sweet cherries
½ cup sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1⅔ cups sifted emergency flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk

Melt butter or margarine in 8x8x2 inch pan. Blend in sugar. Spread pitted cherries over this evenly. Top with batter made as follows: Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla and blend. Sift flour once, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Pour over cherries and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes or until done. Loosen cake from sides of pan with spatula. Serve upside down with cherries on top.

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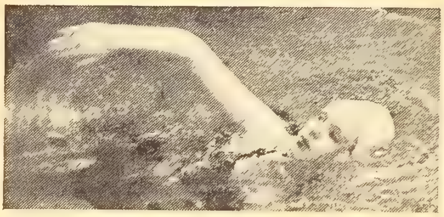

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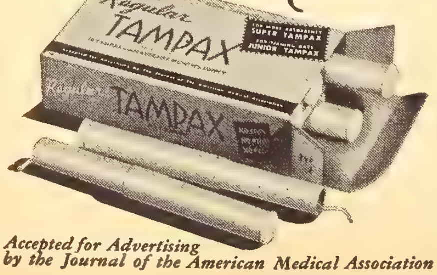

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

boy interests and activities which kept him from going overboard. He was athletic, bounding around the tennis courts with Europe's best professionals; he inherited a natural horsemanship from his father, who'd played polo on the top British Army teams, and Lady Lawford, too, who was a lady centaur in her youth. Pete collected stamps ardently, was forever snapping everything with his camera, was crazy about motoring around in low-slung roadsters with his pals. Even then he thrilled to airplanes. The first romance, if you could call it that, of his life, centered around a yellow seaplane, more than the yellow haired girl whose papa owned it. Girls never swam into the head of Peter until later on, really.

Monique was just a pal. Her mother was a friend of Lady Lawford's from Paris, and Peter met her in Cannes. She was petite and blond, femininely French and his exact age. Her father was the head of Air-France. He was forever flying off to the ends of the earth in his yellow seaplane, but when it was harbored at Monte Carlo, Pete and Monique would climb all over it. They never went up in the yellow seaplane, but the dream made Peter's head dizzy. He'll never forget the tragic way that dream ended.

Monique's papa was flying from Saigon, Indo-China, to Monte Carlo, and knowing Peter's love for stamps, he posted a letter in the Air-France plane he flew in. With the rest of the mail, it was sealed in an asbestos box. The letter arrived but Monique's father didn't. The plane crashed and burned and all that was saved was the asbestos mailbox with Peter Lawford's letter. Peter was upset for weeks at the tragedy. He loved Monique, in his boyish camaraderie way, and for days he was seriously upset and sick at her family tragedy. They still correspond, although by now Monique is married.

The sensitive makeup of Peter Lawford—natural to so many born actors—was making itself known more and more as he grew into adolescence. He was rugged enough physically, and seldom sick with the ordinary garden variety of kid's illnesses. But any emotional blow set his delicate nervous makeup all a-jingle. These attacks were to seize him all his young life until he grew up and found release from his charged up emotions in acting.

But not all of Peter's nerve-wracking experiences were trivial, however. Once, on the Portuguese island of Madeira, where the Lawfords had taken a house, he slept in a large boudoir suite adjoining Lady Lawford's. In the middle of one night he stalked into his mother's room, his eyes staring and his pajamas wringing with perspiration.

the ghost walks . . .

"Someone keeps looking at me," explained Peter. "I'm afraid to go back to sleep."

"Nonsense," his mother told him. "It's just a dream."

But Peter knew better. He wouldn't go back in the room where the vision had scared him. He slept the rest of the night on the chaise-longue in his mother's room.

Next morning his father read him a lesson. "You must never show fear," he admonished. "You can be scared—everyone is. I was for five years in the war, but I never let myself show it. That's the rule. Now go back to your room tonight and go to sleep." But, rules or no rules, Peter wanted no part of that spooky room. Lady Lawford said she'd prove to him that it was all his imagination. That night she moved into the room. At midnight she too awoke, scared witless, soaking with perspiration. She fled to Sir Sidney's room with the same fright. "Peter's right," she gasped. "Someone's looking at me!"

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The General thought things had gone far enough. He'd test out the bedroom himself and prove it. Later that night he, too, woke up in the same condition. "By Jove," he growled shakily, "some blighter keeps staring at me, too!"

It was several days after that that Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford had tea with the bishop. "How do you like your house?" he enquired. He noticed the strange looks that spread over their faces. "Has anything happened?" he asked. "Anything unusual?" They told him rather shamefacedly, of their childish boogies. He nodded. "I thought so," said the bishop. "There were two murders and a suicide in that bedroom." The place was indeed haunted—and you'll never convince Peter Lawford or his parents that it wasn't.

a boy's best pal . . .

Peter Lawford's dog, Spotty, who romps around the Lawford's little Westwood bungalow today, is very active evidence of this extreme sensitivity Peter Lawford packed when he was a boy. Peter left an ideal holiday in Nassau to save Spotty.

He'd cooled off too quickly one day after a tennis match with Carl Randall, and coming into the damp night air Peter got the flu. It laid him up six weeks in bed at Monte Carlo, ruined his appetite and left him in a sadly shaken condition, with no interest in anything much. As ever, Peter's welfare came first with the Lawfords. When he said what he'd like to do most of all was swim in warm water, they sailed right off to the Bahamas. There Peter lolled in the warm, blue waves weeks on end with no tutor to plague him, building up his strength again—until Spotty got in a jam.

The dog was a wild one, descendant of the pups the buccaneering pirates brought to the West Indies. Peter was riding at the army post one day when they brought "Spotty" in roped up in a net. His fate was sealed. "Shoot him," said the sergeant. "That's the law."

Peter couldn't bear the thought of that. The dog was bright, frisky and beautiful. The impending execution horrified Peter. He stepped in and got the promise of a stay of execution; then he took his troubles to his father, the General. They called the governor. Nothing he could do. The law in the British Empire, is the law—it plays no favorites—and the Nassau law said all wild dogs found must be executed. There was only one loophole. If Peter took Spotty off the island of Nassau, he could live. That week the Lawfords packed up and sailed to Monte Carlo—to save Spotty's life. Incidentally, they've never regretted it. He's still the family's darling.

The Lawfords were always more than ready to go to the ends of the earth if they thought it was good for their son. Especially since the eternal question, "When can I go back to Elstree?" haunted them like the Madeira ghost. They still couldn't face the family frown on acting.

So when the pressure became a little heavy for a trip to Elstree, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford had to think fast and come up with some tantalizing ideas. Their ears were always cocked to catch a hint from Peter of some love that could outdazzle the lure of Elstree.

One time, when he was ill for some weeks at Monte Carlo, Peter waded into a bunch of books on the South Sea Islands. He got pretty worked up about that worldly paradise, as many a young man before him has. So when he raved, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to sail the South Seas and swim and fish and pick fruit off the trees?" his parents snapped at the idea.

What better way to make him forget this absurd movie career than a trip around the world? He was twelve when they sailed from Marseilles on an old French freighter,

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the Ville de Strasbourg, bound for Tahiti. The romantic idea was to go the old route and in a small ship, to come as close to sailing the seven seas as they could. Usually the Lawfords travelled in deluxe steamers, and pretty soon they were wishing they hadn't ditched that idea.

They were twenty-five days at sea without sight of land. The wallowing steamer's refrigeration broke down and the fresh food spoiled. They lived on potatoes and rice. It was a long voyage and there was practically nothing to do so he decided to write about his travels. He started the book on the long trip between the Panama Canal and Tahiti, and before he was back in England he had got together 30,000 words. It's still kicking around in his gear somewhere.

Peter had stacked the scratched and tattered sheets of his daily jottings in Lady Lawford's hat box. Her maid ran across the puzzling mass of scribbles and asked Lady Lawford if she should toss it out.

"By all means," said her Ladyship. "It's just some rubbish Peter scribbled on the boat." But Pete was within earshot and he rushed in wildly. "Don't you dare," said he, "that's my book." He still loves to pore over it and remember the highlights of the voyage. For instance, the surprise in Tahiti.

Pete was out in a sarong, diving with the pearl hunters and spearing colored fish the first day there. Already his natural tan started coming out. His white teeth flashed happily.

"This is a perfect idea," Lady Lawford whispered to her husband. "With all this Peter will forget all about films."

Well—the next morning she looked out of her bungalow window. Right there on the beach was—believe it or not—a camera and crew, lights, reflectors, microphones—a complete moving picture company, straight from Hollywood, taking South Seas shots for a movie. And right in the middle of the whole shebang, hustling happily here and there and not missing a trick was the boy they'd lured thousands of miles away to the remote spot just to get it out of his mind—Son Peter!

At long last, the Lawfords took the Blue Train up from Marseille, crossed the channel and were home in the Mayfair apartment at last. Peter had been gone months, travelled thousands of miles, seen wonderful new sights, been diverted by dozens of sports and pleasures to take his mind off his boyish crush on movie making—or at least so Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford confidently thought. The round the world trip hadn't been so cheap, but they knew it was worth it. The blow fell the minute they stepped in the flat. Peter ran to open a window to let out the musty air. He gazed over London's rooftops. "It's great to be home," he cried. "Now when do I go back to work at a studio?"

that old acting bug . . .

But London lost its charms quickly for Peter Lawford. The sky turned black the first day he went out to Elstree. A new law had been passed. No child under fourteen could act in films. There was a fine of a hundred pounds. "Well, Pierrot," said Lady Lawford (she always called him Pierrot) "I think that settles it." But it didn't—not with Peter. He had another idea in the back of his head. In France, they didn't have a silly law like that, they were making lots of pictures in France, and he spoke French like a native. He didn't tell his parents what was on his mind. But he began hinting about how he missed France. The Lawfords went to Paris and then to Aix-les-Bains in their favorite region, the south of France. They didn't know tragedy was lying in wait for them there, a tragedy which was to dictate their every move for years afterwards, and oddly enough, guide Peter Lawford to the city he had dreamed about—Hollywood.

They rented a villa on the grounds of a large hotel at Aix. It had a garden with huge magnolia trees, and at one end the ground sloped off abruptly to make a wonderful slide. As usual, Peter met his cosmopolitan cronies, the Italian, German, Norwegian, Pan-European set of youngsters. Particularly, they liked to climb up in the big magnolia trees, drop off and roll down the slope, playing toboggan.

One day, Peter was host to the mob and Lady Lawford had ordered refreshments in their sitting room, just inside some high French doors which opened from the garden where Peter and the kids were jumping and rolling. She left the door open, as it usually was, and strolled off to town to shop. Pete was always slamming in and out of the house. He'd run in for this and that, full tilt, giving the tall glass door a push with his hand. He didn't know that the hotel maid had come through the villa in his mother's absence and, seeing the open door, had closed and latched it.

tragedy at tea time . . .

After he'd made his umpteenth jump from the magnolia, Pete felt hungry and remembered the spread.

He raced for the sitting room yelling, "Come on, tea is ready!" He hit the door at top speed, giving it the customary flip that would swing it back and—"Crash!" The locked door held. Only the glass gave way before Peter's outstretched right arm. It was so quick, he barely felt the pain as the jagged glass slashed through his arm, from wrist to shoulder.

But from his numbed arm, blood spurted in a pulsing fountain. An artery had been severed and exposed. His neat white jumper suit turned scarlet in a second. The kids, awed at first by the accident, turned scared and ran away. Luckily, Peter remembered advice his father had given him: "If you cut yourself on your arm or leg, double it up and squeeze it to your body. Then find help." Peter clamped his wounded arm and ran fifty yards to the hotel. The clerk put him on a mat in the lounge and called the only doctor near, a ninety-year-old retired physician. He made a tourniquet from a tea towel and shut off the blood which was fast draining away. They called an ambulance, and Sid Sidney at the Casino.

Their eyes were big with fright. They were lifting Peter into the ambulance as his mother arrived. His clothes were crimson, his body was blue. He had almost bled to death.

Lady Lawford arrived as Peter's playmates ran away. "What's the matter, children?" she called. "Why aren't you still playing?"

"Peter cut his right arm off," one sobbed. "So we left!"

At the hospital he fainted on the operating table. "I don't know whether I can save him or not," said the surgeon, feeling Peter's fluttering pulse. They operated again and again while Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford held their breaths in anxious terror. Peter was still unconscious. Finally, the surgeon took them aside.

"His only chance," he said, "is to amputate the arm at the shoulder. And I'm not sure of that. He's very weak."

Lady Lawford knew what her answer to that would be: "No."

"I think Peter would rather die," she explained. "But that's for him to decide. I'll never order such a thing while he's unconscious." The General had the same conviction. They waited until Peter's eyes fluttered again. Then they told him what the doctor wanted to do.

"Don't let them," whispered Peter weakly.

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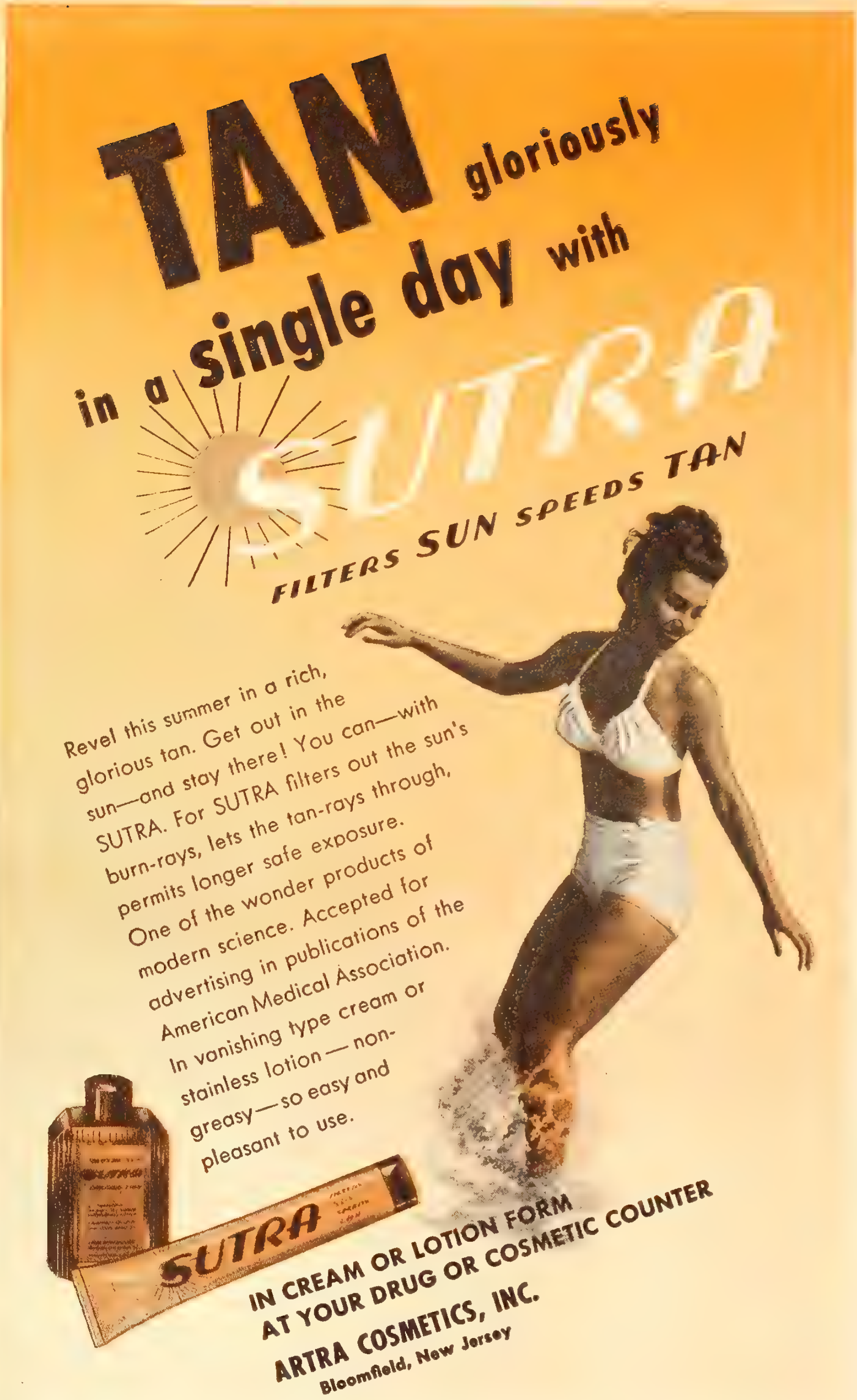

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"It's up to you, Pierrot," she said.

"No—never, never."

The doctor shrugged. He would do what he could. It was out of his hands, really. It was Peter's idea to pray. He belonged really to a lot of religions. His own, Church of England, and to every religion he'd run up against whether his friends' or his tutors'. All of them taught, "ask and ye shall receive." Well, now he would ask. He told Lady Lawford he'd like all his faiths to pray for him. She called his guardian, of the Jewish faith, in London, his aunt, a Roman Catholic, a friend who was a Christian Scientist—a half a dozen more—and expressed Peter's wish. They prayed. Peter lived.

But for years his arm was to be as stiff as a board and the fingers of his right hand curled up, unbending, to his palm. It was to hand him a shattering complex at the time of his life when physical perfection was all that mattered. It was to present a challenge, not only to bring his right hand back to life, but to bring his courage topside again, to learn to use his left expertly, to fight back to self confidence. The battle would be long and agonizing, but it would be won and what would help it to be won was—of all things, a part in a picture in a place Peter had never been—Hollywood.

The French specialist they consulted weeks later said Peter was still in danger. His artery was permanently sealed off, but the veins would reach out to join in time. The nerves were severed, too. but they would grow slowly back together. There might be a paralyzing neurosis. Besides, the boy was dangerously weak from loss of blood. His circulation in the arm was poor. All this pointed to only one course of action—a warm, benign climate. There was no such climate in Europe.

"There are two climates in the world that are perfect," said the doctor—"and both are in America. Florida and California."

There was no question about what to do. Peter's welfare came first. Sir Sidney made reservations on the Rex for New York. They had hotel reservations in Palm Beach, Florida. They had no idea when they sailed that Peter would become practically an American boy, that they would wait years before they saw either England or their favorite Monte Carlo again. That was in 1937. Peter was 13 years old. His right hand was rigid; the fingers had to be pried open each time his hand was washed. He was laboriously trying to learn to write and play with his left. He was self-conscious. The only pal he felt at ease with was his dog, Spotty, who shared his cabin on the way across. Lady Lawford noted Peter's apathy about the trip.

In New York they asked him, "Is there another place you'd rather go, Peter? Maybe California instead of Florida? The doctor says that would be warm enough."

westward ho! . . .

His eyes lighted up. "California," repeated Peter, showing the first enthusiasm since he had left the hospital. "Yes, that would be wonderful. Let's go there."

Peter Lawford's first home in Hollywood was the Coronet Apartments on Sunset Boulevard, out near the Strip, the movie colony's glamor street. He had his eye set on the Sunset Towers, but they wouldn't take Spotty.

It didn't take Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford long to realize that Hollywood, California, was the film capital of the world. The first day they walked out on the sidewalk, Peter almost had a fit. He saw Clark Gable. It was more thrilling than when he'd seen the King of England.

His excitement reached fever pitch when an alert woman agent, Ruth Collier, who had English film connections, heard of Peter's arrival in Hollywood and surprised them one day by ringing the bell at the Coronet. She chatted a bit and then popped the question.

"They're casting a British locale picture at M-G-M, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney," she said, "and there's a part for a young English boy. Would Peter be interested?"

Lady Lawford shook her head strenuously. "Oh, no," she said. "We're here for Peter's health. He isn't at all well. Work is out of the question." But Peter had heard. He bounced into the room charged with new energy.

"Oh, Mother," he cried. "Do let me. Please. Why, that would make my hand come loose. I know it would."

But Lady Lawford was firm. "I'll call again," said Ruth Collier.

please, please . . .

From then on, at breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner, and in between too, about all the Lawfords heard was the same plea from Peter. "Please, if I could only play in a picture my arm would be well. I know it would!" Pete was working himself into quite a tizzy about it and they feared another nervous upset. The doctor came. Peter's words tumbled all over each other as he told about the picture part and how he wanted to do it. The physician took Lady Lawford aside.

"You know," he said, "there's a lot more to medicine than we can find in test tubes and on operating tables. There's a lot to do with psychology. Peter believes this about the studio job and his arm. Why not let him try? It can't do any harm—and we might be surprised."

So when Ruth Collier called again, Peter could tell her happily he had everyone's permission to try for the part. They went to M-G-M to interview Fred Dating, the casting director, and Sam Wood, who was directing "Lord Jeff." Peter had barely stepped on the lot before something happened that was an ominous prophecy of disaster to come.

The interview was set for Stage 19 where the picture had already started shooting. On the way they walked past the little building M-G-M uses as a schoolroom for its underage actors. Peter was in short pants.

A woman ran out of the building and seized him. "What is this child doing out of school?" she demanded. "Come in here right away," she commanded Peter, dragging him inside while his own mother gasped. She sat him down in the class room, with Freddie Bartholomew, Gene Reynolds and the rest of the youngsters poring over their lessons. He had no idea what in the world was going on. Pretty soon he found out.

When they rescued him at last, it was all explained. California law said any minor at a studio had to be at his lessons whenever he wasn't actually before a camera. Peter was just there for an interview but even that didn't make any difference. All the bewildered protests of Pete and his parents mattered not a whit.

He had never been to school in his life. He didn't intend to start now and it would make small sense anyway. He must have a tutor then, because he'd been signed for "Lord Jeff." But he had always been tutored in French. Pete packed a slight French accent even then. He thought in French, worked arithmetic in French, learned history in French. Classes, American style, left him completely puzzled and up in the air. At last a tutor who spoke French was located and he went into "Lord Jeff" legally schooled. But the Board of Education didn't like the idea at all. From that moment they had their eye on Peter. Soon enough they made it so hot for him that he had to leave the state.

Peter and his parents stayed in Hollywood almost a year that time. Making

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ALMOST EVERYWHERE you go, you see pale people, listless people, people whose enjoyment of life seems at low ebb. Yes, and so often it's a Borderline Anemia—resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—that deprives them of vigor and fun.

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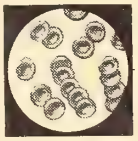

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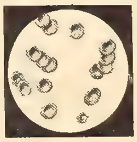

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"Lord Jeff" was the highlight of the stay, of course. Pete had known Freddie Bartholomew in England. They became pals and Freddie introduced Peter to the first girl crush of his life, Jane Withers. To the young English gentleman, Janie's breezy American ways, her bounce and charm were irresistible. He fell pretty hard and they went out on dates chaperoned by Jane's chauffeur and her bodyguard. That impressed Peter no end, Jane's bodyguard, toting a pistol right behind them all the time in real wild west style.

And—miracle of miracles—Peter's belief about his arm worked. The minute he started making "Lord Jeff," his cramped hand loosened up. Each day it got better until he could move the fingers himself.

"If I never leave here," Peter exulted, "my arm will be as good as new!"

He didn't get a chance to test out that belief. Because the Board of Education caught up with him. They called and delivered an ultimatum. Peter Lawford, being under 18, must go to school. That was the California law. Arguments bounced off the authorities like hail off a roof. He had never been to school. He would fit into no American "grade." He was unable to write lessons and do school chores because of his crippled hand. He thought in French. He had a far better education already than any American kid his age, but the system was entirely different. He was here on a rest cure on doctor's orders. But the officials' ears stayed closed.

"He goes to school or there will be a fine—$1000 the first time, and the next offense," threatened the educators, "is imprisonment for the parents."

A knight of the King being threatened with imprisonment! Sir Sidney Lawford and his lady would stand so much, but that did it. Peter was their son, not the state of California's. There was still another place in America to go where they weren't so ironclad in their rules and regulations.

"We're leaving for Florida," said Sir Sidney, and Peter knew he meant what he said. There was no use trying to argue the matter. Peter knew his first try at Hollywood was ended. He knew it was ended until he was eighteen. He was only fourteen then.

i'll be back . . .

He knew he would never be content until he was back in this town where his life seemed to pulse as it never had anywhere else. Four years seemed like forever. His arm began to hurt.

For that Lady Lawford and the General were distressed. But for the setback in Peter's movie career they couldn't help being secretly pleased. By the time Peter grew to eighteen he surely would have found himself.

But for all the years they had spent with him, all over the world, Peter's parents still didn't know their own son—not in that respect. Acting was something he would never give up. Movies were a world he would always dream about. When he was eighteen and emancipated, he would be back. That Pete promised himself. And suddenly his eighteenth birthday loomed as the most important since he had struggled for life that stormy September night back in London.

Yes, he would be back—but not even Peter Lawford—to the manor born and raised in luxury's lap, could imagine the unbelievable style he'd come back in—with no headstart, but broke and hustling his way—just like a hundred other American guys with their eyes on the fame and fortune of magic Hollywood.

(Peter Lawford's life story will be concluded in the August issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

RENDEZVOUS WITH LANA

(Continued from page 29)

the talking, just as I had hoped. Almost at once, Miss Turner's maid answered the phone out in the foyer. The maid stuck her head in and said, "Bob Hope calling from California."

"Bob Hope?" said Miss Turner in a surprised voice—then she got it.

"Will you have them hold all calls?" she said. "That's not Bob Hope. It's the autograph fans downstairs. They use anybody's name to get you on the phone."

"Have the kids been able to get upstairs here to your room?" I asked.

"No," she said. "They haven't let them up, which is nice, on account of the baby."

She was referring to her daughter, Cheryl Christina, or Cherry, who's about three. Earlier, while waiting for her, I'd stood looking out of the high windows, down at the swaying trees in Central Park, wondering whether this beautiful glamor puss would be curt, wisecrackerish, or difficult.

"She's as beautiful close up as she is in the movies," was my first thought now. Her glisteny white gold hair was in bangs. She'd dropped eight pounds due to a siege of colds. Now her bouncy 110 pounds were packed compactly into a black jersey dress, loosely tailored, primly high at the neck. She wore gold earrings that turned out to be little hearts. She wore a wide plastic belt with "LANA-LANA-LANA" on it. I sat close enough to catch the scent of her perfume. It was tuberose, her favorite scent. On the table in front of the divan was a bouquet.

"From Bobbie Hutton and his manager, Al Melnick," she said.

Bobbie Hutton being Robert Hutton to those who don't know him so well.

"What are your picture plans?" I asked.

off with the old . . .

"We're right in the midst of making a pattern for my career," she said. "We're trying to guide it.

"You see," she continued, her red nails flashing slightly as she gestured, "I feel I have one foot in the dramatic field. If I could put the other foot in—if I could get well established as a dramatic actress—then I could go back once in a while and do the lighter things."

"Does that mean you're tired of being a glamor girl?"

"The glamor girl parts are fine to get started, but they're just shallow if you have any serious ambitions as a dramatic actress," Miss Turner replied.

And so, because she wants to be thought of as a dramatic actress, the 25-year-old Lana would like to have people forget she was ever a Sweater Girl or rather THE Sweater Girl. History records that she was wearing a red sweater painted with school emblems the fateful day she was discovered. Since then she has taken a lot of punishment because she happens to be magnificently endowed. Miss Turner's first name used to be Julia. She herself thought of the name Lana—made it up right out of her head. She was vastly embarrassed when she discovered later that Lana in Spanish means wool, because it fitted right in with all those sweater gags, about pulling the wool over your eyes. . . .

"You're serious about being tired of being called The Sweater Girl?" I asked.

"Oh, that's been dropped. I would like to be rid of it," she said.

"You don't wear sweaters any more?"

"Sure I wear them. We all do. But I don't wear them in pictures and I don't wear them in stills—I wear them for

Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—
- ☐ A hot bath
- ☐ A lukewarm bath
- ☐ A cold shower

When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant?* Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—
- ☐ Smooth them with an emery board
- ☐ Trim them with your teeth
- ☐ Wear artificial nails

No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!

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What's new on the beach this year?
- ☐ The Life Guard
- ☐ The Bloomer Girl
- ☐ The hamburgers

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends:* pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.

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warmth."

And so, personally, I will never again call her a Sweater Girl or refer to her sweaters in any way because I think she's suffered enough. Miss Turner, nevertheless, will remain for many years in the public eye because she has color, and dash, and is the newspaper reader's idea of love and romance. Pretty soon you'll be reading about her racing stable.

"Stable!" she said. "I have only one little horse."

The 3-year-old filly, named Cheryba—the first five letters coming from her daughter's name, the ba standing for Buenos Aires—is chestnut colored with a white question mark on her face. Stories had pursued Miss Turner to the effect that swooning South American millionaires had given her horses. I asked her who had given her Cheryba.

"Nobody gave her to me. I bought her," Miss Turner said. "I'm not on any receiving line."

She went on to say, though, that she might eventually have other horses if she can afford them. She enjoys horse racing and goes to Santa Anita in California, or to Belmont or Jamaica in New York.

"Our horse," she said, "will be ready for Saratoga this summer."

At about this point in the interview Miss Turner graciously asked, as hostess, whether her guests wanted a drink. We didn't. She didn't. We carried on.

"What's your favorite cocktail?" I asked.

"I guess a martini—very cold," she said.

"Is it true that you can't cook a lick?"

"I don't even know how," she said. "I'd probably starve to death if left alone."

"You must have a huge wardrobe."

"Too large," she agreed. "I'm a transient now, you know. Sold my house in Bel Air—the whole works, furniture and everything. So I had to give away a number of my things, including clothes. I gave them to the different reliefs, to the clothing drive, to orphanages, and to some friends."

"How about furs?"

"Well, I have minks, ermines, sables—"

"Chinchilla?"

"I don't like chinchilla."

"I notice you use the plural of minks, etc. Do you have more than one of everything?"

"Well," she answered. "I have light mink and dark mink. I'm trying to make up my mind now whether I should have a platinum mink. But I think I can use the $27,000 for something better than that."

Miss Turner's excellent sense of humor came out in the next question.

"Do you wear much jewelry?" I asked.

"Not at the same time," she said.

easy to red . . .

The reader will see that she was affable and easy to interview. She ducked no questions. For instance, she was quite willing to talk about her white gold hair.

"It isn't the same platinum blond color that Jean Harlow had, so we call it white gold," she said. "We changed it from red to dark blond, then to light blond, then to gold blond, then to white gold. Then after a couple of pictures establishing it as a color, I'll go back to my natural color."

"You mean you like red better?"

"I mean it's a lot easier," she said.

In her picture, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," Miss Turner wore a complete white wardrobe. It opened with her in white shorts and closed with her in a white bathing suit. The picture, "Weekend at the Waldorf," was so realistic that frequently people wander into the hotel to ask where it was that Lana Turner used to work. Of course, that was just part of the script, and she has only been around the Waldorf as a dweller at the Waldorf Towers, one of the swankiest addresses in America. She herself didn't know when

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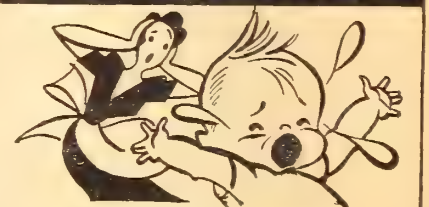

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I talked to her what her next movie might be. She's become selective about scripts, and had turned down three.

I asked her how many pictures she'd made.

She had no idea, although she was willing to count them. I urged her not to bother. I just wanted to see if she had the sort of adding machine mind that some people have about such things. I was glad she didn't. It made her more human, to me.

But of her early pictures she remembers one especially, "Marco Polo."

When it came out, it was advertised as starring "Gary Cooper, Alan Hale, Sigrid Gurie, and a cast of 5,000."

"I just had this one tiny little bit," she said, holding up two fingers to show how miscroscopic the part was. "I was one of the cast of 5,000."

So time whipped along, and she got famous, and the picture was re-released "starring Gary Cooper and Lana Turner."

As one who had observed Miss Turner considerably around New York, I can say she likes to dance, and presents a nice figure on the dance floor—hell, she presents a nice figure anyplace.

Lana is also called "the wheee girl" by friends.

She is able to emit in a low, throaty voice a "wheee" sound that convulses people. She did this one night in the Stork Club and practically had Dorothy Lamour in hysterics. On the other hand, she's interested in symphonies, and goes often to musical events at the Hollywood Bowl. She has spells of reading, when she digests two or three books in a day. Then she may quit reading for a month.

After a while, I thought I had better ask about her current romances. A reporter always saves the dynamite questions till last. If he gets thrown out, he's already got the bulk of the interview done.

I asked whether there was any possibility of her marrying Charles Jaeger, the radio man, as had been widely reported.

"People are so ready to misunderstand a friendship," she said.

"But are you?" I asked.

"The papers shouldn't try to beat me to the gun," she said. "When I make my plans, they will know in advance. They should know me by now. We have no definite plans. He sees other people. I see other people."

With a light laugh and a bounce on the divan, she said, "I'm completely free!"

"It's not over with him?"

"No, I still see him. I see a lot of other people, too!" she added.

glamor mom . . .

That was as much as I could extract from her on that subject, and if she's married to somebody else by the time you read this, don't blame me. Along about this time, Miss Turner said she'd like to show me her daughter. Little Cheryl Christina came running bashfully out and hopped up on her mother's knees.

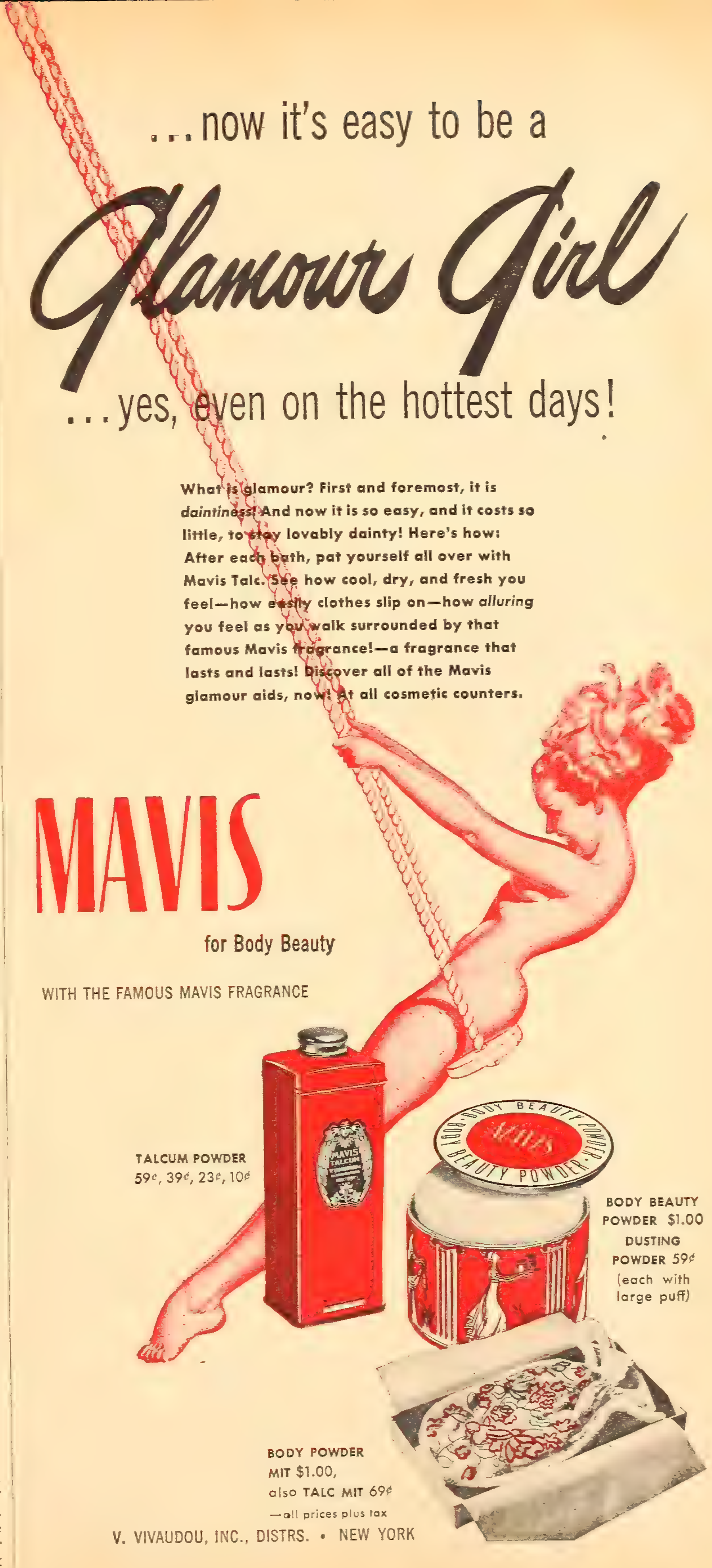
"Say hello to Mr. Wilson," Miss Turner said.

Cherry was very cautious of what she said to me for publication. She is a sweet child with hair that started out to be blond but has now got a little darker. My little boy, Slugger, is a few months older than Cherry, and Miss Turner and I discussed our respective children while Cherry continued sitting there.

It was sort of strange, I imagine, for a great glamor girl to be talking about her child to a Broadway reporter, who in turn talked about his child, but that was the way this interview ended. Lana Turner walked to the door with me and shook hands again.

Her parting words were:

"Say hello to Slugger for me."



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CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 16)

We certainly think you're old enough to be on your own provided you are a sensible pair—with just a dash of Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough to make it fun. If your families know your itinerary, know at what hotels you can be reached on what days, have reason to trust your judgment—we feel that your vacation could do both them and you a lot of good.

I would like to be an airline hostess someday. What preparation is required, please? G. W., Burlington, Vt.

The requirements are kind of stiff, but we've never met a hostess who didn't feel the job was well worth the effort. You must be a registered nurse, or you must have two years of college back of you plus two years in the business world. Your weight must be between 100 and 125 pounds, and your height between five feet and five feet, six inches. Your personality is ever so important, too (cheerfulness, helpfulness, patience and serenity all being desirable qualities), and—for a round-the-world plane job, you must speak at least one foreign language. Tough, but—like we said—worth it.

Is it absolutely terrible to break your engagement? I find myself no longer in love with my fiancé. I still like him very much, and there is no other man in my life, but the old thrilleroo is a thing of the past. We've gone together so long, and I can't bear to hurt him. What would you advise? H. G., Syracuse, N. Y.

We wouldn't advise breaking it right this minute. The fact that you've gone together so long may be the key to the whole difficulty. Just as in marriage the thrill seems often to be gone (when in reality it's still there, snowed under by grocery bills, diapers and things), so in any long, drawn-out relationship the original spark diminishes from time to time. Why not give it another chance? Instead of sitting home poring over budgets, go out and kick up your heels the way you used to. Have a gay and giddy time together and see if when you come home you're not more in love with your guy than ever. If a few attempts of this kind fail, it's probable that you really aren't in love any more, in which case the only possible thing to do is to break your engagement. Do it kindly, leaving him with his pride—and his ring, and next time don't commit yourself until you're terribly sure.

I am a city gal who's longing to work on a farm this summer. Could you tell me how to go about getting a farm job? D. R., Brooklyn, New York.

You might write to the Department of Agriculture in Ithaca, N. Y., or to your nearest U. S. Employment Service. There are lists of work camps available at these offices, which include camps in agricultural regions as well as in mining towns, and other industrial centers. You will live in clean, comfortable barracks at these work camps, under the supervision of counselors. You will combine plenty of healthy, fascinating labor with good fellowship galore.

I've been offered a very good job for the summer, and—if I want it—for next year too. The catch is, I have one year to go at school. I'd rather take the job and forget about school, but the family is being stuffy. What is your advice? K. L., Topeka, Kan.

Our advice is, of course, to work this summer, but to go back to the books come fall. You are simply putting a ceiling on your future when you fail to graduate from high school. You are lopping about twenty dollars a week off your potential earning power. S'truth!

Health Wise
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SUMMER LEG SHOW

(Continued from page 64)

aulfield's advice on leg makeup comes handy. Says Joan, "Nut-brown legs look immer and more satiny than chalk white . so just whip on a pair of make-believe ockings." First shake the bottle well, en pour a small quantity of the creamy uff into the palm of your hand. Starting the foot, advises Joan, apply the make- upwards (but naturally!) with long, uick strokes, at the same time carefully ending it in. Start the color below the ose line and continue it 'way past the nee to avoid high-and-low tide marks! nce on, your snag-proof, run-free tockings" will stay with you . . . the nproved formulas mean that there is no anger of smudging. You can remove the ake-up via the soap and water method . . Joan says it's easiest if you perch on e edge of the tub and let the water rain own on your legs.

As a beauty-plus, remember that leg akeup adroitly conceals discolored veins, nall blemishes and that coarseness of in which legs sometimes acquire.

Hollywood has Perfect Understanding! I now, because the National Association of hiropodists tells me that the average of oot aches is lower in Hollywood than elsehere. The reason: Bright stars know that oot health brings foot beauty. The pediure is a weekly ritual out around Hollyood and the stars are careful to cut toe ails straight across. Rounding or tapering equently results in (ouch!) ingrown ails. And need I remind you that for ell-groomed harmony, your toe nails hould be polished same as finger nails? ccasionally treat those walkers of yours a bath all their own. Alternate hot and old rinses give zip to your walk. A special oot soap is magic. If a corn has reared its asty head, don't make things worse by utting it. Might even cause blood poisong! Instead, apply a specially medicated ad or lotion after bathing your feet. In few days, the corn will soften sufficiently that it can be easily pressed out with a lunt instrument such as your orange stick rapped in cotton. If it's a callous that etracts from foot beauty, get rid of it by pplying callous pads or lotion. Generally, his heavy tissue can be peeled away ithin several days. However, if any of our foot ailments persist, it's wise to hie ourself to a reliable chiropodist.

Legs glamorized with makeup and comortable, pretty feet mean that you're ound to do a lot of stepping this summer. nd you can't get around much at this me of year without being exposed to the un. Treat yourself to a special lotion that ermits only the gentle, tanning rays to each your delicate epidermis. It's wonderul stuff. Or you might try, of all things, n antiseptic baby oil which is not at all abyish in the way it combats stinging un burn.

Yes, you're bound to get around quite lot this summer if you take Joan Cauleld's advice about putting on a handsome leg show." Begin today to practice her aluable hints on leg art. I promise you'll e very happy about the results!

* * *

Here's one more promise for you: Word f honor, I promise that if you are haunted bout problems of complexion, makeup, airdo's or figure, I'll be glad to rally to our aid. Send your letter, with a stamped, elf-addressed envelope to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, *149 Madion Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

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PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

(Continued from page 45)

Even the brown one he settled for looke too loud.

By now he's worked back to feeling lik a civilian. The Captain's quit hauntin him. He's done a reconversion job on himself—from soldier of the army to actor fo Warner Brothers. Without drawing odiou comparisons, his present job has certai advantages. More money, for one thing For another, the chance of seeing Jan Wyman around. That hasn't happene since "Brother Rat," when he met an married the girl. Since then, they've bee playing what Jane calls the day-nurse-and-night-watchman routine. Even befor the war, one would be working while th other chewed nails between pictures, o they'd both be working, but on differen lots. The only time off they ever had together was a week's honeymoon.

Other changes have come to the Reagan since our last report. Maureen's towhea is beginning to show golden glints. Sh sleeps in a room by herself because she' a big girl, so Nanny can sleep in the nursery with Michael Edward.

As for Jane, of the velvet eyes an button nose, she looks as cute as ever bu she's quit playing cute parts. The wa Midas came to hate glitter, that's ho Jane came to hate the mould she'd bee poured into. The kid with the snapp comeback, the dame who could toss awa lines and never miss, the tried-and-tru comedy foil—she'd played 'em by th dozen and still she'd only played one—they were all the same.

slip for a star . . .

In "Princess O'Rourke" somebod slipped. She got one straight scene. If yo saw the picture, you'll remember the caf sequence. One guy who remembered i was Billy Wilder, co-genius with Charli Brackett of "The Lost Weekend." On th strength of that little scene, he asked Jan to play the girl who loved Don Birnam.

Kind friends of both took Wilder aside "You're cracked. She's a comedienne. Wh don't you leave her alone?"

"I like to torture people," grinned th amiable Billy.

With that finished, she went back t Warners, and dyed her hair blonde fo "Night and Day," the Cole Porter stor "Lost Weekend," still unreleased, was being shown around to Hollywood's to execs. Among others at M-G-M who saw i were Benny Thau of the front office, producer Sidney Franklin and director Clarence Brown. These three had given som of the best years of their lives to a stor called "The Yearling." The more headaches it gave them, the better they love it and the more determined they grew t make it right. After shooting and discarding nobody knows how many feet of fil they'd started all over with Gregory Pec as the father and nine-year-old Claud Jarman as Jody. For Ma Baxter they' tested every conceivable actress.

Then the grapevine began sproutin rumors. Jane paid little attention till Stev Trilling, her boss at Warners', made official. "Did you know you were up fo 'The Yearling'? Benny Thau wants t see you." Even then she kept her shi on. It sounded fine—M-G-M and Peck an a best seller, which also happened to be beautiful story. But with all that and box of nylons thrown in, if the part wasn good for Wyman, Wyman would pass. . .

Cagey as a rabbit, she went to see Benn Thau. He's a quiet, softspoken man. ' saw you in 'Lost Weekend.' I think it wi definitely be the picture of the year."

Jane waited for the next move. "We have a picture here called 'The Yearling.' There's a wonderful part in it which might be for you. It's something like Rainer's part in 'The Good Earth.'"

In her own phrase, Jane continued to sit with egg on her face. "I'd like you to meet Sidney Franklin and Clarence Brown," Mr. Thau said.

Franklin came in and he didn't turn any handsprings. "I thought you were a brunette."

"I am," said Jane, explaining about "Night and Day."

"Well—we did want Ma Baxter dark—and you'd have to work on both pictures at the same time, so you couldn't change."

Clarence Brown broke in. "I think we're all off the beam. With Peck so dark, the mother's got to be blonde. Else where would the blonde kid come from?"

It was a long, long shooting schedule. They were about to leave for three weeks' location at Arrowhead, when suddenly Ronnie became a civilian. "Just when I'm going away," Jane started to wail, then her eyes bugged out. "Hey, you can go."

"You mean I can leave town without asking a colonel?"

They rented a little house and a speedboat. Jane had to work, but not every minute. The whole thing was so much velvet, anyhow. Arrowhead's only two hours from Hollywood, but they'd never even *been* there together before. Ronnie rented the speedboat on a 24-hour basis. "Chances are, I won't want to go out at 3 a.m. What I'm renting is the feeling that no matter *when* I want to go, there's no one on God's green earth to stop me."

time to live . . .

Maureen had a good time too. She fell in love with Jody, but was charmed to keep her father company when the boy friend was unavailable. She liked to play that the boat was a train, Daddy the conductor and Maureen a lady en route to San Francisco to see her father. . . .

"What do you want to see *him* for?" the conductor'd ask. "He's nothing but a piece of old limburger cheese."

"Not *my* father." She'd get very genteel, like Beatrice Lillie. "*My* father smells lovely. Like hotcakes and syrup in the morning."

Warners welcomed Ronnie back with a new contract at a higher salary, which started the day after he got his discharge. This in spite of the fact that "Stallion Road" wasn't ready. What's more, they didn't know when it would be.

"You've been out a long time," said Jack Warner. "This first picture has to be right—"

Meanwhile Ronnie had time—a commodity he'd come to treasure highly—and freedom to use it as he pleased. In the army, he says, lots of guys discovered that your chief business in life is to live. Working's part of it, sure, but unless your work buys you leisure for fun too, then you're not alive. Before the war, you'd say: "I'll do it when there's time—read some of those books I keep buying and sticking on the shelf—see some of those places I keep dreaming about—" Then you're in the army, and suddenly you're not free, and time to do what you want isn't just around the corner, but months and years away—and not for you or anyone else does it last forever—

That's one important thing he brought back to civilian life—a sharp, immediate sense of the value of time. He started reading his books and digging the good earth on their hilltop. Built a patio and a wall and a sidewalk. Paved the service porch with flagstone. Personally shovelled fifteen tons of dirt behind the wall, so he could plant shrubs there—

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One night he brought out a hunk of wood and a knife.

"What's that?" asked the startled Jane.

"Gonna make a model boat."

"What for?"

"No reason. Always liked the way they looked. Always wondered if I could."

He whistled as he worked, and the tune was "Sentimental Journey." Jane got suspicious, sneaked over, and found her suspicions correct. He was modeling the SS. America, memorable to them because they'd been on her maiden voyage to San Francisco for twenty-four of the sickest hours Jane ever spent.

Mike belongs to Maureen. With Mike, the five-year-old becomes oddly mature. "How old are you, honey?" Up go the fat little arms, and her eyes brood over him like a mother's.

She bought him with her pennies. Jane and Ronnie feel strongly about teaching her comparative values. "You can't give her the kind of childhood we had," says Ronnie, "when any little present or piece of candy was a big treat. There's no way of faking that kind of necessity. But neither do you have to hand her the world with a fence around it."

She gets pennies for such chores as picking up her clothes and helping Daddy brush his boots. With these she does her own Christmas shopping at the five-and-dime. Any time she wants something superfluous, Jane says: "Okay—if you've got the money."

bargain basement brother . . .

As a rule, she talks her head off, trustfully giving all her secrets to the world. Mike was the exception. She hadn't asked for a baby, and certainly nobody offered her one, since at the time no baby was in sight. So what was Jane's astonishment when, at Saks' one day, her daughter walked up to a counter, planked down some pennies and said: "I want a baby brother, please—"

The salesgirl knew her stuff. "We're all out of brothers right now, but I'll let you know as soon as we get some in."

Well, the picture changed before long. "Remember that baby brother you wanted?" Jane asked.

"Oh yes. Did they get some in?"

"No, but they will pretty soon. Only they might get sisters first. Is that okay with you?"

"Oh sure, and then we can change it later for a brother."

Jane straightened that one out, and Maureen started saving pennies like mad. Only along about the time Mike was due, she got a terrific yen for a scooter. "If you paid for the baby, Mommy, I could buy a scooter—"

But the psychology books say: "Make your child feel that the baby belongs to her."

"It won't be your baby, honey, unless you pay for it."

"Well—I sure want a scooter pretty bad—"

When they brought Mike home, she still hadn't made up her mind, and went in to see him, clutching her bank to her breast. One look and she threw the bank at Ronnie. "Here, Daddy, take it—who wants a scooter?"

The Reagans suspect they're raising a vaudeville team. Maureen takes to all forms of corn like a natural. If she learns a wheeze from George Burns, she'll spring it on her mother.

"Oh Maureen, that's stupid," said Jane in annoyance one day.

"You think *I'm* stupid? You should see my sister. She's bent way over like this—"

Now she's breaking Mike in. His favorite of the moment is one where she stooges for Daddy, except she gets the payoff line. It goes like this:

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DADDY: (strong on the French accent) Mau-rreen, 'ave you evaire been to Paree in ze spring?
MAUREEN: (wan and wistful) Noooo—
DADDY: 'Ave you evaire seen ze chestnut trees bloom in Paree?
MAUREEN: Nooooo—
DADDY: 'Ave you evaire chewed snails on ze Left Bank of Paree?
MAUREEN: NOOooooo—
DADDY: But could your daddy make this kind of money in Paree?
MAUREEN: Could you, Daddy?
DADDY: Not on your life!
MAUREEN: Then (a loud razz) to Paree!

That's where Mike goes hysterical, and it's all Jane can do to hang on to him.

Maureen's taught him to say mommy and looks forward to teaching him grace. This practice of our forefathers has been largely discarded by us moderns, but Maureen has reintroduced it in the Reagan household. Saturday nights she spends with Ronnie's mother, who takes her to Sunday school next day, and Sunday school's a big thing with Maureen.

Jane likes to think she manages Ronnie, Ronnie likes to let her think so. A case in point was their trip to New York last February.

It was nothing planned. New York was on the list of things to do, but heaven knew when. Ronnie wasn't working, but "The Yearling" went on and on like the brook, and was almost as watery. Night after night Jane would come home and wring the tears out of her lashes, having done nothing from nine to six but cry. Then all of a sudden, Clarence Brown said: "We finish tomorrow till retake time—"

All the way home, Janey laid her nets. Play it smart, baby. Remember, your guy's not the impulsive type. Give him a chance to mull it over, and you're sunk. Take him by storm and *maybe* you'll nail him down before he can wiggle out of it . . .

She breezed into the house. "Hi, Uncle Ronnie, how'd you like a drink? On account of we're celebrating. On account of I finish tomorrow and we're going to New York."

"Oh, we can't do that—"

"Give me one good reason, come on just one, see what did I tell you, you can't think of a single reason—" Before he could slip a word in, she was on the phone for reservations.

He didn't stop her. He even fell in with her plans—in a cool kind of way.

"But we've never been to New York together, Ronnie. How can you not get excited."

"I'll work up to it, honey—"

Shortly before they left, he seemed to catch fire. By the time their train pulled out, the blaze was warm enough to satisfy Jane. *"Now* aren't you glad I made you come?"

"Tickled pink," grinned Ronnie, who hadn't known till almost the last minute whether the studio'd let him go at all.

Now they've settled down to something like the pre-war routine. Workaday weeks. Long, lazy Sundays round the pool or fireplace, depending on the weather. Indoors or out, Mike keeps his mother on the jump. Either he's headed straight for her newplanted pansies or her best china. Friends drop in and stay for supper. Every second Sunday, when the maids are out, Jane rustles the food. "Aided," says Ronnie, "by our more talented guests."

When she's on a picture, Jane hardly ever goes out. If she does, it's to play gin rummy with Gracie Allen, while George and Ronnie take in the fights. Much more often, however, Ronnie's busy with the American Veterans Committee, being an active member of its executive

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board. On those evenings Jane hops into bed, has a tray sent up and plays with Maureen till that young lady's bedtime. Then she relaxes with a book. Or if there's a broadcast she wants to hear, picks up her knitting.

The pre-war routine? On the surface, yes. But in another sense, their old world's smashed as flat as Hiroshima. Always a thoughtful guy, the war hasn't made Ronnie less so, and Jane's kept pace with him. Out of the last six years he's brought a credo: That we have one great responsibility—to stop war. There are forces at work that don't want it stopped. It's up to us to fight them. Up to *you*, says Ronnie—not your neighbor or your congressman or the fellow who's got more time. You'll never give time to anything more important.

He's fighting through the American Veteran's Society, through speeches to clubs and civic bodies, all dealing with the plot against the peace. He's fighting with all his heart and strength, and sometimes with a touch of desperation—

A year ago he might have said: "I want Mike to live his life out—"

Jane might have said: "I don't want Maureen dying a thousand deaths while she waits for a man to come home from war—"

Now it's gone beyond that. "Now it's a simple choice," says Ronnie. "Either you leave your children a world at peace, or no world at all—"

The others who say: "We've got to have war because we've always had war—" Yes, they're strong and well-organized. But Ronnie thinks we're stronger. He thinks if we all pitch in for our Mikes and Maureens, we'll win the peace.

THAT HOPPER PARTY!

(*Continued from page 31*)

pieces. Barbie Hale is so crazy about hers that I think she even hated to take it off for a minute when someone asked to have a look at it. She came with Bill Williams, of course. He's the *one and only* in her life, and from their billing and cooing, it's gonna stay that way!

Frank squired Junie Haver, who looked good enough to eat in a straw bonnet with g-a-r-d-e-n-s of flowers blooming out of it. Liz Scott was Johnny Coy's date; Petey Lawford had Marilyn Maxwell. Mark Stevens, fresh from a personal appearance in San Francisco in connection with "From This Day Forward," watched over his pretty Annelle as if she were made of egg shells, making sure she sat in a soft chair and didn't move around too much. He wants the coming Stevens heir to have a good, strong momma. My son, Bill, and his cutie-pie wife, Jane, joined in the fun.

Guy Madison and Gail Russell gypped themselves out of a scrumptious dinner of chicken à la king and trimmings. They didn't realize the invitation meant dinner, too, and showed up just as the last piece of pastry was being stowed away.

It may surprise you to know that Liz Scott, who looks so slinky and languorous, is a terrific jitter-bugger! "Prince" Mike Romanoff sneaked away from his busy restaurant to say hello, and Liz got that fascinating man into a jitterbug routine that had the rafters fairly ringing with applause!

After gandering June Haver's bonnet, nothing would do but that the boys should put on a fashion show of some of the Hopper headpieces. After making their choices, they all lined up on the staircase presenting quite a picture.

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Naturally, the girls couldn't let the boys get away with all that glamor (?), so *they* invaded my hat closet and lined up on the stairs. Gail Russell couldn't make up her mind as to which hat she liked, so everyone started chanting, "Hustle your bustle, Russell."

Frank got the watch—and the works—right after that. Liz Scott blindfolded him, while a couple of the boys twisted his arms, for a gag, to make it look like one of those rough-and-tumble fraternity initiations. He kept laughing all through it, so they must have been pretty gentle.

fruit ap-peel . . .

The evening ended with all the Gruen winners competing in an apple peeling contest, the idea being to get the longest continuous peel. Everyone was laughing so hard, it's a wonder they didn't all lose. Johnny and Mark ate more apple than they peeled, but the Guy with the shortest peel was Madison.

Harry Revel is a numerology fan and before he left, I made him figure out Frank's fortune, as guest of honor. It came out very optimistically.

With that boy's charm, he's a cinch to have any and all wishes realized. If I were asked to sum up Frank in one word, I'd say, right off, "Charm."

And you don't have to be seeing him face-to-face to be charmed. Just listening to him talk is enough. Take the way he got the house he's living in now—in the midst of the housing shortage.

When he first came to Hollywood in the fall of 1943, he and his mother lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel for a couple of months and then they bought a house in Westwood. The following February, after doing one picture, "In The Meantime, Darling," Frank went into service and his mother went back to Darien, Connecticut, to be with his stepdad, Donald Tarpley, an architect. Frank decided it was extravagant to keep a big house up while he was at Fort Bliss, Texas, so he sold it. By the following November, he'd been given an honorable discharge because of sinus and asthma. Like everybody else, he started on the discouraging rounds of apartment hunting. No luck. Then he heard that Victor Stoloff, a pal of his who's a director at Columbia Studios, had signed a deal to do a couple of pictures in England. He called Stoloff at nine one morning to ask about sub-leasing his house. "Sure," Stoloff said, "but I'm supposed to be in England to start the picture next week and I can't get any transportation over there. So I may not go after all."

"I'll see what I can do," Frank said. He remembered reading in the papers a few days before that some of the members of the famed "Flying Tigers" squadron that had fought in China were setting up a private airline in California.

"Tell you what," they said in answer to his phone query. "Some veterans have started another airline out in the valley. Tell 'em we told you to call, and maybe you can charter a plane to New York."

He got the other airline on the phone. They had one plane and it was full up. It had been chartered by 25 Navy guys, and was due to take off in a couple of hours.

"Look," Frank explained, "I'm a homeless Hector. Won't you please make room for just one more person? If I can get him on your plane today, it means I've got a place to live." How could they resist? By noon, Victor Stoloff was on the plane with the Navy fellows, and Frank was moving into his house. Within three hours, the Latimore charm had hurdled two big shortages—housing and transportation.

A story Johnny Garfield told me about Frank makes me know that he doesn't take advantage of his winning ways. Both

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of them are active in the theater group out here called the Actor's Laboratory, where Johnny recently produced "A Bell for Adano." Johnny held auditions for the play, and he decided Frank was perfect for the part of the Navy lieutenant who finally gets the bell off a ship. Frank called Johnny aside.

"I'd love to do it," he said, "but I already have a contract. Maybe you ought to give the part to a newcomer who's trying to break into pictures and who needs this opportunity to be seen by talent scouts." Johnny thought that was one of the swellest things he'd ever heard!

All his life, there's been an aura of success around Frank, according to Lloyd Bridges, the blond Sgt. Ward of "A Walk in the Sun," who knew Frank "when"—since he was eleven years old and acted for Lloyd in a summer stock company and, later, was one of Lloyd's drama students at the Cherry Lawn High School in Darien.

Summers when Frank was a kid, he, his mother, and his older sister, Trista, would go from Darien to their summer place at Landgrove, Vermont. In nearby Weston was the Weston Playhouse, a summer stock company, which would call on Frank's mother, Mayo Thatch, who'd been a Broadway actress, to take parts. Frank and Trista would hang around the theater, taking it all in. Trista was the stage-struck one then, and Frank would watch rehearsals, and cue his mother and sister on their lines. After that first summer at Weston, Frank's mother got Lloyd Bridges the job of drama coach at Cherry Lawn, so he's had a good chance to know Frank.

A lot of theatrical people were living in or around Darien, and their children were appearing in plays at Cherry Lawn, so they attended the shows. Sam Behrman, the playwright, whose son, David, was a pal of Frank's, was so impressed with Frank's acting that he recommended him to Leah Salisbury, an agent in New York. One Saturday, Frank went down to New York and had a chat with her. His charm must have been working overtime that day because, without even seeing him act, she agreed to handle him.

This was during Frank's last year in high school. Sometime during April or May, he got a call from Miss Salisbury. "Can you get down to New York this weekend?" she wanted to know. "Bob Porterfield of the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, is in town casting people for this coming summer, and he's agreed to see you." Frank showed up at Porterfield's New York apartment and, after an audition, was okayed.

summons to fame . . .

How he kept his weight down that summer of 1942, Frank will never know. The Barter Theater is just what its name implies. It exchanges entertainment for food, a chicken getting you a seat right down in front. Once he heard a couple of townspeople discussing the show. "What's that coming to the Town Hall?" one of them asked. "Dunno," the other one replied. "I think it's like them picture shows, only they're real people."

Towards the end of that summer, Frank was appearing in the tryout of a new play, "No Boys Allowed." During rehearsal one day, a Western Union messenger boy showed up with a wire and a money order from Sam Behrman: "The Playwright's Company is casting Maxwell Anderson's 'Eve of St. Mark.' The enclosed is for a plane ticket to New York. If you get here on time, maybe there'll be a part in it for you."

Frank was on his way in nothing flat, but when he got there, they decided he was too young for the part. It was about a month short of his 17th birthday. Frank

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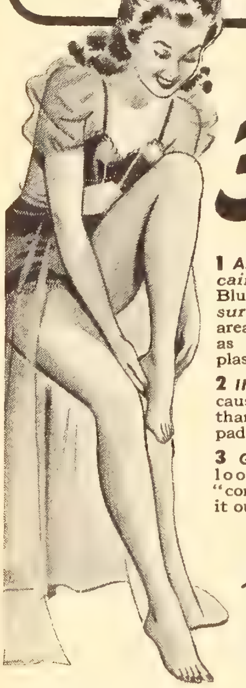

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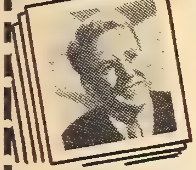

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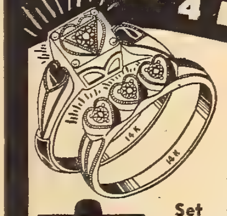

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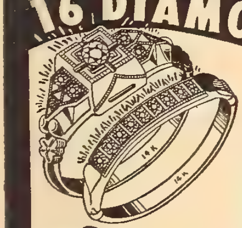

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was a very discouraged young man. But instead of loafing around home and nursing his grief, he started on the rounds of the casting agents for Broadway plays.

He had barely poked his nose into Sara Enright's office on 42nd Street, when he found himself on his way to Brock Pemberton's office on 44th Street, with a green slip in his hand, listing his name, past experience, and the part she was suggesting him for.

name twins . . .

Pemberton handed him a script of his new play, "Janie," pointed to some lines, and said, "Read them." Knowing he was up for his first Broadway part, Frank quaked in his shoes and he tried to control the nervous quiver in his voice. When he finished reading and handed the script back to Pemberton, his palms were moist with perspiration. Pemberton didn't say a word, just sat there meditatively smoking a big cigar. Frank didn't know whether to go or stay. After what seemed like an eternity, Pemberton said: "Okay. We'll let you know."

The next day Sara Enright phoned him at a friend's apartment in Greenwich Village. "You're in!" she annnounced. The part was practically a walk-on, but he was to understudy the part of Scooper Nolan, Janie's hometown boyfriend, who had all the laugh lines. That looked like a swell break. But Carl Gose, who played Scooper, was a healthy young man and Frank never got to do the part.

On September 10, 1942, 16-year-old Franklin Latimore Kline, Jr., as he was then known, had his first and only Broadway opening night, in "Janie" at the Henry Miller Theater. Tom Drake, incidentally, had the juvenile lead in it. The next day, Frank's name was mentioned in the reviews. An old vaudevillian, also named Frank Kline, suggested young Frank cease and desist from the use of the same name. So in the next week's Playbill, young Franklin Latimore Kline, Jr., became plain Frank Latimore.

Despite the brief time he was on stage each night in "Janie," two talent scouts, Joe Pincus of Twentieth Century-Fox, and a fellow from Warner's, took an interest in him. Warner's wanted him to come out to the coast for a few weeks and take extensive tests, all expenses and salary paid. Frank wisely profited from the experiences of other young actors who had been through that mill. They left New York in a blaze of glory and publicity, were turned down, and came back a month later as "flops" whom Hollywood had nixed. He was still young and wanted more solid stage experience—which was right up Twentieth's alley.

Talking it over with Howard Shelton, George Tobias' brother, Shelton said: "J. J. Leventhal is looking for people for 'Room Service' which he's sending around the subway circuit. Phil Loeb is playing the lead. I'll talk to him about you." Frank got the part of Leo Davis, the playwright (that's the same part another Frank—Sinatra—played in "Step Lively," a musical version of "Room Service"), and left the cast of "Janie." For several months, he toured the subway circuit.

During a scene in "Room Service," Frank's pals in the play were supposed to try to pull off his trousers, against his will. One night he forgot to wear his shorts and fought the pants-snatching with such gusto that the audience burst into applause. "If I can ever repeat the sincerity of that performance, I'll win an Oscar," he says.

When these tours were over, he got the break he'd been hoping for—a few weeks on Broadway with a long part, as Larry Field in "Dark Eyes," and then a tour

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around the country, *not* the subway circuit.

A week after the play quit Broadway and took to the road, starting at New Haven, Frank was asked to come to the 20th-Fox offices in New York for a screen test. He was asked to prepare any material he liked. He chose selections from "Those Endearing Young Charms." For the part, he had to wear a uniform, and it was that uniform that later got him his first screen role!

For, one day, Lew Schreiber, who's in charge of talent at Twentieth, called. "Otto Preminger has just seen the test you made, wearing an Army uniform, in New York. You're the man for the lead in his next picture, 'In The Meantime, Darling,' about Army wives near their husbands' camps."

During the shooting schedule, Frank and comedian Stanley Prager had to go to Camp Cooke, California, on location. They spent all their spare time ducking around corners to avoid meeting other soldiers head-on. Dressed as lieutenants, every GI or officer they met expected either to salute them, or *be* saluted by them!

At that time, Frank was seeing a lot of Audrey Long, the RKO starlet. Everyone thought it was serious, but Frank explained: "We're only good relatives." He had played Audrey's brother on Broadway in "Dark Eyes," her fiancé in "Let Us Be Gay," and her brother-in-law in another play both of them prefer to forget! He's dated Junie Haver, Jeanne Crain before she upped and eloped, Anabel Shaw, Nancy Guild. Romance isn't on his calendar right now, he says. He feels he has a long, long way to go to become a really fine actor, and that's uppermost in his mind.

charm, incorporated . . .

Before his mother went back east, she got him a Negro maid, Louella, who comes in four days a week. She's leaving soon to get married and he's praying he can get another gem like her. He dreads the thought of eating out every night in the week. When he does feel like dining out, Chinese food at the Beachcomber is his idea of something special.

When he came up to me to say goodnight and thanks the night of the party, Frank looked at his Gruen and then at me: "Gee, you certainly know what time it is, Hedda," he said.

And if that isn't one of the most deftly turned compliments I've ever had, I'll eat my hats—well, one of them, anyway. Didn't I say the boy had charm? It'll take him far.

ED SULLIVAN

(Continued from page 62)

completely. But they didn't know Frank.

I said that perhaps Sinatra would do it, for the cause of selling War Bonds. When I got back to New York, I telephoned Frank at the Paramount Theater, explained the setup, outlined the necessity for it. He looked at his schedule. He had to get back to the Coast. He had to make an appearance at Cleveland.

"Okey-doke" said Sinatra, "I'll go to Richmond."

Time and again, he's done similar things, and I think that the reason for his generosity traces back to his start in show business when he won an audition on Major Bowes' program. That was in 1936, and on that eventful night, the wheel of fortune came up with his name. He sang "Night and Day," and won a 40-week vaudeville tour. It sounded better than it actually turned out to be, because the Major was never an easy man with a dol-

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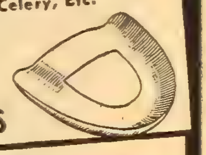

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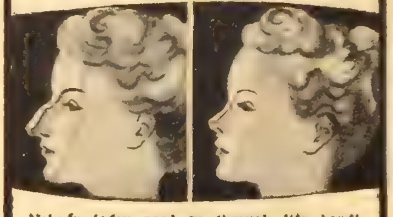

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lar, and Sinatra's wage, for 35 shows a week, was exactly $60.

Then, in the Rustic Cabin, he got $20 a week, but during those early, heartbreaking weeks, Sinatra learned about show business. He learned that it wasn't all beer and skittles, that show business could be mean and grimy. Compressed into those early months was a liberal education, the sort of education that troupers of the stage gained in stock companies of the old days. So when Sinatra became a star, he had the background of a performer to shape his judgments, and that background has flavored every decision he's made since.

If he's superstitious at all, Frank believes that his luckiest season is Christmas. It was Christmas, 1939, that Frank was signed by Tommy Dorsey; it was Christmas, 1942, that Frank clicked as a single on the New York Paramount stage; and it was in the Christmas season that Sir Stork arrived for the first time at the Sinatra house. When Nancy was three years old, Sir Stork arrived again, a little after Christmas, Jan. 10, 1944, with Frank, Jr.

Sinatra has become a great symbol to the youngsters of America. He's their champ. It is reflected whenever he appears—the kids get a certain look in their eyes. He is Young America, with a bow tie. They get a kick out of his success. They exit from theaters in a high mood after seeing his "The House I Live In."

So the Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN silver plaque crystallized all of these things. You don't have much room for writing, on a silver plaque, but when Nancy grows up, and Frank, Jr., is at college, I want them to know that these are the qualities which won that plaque for their Dad.

Now for the award to Jack Benny!

You have heard before, and probably are bored to death with the radio legend, that Jack Benny made his first radio appearance on a program I was doing for Gerardine. From that first program with me, he vaulted to radio stardom, and let me tell you something: He was a "natural" in any medium of entertainment.

Let it be set down for the record that Jack Benny was a terrific money maker in vaudeville and Broadway musical comedy when he determined on a radio career. The verb "determined" is used advisedly. Benny took a holiday from the stage, where he was in the weekly four figure brackets, and told me that he was going to concentrate on radio. "I think my style of comedy will click over the mike," he said, earnestly.

Let it also be set down for the record, and to settle all discussion as to whether Jack or his writers have been responsible for his success, that Benny ALWAYS used the same comedy formula. He was always in the role of the patsy, imposed upon by his colleagues, heckled by the other members of the cast. I'm not guessing about this—because on that very first program with me, Jack Benny established himself as a patsy. That was 15 years ago, and I can still hear his opening line:

"This is Jack Benny. There will be a ten-second pause while the country says: 'Who cares?'"

It is difficult for me to give you any viewpoint, other than the viewpoint of a friend, about Jack Benny. Through the years, like old wine, Benny improves with age. He is still the same unaffected, genial, loyal guy I knew when we first met. He is still inclined to doze off in his living room chair, in the middle of a party He is still the greatest "audience" any other comic ever has had, and he's taken me to all sorts of queer little dives to listen to some youngster whose work he enjoys.

Giving the Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN silver plaque to Jack Benny was one of the pleasantest jobs ever assigned to me. Mentally, I've been giving him silver plaques ever since I've known him.

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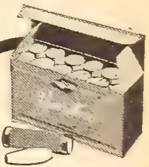

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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

you've learned to relax with boys, your worries about saying the wrong thing, about being stuck, about being an eventual old maid, will be over.

You're Scared of Being Different: All of you are so desperately anxious to be just like everyone else—in hairdo, in clothes, in everything. When for one reason or another, you can't conform to the pattern, you are absolutely miserable. Maybe you haven't as much money as the rest of the kids, and consequently you have fewer clothes or your house isn't as big as theirs. You can learn how to sew—either at school or at the Y. W. or from your mom, and you can make yourself wonderful blouses and dresses for a song. As for your house, as long as you can have fun in it, the kids don't care if it *is* on the wrong side of the tracks. Be warm and hospitable and unapologetic, and watch everyone have a peachy time. Maybe you're embarrassed because your parents don't speak English well. For the love of Pete, who cares? Maybe you have a physical defect that makes you different from the other kids; a limp or a bad heart or a paralysis. You brood over it constantly until you set up a barrier between yourself and the other kids. Granted that your physical flaw is terribly unfortunate, let us see how it can be minimized. Remember that to no one is it as terrible as it is to you. If you can talk about it unself-consciously, even a little humorously, treating it as no more than a darned nuisance, the rest of the world is going to think of it that way, too. You may develop an ability to sketch or to write. You can read up on sports so that you can hold up your end of a baseball argument. You can dabble in fortune telling and palmistry and keep the gang amused by the hour. You can learn to make a full life within your capabilities, so that in time people will forget that they ever thought you different at all.

* * *

Has this been very heavy going, kids? We'll make up for it next month when we talk about summer romances. If you've any sort of problem at all, we'd love to lend a hand. So-oooo, put it in writing and mail it off to Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

. . . CUTEST PER-SON-AL-ITY!

(*Continued from page 57*)

practically an all-time record in Hollywood. But Ross even collected a compliment from Greta Garbo—and that about cinches it.

By now, Ross goes to every party in town, and at one the Divine Swede floated in. She has been Ross' dream woman since babyhood, so he did everything but wrestle his host for an introduction. Finally he wangled it. The host led him up. "Miss Garbo," he said, "I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine, Ross Hunter."

"Hel-lo," said Greta.

Ross couldn't even squeak. He just made a gasping noise. But he had a million things he wanted to say, so he asked the host to do it over again. He'd get hold of himself this time and make snappy talk.

So they went through the introduction the second time—but it was just the same. Ross gagged like a sick chicken. Garbo looked him over coolly, then smiled.

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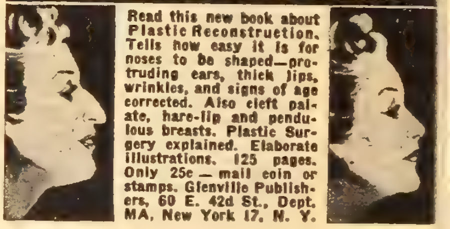

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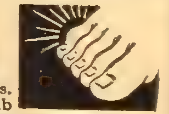

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"Well," she said, "it's too bad he can't talk. But he's very pretty anyway!"

He was a whiz kid from the start. Back in Cleveland, Ohio, Ross had his own radio program when he was only eight years old, and before that the local newspapers were doing stories on "The Kid the Neighbors Liked," as they called him. Because it all began when moppet Marty Fuss started showing off around his block, and instead of wanting to swat him with a skillet, the neighbors actually looked, listened and hollered for more.

He was Martin Fuss then. It's German and you pronounce it "Foose," like in "Moose." Just the same, Marty got tagged "Fussy" and "Fuss-Button" around the school yard, just as he got kidded in Hollywood when he first arrived. They still call him five or six different things around Hollywood, where he draws his check, because when they were digging for a glamor name everybody had a gag suggestion. The wardrobe department came up with "Bruce Fuce" and the makeup gang suggested "Russ Fuss," and today Ross is still "Bruce" and "Russ" when he walks in those places.

Anyway, Marty raised quite a fuss (excuse it, please!) when he started singing around the house in Cleveland. The milkman and the iceman and the delivery boys ganged up on the back steps and the neighbors hung out the windows, because the kid was good. Ross loved the idea himself, and thus encouraged, he'd climb up on the garage roof and give out with song and orations for clusters of kids until his folks would have to pull him down to supper. These neighborhood one-kid clambakes got noised around and when the newspapers wrote him up, all the neighbors told Russ' mama—"you ought to take that talented boy straight out to Hollywood!"

murder, he said . . .

He used to lock himself in his room and act out "Tom Sawyer" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" all by himself. He'd organize his chums and stage colossal productions with Ross as star, of course. Even when he played the usual childhood games, he had to get dramatic about it. Once, for instance, Ross remembers he was playing hide-and-seek, when he ducked injudiciously into a doghouse. Five outraged mutts bit the pants off him. He limped out and poured a bottle of peroxide on his wounds and of course, it foamed up.

"Hydrophobia!" cried Ross. "I'm dying!" So, instead of telling his mama, he called up a funeral parlor and told them to come get him. By the time they had arrived, Ross had written flowery farewells to all his pals and sweeties, relatives and friends, and even willed all his kiddie treasures. He had ready all the plans for the kind of funeral he wanted when the undertaker arrived. Only by then, of course, his folks found out, chased off the morticians, and gave Ross a sound whacking.

The radio program sopped up some of the show-off energy young Ross packed. It was over station WJAY in Cleveland. He won it through an amateur night contest. He sang a sugary song, "My Mom," and that was enough. It made him star of a fifteen-minute show that lasted six months. They called it "Over the Coffee Cups," and eight-year-old Ross warbled out such drippy numbers as "A Cottage For Sale," "Old Playmates," and "When the Leaves Come Tumbling Down." But he wowed the customers, and after that an RKO Circuit kiddie revue signed him on for a theater tour to sing and tap dance.

Then his dad handed Ross a body blow after the RKO tour. "That's all of this kiddie career business," said he, slamming his foot right down. "You get a solid education, my boy—that's the important thing right now." So the precocious show business splurge ended for Ross Hunter

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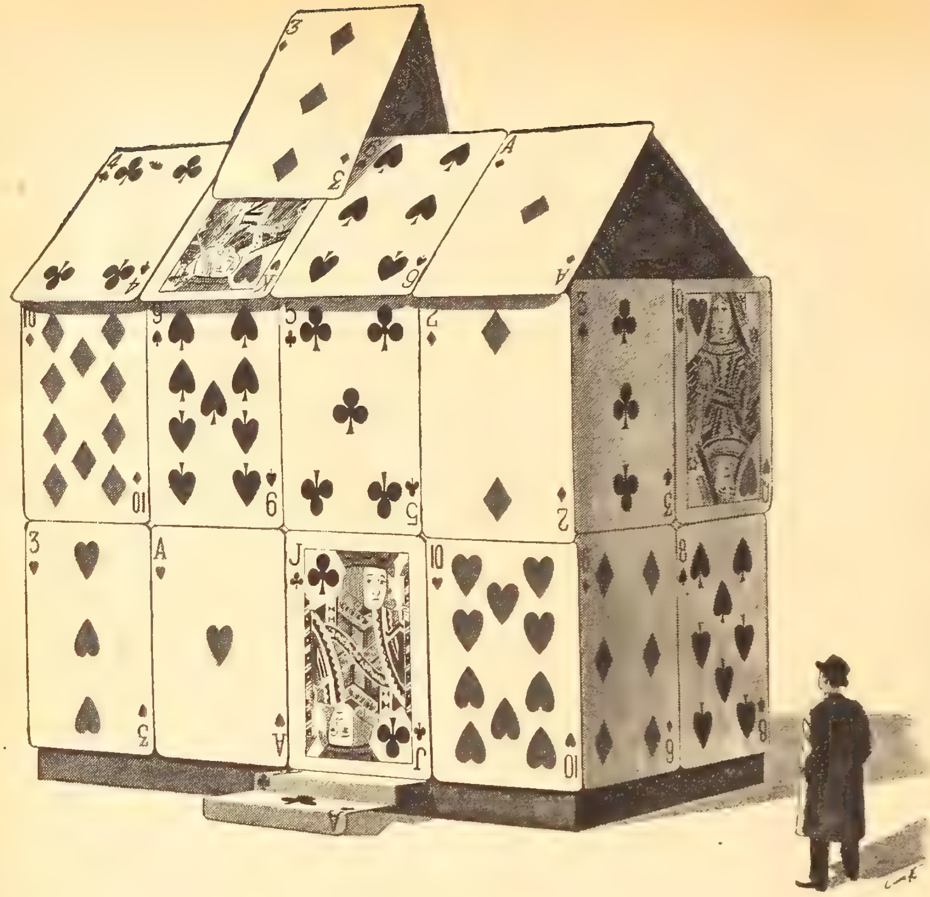

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and he's been thankful for that ever since. Because with his supercharged way of going about things, he might have ended up a tired old trouper at twenty. Instead, he buckled down to being an honor student in school.

Ross can rattle off both German and Spanish like a native today, and the funny part is, neither of his parents spoke a word. He learned it all in school, but Cleveland was progressive that way. The public schools started the kids off young in languages. That's a thing that has come in handy for Ross, by the way. When he went into the Army, they snapped him right up as an interpreter and he worked out on some German war prisoners and generally made himself useful in Intelligence. He's put the Spanish to good use, too, around Hollywood, where there's a large Mexican population. Ross buzzed out on some war bond tours and did a super salesman job in the Spanish sections around Hollywood, because he could give them a sales talk right in their own lingo.

Ross has fifty or more plays under his belt today—and every one in a Little Theater group. He was president of the drama society at Glenville High and head of the Glenville Players. He carried on through college with the Cleveland Players, the Eldred Players—a campus outfit at his alma mater, Western Reserve—the Fawn Drama Guild, the Cain Park Players, National Collegiate Players and a bunch more. He ran the gamut—and not from A to B, either—doing musicals, comedy, operetta, heavy drama, doing things like "Broadway," "The American Way," "Outward Bound," "Death Takes a Holiday," "Liliom," "The Male Animal" and "Too Many Girls"—about all the hits written.

girls, girls, girls . . .

They all added up to fun for Ross, too—although he was no one-sided drama school drip. He played baseball, basketball, tennis and handball and got around plenty with the girls. Maybe that was the trouble.

Because very early in the saga of Ross Hunter you run into—swooners. Yep, that's the thing that's badgered Ross all the way along. He's not quite sure how it all began, but he remembers even in high school plays the drama society gave, when he got into a kissing scene the females would stomp on the floor and squeal.

Anyway, Ross managed to keep his feet firmly on the ground all through this teen-age worship. In fact, a couple of times he went out of his way to make things tough for himself. When he enrolled in Western Reserve, for instance, his sober-headed dad came up with an idea. "If you'll prove to me you can work your way through college," he challenged Ross, "I'll pay you back all it adds up to when you graduate."

"You're on," grinned Ross. He knew Papa Fuss had enough sugar to send him through, but the idea intrigued him. So he landed a soda jerking job in Cleveland—that's where Western Reserve is—and when that palled, he quit and took a barker's job in front of a Cleveland movie house. That was more down his extrovert alley, because he got a lot of resplendent gold braided uniform and the opportunity to bellow out in a pontifical voice, "Now showing—that stupendous, colossal, drama of love on fire in the jungle—" and stuff like that. Ross knew the names of every star in Hollywood—although he'd never been there—and every part they'd ever played. Or so he thought.

He popped off about this talent to the manager when he landed his movie house job and pretty soon he was on the spot. "Fine," glowed the manager, "I've got a great idea." He set Ross up in the lobby as a Hollywood see-all-know-all to ballyhoo the picture. The idea was: Ask this

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wizard any movie question and if you stump him—you get in free. Well, the crowd loved that—but poor Ross found out he didn't know as much as he thought he did. He got stumped plenty and crowds of free customers poured in until the house just about went broke.

But in spite of this faux-pas, he rose to usher, head usher, and assistant manager. And he managed the place before he got out of college.

Ross majored in dramatics, naturally, at Western Reserve. He took all the standard courses and played the lead in every play the Eldred Players produced. And when he was only eighteen, Hollywood first made a pass at Ross. That was when he played "Broadway" and New York talent scouts from half a dozen Hollywood studios showed up to scout it. That's how good a rep those little amateur dramatic goings-on around Cleveland pack. Paramount came right out with a contract offer to Ross and he teetered dangerously then. But again Papa Fuss said, "Nothing doing. You finish college." And again Ross is glad he did. Because, besides drama, he took a teaching course, and he's still got his teacher's certificate—just in case Hollywood doesn't like him so well in the future.

personality prof . . .

So he got a prof's job at his old high school, Glenville, teaching English and dramatics, decided to be a sobersides, save his money and wait for the call to colors. It was a peaceful prospect, but those gals again! They sat at their desks and made sheep's eyes and sighed until Ross tired of repeating questions. They left mash notes on his desk. They called him up at home. Ross doubts if anybody learned much, but he had some fun, in spite of the swooners. He staged a play with the high school faculty called "Love Rides the Rails." It was no Pulitzer Prizer, but it wowed the kids in Cleveland. Just getting a look at their teachers making clowns of themselves on the stage was big box office, and Ross collected enough dollars from that to pay for a public address system.

That's one thing about Ross Hunter. No matter where he is or what he's up to, he manages to get a show production going somewhere. A couple of months after school let out, he got one of those familiar "Greetings" from Uncle Sam. So Private Martin Fuss, U.S.A., got shifted around from here to there in his personnel and intelligence work. But wherever he landed, pretty soon the GIs were putting on a show and Private Fuss was the boss man.

He stirred up a play group right away at Camp Rosford in Toledo, Ohio, and put an all-whisker cast through "The Women." You can imagine what a riot that was, with those soldier muggs swishing and kittening through Clare Boothe's screamy satire. He worked with the U.S.O. on a bunch of other camp shows, too, and then with nothing to do with himself at night, Ross traveled into Toledo and acted with the Toledo Playhouse. That added up to Hollywood bite Number Two. And this time the talent scouts came all the way from New York to see nobody but Private Fuss in the Playhouse's production of "Jason." Ross was pretty flattered and when they all said, "Let us know when you get out of the Army; we'll make a test," he thought that was pretty okay.

But before he ever got around to that, Ross spent almost two years in uniform—until a nasty spill in an obstacle course cracked him up a bit and they gave him a medical discharge. Broadway got postponed even after he had his "ruptured duck," because there was a bad teacher shortage at home. Glenville High beckoned again and Ross answered. This time he thought he'd grown old and sedate enough to have some awesome dignity

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that would scare the swooners out of their bobby socks. Was he wrong!

He even grew a fuzzy blond mustache and put on massive horn-rimmed cheaters this time to make him feel ancient and forbidding. It didn't work.

It was pretty awful. The brazen swooners mobbed him in the halls and thought up all kinds of scandalous romantic tricks. But what did it was when they got behind a band and paraded up and down in the high school halls with banners emblazoned, "Down with Sinatra—Up with Fuss!"

old, cold romeo . . .

The principal called Ross then. "I'd like to talk with you, Mister Fuss," he said. "Uh-ha—you're a very good teacher, and the Lord knows we need teachers," sighed that worthy. "But certainly you understand we can't have this sort of thing going on."

Ross got it. It was a polite way of being canned.

He transferred to a boy's reform school next—and that was a mistake. He had to spend most of his days wrestling the pupils. The kid's last fight took place at another co-ed school in a factory district and it was the same old story with the swoons. Class barriers didn't mean a thing to that Ross Hunter appeal. He finally decided he'd better get into another profession—until he grew old and cold—and that's how Ross happened to take a crack at Broadway. As usual, he rigged up a hard way bet. This time his older sister, Fritz, also a teacher, figured out the forfeit. She bet brother Ross $100 that he couldn't take that amount to New York and make it last until he landed a Broadway job.

Well, that was one bet Ross lost. He took the century note and braved the Big City for the first time on a Christmas leave from his hectic prof's desk. It was a nutty thing to do, but Ross is a little teched at times. Or maybe he was still dramatizing himself, which is more likely. Anyway, he holed up in a tiny room on West 79th Street and stormed Broadway like a hurricane. But they took the wind out of the wonder boy all right, all right. Ross never even got inside a producer's office and pretty soon he was living on orange juice and hot dogs.

He finally got his foot inside Radio City, and when he proved he could be four different voices in one show, playing everything from a treble-voiced tot to a bass old man, he was in. That brought on Hollywood Bite Number Three—the one that sent Hunter to Movieland at last.

He was auditioning for a Cornelia Otis Skinner show when a flock of those New York studio scouts swarmed into the show —not to scout Ross Hunter at all, but a younger radio actress. They forgot her when they saw their old playmate from Toledo and Cleveland. Columbia, Twentieth Century, Paramount, International and Warner scouties all chorused, "When did you get out of the Army?" So Ross found himself in a scout scramble, but Columbia came up first with a test. Ross turned on the charm in a love scene from "The Eve of St. Mark" and then went back to Cleveland and his pupils. He had a contract there, too, that needed two weeks notice to drop. No sooner had he put back on his horn-rimmed glasses than the wire came. "Your test a big success. Contract at your price on the way. Report Hollywood two weeks." So that's what Ross did, to a chorus of schoolgirl groans.

For a long time Ross was called "1035" around Columbia, the production number of "Louisiana Hayride." That Martin Fuss monicker made the studio big shots wince —so until they decided on "Ross Hunter" they'd just yell at him—"Hey, 1035—you're in the next shot." He soon discovered, too, that those vague allusions the Columbia people muttered in New York about playing with Rita Hayworth in "Tonight and Every Night" were pipe dreams. But you can't keep a Personality down. "Louisiana Hayride" may not have advanced the art of the cinema, but clowning with Canova, Ross looked plenty swoony.

He got his unique personality over in every B that followed, and maybe you've never heard of half of them, but just the same, Ross drags in those 2,000 fan letters every week now and last Christmas he bagged 3,000 presents from his admirers.

That's just a sample of the Hunter hex on celluloid. In person, you can double that in spades. When Ross Hunter arrived in Hollywood a little over two years ago, he didn't know one soul in town. Today his phone rings like a five-alarm fire from dawn to midnight and what he needs most is a social secretary.

Like I say, I can't go to a party anywhere but what I run smack into the big lug, surrounded by pals and their pretties. He's got a friendliness you can't resist that's genuine, and it's not always aimed at Those Who Count—although Ross is a natural politician, too. But I'm thinking of the night not so long ago when he ducked into Ciro's with Janie Withers on his arm. A couple of girl fans came up for his autograph.

"Gee," said one, "it must be wonderful in Ciro's." Well, Ross knew it was just another bar and night club, but he knew what glamor would make it to a girl's eyes. "Come in with us and have dinner," he boomed, cracking the grin. That's Jane's kind of a trick, too, so they took them both in and although the girls were both so excited they couldn't eat a bite, they had the time of their lives.

Ross is one star I know who is actually nutty about his fans, by the way. He can't sometimes understand how come they like him, since he's never been in a big picture, and that makes him twice as grateful. He corralled all his local Hollywood fans on the last picture he made, "Out of the Depths," herded them on to the set and tossed them a big luncheon at Columbia. He sets aside three hours every day to wade through his stack of mail and answer them personally. He's got one of the hottest fan clubs in the country and he sits up nights writing poems for their paper, "Hunter Highlights."

He plays the field in the romance department—he'd have to; the girl who went steady with rambling Ross would wear herself to a frazzle—and right now it's a circuit between Audrey Totter, Louise Albritton, Diana Lynn, Adele Jergens and pretty Mickey Kies. But Ross has dozens more, and because everybody likes him, Ross has been "married" more times in the gossip columns than any young stag in town. To Jane Withers, to Sally Bliss, to Adele Jergens, to a half-dozen others.

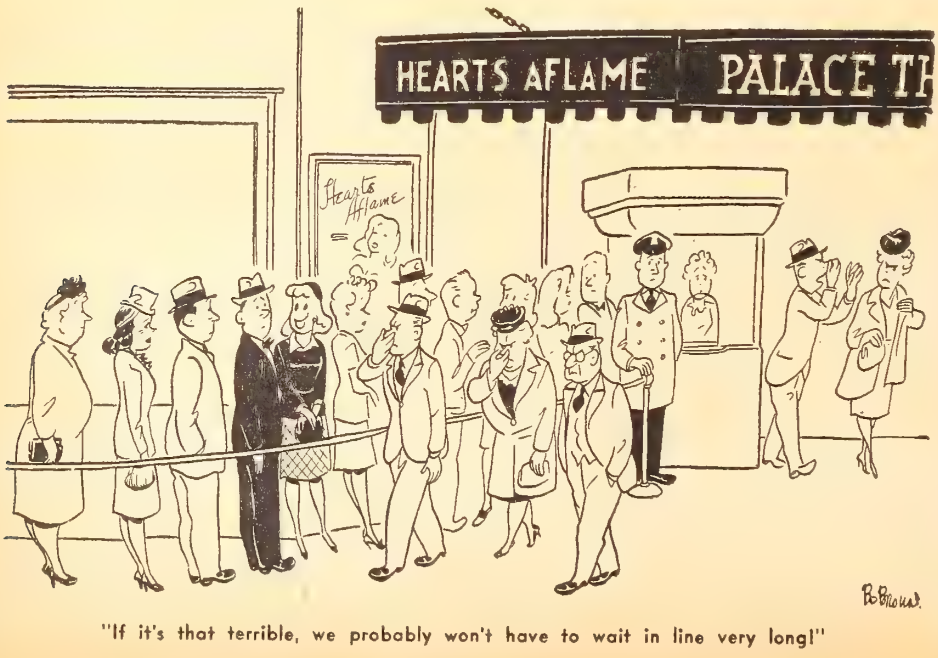
Ross still lives in the hotel room where he landed the day he hit Hollywood. It's at the Plaza Hotel, right smack at Hollywood and Vine, the heart of Movieland, and it suits him fine. There's enough room to store his 150 loud sport shirts and his symphony and boogie classics which keep the neighbors awake.

hey-hey burner . . .

But Ross isn't really at home long enough to get claustrophobia in a hotel cubbyhole. He's either at his best pal, Andy Russell's, place or Kurt Kreuger's, or Sonny Tuft's or somewhere, playing charades or cooking up a crazy act of some kind. He whirls his girls around all over town hunting his favorite dish, Mexican food, usually ending up at the Spanish Kitchen or on Olvera Street. He's also a nut on ballet and any kind of a dance act that comes to town is a must with Ross. He's not a regular night clubber, but when he does take in a Hollywood spot, Ross gets his money's worth. He doesn't smoke and he doesn't drink—his biggest weaknesses are gooey ice cream sundaes—so he has plenty of high calorie energy to work off. Tennis, sailboating, bowling and the other sporting events he loves can't use it up.

He went into Mocambo one night with Jane Withers, where Emil Coleman had a stunt of playing numbers and handing out champagne to couples who matched them with the proper dance. Up came a baffling rhythm, but Ross grinned confidently and dragged Jane out on the floor. He made it rock with some exotic gyrations and he won his case of champagne. It was one nobody certainly had ever heard of and it's a cinch you haven't either—a Bohemian *czaratska*—and let's hope that's the way you spell it. Ross knew it because he had a Bohemian pal back in Cleveland. The things that guy can do! Keep your eye on Ross Hunter—he'll do fine!

MODERN SCREEN



"If it's that terrible, we probably won't have to wait in line very long!"

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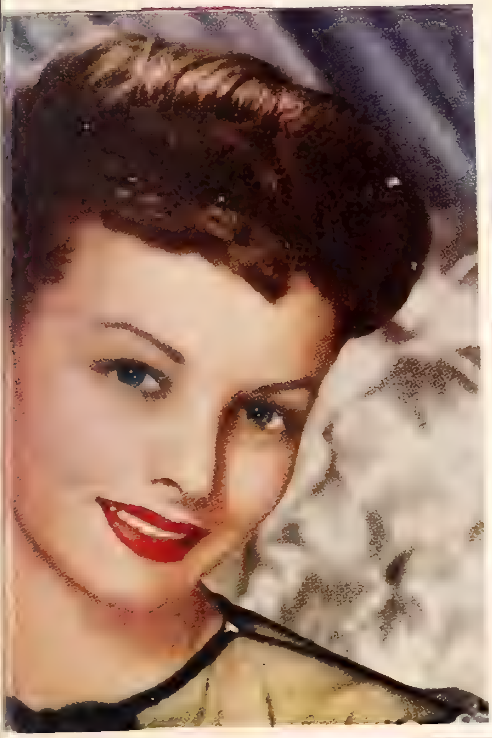

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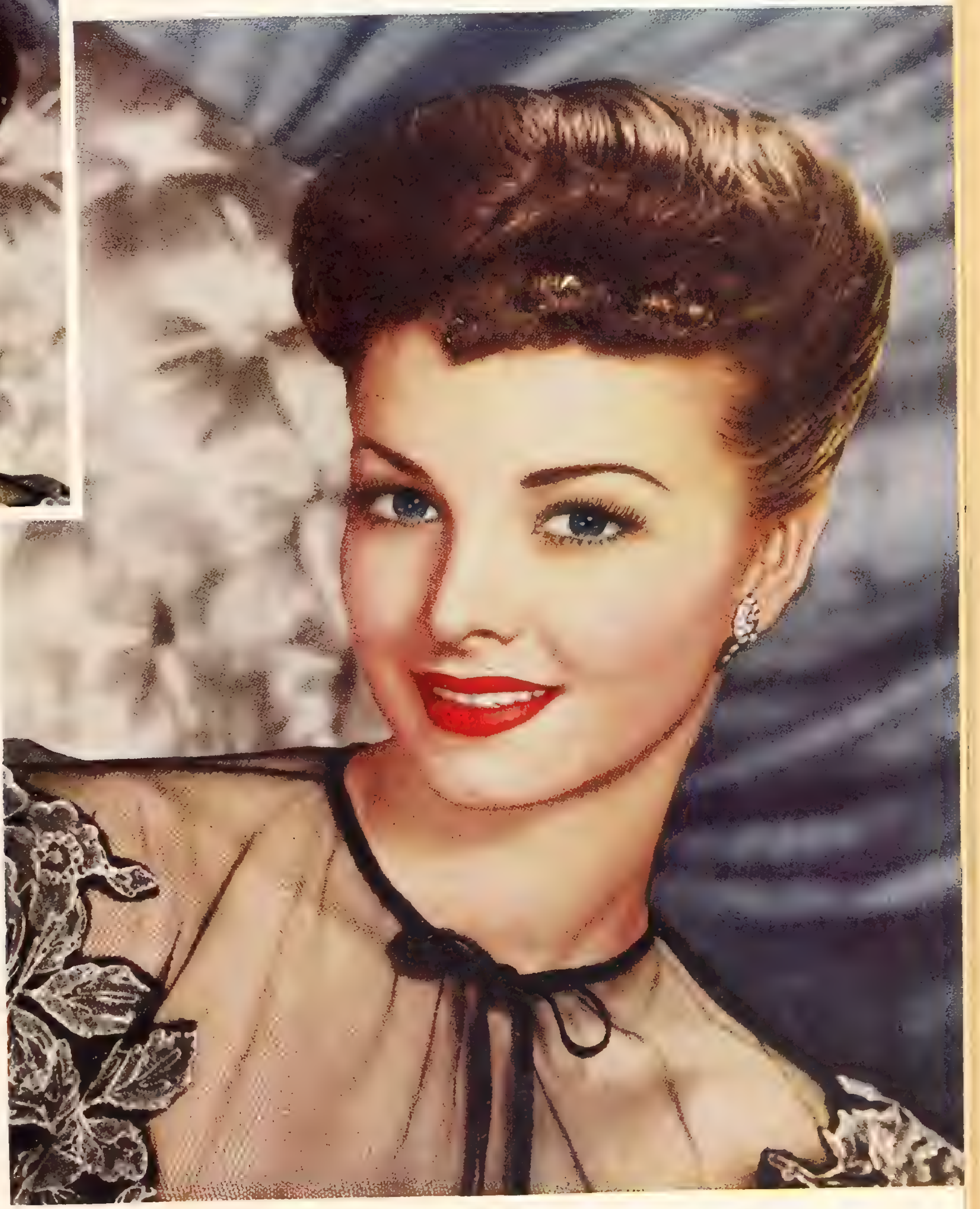

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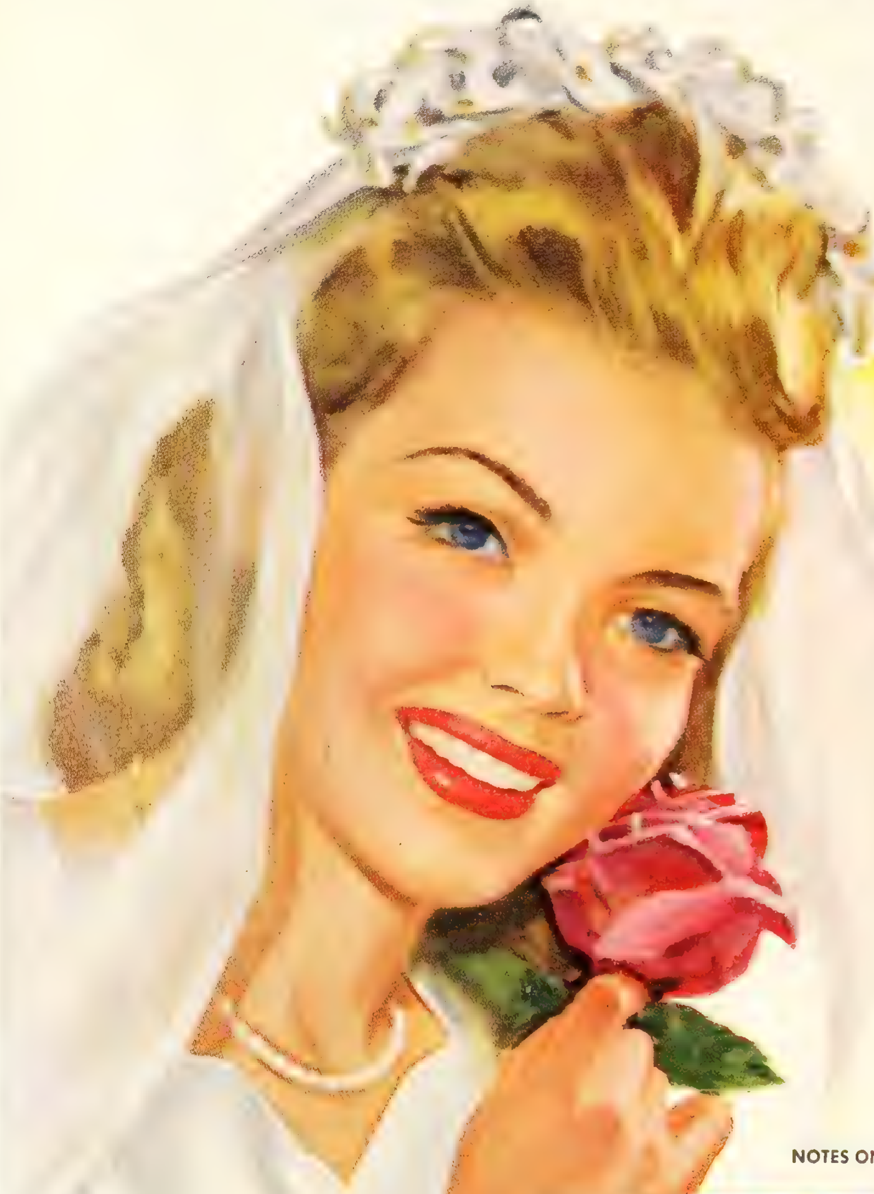

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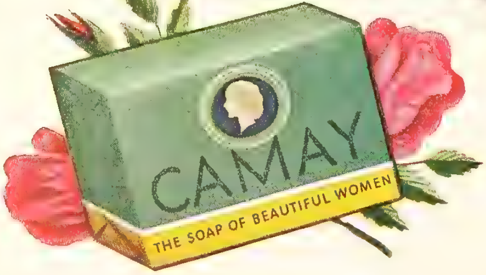
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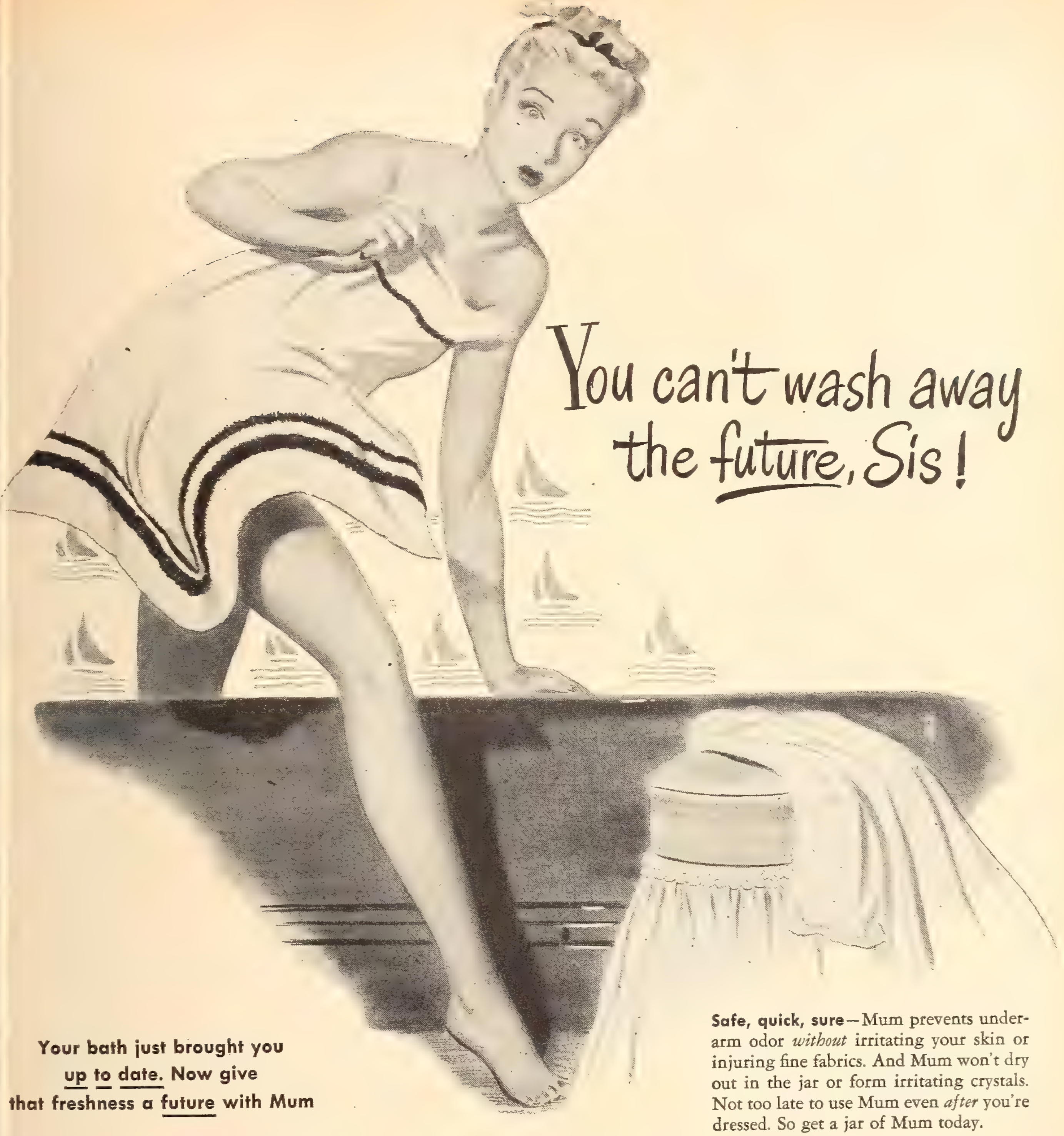
Cherish Camay—use every sliver. Precious materials go into making soap.

Gay goings-on at the Greers'! And the fresh beauty of this charming hostess rates applause. "Russ often compliments my complexion—thanks to *mild* Camay care!" So Gloria promises, "to *keep* my skin winning praises, I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." You can make *your* skin lovelier, too! Every Camay wrapper tells you how.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★ ★ ★ ★

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Yes, Van sings, dances and romances with *two* of Hollywood's glamour-girls—Esther Williams and Lucille Ball.

★ ★ ★ ★

And with Keenan Wynn to round out an unbeatable foursome, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laughfest to come rippling your way.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has given it a grand supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez, Ben Blue—and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Easy to Wed" is easy to take. A lot of credit goes to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings. And to Dorothy Kingsley who adapted it from the screenplay "Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer.

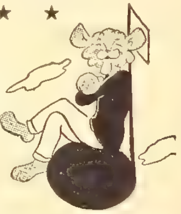
★ ★ ★ ★

It's not easy to top such musicals as "Anchors Aweigh" or "The Harvey Girls."

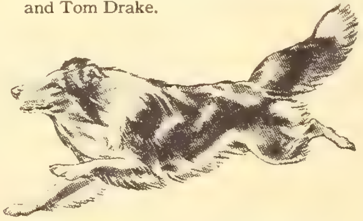
★ ★ ★ ★

But "Easy" does it!

—*Leo*



BARGAIN PORTRAIT! Paul Bransom, famous painter, has done a magnificent new color portrait of Lassie. It was inspired by Lassie's new Technicolor film, "Courage of Lassie," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan and Tom Drake.



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modern screen

AUGUST, 1946

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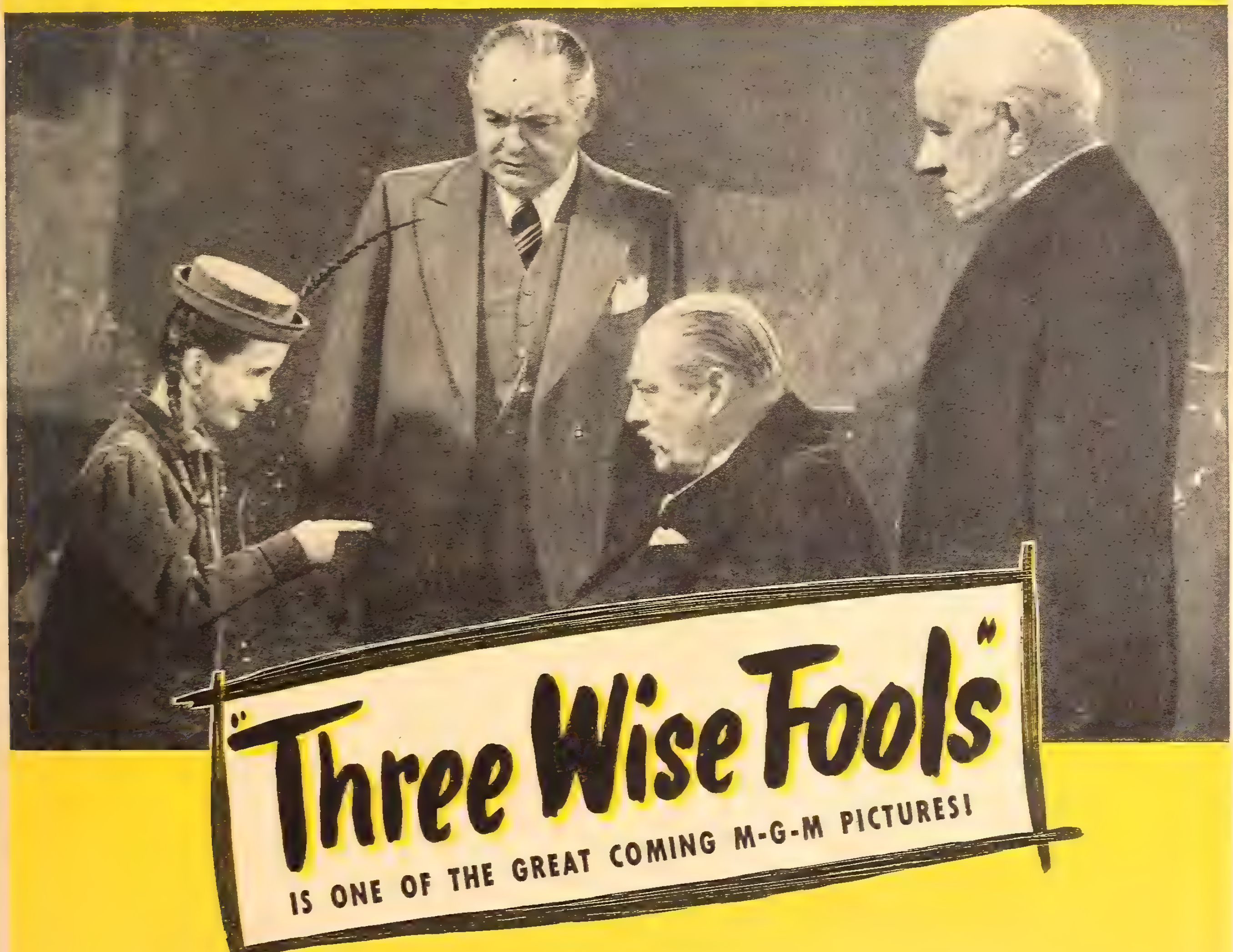
THROUGHOUT HOLLYWOOD

the talk today is about an M-G-M picture that will probably win prizes and trophies and acclaim for its very sincere, warm and human story. It's called THREE WISE FOOLS and it tells of a little Irish-girl-with-a-brogue (played by Margaret O'Brien) who brings a flood of sunshine into the lives of three hard-bitten bachelors. It is so rich with laughter and tears that for years to come it will be enjoyed again and again by millions of Americans.



"Three Wise Fools"

IS ONE OF THE GREAT COMING M-G-M PICTURES!

M-G-M presents "THREE WISE FOOLS" with Margaret O'BRIEN • Lionel BARRYMORE • Lewis STONE • Edward ARNOLD • Ray Collins
Jane Darwell • Charles Dingle • Cyd Charisse • Harry Davenport and Thomas MITCHELL • Screen Play by John McDERMOTT and James O'HANLON • Story by John McDermott
Based Upon the Play by Austin Strong • Staged by Winchell Smith • Presented by John Golden • Directed by Edward Buzzell • Produced by William H. Wright • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PICTURE
of the
MONTH

FANNIE

HURST

SELECTS

"CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"

■ In a blaze of "Bernard Shawiana," superb photography and panoramic dazzle, "Caesar and Cleopatra" have arrived in the celluloid; bag, baggage and clatter of magnificent trappings.

No spectacular circus ever thundered more portentously into town than Caesar and his goings-on. This G.C.F. Technicolor presentation of Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," starring Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains, is scenarioed by the author, and produced and directed by Gabrial Pascal.

After you have seen it, hold on to your sense of direction when you leave the motion picture theater, because it is going to take you quite some time to get down to earth sufficiently to figure out in what direction lies your bus line home.

For two hours you will have been transplanted to the bleached desert sands of Egypt, moving in the immense shadow of the Sphinx.

All hail Claude Rains' imperial performance as Julius Caesar! This artist, who once played a tenement father in one of my own motion pictures, is brilliantly authentic, at least to this reviewer's concept of the head on the Roman coin. From the moment of his entry into the picture, where he faces the stunningly dramatic Sphinx under a star-spangled desert sky, he sets the pace for an unfalteringly first rate performance.

And what

(*Continued on page* 8)

Dreams of great conquest tempted rulers of centuries ago. Brittanus (Cecil Parker) watches as Caesar (C. Rains) and Cleopatra (V. Leigh) plot to conquer the world.

Let's Celebrate!

. . . a summertime of joyous romance!
. . . a screen full of stars and spectacle!
. . . a story full of glorious new Kern songs!

JEANNE
CRAIN
as starry-eyed JULIA!

CORNEL
WILDE
as fascinating PHILIPPE!

LINDA
DARNELL
as sultry EDITH!

WILLIAM
EYTHE
as good old BEN!

JEROME KERN'S

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

IN TECHNICOLOR

Centennial Summer
Albert E. Idell

WALTER
BRENNAN
as irascible JESSE!

CONSTANCE
BENNETT
as man-grabbing ZENIA!

DOROTHY
GISH
as lovely HARRIET!

Songs
BY JEROME KERN

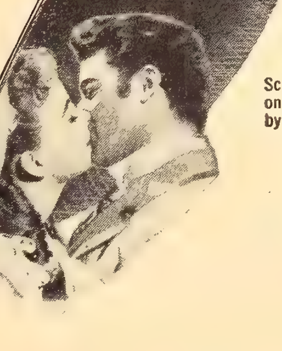
"All Through The Day"
Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

•

"In Love In Vain"
"Up With The Lark"
"The Right Romance"
"Railroad Song"
Lyrics by Leo Robin

•

"Cinderella Sue"
Lyrics by E. Y. Harburg



Screen Play by Michael Kanin • Based on the Novel by Albert E. Idell • Music by Jerome Kern • Dances Staged by Dorothy Fox

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER

20th
CENTURY-FOX

M-G-M Star on the Cover

★ Seldom has a star skyrocketed so quickly into the favor of fans throughout the country as has Gregory Peck. In the short space of three years, and in four pictures, Gregory Peck has become the screen idol of millions and is recognized as one of Hollywood's outstanding stars.

★ That record would be good enough reason, in itself, for Greg to appear on the cover. But this is the year of "The Yearling", and after you have seen Greg's magnificent performance in "The Yearling", you'll say that this is also 'The Year of Gregory Peck'.

★ "The Yearling", Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, was in production for four years. It is not often that a studio spends so much time on a picture, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer knew they had a story so humanly great, it would rank as one of the all-time best.

★ The part of Penny Baxter, a pioneer farmer in the wild Florida scrub country, presented a very difficult casting problem—until Gregory Peck came along. His lanky 6′ 2½″ frame, lithe 170 pounds, unruly brown hair and thoughtful brown eyes bring the earthy, hardworking, philosophical Penny to pulsing, vivid life.

★ Greg was born at La Jolla, Calif., and during his early schooling there and in San Diego, he planned to become a doctor. After a year at San Diego College, he entered the University of Southern California. Versatile at almost everything, Greg was on the crew and starred in college plays. By graduation time, Greg had abandoned medicine to major in English and Drama.

★ A scholarship to the New York Neighborhood Playhouse School of Dramatics gave him additional dramatic training and Broadway parts followed. Katherine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic recognized his unusual talent, and Greg was given lead roles.

★ Then came Hollywood—and by the time Greg had finished his first picture, he was under contract to make fifteen pictures in the next four years. Gregory Peck's success story probably has no rival in all filmdom's history . . . any wonder?

Watch for his next **M·G·M** *film hit*

☆ ☆ **"THE YEARLING"** ☆ ☆

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"

(Continued from page 6)

does that Sphinx conceal within its claws? A kitten! A kitten the size of a lynx-eyed child of such high power motion picture voltage that you slide incredulously forward on your seat.

But even though the ingredients for warmly human story telling may not rest in the story of Caesar's trip to Egypt, from the moment Vivien Leigh, as the young Cleopatra, reveals herself in the claw of the Sphinx, the dazzle is on!

There may be plenty of picture making that surpasses this Shaw-Pascal version of "Caesar and Cleopatra" in magnitude and cunningness of device, but I have yet to see its consistent splendor duplicated. There is not one moment of this two-hour picture which is not exciting and rewarding to the eye. Its taste and beauty are just about impeccable. And that holds for most of the acting of the caste, and all of the acting of Miss Leigh and Mr. Rains. Yet it must be conceded that the production overpowers the story.

Well, what can you expect of a plot which never quite reaches its love interest? To be sure, the central figure is a Roman conqueror who has what it takes, and who conceals beneath his laurel wreath and bald head, brain convolutions of no mean depth. To be sure also, the girl whom he encounters hiding within the Sphinx's claw from the invasion of his armies, is a very young and very beautiful kitten of destiny, with her mind set on being Queen of Egypt. This, of course, is the theme of the Shaw play; and played it is for all it is worth with the artistry and faithfulness to detail for which Pascal is so renowned.

Despite the fact that Rains never seems less than Emperor, Cleopatra, beautiful as love, and fleeing the approach of the invaders, fails to recognize him. Instead, she accepts him as a pleasant enough old dodo and treats him accordingly.

But later on, in her dream-like desert palace where she is living in the most exquisite state of exile conceivable by Mr. Pascal, her eyes are opened to Caesar's identity and she hurls herself in his arms, as he promises to make her a real Queen.

Now the story moves into the phase of her rivalry for the throne of her young brother, Ptolemy, a role finely played by young Francis Sullivan. The boy-king's followers have the support of a standing Roman army. With this group, however, the great Caesar has little traffic. He flays them as scoundrels and with his secretary, Britannus, to whom Shaw characteristically gives his most Shavian speeches, maneuvers the delighted Cleopatra into her brother's place on the throne.

Don't think that Cleopatra accomplishes all this without time out for costume changes beyond the pale of ordinary description. Cleopatra must have been the ten best-dressed women of her time! Feline beyond the point of subtlety, she is also gowned beyond the point of subtlety, but beauty remains the word for her raiment. An ornamental adder dips its head toward her lovely bosom. A lotus flower encircles her incredibly slim waist. As she develops from kitten into Egyptian cat of slit-eyed, lithe-flanked splendor, she likewise emerges into a realization of her own powers. By now she has learned to slap, instead of be slapped by the maid, Ftatateeta (Flora Robson). To flog. To crack whips.

Miss Leigh now plays her role not only as Queen, but as more than Queen among warring forces that surround her.

The historic aspects of Caesar and Cleopatra, for the most part satisfactorily authentic, take their subordinate place beneath the glare and dazzle of the two personalities who dominate the story.

To be sure, the Egyptian forces, Ptolemy; his guardian, Pothinus; Caesar's second-in-command, Rufio, (Basil Sydney); the young Sicilian gallant, Apollodorus; all contrive to give historic setting for the invasion of the Roman forces into Egypt.

The narrative leads up to the lurid, melodramatic scene where Caesar and Rufio plan to seize the Pharus Lighthouse, and thus make themselves masters of the Alexandria harbor. Against Caesar's orders, Cleopatra, naughty little wench, contrives to join him at the lighthouse by having herself rolled in a carpet, and rowed across the harbor by the young Apollodorus, whose exquisiteness matches her own.

Then comes the slightly ridiculous, but wholly amusing escape of the entire party, including Cleopatra, in cloth of gold beyond king's ransom, jumping into the sea and swimming to the Roman galleys, Caesar, of course, carrying the dripping Queen in his arms.

Somehow the picture making comes off more happily than the Shavian writing which, however, is still so brilliantly distinctive that the lines of Shaw intone like a euphonious and impudent bell.

Well, as the textbooks have it, Caesar defeats Ptolemy and Achillas in the desert, and he does it in a pictorial series of sequences as beautiful as classical paintings. The sunlight of the Pascal desert lingers with you for days; color has poured in such profusion across the screen that it, too, stains the memory.

Acting which raises Claude Rains to heights also lingers, and Vivien Leigh is as perfect as the lotus flower at her waist.

Leaving Rufio to assist Cleopatra in her plans to govern the Egyptians, Caesar finally sails for home.

The child Cleopatra, "Caesar's most dangerous conquest," weeps with her sea-green eyes as he goes—weeps as she watches—weeps as she plots. . . .

Hail to Caesar and Cleopatra!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

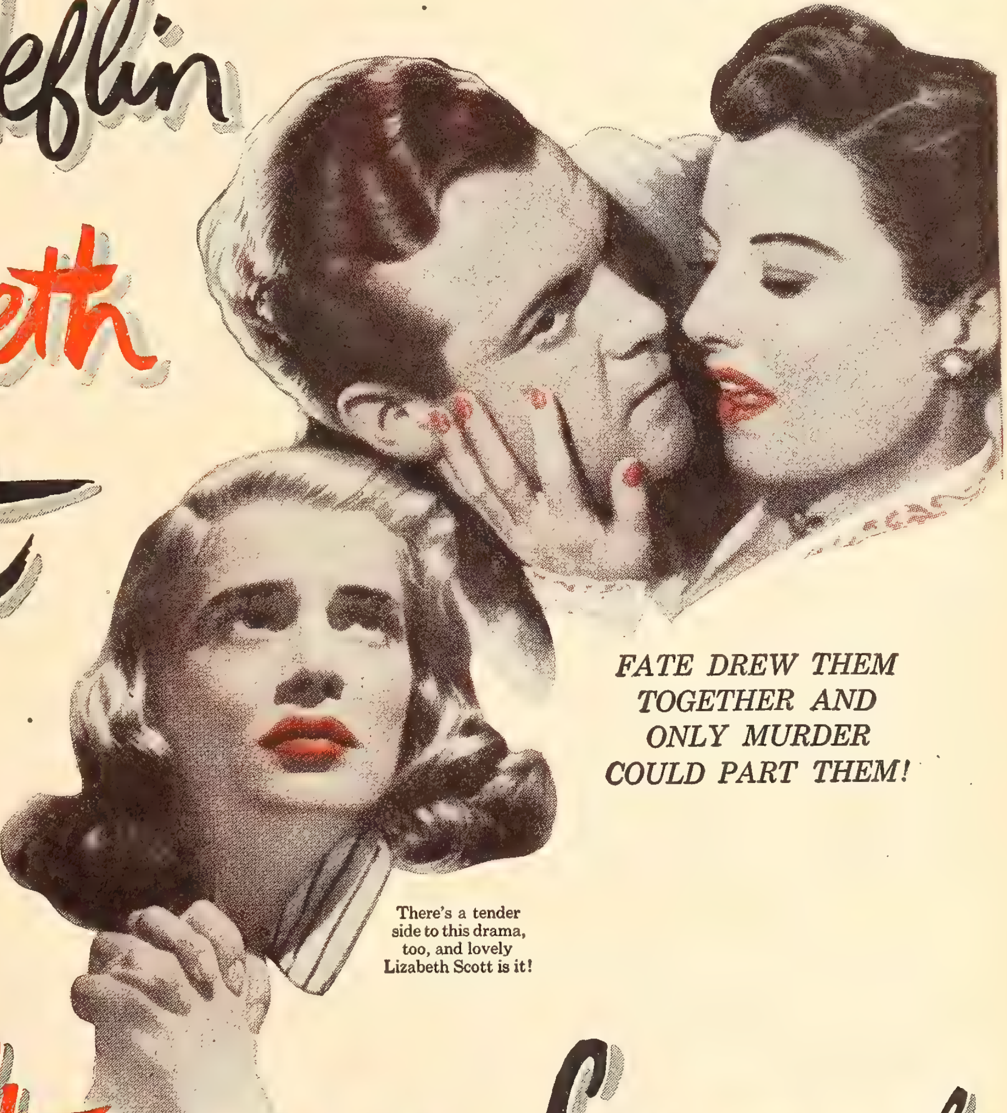
While Lon McCallister was visiting Philadelphia during the showing of "Winged Victory," he appeared before the student body of our high school. After the assembly was dismissed, an admiring audience watched Pvt. McCallister make his way up the aisle toward the principal's office. Not certain which way to go, he looked for guidance. There were hundreds who would've been more than glad to escort him, but Lon turned to a little crippled girl and asked her assistance. Taking his hand, the girl took him to the main office before an envious crowd of onlookers. Expressing his thanks, Lon bent down and kissed the girl on the cheek. That high school student will never forget that day. I should know, for the girl was yours truly!

Claire Elliott
Philadelphia, Pa.

Barbara Stanwyck

Van Heflin

Lizabeth Scott



FATE DREW THEM TOGETHER AND ONLY MURDER COULD PART THEM!

There's a tender side to this drama, too, and lovely Lizabeth Scott is it!

Hal Wallis'
Production

"The Strange Love of Martha Ivers"

(whisper HER NAME...)

with
Kirk Douglas
A brilliant new find
Judith Anderson
Directed by Lewis Milestone
Screenplay by Robert Rossen
A Paramount Picture

DeLong
STRONG SPRING-WON'T SLIP OUT

Stronger Grip

DeLong
STRONG SPRING-WON'T SLIP OUT

Won't Slip Out

DeLong
STRONG SPRING-WON'T SLIP OUT

Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

Sister Kenny

■ This is a truly great picture. I'm glad it was filmed, and I'm especially glad that Rosalind Russell stars in it. She makes Sister Kenny as human and wonderful a woman as she must be in real life—the woman whose revolutionary treatment for infantile paralysis has saved thousands of children from life long deformity. That treatment originated pretty much by accident. In 1909 we find Liz Kenny (Rosalind Russell) just graduated from nursing school in Australia. Doctor McDonnell (Alexander Knox), the head of the hospital, would like her to work there with him. But Liz has other ideas. She knows that in the back country, the "bush" region, where her family lives, there are neither doctors nor nurses. She has decided her work lies there.

It's tough going for a girl. The patients are widely scattered and it means many miles in the saddle each day. It means working without proper equipment. And Liz is no doctor, remember. She isn't even a really experienced nurse—just a girl who wants to do what she can to help. It's no wonder that when little Dorrie McIntire gets sick, Liz isn't sure what's the matter. She telegraphs a description of the symptoms to Doctor McDonnell, and he wires back his diagnosis. "Infantile paralysis. No known treatment." So Liz goes ahead as best she can. Hot packs, and then later, massage and exercise of the muscles. How is she to know that what she's doing is the direct opposite of what every doctor believes in—complete immobilization of the patient? An epidemic of the disease develops. Liz isn't surprised that her patients recover complete use of their limbs, because she doesn't realize that infantile paralysis is usually crippling.

When the epidemic is over, Liz makes plans to marry Kevin Connors (Dean Jagger), whom she has loved for years. Kevin is humorously plaintive about the way Liz has neglected him for her patients. It's just as well that in Australia nurses must retire when they marry. He goes with Liz to the city hospital to meet her old friend, Doctor McDonnell. It's then that Liz learns the facts about infantile paralysis. McDonnell (*Continued on page* 18)

Sister Kenny (R. Russell) and Dr. McDonnell (A. Knox) have no time for love—just science.

FLASH TO ALL FANS!
The world premiere has broken every record at the Hollywood Theatre on Broadway!

THIS IS
PATRICIA
WHO WAS TROUBLE

THIS IS
KATE
WHO WAS TRUE

BETTE DAVIS

TWICE AS THRILLING IN HER DOUBLE ROLE!

Twin Sisters so alike in looks... so different in 'heart'!

WARNERS'

"A STOLEN LIFE"

WITH GLENN FORD · DANE CLARK · WALTER BRENNAN · CHARLIE RUGGLES

DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TALKING PICTURES
Warners

SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • ADAPTED BY MARGARET BUELL WILDER
FROM A NOVEL BY KAREL J. BENES • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

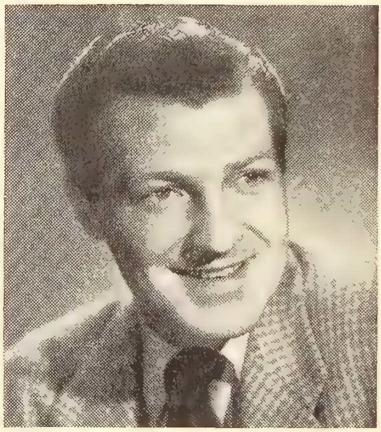
■ First of all, many apologies for the caption in the June issue which identified Paula Kelly of the Modernaires as Paula Stone. Miss Kelly was the sweet singing lady in question, and a Paula by any other name is not half so sweet to the Modernaires. Also, in the July issue, Chesterfield Supper Club maestro Lloyd Shaffer wasn't identified in the caption under that picture of him and Carole Landis and Perry Como in back of a microphone.

Now, since I am in a very lovely humor, having just had a small vacation, I shall let you in on some superior records. (You'd think I didn't get paid for this, wouldn't you?) First of all, for the best popular stuff of the month, I suggest you try "Youmans Memorial Salute"—a few of the late Vincent Youmans' best things, on four Victor sides by Russ Case. A little more extravagant than the usual one-tune choice, but if you can possibly manage to get them, you'll be awfully glad.

For the best hot jazz record of the month, try "Boyd Meets Stravinsky." More about that later.

BEST POPULAR

YOUMANS MEMORIAL SALUTE—Russ Case (Victor)—You might call this a Case history, because it's all about Mr. Russ Case, the one-man-band-and-then-some. Once upon a time, he was a trumpet player; he's conducted for the Metropolitan Opera's Dorothy Kirsten; he's the director in charge of popular music at RCA-Victor, and in between times, he rounded up his own band and recorded *(Continued on page 16)*



Hot saxophonist Charles Daly Barnet, of "Cherokee" and "Redskin Rhumba" fame.

Fran Warren, the Barnet thrush, used to warble for Art Mooney, is an ex-N.Y. gal.

Rex Ingram (left) and Ruby Hill, stars of "St. Louis Woman," partying with Duke Ellington.

RKO

BACK . . . at last . . . eager to get their arms around a girl!

Here is the "at home" story of your fighting men . . . and the loves that spur them on!

YOU "discovered" these three new stars!

GUY MADISON
The sailor in
"Since You Went Away"

•

ROBERT MITCHUM
in "The Story of G. I. Joe"

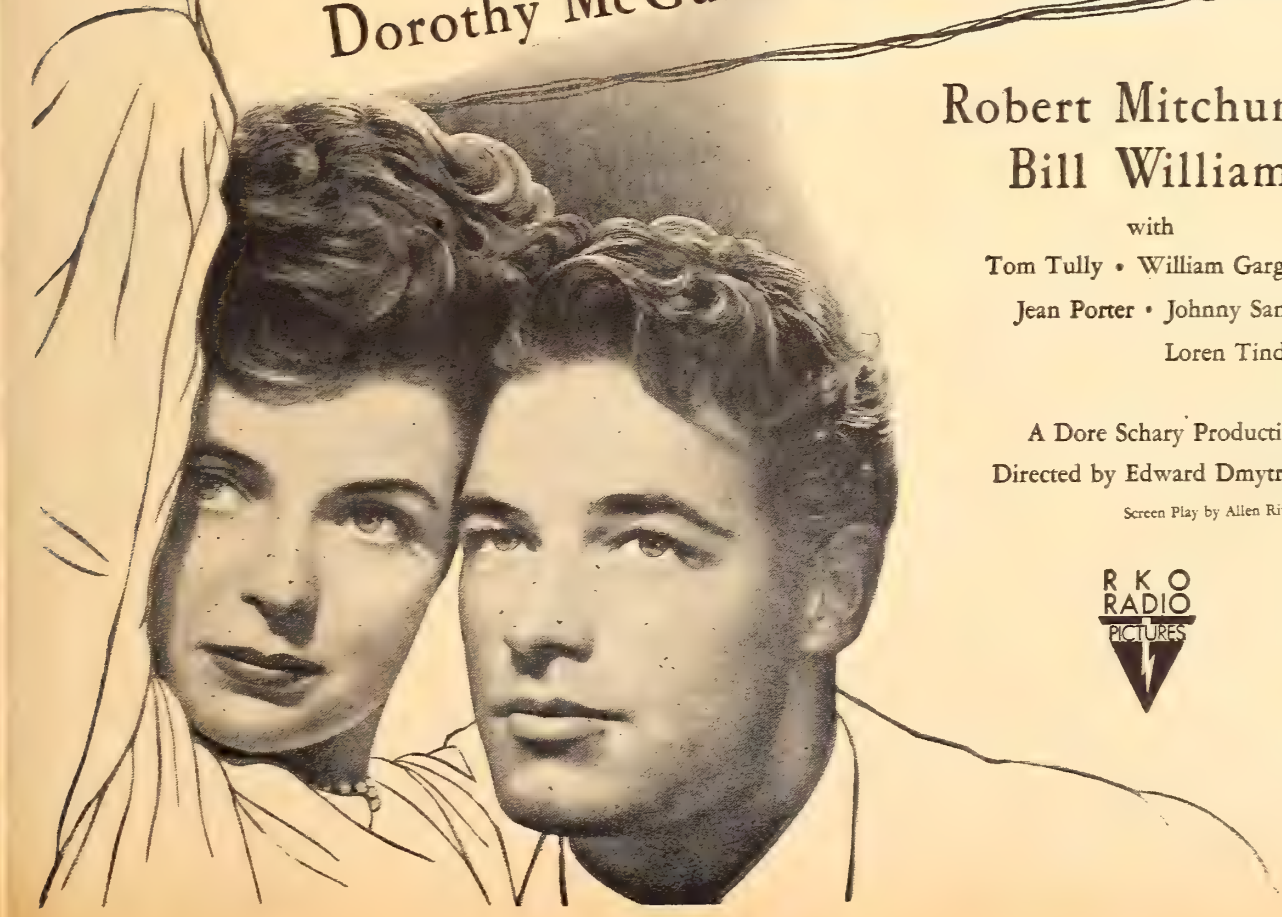
•

BILL WILLIAMS
in "Those Endearing
Young Charms"

Till the End of Time

starring

Dorothy McGuire and Guy Madison



Robert Mitchum
Bill Williams

with

Tom Tully • William Gargan
Jean Porter • Johnny Sands
Loren Tindall

A Dore Schary Production
Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by Allen Rivkin

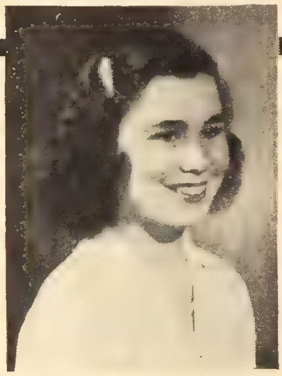
RKO RADIO PICTURES

CO-ED

Summertime's when you do the spadework for next year's prom, expand your stag line, and contract your waistline!

Summer love is kind of a specialized business, so if this is your first grown-up summer, maybe it would help to know some of the ropes. Maybe you don't know how to meet any guys; could be you're torn between going steady with a certain tall, blond and Vansome and tearing around with the whole darn junior class; p'raps you need first aid for a broken heart. Same old year-'round problems, but comes summertime, the solutions are different. Keep reading, and you'll see what we mean.

Meet the People: The lads used to be all over the place. Down at the cokery, over at Janie's of an afternoon, prowling around Main Street—but they're not there any more. They've got a new beat now. You'll find 'em down at the beach and around the tennis courts, screaming like crazy for the local Tigers or Braves, off in the country on their coon-tailed bikes. And who's the honey with 'em? Why, the chick with the smashing serve and sunburned puss, the little gal who looks slick in a swim suit and doesn't mind if her hair gets wet, the dreamdust who's not *too* scared of poison ivy or slightly unseaworthy sailboats or snakes. Does that sound like you? If it does, you're in. All you have to do is go where they are and let them see you in action. If it doesn't, get busy and summer-ize your personality. Learn to play tennis—even if it means getting down to the courts at dawn so that no one witnesses your first distraught efforts. Learn to swim at the Y. W. or get one of your athletic chums to instruct you. Take poison ivy shots, dab on some sunburn cream, pin back your ears and wallow in nature. Summertime is when the regular gals come into their own, and the swoony kids with white hands and exotic hairdo's are strictly on the bench. *(Continued on page 96)*



JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

Every summer our gang talks about going "hosteling," but this year we're really going. Please tell us what arrangements we should make. Y. C., Stroudsburg, Pa.

First thing to do is write to American Youth Hostel National Headquarters, Northfield, Mass., asking for a list of hostels so that you can plan your hiking or biking tour around that. Then secure an AYH pass from the same place for $1.50. After you've charted your course, write for reservations at the hostels of your choice, giving alternate dates in case they're cram-jammed on the first date you suggest. As for equipment, don't take very much. A sleeping sack, silverware and a cup should suffice, plus one change of clothing. You buy your groceries at your destination, so don't bog yourself down with food. Big selling point for your mothers is this: All hostels are chaperoned by house-parents—usually a minister and his wife or a teacher, so you'll be very well looked-after.

(Continued on page 15)

FOOTSTEPS to BEAUTY!

Give yourself a really *good* pedicure at least once every two weeks. First — use emery board to shape nails to modified oval — and keep them *short!* Next, massage feet with rich lubricating cream. Then, soak in warm soapy water and scrub firmly with stiff brush.

Cover an orange-wood stick with one fourth of a Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux! *) Push back cuticle, just as you do in your manicure — using firm, gentle touch.

Apply polish in three strokes, covering entire nail. Remove excess with Sitroux Tissue, just as in manicure. Keep soft, absorbent Sitroux handy for blotting lipstick, facial cleansings — as well as "sniffles" and sneezes.

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

I am eighteen years old and the boy I'm engaged to is twenty. We have gone around together for two years and have been terribly in love. All of a sudden, though, I think I've stopped loving him. He simply leaves me cold. What should I do? H. H., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Before you give him the well-known brush, be very sure that this new coolness is permanent. Practically all our relations with people blow somewhat hot and cold, it being emotionally impossible to sustain a state of ecstasy indefinitely. If over a period of a month or two you find yourself annoyed by things that never bothered you before, bored where you were once enthralled, completely indifferent when he raves over some other gal, we'd say the torch was pretty much out. In which case, tell him, but gently. Leave his pride intact by letting on you think it's a mutual cooling, then go on your way with dignity and consideration. Don't tell everyone what a creep he turned out to be, don't act all blushy and ill at ease every time you run into him thereafter, don't wax tragic and pale about the whole thing. It's a world shattering business right this minute, but a few months from now you'll each probably have found your true, true love and be well on yaur way to living happily ever after.

I would like to get a job on a movie magazine when I get out of school next year. What preparation can I be making? A. S., Cambridge, Mass.

You can be learning shorthand and typing, both of which are invaluable training for any sort of job. Then you can be learning about proof-reading and allied skills—either out of a book or from some kind soul connected with your local newspaper. You can be working for your school newspaper and yearbook and possibly be doing a young people's column for your town newspaper. (For free, if necessary. The experience is what counts.) Lastly, start reading the Hollywood columns so that you acquire a movie background. When you apply for your movie job, this last item is what will probably sell the boss on you, so don't just ignore it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was a warm August day outside the M-G-M studio. A dark convertible emerged and autograph hunters converged upon the driver. A dark haired, smiling young man pulled up to the curb and obligingly signed scraps of paper, books, and snapshots. Then the blow. A shrill, childish voice piped, "Please, could you tell us when Van Johnson is coming out?" The dark young man turned and grinned, "Who said that—you traitor, you!" And amid much laughter from admiring fans, Peter Lawford got in his car and drove away.

Lois Kirkpatrick
San Diego, California

My two sisters and I have started a service called "Ask the Kellys," on the proceeds of which we hope to send ourselves to college. We plan to be available at all times for baby-sitting, dog-walking, dish-washing, etc. Can you suggest other services? Also what should we charge and how can we publicize ourselves? The Kellys, Redwood City, Calif.

It sounds like a wonderful deal, kiddies. You might include in your list of services, telephone answering, gardening, darning, birthday cake-making, typing, marketing, painting, and—if any of you are very athletic, very musical, very good at a language—teaching. You'd probably have to have one fixed hourly price, your time —presumably—having a static value. Between fifty cents and a dollar an hour seems like a fair price to us, depending on your locality. On items like the birthday cake, charge for the ingredients plus your time. For typing manuscripts, ten cents a page. Publicize yourself by running ads in the local paper, by clever little handbills which you can make yourselves and distribute around town, by putting an ad in the classified section of the phone book—if you ever get quite prosperous. Loads of luck to you!

There's a new girl in our town who is muscling in on my guy. We've gone together for six months and now suddenly he's dividing his time between us. I am furious! What can I do? Tucson, Ariz.

Your first move is to camouflage your rage and curb your possessive instincts. Nothing so alienates a guy. Be your same sweet self if it KILLS *you, and go out of your way to be nice to the other gal. It's not going to be easy, but it's your only salvation. Whenever you're with your, fella, talk* HER *up. He'll be stunned, he'll be fed up with hearing about her, he'll come back to you more enchanted than ever.*

* * *

In case we missed your particular summer problem, why don't you weep on our shoulder via the mails? Tales of woe are our meat, and we've got dozens of smile-making solutions up our sleeve. Please let us help. Write to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

Your Info Desk went Hollywood—and had herself a Time. Was greeted by dreamboat ROSS HUNTER, who whizzed me off for a spree. Then followed in rapid succession, the DANNY KAYE and BOB HOPE shows, a day at JANIE WITHERS' scrumptious home . . . a long argument (friendly, of course) with KEENAN WYNN about the merits of the stage vs. screen . . . a visit with DON TAYLOR and his Phyllis . . . tour of Universal with DANNY (Don in "Smooth as Silk") MORTON, heightened further by gabfests with KIRBY GRANT, CHARLES KORVIN, and PETER COOKSON. At the opening of the Ice-capades sat behind the LADDS, WILLARD PARKER, and JANIE WITHERS who introduced me to escort FARLEY GRANGER, now out of service and handsomer 'n ever. Went over to GLENN FORD, whom I hadn't seen for 5 years and before I even uttered a word, he said, "Hello, Beverly, how've you been?" Ran into PETER LAWFORD, MARILYN MAXWELL, LEW AYRES, and LEONARD SUES after the show at Dave's Blue Room . . . and Leonard and I dinner-dated at the Derby the next week. Friday brought Ross Hunter again, and a visit to United Artists, with mad introductions to ANN DVORAK, JOAN BENNETT, and gee . . . oh gosh . . . oh golly . . . GREGORY PECK. To the park for lots of pix with ROSS, and a Sunday evening dinner party given by gracious hostess, actress ANNE STEWART, Fox starlet. Spent another lovely day at the McCALLISTERS' and spoke to Lon about his new film, "No Trespassing". . . and gorged on Granny's luscious lemon pies . . . A visit at Paramount with BILLY DANIEL, meeting la HUTTON, der BINGLE, JOHNNY DEAUVILLE, and ELLIOTT REID among others . . . a gay talk with FRANK LATIMORE and as a final fling, dinner at the GLENN LANGANS' (Jeff in "Dragonwyck"). Glenn's wonderful sense of humor and charm almost made me forget that the next day was partin' time. A last breakfast before the train pulled out with ROSS . . . and so goodbye . . . dern it. But I got an awful lot of info for you, so do send your questions to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

this salute to Vincent Youmans. The Youmans album contains "Tea For Two," "Great Day," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and the famous "Hallelujah!"

THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Andy Russell (Capitol)—"They Say It's Wonderful" was written by Irving Berlin, and it's sung in the new Ethel Merman show, "Annie Get Your Gun," and no less than *sixteen* (count 'em, sixteen) companies have recorded it.

JEROME KERN ALBUM—Walter Gross (Musicraft)—Walter Gross got out of the Army last year, and went to Musicraft, to be musical director. He got the band together and played piano on this Jerome Kern album, and he was enthusiastically telling me about it at the big cocktail party Musicraft threw for Duke Ellington, backstage at the Paramount Theater. Some album!

DICK HAYMES-HARRY JAMES ALBUM (Davis)—Re-issue of eight tunes made when Dick Haymes was vocalist with the old Harry James band, in 1940. Some of them are: "Maybe," "How High the Moon," "The Moon Won't Talk," and "Secrets in the Moonlight." Funny thing about these records—Harry made them with a small company called Varsity, after Columbia had dropped him, thinking he had no future. Well, anyway, the story had a happy ending, with Harry and Mr. Haymes both very big names indeed.

SWAN LAKE—Skitch Henderson (Capitol)—An adaptation of Tschaikowsky's "Swan Lake" ballet music, with Henderson at the piano. Skitch is a Hollywood star, has done lots of broadcasting from the coast. This record starts out classically, but becomes more rhythmic, and hits a semi-jazz groove in the middle. Henderson has a very unusual band, including three French horns, which may indicate a trend, because Benny Goodman has just added a French horn to *his* band.

BEST HOT JAZZ

ALL TOO SOON—Tony Scott (Gotham)—This is a lovely Duke Ellington tune, sung by Sarah Vaughan, whose vocal on "It Might As Well Be Spring" is the reason I recommended the John Kirby album. You may have deduced that I don't think Sarah's half bad. The label on this record is full of phony names. Tony Scott is a promising young clarinet player who's known along 52nd Street as Tony Sciacca. The trumpet player, listed as B. Bopstein, is actually Dizzy Gillespie. "Old Tram," the trombone, is the former Benny Goodman star, Trummy Young. And the featured sax player is Ben Webster.

LAGUNA LEAP—Herbie Haymer (Sunset)—This was named for Ed Laguna, who runs Sunset Records. Herbie Haymer plays tenor sax; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; John Simmons, bass; Buddy Rich, drums—and the piano player, listed as Sam Schmaltz, is really Nat Cole. King Cole plays sensationally here. So do Shavers and Rich, who were with Tommy Dorsey when the record was made. "Black Market Stuff," on the other side, is also fine.

BOYD MEETS STRAVINSKY—Boyd Raeburn (Jewel)—In spite of the title, this was written not by Raeburn, but by Eddie Finckel, the former Gene Krupa arranger. It's a sensational illustration of how the best in jazz can be combined with classical influence. And it bears out everything I've said about Raeburn, and what he's doing for modern jazz.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CENTENNIAL SUMMER—In Love In Vain—Johnny Desmond (Victor), Mildred Bailey (Majestic)—Johnny Desmond, the latest young man to make young women keel, squeal and poison their husbands, is a very talented kid who plays piano and tap dances. He used to be a dramatic actor just a few years ago, and did parts on radio shows in Detroit—the "Lone Ranger" and "Green Hornet," to mention two. On one of his recent broadcasts, as usual, all the fans came dashing up to beg for his script. He noticed one kid he'd seen a million times, and he got curious. After all, nobody can work his way through college selling old Johnny Desmond scripts. So he asked the kid, "What do you do with them, paper the wall?" "Yeah," said Junior, "and in two more weeks, I'll have enough for the whole room." You ask foolish questions, you get foolish answers.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE—Mildred Bailey (Majestic), Pearl Bailey (Columbia)

COME RAIN OR COME SHINE—Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes (Decca)

DOIN' WHAT COMES NATURALLY—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Dinah Shore (Columbia)

DICK HAYMES-HARRY JAMES ALBUM—(Davis)

JEROME KERN ALBUM—Walter Gross (Musicraft)

SURRENDER—Woody Herman (Columbia), Tony Pastor (Cosmo)

SWAN LAKE—Skitch Henderson (Capitol)

THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Andy Russell Capitol)

THE GIRL THAT I MARRY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

YOUMANS MEMORIAL SALUTE—Russ Case (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

PAGE CAVANAUGH—Don't Blame Me (Encore)

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET SESSION—(Columbia)

LIONEL HAMPTON—Hamp's Salty Blues (Decca)

HERBIE HAYMER—Laguna Leap (Sunset)

STAN KENTON—Painted Rhythm (Capitol)

JOHN KIRBY-SARAH VAUGHAN ALBUM (Crown)

RED NORVO—Blues A La Red (Keynote)

BOYD RAEBURN—Boyd Meets Stravinsky (Jewel)

TONY SCOTT—All Too Soon (Gotham)

CHARLIE VENTURO—Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen (Black and White)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CENTENNIAL SUMMER—In Love In Vain—Johnny Desmond (Victor), Mildred Bailey (Majestic)

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION—I Don't Know Why—Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Bobby Sherwood (Capitol), Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

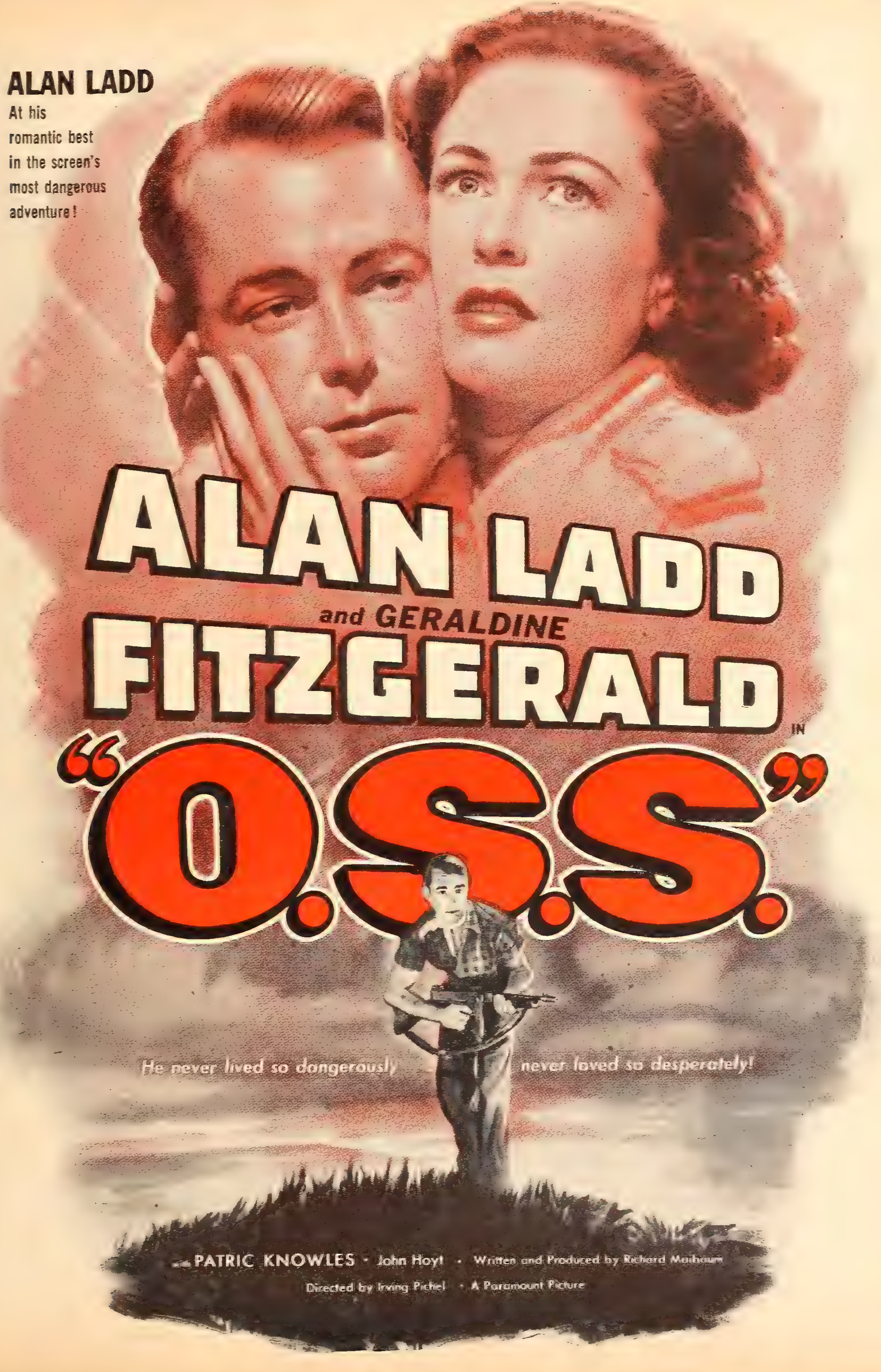
NO LEAVE, NO LOVE—Love On A Greyhound Bus, All The Time—Kay Kyser (Columbia)

ONE MORE TOMORROW—One More Tomorrow—Frankie Carle (Columbia)

PINOCCHIO—Re-issue Album—Cliff Edwards, Victor Young Orch. and Ken Darby Singers (Decca)

POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—He's Funny That Way—Connie Haines (Mercury), Mary Osborne (Continental)

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS—Strange Love—Randy Brooks (Decca), Tex Beneke (Victor)



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FITZGERALD
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He never lived so dangerously ... never loved so desperately!

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

believes in her but the other doctors jeer at the treatment she has given her patients. So begins a battle that is to last for the next forty years between organized medicine and the "Kenny System." A battle that is to leave Liz no time for marriage or anything but work.—RKO

P. S.

Sister Kenny's own Girl Friday acted as technical advisor on the picture, accompanying Rosalind Russell to the costume fittings. They clad Roz in the official costume of the Australian nurse, then clapped a cap on her head with a chiffon veil trailing behind. "Now don't tell me," said Roz, "that Australian nurses go clomping around the bush country in these fluffy veils!". . . RKO was three years trying to get Sister Kenny's story on the screen. Rosalind Russell, from the day she first heard the nurse's story, wanted to do the title role. . . . The script called for a set to portray the railroad station of Toowoomba, a small town in Australia, in the year 1912. In insisting on accuracy, the studio contacted the U. S. representative of an Australian firm, who in turn contacted his home office, who contacted a Melbourne newspaper, who searched its picture morgue and finally turned up a picture of the depot taken in 1912. Within 11 days of the request, the studio had the picture in the hands of the set designer . . .

O. S. S.

A young man saunters casually into the office of the head of a war plant. As he leaves, he tucks a vital paper into his pocket. Simple, isn't it? Only he gets caught. The cops give him a workout, then hand him over to the F. B. I., who pass him on to the Office of Strategic Services. That, oddly enough, is where he came from in the first place. His name is John Martin (Alan Ladd) and he's learning to be a secret agent. And does he get hell for letting himself be caught stealing that paper! "If that had happened in enemy territory, you'd be dead by now," Commander Brady (Patric Knowles) tells him briskly. "Enemy territory is where you're going. You'll be part of Operation Applejack in Normandy. Let's not have any mistakes like that one today." Team Applejack consists of four people. The leader is Gates, (Don Beddoe) plump and middle-aged and confident. There is Martin. There is Bernay (Richard Benedict) a big athlete who knows all there is about radio. And there is Elaine (Geraldine Fitzgerald). Martin hadn't counted on this last factor. "A girl is liable to slow us up," he says. "I'll take care of myself," Elaine tells him. Soon they are parachuting down to the soft grey-green fields of Normandy—to suspicion and danger and maybe even death. *Maybe* death? It is more than maybe for Gates. The Gestapo take care of him that very first night. Colonel Meister (John Hoyt) of the German Army takes a fancy to Elaine. He believes her to be a French sculptress who has spent her summers for years at Orleans. He believes it so completely that when she begs him to take her with him on a trip of inspection, he does it. Along with them goes a bust she has done of the Colonel—in clay made from explosive. She and Martin work together on the trip and an important German railroad bridge becomes a mass of shattered stone. But now Colonel Meister is on their trail . . .

You'll be proud of Alan Ladd in this picture. He's come a long way.—*Par.*

P. S.

This picture is the authentic dramatization of America's super-spies and saboteurs. Extraordinary precautions surrounded the production. Studio guards were doubled in and around sound stages where the picture was shooting. ALL visitors, including the press, were barred. . . . One of the weapons Alan Ladd uses with telling effect in this picture is a cleverly contrived one-shot pistol which to all appearances is a harmless ordinary pipe; tobacco pipe, that is. . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald says of her role, "For once I play a pleasant person. I don't poison anyone and I don't go blind or out of my mind." . . . One of the high points of the picture is Patric Knowles' scene with Geraldine Fitzgerald, a tensely emotional one in which they shatter a 19-year record for the longest screen kiss—(studio spokesmen say). . . . Thirty or more real-life, bemedalled heroes of the O.S.S. have actively contributed to the realism of the picture as technical advisers or bit players. . . . Wally Westmore, ace make-up man, had a number of unique problems, among them the many disguises for the players, such as those on whom he had to place wounds, and a horribly mutilated "corpse."

THREE WISE FOOLS

"Three Wise Fools" is composed of three parts whimsy to one of reality. The title roles are played by Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Edward Arnold. Other pixie-beholders, or non-beholders, are Thomas Mitchell, Jane Darwell and Harry Davenport. It all begins back in 1870 when beautiful, wealthy Rena Fairchild elopes with a strolling Irish singer, over the strident protests of her three devoted swains. In answer to their protests, the handsome singer gives them an ironic Irish blessing. He wishes them great success but adds a special curse which will nullify the success. Then off he rides with the fair Rena in his arms.

Forty years later, Rena's three ex-beaux are doing fine by worldly standards. Richard Garnet (Lionel Barrymore) is a skillful, expensive surgeon. James Trumbull (Lewis Stone) is a judge of a high court. Ted Findley (Edward Arnold) has one million dollars in the bank. Good, eh? But the curse is working, too, for they are three lonely old men, living together but disliking each other.

They decide to purchase affection by giving the town the old Fairchild estate as the site for a Greek open-air theater. But just then, Rena Fairchild's little granddaughter turns up from Ireland. Sheila (Margaret O'Brien) is only seven and she has no relatives left in the world. So she has come to live with them because her grandmother Rena always told her what nice people they were. Her servant, O'Daverin (Thomas Mitchell) has brought her.

The old gentlemen don't like children—not even charming, grave-eyed little girls like Sheila. She senses this immediately, and goes next door where her grandmother used to live, and consults the pixies. (Yeah, I know, but that's what it says!) Meanwhile, the three old men realize she's the real owner of the property they were so blithely giving away. They rush after her, and beg her to come back

She atttibutes this to the influence of the pixies, and things go on like that. Honest. —*M-G-M*

P. S.

Maggie O'Brien takes on Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold and Lewis Stone, three veterans of greasepaint, and did so well that the three men sat around after scenes and discussed their co-star's amazing ability . . . The script called for a pixie, which threw the entire company into a state of perplexity. Nobody had the dimmest idea what a pixie looked like. Makeup man Jack Dawn solved the problem with his makeup for Harry Davenport, who emerged with a bald pate sprouting wisps of silver, an uptilted nose with flaring nostrils, gray chin whiskers and matching eyebrows, and long, pointed ears. Davenport created a sensation by wiggling his ears quite forcibly, and didn't divulge the secret of his new talent until the picture was over. Small rubber tubes ran from the ears down inside his coat sleeves, and ended in a rubber bulb which he pressed with his hands. "Wish I'd known this trick in grammar school," said Davenport. "I'd have been a sensation."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During Vic Mature's appearance in "Tars And Spars," I attended one performance and had to sit way over on the side. Everyone was looking for Vic, when I spotted him in the wings, waiting for his cue. Nobody but me could see him, because of the angle at which I was sitting. He was standing alone, and on a sudden impulse, I waved to him. Much to my surprise, he promptly waved right back! Then his cue brought him onstage, and in the middle of a joke about a cousin of his, he stopped suddenly, pointed to me, and said, "There she is. That's my cousin." Picture that! Me, his cousin! After the show, I went to the stage door to get his autograph. There he was, busily signing books. Looking up at me, he said, "Well, whaddya know? Even my own cousin wants my autograph!" Me? I was speechless!

Miriam Bredwell
Muncie, Indiana

NEVER SAY GOODBYE

It's tough when you're seven years old, and you have to live with your mother six months and then your dad six months. Gosh, why couldn't your dad, who's so wonderful and exciting, get along with your mother who's so *pretty!* Why did they have to go and get divorced!

Well, there are several reasons. One of them, Philip Gayley (Errol Flynn) is convinced, was his mother-in-law. But Ellen Gayley (Eleanor Parker) points out icily, that she couldn't be expected to stay married to a Casanova. Phil is a commercial artist, but he doesn't have to have models around *that* much. So now they are divorced and little Flip (Patti Brady) finishes her last day at her daddy's and goes back to her mother. She confides in daddy at their farewell luncheon that she has been writing to a Marine in the Pacific. The marine doesn't know she's only seven. He thinks she's at least twenty and he wants her picture. "Send him one of your mother," Phil suggests. "She's the best looking gal I know."

He promptly forgets about it, but Flip doesn't. With disastrous consequences later. Phil sees Ellen when he brings Flip to the house, and realizes how much he still loves her. Ellen has never for a moment been able to persuade herself that she *didn't* love *him*. She agrees to go out with him that night, and for an hour or so everything is a beautiful mixture of martinis and moonlight. Luigi (S. Z. Sakall) who runs their favorite restaurant, is delighted to see them together again. But Phil has unfortunately forgotten one small detail. The blonde (Peggy Knudsen) who is his current model, was expecting him to take her to dinner. She shows up at Luigi's, and Ellen stalks out in a fury. "I never want to see you again," she informs Phil. Then comes Christmas, and Flip wanting her father to play Santa Claus.

Until you've seen Errol Flynn as Santa Claus, you haven't lived.—*War.*

P. S.

This picture marks the first time 8-year-old Patti Brady is seen on the screen. The youngster astonished her co-workers on the set. She took direction with such adult rapidity that the title "One-Take" Brady, was bestowed upon her. . . . Errol Flynn put the finishing touches to his second book during production. The book received its name on the day the picture ended—"Showdown". . . . The most difficult role to cast was that of Fenwick Lonkowski, the mammoth marine who must be big enough and strong enough to maltreat Flynn, no small man himself. Fifteen actors were tested

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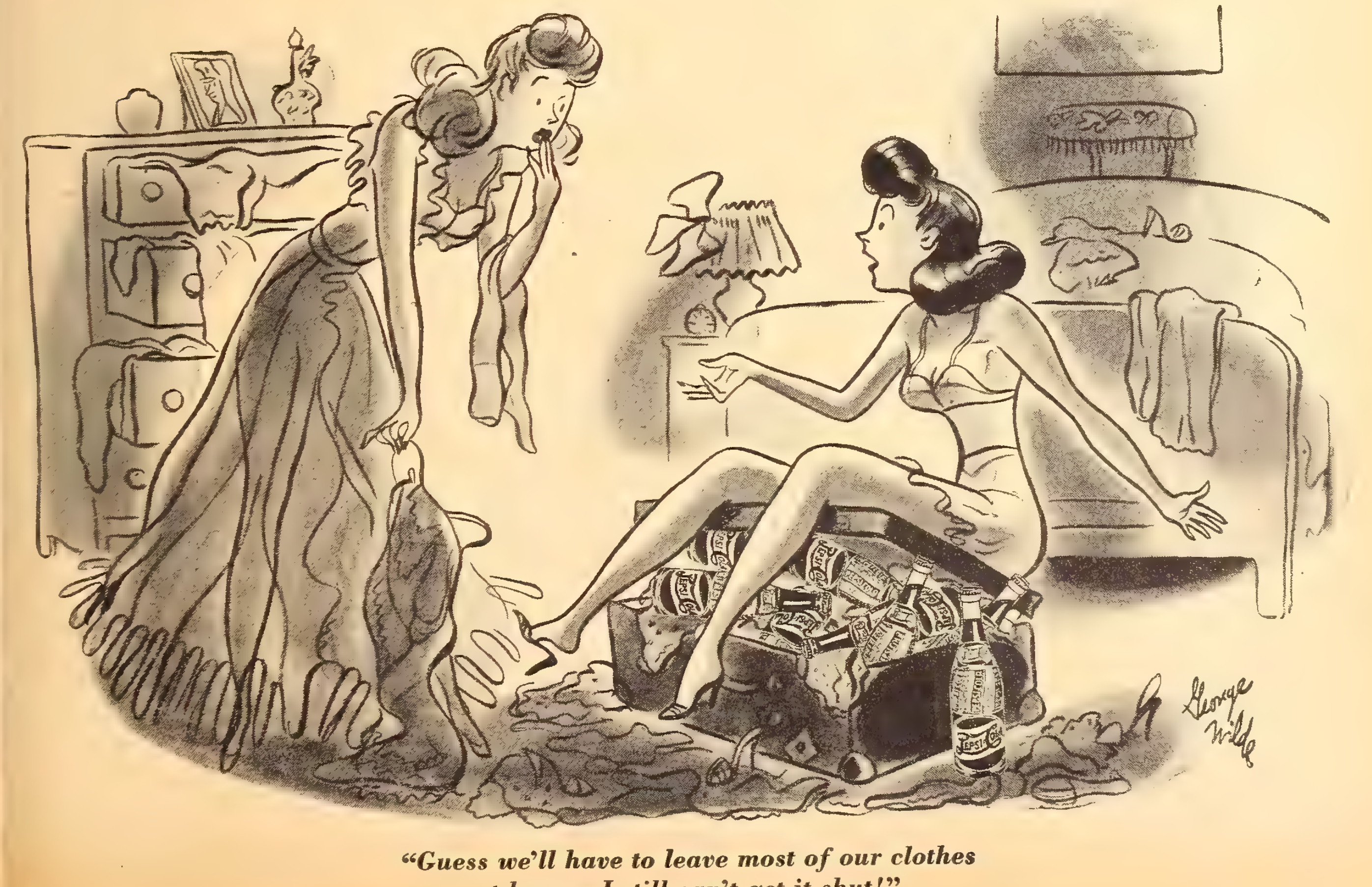

"Guess we'll have to leave most of our clothes at home—I still can't get it shut!"

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for the part until the six-foot-six Forrest Tucker was found to fit the bill. . . . Donald Woods and Tommy D'Andrea were the busiest people in the cast. Both had roles in "Night and Day," the biography of Cole Porter, and were continually on the jump commuting between pictures. . . . Peggy Knudsen played the part, and rightly so, of a model, as she was formerly a model in New York.

CANYON PASSAGE

You had to be tough to be a pioneer in Oregon in 1856. But you could be an idealist underneath the toughness, and that's the way it is with Logan Stuart (Dana Andrews). Maybe that's why Lucy Overmire (Susan Hayward) is in love with him, even though she's engaged to George Camrose (Brian Donlevy). The people of Jacksonville, Oregon, respect Logan for his toughness and like him for his idealism. He hates dishonesty and brutality, and there's plenty of both in Jacksonville.

Take Bragg (Ward Bond), for instance. He's big and cruel and vicious—a crook who should be run out of town. Logan decides to do it, when Bragg picks a fight with him. And when it's over, Bragg gets out of Jacksonville.

Logan doesn't wait around for congratulations. He goes quietly back to his job of running the general store, and trying not to think too much about Lucy, who's engaged to his best friend. He tries to distract himself by taking pretty Caroline Marsh to a dance, and by the time the evening is over, he has asked her to marry him. That, he tells himself firmly, settles the question of Lucy once and for all. He will be a good husband to Caroline and everything will work out fine.

Love has a way of upsetting nice little plans like that. Lucy doesn't feel in the least happy over Logan's engagement and Camrose suspects her feeling. He decides the thing to do is to get her out of Jacksonville—away from Logan. But that will take money, and Camrose has been losing heavily lately at poker. He decides to "borrow" some from a miner who brings him a poke of gold dust to put in his safe. The miner asks for it back and never lives to know why he doesn't get it. Camrose is arrested for murder, and Logan insists on defending his friend, until an Indian uprising brings a terrific climax.

Gosh, I almost forgot the most important thing. Hoagy Carmichael is in the picture, with some new songs.—*Univ.*

P. S.

One of the greatest fights ever filmed in Technicolor is seen in a saloon sequence of the picture with Dana Andrews and Ward Bond as participants. Unlike previous fights where the hero uses only fair tactics and the heavy resorts to foul means, this fight shows both Andrews, the hero, and Bond, the villain, using every foul trick known to bar room brawling . . . The film serves as the vehicle in which Patricia Roc, borrowed from the British, makes her American debut. Miss Roc, who spent the entire war in England, was fascinated by the comparative abundance of food in this country. . . .Great care was taken to costume the picture in proper period. One snood worn by Susan Hayward is precisely the same as those worn by pioneer women in the 1850's. . . . Miss Hayward's fiery red tresses photographed so well in Technicolor, that the hairdressing department snipped several locks for reference, against the day when an actress not so naturally endowed will have to have her hair dyed for a Technicolor appearance. . . .

CLOAK AND DAGGER

In 1944, a long way from Washington, in the Basque country, an American secret agent is killed. Before his death, he manages to get a message through. That message confirms what Colonel Walsh in Washington has been afraid of. Germany is working on an atom bomb and quite possibly may have it before our own scientists do. Walsh knows of one man who might find out. He isn't an agent—he's a professor. Professor Jesper (Gary Cooper) knows all there is to know about things like nuclear energy and atomic structure. If he went to Switzerland, maybe he could find out something.

So the shy, lanky professor is hurtled from his diagrams and graphs straight into a world of spies and bullets, where one false step means you don't live to take another. Doctor Katerin Lodor (Helene Thimig) is in Switzerland. She has been working with the Nazis. Or has she? If so, why does the Gestapo kidnap her as soon as Jesper arrives in Zurich? Why is she shot before he and his colleague can rescue her?

Jesper has a clue and it leads him to Italy and a scientist named Doctor Polda (Vladimir Sokoloff). Polda has definitely been doing Nazi work—there can be no question of that. But Jesper, using false German credentials, gets into his house, and discovers that it is fear for his daughter's safety which has made him do it. If he could only get his daughter out of the country. . . .

It isn't going to be easy. Jesper knows that. What he doesn't know is that it is going to be impossible. Impossible, despite the heartbreaking courage of Gina (Lilli Palmer), Italian underground worker. Impossible despite the casual, business-like suicide of young Italio-American, Pinkie (Robert Alda). Still, something may be saved. . . .*War.*

P. S.

Gary Cooper, playing the role of an atomic scientist, was visited on the set by a group of the real McCoy. He gave them a problem which he was supposed to work on in the script, and the scientists promptly went to work and all came out with a different answer . . . The gun battle scene took five days to photograph. 21,000 rounds of ammunition were fired from rifles, tommy guns and machine guns. A combat team of special effects men did most of the firing, a precautionary measure to prevent a few highpriced actors from being killed. . . .In his death scene, which takes place during this battle, Dan Seymour fell on a batch of hot bullets, and promptly shot up again. Fritz Lang told him that wasn't the way to die, and the scene was re-shot . . . Lilli Palmer, who plays opposite Gary Cooper, is the wife of British actor Rex Harrison. While Harrison was in the RAF, she was entertaining Londoners during the blitz. They married three years ago and came to the United States on the Queen Mary, along with 15,000 GIs. Lilli says she learned then what a wolf whistle meant!

THE SEARCHING WIND

In a stately Washington drawing room, three people are talking over the past. The man, Alex Hazen (Robert Young) is a famous American ambassador. His wife, Emily (Ann Richards) has invited "the other woman" there without his knowledge. Her name is Cassie (Sylvia Sydney) and she grew up with Alex and Emily.

The other two people present are Emily's father, Moses (Dudley Digges), and a young soldier. The soldier is Alex' and Emily's son, Sam (Douglas Dick), and he is completely absorbed in this conversation about the past. Because now he can understand why his father and mother made the mistakes they did. Why they failed to see the second World War coming—a war which was to cost Sam his right leg. They *should* have seen, Sam has always thought, because they were in official circles from the beginning. . . .

Mussolini's blackshirted thugs marched into Rome in October, 1922. Moses, powerful newspaper owner, is there with his daughter and her friend, Cassie. Alex is attached to the American embassy in Rome. Of them all, only Cassie really rebels against the new order of things in Italy. She loves Alex, but she sees that he will always meet life with diplomatic evasions, so she breaks her engagement, and goes to Paris to work on a newspaper. Alex marries Emily instead, and Sam is born, and Hitler begins his fantastic rise to power. Cassie is sent to Berlin to report on it. She meets Alex again there, and leaves Germany rather than let him know she still loves him. Their next meeting is an accidental encounter in Spain, where they dodge Italian bombs from German planes together. Even here, Alex refuses to face the facts of the international situation. Everything will clear up, he's sure. Cassie hates his philosophy, but she loves the man, and this time she doesn't run away. Alex would like to leave his wife and marry Cassie, but after all, he's an Ambassador now. He can't do things as he would want to. Then there's young Sam, who is thirteen and needs his father. So the whole unhappy mess drags on, with them all refusing to face the issues, either personally or politically, just as a lot of people are doing again now.

I don't know how good a picture this is, actually, but I do know it will make you think. And there is a superb performance by Dudley Digges, as Moses.—*Par.*

VAN'S TURNED TRIPLETS! AND IN OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE!

P. S.

Douglas Dick, a Hollywood newcomer who had never faced a camera before, won the prize role of Sam, the soldier son, a casualty of World War II. Douglas was discovered by Hal Wallis in a New York agent's waiting room and given a screen test. His test was shown in competition with the tests of four other Hollywood hopefuls to a group of Paramount female employees, stenographers, secretaries, file clerks, messenger girls. Douglas carried the feminine vote by a large majority and got the part. . . . This was Robert Young's seventy-fifth picture in fifteen years. . . . Sylvia Sydney has sixteen complete wardrobe changes for her role, which covers the period from 1922 to the present day. . . Among the forty-five different sets for the picture was a Washington, D. C. mansion, a villa in Rome and a hotel in the Italian capital, a Berlin embassy office and restaurant, a cellar cafe in Madrid and an ambassadorial suite in a Parisian hotel.... Lillian Hellman expanded her original stage play considerably for the movie script by pointing up its romantic drama and adding action episodes, the greater freedom of film permitting the story to be told in action rather than speeches.

SMOKY

Smoky is a horse you won't forget. The picture, "Smoky," is in Technicolor and stars Fred MacMurray and Anne Baxter. Every now and then Burl Ives chants a mournful (*Continued on page 26*)

"RC tastes best, I know!"

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Want a dainty summertime salad as a centerpiece for your next luncheon? You'll love Broccoli Bavarian Salad. Other vegetables can be substituted. (Photo courtesy Knox Gelatine)

C-H
sugar
GRANULATED
Post Toasties
Corn Flakes

A recipe for something very, very tasty: Take one June Haver, put an apron on her, place in kitchen full of miscellaneous groceries and leave her alone for an hour or so. Makes one grand concoction!

This smooth, rich Cherry Ice Cream will serve your friends right! If you like, vary the recipe to use any other fruit plentiful in your community. (Photo courtesy 'Junket' Folks)

JUNE HAVER IS A REGULAR LITTLE TASTE-DETECTIVE, WHICH NOT ONLY MAKES HER A CRITIC OF FOODS, BUT AN EXCELLENT COOK AS WELL!

By Nancy Wood

■ Pea soup and egg plant. There are two dishes that leave June Haver very cold. The egg plant because she doesn't like egg plant. The mention of "pea soup" has been a thorn in June's youthful flesh since she was in the seventh grade! They'd taught her how to make it in cooking class. That night, she went home, used the same recipe and ingredients. It turned out swell and she bore to the table exactly one cup of soup to be split among five! Her father teased her so she got a pea soup complex.

June makes fine fried chicken, salad dressings and desserts. Positively likes parsnips. Will go miles to find genuine Italian spaghetti. Loses her will power when confronted by a tray of French pastry. Is nuts about olives and always knows where to find a jar of them around the house. Loves baked potatoes with gobs of butter. If June loves some dish her mother has prepared, mother had better not monkey with the recipe next time, because June can tell and wants to know, "What did you do to it?"

She eats a sensational breakfast at 5 a. m.! A half grapefruit, 3 eggs, 4 pieces of toast, a bowl of cereal and a huge glass of milk. Youthful verve such as June's isn't developed on rain water.

As we've already stated, June's recipe list *doesn't* include pea-soup:

SUMMER SALAD COMBINATIONS

1. Fill hollowed ripe tomatoes with cottage cheese blended with mayonnaise and sliced, pimiento-stuffed olives. Or, instead of olives, use chopped crisp cucumber. Garnish with minced chives or a sprig of watercress.
2. Combine equal quantities of finely shredded cabbage and diced apple. Add coarsely chopped nut meats and mayonnaise or boiled dressing to moisten.
3. Combine 2 cups halved and seeded white grapes, 1½ cups orange pulp cut in uniform pieces. Chill. Add ½ cup sliced Brazil nuts. Mix with French dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce and garnish with fruit salad dressing.
4. Combine 1 cup diced, cold cooked veal and 1 cup diced cooked ham. Add 2 cups diced celery. Half hour before serving, toss with French dressing blended with about 2 tablespoons chutney. Chill.

BROCCOLI BAVARIAN SALAD

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup hot consomme
½ cup mayonnaise
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup chopped, cooked broccoli
1 cup cooked broccoli buds
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in hot consomme. Chill until slightly thickened, add mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste. Stir until blended. Fold in chopped broccoli. Rinse ring mold in cold water; place cooked broccoli buds in bottom and egg slices around sides of mold. Spoon in gelatine mixture carefully so as not to disarrange eggs. Chill until firm. Unmold on platter garnished with romaine. Serves 6 generously.

CHERRY ICE CREAM

1 rennet tablet
1 tablespoon cherry juice
2 cups light cream
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup corn syrup
Few drops red food coloring, optional
½ cup maraschino cherries (chopped)

Dissolve rennet tablet by crushing in cherry juice. Mix light cream, sugar, corn syrup and food coloring. Warm slowly, stirring constantly. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. When comfortably warm (110° F.), not hot, remove at once from heat. (At the right temperature, the test drop on your wrist will feel neither cold nor warm.) Add completely dissolved rennet tablet and give it two or three quick stirs—resist the impulse to "stir thoroughly" or it won't set. Pour at once, *while still liquid* into refrigerator tray. Do not move until set—about 10 minutes. Place in freezing compartment and freeze until firm. Remove from tray and scrape into a bowl, break up with a fork and beat until free from hard lumps, but still a thick mush. Add maraschino cherries and beat into mixture. Finish freezing. Serves 6.

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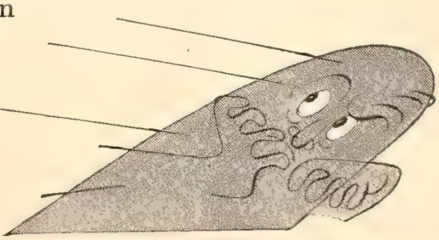

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INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see column on page 16 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

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ditty that does something to your heart.

Smoky is a wild stallion who belongs to Julie Richards (Anne Baxter), owner of the Rocking R ranch. Actually, no one on the ranch can get within twenty feet of him, except Clint Barkley (Fred MacMurray). Clint was hired the day Smoky was first chased in from the hills, and the two of them seem to belong together.

Nick, the foreman of the ranch, is a little dubious about Clint. Sure, the guy's a top bronc-buster, but he won't answer any questions about where he came from or what he did before. Nick figures a guy that won't talk has something to hide. One day a new man shows up at the ranch, looking for a job. His name is Frank Denton (Bruce Cabot), and he is Clint's half brother, but Clint isn't boasting about it. "Every time you show up, I get in trouble," he tells Frank, but reluctantly he recommends him to Nick as a good man.

Smoky has gotten used to having Clint saddle him and ride him. Nick feels that the stallion is ready to sell. He sends Frank in the corral to get him, but Smoky isn't having any. He's a one-man horse, and Frank isn't the man! At round-up time, Clint rides Smoky. He is accidentally thrown off and gored by a steer, but Smoky drags him gently all the way back to the ranchhouse. As soon as Julie sees Clint is hurt, she realizes how much she cares for him, and what a debt of gratitude she owes to Smoky.

While Clint is convalescing, Frank is busily getting him into a jam. He forges Clint's name on a check, and then rustles horses. But he makes the mistake of stealing Smoky, and lives just long enough to regret it. . . .—*20th-Fox*

P. S.

"Smoky," the classic by cowhand Will James, went through 32 editions and was translated into many languages. . . . Director Louis King took a company of 100 more than 6,000 miles; they staged cattle stampedes in Indian country; penetrated into the Moon region where few white men have gone; explored the gorges in Utah; filmed rodeos. . . . To discover Smoky, a search was made in 38 states before the 4-year old stallion who plays the title role was purchased in Arizona for $1500. . . . Director King insisted that his men players should stand at least six feet in height. Fred MacMurray reached six feet, three. The day he started work in "Smoky," he observed his tenth anniversary as a movie star. "Ten years is a long time to be around. I've been lucky," he said. On location in Utah, Fred took a chocolate bar for lunch and went trout fishing. Between "takes" one day, he caught 14. . . . For Anne Baxter, "Smoky" was her first outdoor picture, the first time she has ridden or roped and the first time she has played a bathing suit scene. The swim suit, a white one, caused complications. It faded too smoothly into the whiteness of her skin, suggesting nudity, and she ended up wearing a lipstick red suit which may be flamboyant but looks perfectly proper. . . . Burl Ives, the 270-lb., 6-foot troubador, strums away on his guitar with folk songs the hinterlands have been singing for generations, among them Abraham Lincoln's favorite, "The Blue Tail Fly". . . . After two months in the sun, Smoky began to bleach in spots and had to be blackened with walnut juice makeup.

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE

Who makes the best chocolate cake in the world? Why, Annie, of course! Anyway, that's the opinion of Corporal Jeff Dolan (Eddie Albert). Annie (Faye Marlowe) is Jeff's wife, and they're very happy together. At least they would be if they could be together. As it is, Jeff is in England and Annie's in Woodville, New Jersey. Jeff has a three-day pass but what good is that with New Jersey three thousand miles away?

As it turns out, it's a lot of good! Because a couple of Jeff's friends are Air Transport Command pilots. They hear about Jeff's pass. They think longingly of Annie's chocolate cake. They look at their orders, which read "New York." The next thing Jeff knows, he's on a trans-continental plane disguised as a sack of mail. They stop at Iceland and pick up an unexpected passenger—General Trent (William Frawley). The pilots hastily explain Jeff's presence—"Corporal Dolan, who handles the mail, sir."

Jeff has three hours to wait before there's a train for Woodville. The fliers take him to the Bongo Club to hear (and see) Dolores Starr (Gail Patrick). So who is the first person Jeff runs into there? Everett Thorndyke, Woodville's leading banker! But Thorndyke is with a neat blonde who bears little resemblance to Mrs. T. He readily agrees *never* to mention having seen Jeff in the United States.

Our slightly slap-happy corporal has a fast and delicious ten hours with Annie in Woodville. Then his fliers whip him back to London just before the expiration of his three-day pass. So everything's just dandy, until a year later. Then Jeff is discharged and lands back in Woodville. Annie is waiting for him, and so is a new baby boy, and what Woodville wants to know is "How come?" Jeff's been in England two years and a half, hasn't he? So what about that new baby?

There's a little matter of a legacy involved, too. Pretty soon Jeff is trying to prove he was so too in America, and it's pretty tough going. It even lands him in jail. . . .—*Rep.*

P. S.

Eddie Albert, a hero in the picture, was a hero in real life too, as a Naval Lieutenant, participating in the first assault wave on Tarawa. An impressive list of war heroes heads the cast of "Rendezvous With Annie"! Philip Reed received a commendation medal from Commodore James Bosk for his morale efforts in operating a Naval Advance Base Theater in the New Hebrides. Johnnie Hoover, one of the youngest Lieutenant-Colonels of the war (winning his rank at the age of 24) was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, Bob Foy, Eddie Albert's stand-in, has the distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal. . . . When scenarists Richard and Mary Loos dreamed up the idea for their story, they had Eddie Albert in mind for the leading role, although Albert was serving with the Navy in the Pacific at the time. It was a happy stroke of coincidence that the studio signed Albert for the starring role, entirely unaware of the fact that the story had originally been created with him in mind. . . . For authenticity, the studio enlisted the cooperation of Army Air Corps bigwigs and utilized the facilities of the Long Beach Army Air Field for the flying sequences. They purchased a C-47 transport in which much of the action took place. . . . Gail Patrick, a long-time dramatic star, made her debut as a singing star in this picture. . . . Faye Marlowe arose every day during production at 4 A.M. in order to get in an hour of vocal practice before setting out for the studio. . . .

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

The Pure In Heart (Gregory Peck) .... ☐
Why Did Mildred Pierce Do It? (Joan Crawford) .... ☐
Pete Steps Out! (Peter Lawford date) .... ☐
Peter Lawford's Life Story (Conclusion) .... ☐
MODERN SCREEN Goes To A Wedding (Johnny Coy) .... ☐
Salute To Sound (20th Anniversary of Talking Pictures) .... ☐
"No Leave, No Love" (Production Story) .... ☐
Ce-Ment Mixers (Roddy McDowall party) .... ☐
Sweet Home (Joan Leslie) .... ☐
Stevens Makes His Mark (Mark Stevens) .... ☐
Leave Heaven To Her (Gene Tierney) .... ☐
Danger! Kaye At Play (Danny Kaye) .... ☐
Meet the People (Alan Ladd) .... ☐
Watch Marshall Thompson! by Hedda Hopper .... ☐
Good News by Dorothy Manners .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? ....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference ....

....

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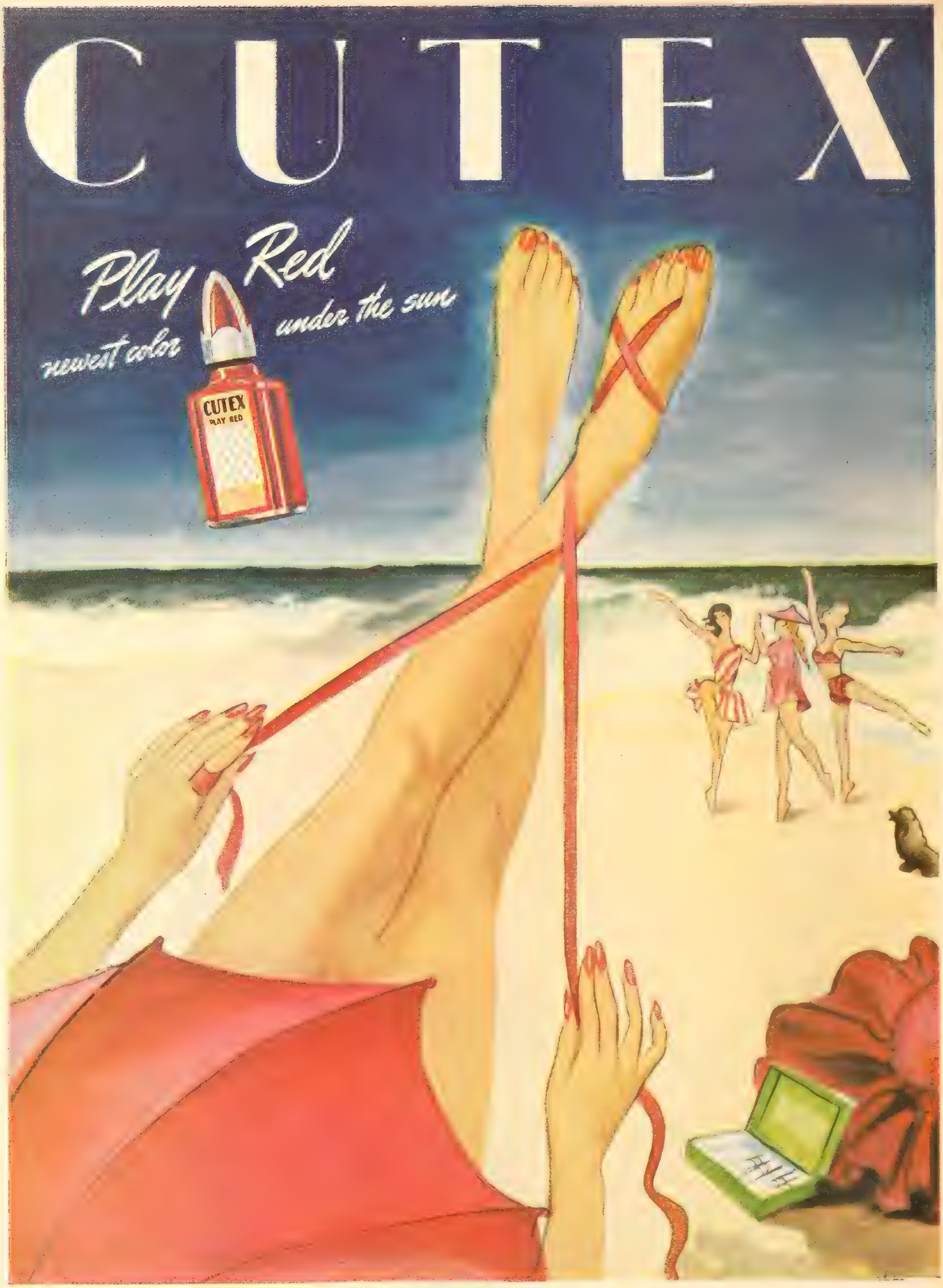
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TO OUR READERS...

■ Some time back in April. Modern Screen decided to adopt a baby. It was a beautiful thing to do, and we get goose pimples at the very thought of it. Unfortunately, we couldn't break the news to you just then, but it would have been nice for the announcement to hit the newsstands on Mother's Day. Neither Henry nor I has ever been honored on Mother's Day, and I'm sure it would have been a glorious sensation.

For the record, the baby's name is Screen Album, and she's the finest little magazine you ever saw . . . with Cornel Wilde on the cover!

If you'll permit me to be in deadly earnest for a moment, I'll tell you why we took such a fateful step. On the table of contents of Screen Album, you'll read the phrase "A Modern Screen service." To most of you, those words should be pretty familiar. You've written us for information. You've sent for our free charts. Or you've just written us for the fun of it . . . and been answered. That's service, and we love giving it.

And now, something new has been added. Screen Album isn't a chart, and it isn't a letter. It's a magazine—sold at all newsstands. It's a service because its fact crammed, delightfully written biographies and special features shoot you full of concentrated information. Every issue gives you an FBI view of at least one hundred stars. If that isn't service, I'm J. Edgar Hoover. For that matter, where else could you get 40 tall and handsome portraits in one issue of any magazine? Which is exactly what every issue of Screen Album gives you.

She'll come out six times a year, edited by our own staff and written by our writers, with a nice chap by the name of Charles Saxon in charge. All the same enthusiasm, fun and planning that's gone into Modern Screen, now goes into Screen Album as well. With pardonable pride, Henry and I commend Screen Album to you. She's our baby, and we hope you'll love her like you love us!

Al Delacorte

EIGHT NEW FEATURES! EXCLUSIVE AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS
SCREEN ALBUM
15¢

. . . the pure in heart

■ At the Neighborhood Playhouse the students were doing improvisations. One girl stood hesitant till her eyes lighted on a fellow student, then doubt dropped from her like a cloak—

"*I* know— You be a priest, Greg, and I'll confess to you—"

The idea brought an approving ripple from the others, who wished they'd thought of it first. From then on, Greg's nickname was Father Peck.

This of course was long before "Keys of the Kingdom." Yet in making their choice, the girl and the studio must have been influenced by the same quality in Peck. It's a quality the fans have recognized, too. In fact, it's probably done more to cinch his place in their hearts than his dark good looks and acting ability combined.

Since the days when Pickford was tagged America's Sweetheart, every big movie name has stood as a symbol for something beyond itself—something you could tie your dreams to. With Gable, it's the force of the all-conquering male. With Van Johnson, it's the freckled charm of the boy next door. With Peck, it's a kindliness and inward strength whose appeal is universal. If you were to put into words the feeling he gave you, you'd say something like this: "That's a guy to trust. That's a guy you could talk to if you needed to talk to someone. He could touch a raw spot without hurting it too much. You could take courage from him—"

Apparently this impression is no screen mirage. It has a basis in fact. In fairness to Peck, however, let's get one thing straight first. He's no saint or prig or Galahad with his eyes on the Grail, but a normal young man with his own shortcomings. Just the same, when you sit down and talk to people who know him, a figure begins to emerge that doesn't clash in essentials with the one your (*Continued on page* 88)

Maybe it's not art, but it's fun! Greg and Greta's newest wrinkle in home entertainment is oil painting; they bought twin easels and smocks and vie with each other as to which can make an apple look like—an apple!

Pop, here with son Jon, didn't know about the newest addition until a radio commentator said, "The Pecks are infanticipating!" Startled, Greg asked Greta, who'd just come from her doctor's, "True?" "True!" she gurgled

With him it's all or nuthin' . . . Greg's taking up chess, pores over complicated text books and dreams of the day when he'll beat champ Humphrey Bogart. His arm's just out of a sling—yup—he was bitten by a monkey!

As soon as Greg finishes Ben Bogeaus' "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," he'll go off to Dennis, Mass. for two weeks of summer stock in order to "keep from getting rusty at live acting."

SOMETIMES A MAN'S

STRENGTH CAN COME FROM HIS HEART.

GREGORY PECK'S

FRIENDS HAVE FOUND THAT IN

HIS GOODNESS LIES HIS GREATNESS

By Ida Zeitlin

With "Humoresque" completed, Joan plans a yachting vacation with Phil Jr. (above) and daughter Chris. She's considering taking them to England if she appears in British films.

FOR TWO YEARS,
JOAN CRAWFORD GAVE UP HER SECURITY
AND STUDIED SCRIPTS. SHE FOUND
A GREAT STORY AT LAST—AND AN OSCAR.

By James M. Cain

Mildred Pierce

Her divorce from Phil Terry was held up when she discovered a news paper had installed a broadcast mike in the courtroom to air th proceedings. The judge had to remove it before Joan would testif

WHY DID *Mildred Pierce* DO IT?

Though an Oscar-winner is kept busy, Joan cares for baby Phil and Christina herself. Minus 16 pounds from the flu and worry over the Award, Joan wears a year-old $15,000 mink coat in her new pic—that's worth double now!

■ I rang the bell, and nothing happened. Then I became aware of music within, not just a little soft and lowdown, but a veritable uproar from a radio, with an announcer cutting in as though he were calling trains in the Union Station. I rang again, and an old friend appeared before me: Thea Larson, who had secretaried for all of us in the old days at Paramount, and who now secretaries for the stars. She took me in the bar, explaining that picture-taking was going on, but that it wouldn't last long. She and I chatted. I noted the shiny gold Oscar, on its ebony pedestal, facing all who entered, near the liquor cabinet. Then I felt something, and when I turned, there she was, coming in with a swirl of skirts like a well-bred tornado, to take me in her arms and lead me into the living room, where the pictures were being taken. By the time we had crossed the hall we were friends, which wasn't surprising, as we had a profound bond, which was "Mildred Pierce," which I wrote and she played and the industry liked so well it rewarded with the little statue that occupies so prominent a place in her house and her heart.

It was here that the radio was blaring, and back of the camera was a little contingent from one of the New York magazines. She resumed with them as soon as she had me seated, off to one side, where I'd be clear of (*Continued on page 96*)

PETER LAWFORD ASKED HER FOR A DATE; VEDDY FORMAL. PAT KIRKWOOD ACCEPTED; VEDDY BRITISH. BUT THE JUKE BOX-JIVIN' TIME THEY HAD—STRICTLY YANKEE!

1. Peter, calling for Pat right on time, knows she's irked by late dates, pleased by posies. She hates hats, likes California informality. P. S. In England, hatless gals are kept off dance floors!

2. Everybody's happy, 'cause Pat dislikes wearing corsages, and Pete never sends 'em, totes cut flowers instead. He likes pinning flowers in girls' hair, 'specially if her hair is long and flowing.

3. Pat had never tasted hot dogs, so Peter rushed her to Hugo's where she tasted his, demanded one "with the works; onion, mustard, *and* pickle!"

4. Pat (in "No Leave, No Love") coaxed Peter into riding duds at The Westerner Shop, then confessed she loathed riding: "It's too energetic. Beach parties are my speed." Pete (in "Two Sisters From Boston") agreed, but he's got a quirk: Likes beach shindigs stag.

Pete steps out!

More date pictures →

5. London boasts one "java 'n' sinkers" shop, but Pat says British doughnuts are "undunkable" 'cause they're jelly filled. Pete assumed a "with-this-ring-I-thee-wed" expression as he slid cruller on ring finger.

6. Bob Mitchum table hopped at Billy Berg's "rhythm club," which is what Pat calls American jive joints. She adores jive but doesn't jitterbug, likes to watch others.

7. Peter laughed when Pat said her pet song was "Who Put The Benzedrine In Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?", claimed she was "spoofing" him. But Pat had last laugh when musicians, overhearing, blasted them with an earful!

8. "As one Briton to another," Pete asked, "what do you think of American comics?" "Aaah," sighed Pat, "that *lovely* Dick Tracy!"

PETER LAWFORD LIFE STORY, CONCLUDED - by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Peter Lawford had no idea, when he left Hollywood with a heavy heart, that the clouds of war which threatened the world would brew an ill wind destined to blow him back again.

The Lawfords left California for Florida, but en route they unexpectedly changed their minds. It was March, 1939. Mussolini's mock war of empire was won. Spain had cast a shadow of bloody events to come. Hitler was on the march and England, waking slowly out of uneasy sleep, lay paralyzed with inaction. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain came back from a conference at Munich waving a treaty and smiling "Peace in our time"—even though the smile was to turn into a grinning skull.

General and Lady Lawford were suddenly homesick. It had been years since they were home. They believed the new hope. They believed war was averted, now that Hitler was satisfied. They decided to go back to London and then on to their favorite resort, Monte Carlo. There Peter would forget Hollywood and the unpleasantness with American school laws. His crippled arm, boosted along to recovery in Hollywood, would get better in the sun of Southern France, and back among his old friends, he would find himself in a career suitable for a young English gentleman. The Lawfords switched trains and headed for New York. There the (*Continued on page 107*)

modern screen goes to a wedding

IT WASN'T VERY GALA;
JUST SOME RICE AND OLD SHOES, A
FEW TEARS AND LOVING HEARTS
AND DOROTHY BABBS MIRACULOUSLY
BECOMING MRS. JOHNNY COY

1. It all started a long time ago, during rehearsals for "Ladies' Man." Johnny and Dotty became sweethearts, and months later, on the beach at Carmel, she got *the* ring.

2. When it's a good love and a true love, the motto runs, "Love me, love my family." So here (l. to r.) are: The bride's dad, G. R. Babbs, sis Evelyn Babbs, sis Mollie Coy and pianist Mom Babbs.

by virginia wilson

4. "Not that I was scared, y'unnerstan' . . ." That's Johnny's story and he's stuck with it—and did it hurt! When Dorothy's turn came, she grinned and plopped into the chair. "The weaker sex? Hah!" she sniffed.

■ Dorothy wasn't expecting him, but just the same there she was looking out of the window when he drove up to the hotel where she and her mother were staying in Carmel. Sometimes love makes you psychic. It must have made Johnny psychic, too, because he glanced up at her window just as if he'd known she'd be there. He grinned and waved, and ran with his quick, light step into the hotel.

"Mother!" Dorothy cried, "Johnny's here! I saw him out in front."

Mrs. Babbs smiled at her daughter. "I can't say I'm overcome with surprise. After all, Carmel isn't a million miles from Hollywood, and Johnny's pretty much in love." (*Continued on page 104*)

3. "No blood tests, no marriage license," decreed the City Hall man. "No birth certificate, no license. No—" Miserable, the weary kids stewed on the Hall steps in disappointment.

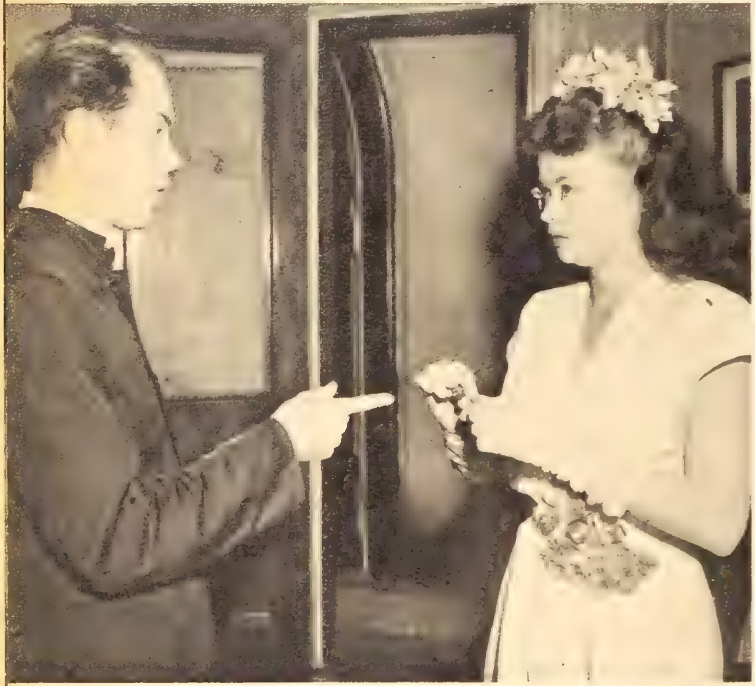
5. Best man Bill Eythe decided that someone who *didn't* have six thumbs had better be the official boutonniere fastener. This time J.'s shelling out for the bride's bouquet.

6. Dressing in her room, Dorothy stole a moment to be alone with her dream. The lilies of the valley she carried for tradition, the daisies because he'd said, "They fit the way I feel about you."

7. As the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March wafted into the study, Buff Cobb, the maid of honor, gave Dorothy's veil a final pat, tried to joke away her nervousness.

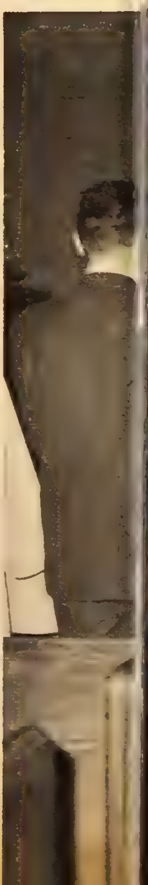
8. It *couldn't* happen to him—late for his own wedding! Johnny could've sworn he was supposed to have the ring, but after hunting it for 20 minutes, Bill Eythe smugly fished it out of his own pocket!

9. Buff, as maid of honor, took care of Johnny's wedding band. Intently, she absorbed Reverend Charles A. Weatherby's instructions concerning the ritual for the centuries-old double ring ceremony.



10. Bill couldn't resist a little grin at Johnny's jitterings as Dr. Weatherby produced the marriage certificate for signing. It was the groom's last moments as a bachelor—and he had enough spirit left to kid about it!

11. At the processional, Buffie Cobb begged, "Please, ***please*** don't cry until after the ceremony—your mascara'll run!" Even solemn Charles Russell, who gave the bride away, agreed that was the only way to jolt Dot out of her blissful daze.



12. (left) For the brand new Mr. and Mrs. Coy, floating down the aisle after the ceremony, Mendelssohn's recessional music had an exultant ring. Also, the lucky coin in Dot's shoe was slipping out!

13. (top) Johnny's mother, who had just come in from Canada, was an unbelievably wonderful surprise. Here Dot kisses her new mother for the first time as a full fledged member of the Coy clan.

14. (above) Alone at last. Or as nearly alone as a bride and groom *can* be at the Stork Club. But for John and Dot there were no people and no cameras—just 2 in love, with some wonderful dreams.

salute to sound

IT ALL CAME TRUE, THAT DREAM THE WARNER BROTHERS HAD OF MOVIES YOU COULD HEAR AS WELL AS SEE . . .

With Helene Costello, John Barrymore took second billing to the magic word "Vitaphone" at the historic premiere of "Don Juan."

In 1926, Al Jolson rocked the world in "The Jazz Singer" when he sang much-imitated, much-loved "Mammy" for screen's first song.

■ Broadway sensed, somehow, that this night—August 6, 1926—was extraordinary. Shirt-waisted girls and their straw-bonneted swains swarmed northward through Times Square's incandescent glow. In front of the Warner Theater at Broadway and Fifty-second Street, perspiring cops strained in the heat to keep lanes open for the great and the near-great—theatrical folk, city and national officials, Wall Street brokers, sports celebrities—as they got out of cabs, or out of shiny limousines, to enter the playhouse.

Motion picture fans shrieked deliriously at sight of their screen heroes and screen heroines. They seemed heady with the rich perfumes that drifted to them on the humid air from the women playgoers' colorful evening garb. Jack Dempsey's genial grin changed to a look of sudden fear as a dozen pairs of eager hands caught Estelle Taylor's wrap. He threw his arms protectively around his wife, but part of the wrap stayed in the Taylor-worshippers' grasp. He convoyed her safely into the lobby.

The marquee under which they passed, danced with lights that proclaimed to the world "VITAPHONE and John Barrymore in Don Juan." This billing alone was a break with stage tradition. The Great Lover, of all people, was taking second place on a Broadway marquee—and second place to what? To a machine, an unknown and mysterious device. Hardly a soul in the pressing throng that reached in dense mass from Fifty-first to Fifty-second Street on Broadway knew anything about Vitaphone that night.

Next morning, though, the word "Vitaphone" and the names of Sam, Harry, Albert and Jack Warner, who had introduced it, were part of New York's common vocabulary. Within a few days (*Continued on page 102*)

by meyer berger

Before going into "those newfangled talkies," Bette Davis appeared on B'way in "Broken Dishes" with Donald Meek.

Charles Farrell, who, with sound, gave up the movies, now runs a country club with Ralph Bellamy.

"La Bohème" starred John Gilbert and Lillian Gish in 1926. Miss Gish appeared as "Miss Susie Slagle"—in 1946!

The art of pantomime, Charlie Chaplin thought, would be ruined by the advent of talking pictures.

"Ella Cinders," comic strip character, came to life in 1924 with Colleen Moore as "Ella."

It's hard to believe that Ethel Barrymore of "The Spiral Staircase" sneered at sound in 1928, said it wouldn't last.

"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"

1. Yippee, it's a furlough, so Slinky (Keenan Wynn) and Mike (Van Johnson) are heading home. Van's anxious to see his girl, Lucy, but doesn't know she got tired of waiting and wed another.

2. Shore feels good, and Mike's mellowed now, almost forgives Slinky for talking him into appearing on a quiz program. Slinky wants Mike to win a cash prize—with an agent's fee for *him!*

BY MARIS MAC CULLERS AND JANE WILKIE

3. Mike tells m.c. Susan Duncan (Pat Kirkwood, right) that Slinky is "Mike," whose answers confuse Guy Lombardo and Rosalind (Marie Wilson). But he does win a phone call home!

4. On winning call, Mrs. Hanlon explained to Susan that her son's girl is married, begged her to stall Mike till she can tell him in person. So S. puts them into her sponsor's suite.

5. Thinking it's part of the prize, they accept the suite, and Slinky, always out for a dishonest dollar, rents part of suite to its owner, sponsor Stiles (E. Arnold), part to a Countess!

STORY The tall young man came hurtling up the steps of the hospital, tore through the wide and solemnly panelled doors, crossed the dim marbled hall and plummeted into the elevator just as the startled young nurse was about to close the gate. He leaned breathlessly against the side of the car and grinned absently at the nurse.

"What floor, please?" she said.

"Babies," said the tall young man.

"Maternity?"

"No," said the tall young man. "I'm the father."

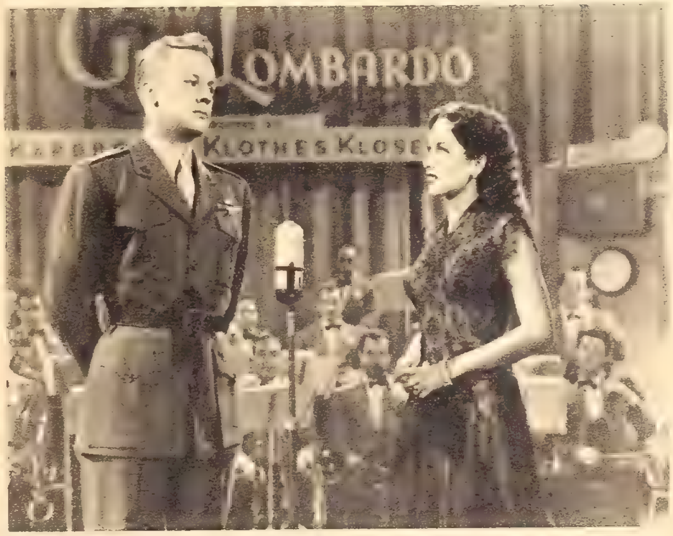
"Maternity," said the *(Continued on page 121)*

PRODUCTION Before the film had finished shooting, one of its new tunes, "Love on a Greyhound Bus," had been recorded by more than twenty artists and orchestras . . . After his visit to Washington, Van Johnson received a Southern cooked dinner by air express from the page boys to Southern senators. It arrived on the set, fried chicken packed between loaves of French bread to seal in the moisture . . . While Van was in the East, incidentally, he saw his father for the first time in five years . . . Sugar Chile Robinson, the small Negro boy who has created a sensation with his boogie *(Continued on page 99)*

6. "Popsy," who is really the tightwad Mr. Stiles, finds the Countess (Marina Koshetz) very attractive, doesn't even mind when he finds out he's been paying for rent of his own suite!

7. Mrs. Hanlon (Selena Royle) arrives, confesses plot to keep Mike away. He denounces Susan as a "professional charmer who'd pretend to love any guy to make a good program!"

8. Mike's disgusted with romance, tries to get reservations "anywhere away from women." "Popsy" consoles him, realizes he and Susan are in love, and tricks Mike into appearing on her radio program again.



9. Right on the air, Mike tells Susan he's leaving. Susan's defense is to make him admit—right on the air—that he loves her. The Marine Corps, listening in, applauds their kiss—right on the air!

CEMENT MIXERS

"PUTTI, PUTTI," THAT'S HOW THE "CEMENT MIXER" SONG GOES. "GOODY, GOODY," THAT'S WHAT THEY WHOOPED AT RODDY McDOWALL'S PARTY

It was like Grauman's Chinese Theater when they left fingerprints in Roddy's new yard. Dainty Di Lynn and Ann Blyth howled till Rod watered their gritty paws.

After Jane Powell and Liz Taylor staged wild badminton game, Liz collapsed in chair. But Farley Granger loped over and swung Janie into *sole*-searing jitterbug routine.

Loren Tindall (left to right), Roddy, Farley and Dick Long all turned cement mixers. "First you separate the eggs," muttered Roddy—but the boys insisted on using own recipe. Came out fine; then R.'s pup tracked over!

■ Remember the story of Tom Sawyer and the white-washed fence? How he got his pals to do his chores by pretending it was fun? Well, Roddy McDowall may have been brought up more on Shakespeare than Mark Twain, but he could teach Tom a thing or three! Take that party he threw: Dick Long, Farley Granger, Loren Tindall—all big, healthy boys. Jane Powell, Diana Lynn, Ann Blyth, Liz Taylor—all little, pretty girls. So-o-o, after talking up the *fun* of doing one's own repair work, Rod soon had the boys up to their ankles in cement, fixing his yard, with the girls neatly decoyed around him! Only the smell of sizzling hamburgers prevented bloodshed. "I'll help," volunteered Farley, heading toward the chef. "All of a sudden he's a Boy Scout," sneered Dick, who, though leanest of the lads, ate the most. "Eating," observed Roddy sadly, "is one job you *don't* have to talk people into!" (*More pictures on next page.*)

They huffed and they puffed till they blew the balls down—it's the lazy man's ping pong, as played by champs Liz, Roddy, Ann and Dick.

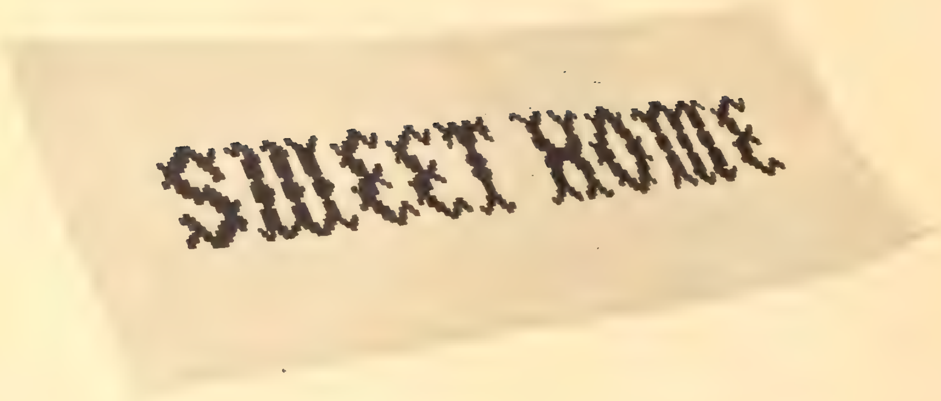
CEMENT MIXERS

Loren Tindall soaked his cement-webbed toes, but took time out with Dick Long to coax M.S.'s Jane Wilkie into the drink. "But I have no bathing cap!" she howled.

The cheesecake (only it's chocolate) is Jane Powell's, who's banked by Farley and Roddy. Water babies Jane and Rod spent hours in pool, with Rod donning rubber fins and mask to sneak under water and duck guests.

An artist friend brought along finger painting equipment, and Diana dabbled away happily, using mud-pie technique. Kids mixed paints on wet paper and dreamed up own designs.

Diana assisted boys on barber shop rendition of "Ain't It A Shame About Mame?" Loren wanted to hear the "Minute Waltz." "My life ambition," he said, "is to play it in 30 seconds!"



SWEET HOME

■ In the good old days when he was a puppy full of ballet dancer leaps, Mike (short for Microphone) had been allowed to go along on these important family journeys. Now he was old and blind, confined to the playhouse because his good disposition had dwindled with his sight.

As Mrs. Brodel, Joan and Betty drove away from the house, Joan looked back with a sigh. "It doesn't seem right to be starting somewhere without a wire haired terrier in the back seat, yelping with excitement."

Mrs. Brodel thought—It's going to be rough for Joan when Mike isn't frisking around the yard any more.

But there were other subjects to be considered at the moment: Reaching the station, for one thing. Mr. Brodel was returning from a business trip to Detroit, and the family was driving down to meet him. "It's going to be wonderful to have Dad huffing and puffing around the house again," Joan said. "I miss our *whole family* when anyone is gone."

They were standing eagerly at the rope barrier when Mr. Brodel came strolling up the long marble ramp. Joan was first to catch sight of him; she began to jump up and down, caroling, "He's mine. I know it. I know without Dad saying a (*Continued on page* 94)

Joan's slimmer and trimmer after her rest in Yosemite, gads about with a Navy lieutenant—but Mom chaperones their Saturday night dates! Joan's 21 now, trying to break her studio contracts signed as a minor.

HAPPINESS IS A CLOSED CORPORATION WITH THE BRODEL FAMILY—AND DAUGHTER JOAN LESLIE'S JUST ANOTHER STOCKHOLDER TO MOM, POP, HER SISTERS, AND THEIR TERRIER PUP.

by Cynthia Miller

Sister Betty carries on Dad Brodel's (he's an ex-vaudevillian) tradition of spouting very old, corny jokes. Joan's been playing the accordion since she was four, wants the address of the fan who sent her this one so she can return it—it costs $1,000!

Joan's proud of the way Betty's been forging ahead in bit parts, insists they're the only team that can chant a whole duet—off key! See J. in "Janie Gets Married."

Stevens makes his mark

A NURSE WAS WAITING IN THE AMBULANCE, BUT MARK LEFT THE HOSPITAL IN HIS CONVERTIBLE—WITH THE TOP DOWN!

By Jack Wade

■ Mark Stevens met the surgeon's verdict with a level look in his determined brown eyes.

"You understand, Mark," the doctor said, "this operation is only temporary. You'll have to have another one later."

Mark nodded.

"And later on another."

"Yes."

"You've got a bad back. It's a long pull to complete recovery."

"Sure—sure," said Mark impatiently. "That's okay. What I want to know is about *this* time. How soon can I be back on the set—a couple of days?"

The doctor shrugged. "It's possible—but it's not wise."

A wave of relief spread over Mark Stevens' tense face. A grin cracked his square jaw. "Who said I was wise? But I've got to finish that picture."

That was halfway through "The Dark Corner," Mark Stevens' first starring job at his home studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. It was his prove-it picture, the second hit that's always necessary to prove a Cinderella star is no shooting star. Mark had been snatched from nowhere to co-stardom with Joan Fontaine in "From This Day Forward" at RKO. The picture wasn't yet released. He didn't know yet where he stood. He was hemmed in by Hollywood skeptics, even on his own home lot. He had to make good. "I'm ready," he told the doctor, "whenever you are."

(Continued on page 100)

Mark (with wife, Annelle) once took a few drinks to get in the mood for a drunk scene. Rushes looked silly, so he did the scene over, cold sober—and it came out fine! (Mark's latest: "The Dark Corner.")

DANGER! KAYE AT PLAY

■ Danny Kaye and his good pal, Jack Benny, were on their way to the Hollywood Canteen one night during the war, when Jack made an injudicious remark.

"This Hollywood traffic is dynamite," said Jack. "It makes me nervous." They were riding in Danny's big gray Cadillac and Danny was at the wheel. Instantly an odd gleam came into the sharp eyes of Danny. His voice took on a strange falsetto. Right away, but too late, Jack knew he'd made a mistake.

"Nervous?" repeated Danny weirdly. "Nonsense. Look at me. I'm driving but I'm not a *bit* nervous!"

"Look out!" yelled Jack. Danny had stuck out his left hand and then whirled the wheel to his right. A car grazed by, the driver shaking his fist. "I'm calm," continued Danny. "It doesn't pay to get worked up."

"HEY!" yelled Benny this time. Danny stuck his hand out to the right and twisted the Cad on one wheel to the left. Brakes screeched on both sides. Danny loosened his collar, jittered his fingers, slapped back his mop of hair twitchily, dabbed his brow. "Cool as can be," he muttered. He ground the gears like a buzz saw. The clutch popped in and out. The car bucked and heaved like a broncho. Danny gave it a jackrabbit start, sending Jack bouncing out of his seat. A passing driver honked and cursed.

"Courtesy! Courtesy!" yelled Danny, chidingly. He got back a dark scowl. "Tch-tch . . ." clucked Danny. "What drivers need are calmness and courtesy." He (*Continued on page 73*)

May McCoy (Danny calls her "the real McCoy") hates to have her picture taken. "G'wan," teases Danny, "you're not so good looking as you think!" D.'s excited about Coming (blessed) Events, about new pic, "Secret Life Of Walter Mitty."

HE'S DEATH TO DIGNITY, THIS FUGITIVE FROM BROADWAY, WITH A PIXIE IN HIS SOUL AND A GLEAM IN HIS EYE. ■ BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

HEAVEN CAN WAIT FOR GENE TIERNEY, WHO'S GOT A DELIGHTFULLY DESIGNING HUSBAND, A DOG NAMED OLAF, AND A DAUGHTER WHO LIKES TO PLAY WITH PERCOLATORS! • by FREDDA DUDLEY

leave heaven to her

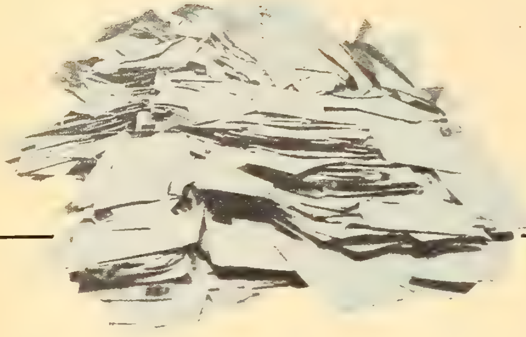
■ Mrs. Oleg Cassini, newly moved into a home in Beverly Hills, stood quite still in the middle of the floor and thought. Then she went to the chest of drawers in the bedroom, started with the top drawer and removed every item. Not there. She went to the second, third, fourth and fifth drawers. No luck.

She thought, "And now what am I going to do! I wish I knew Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in person—this is definitely a problem for Basil Rathbone!"

Countess Cassini, Oleg's mother, had—on an occasion shortly after Gene's marriage to Oleg—given Gene a collection of pictures of Oleg as a baby, as a bright-eyed youngster, as an adolescent, and as a young man. These photographs had been collected on two huge mats and framed. They represented two of Gene's dearest possessions. And now, since moving day when the van company had carefully taken down everything, swathed them in protective coverings, and transported them, the pictures were nowhere to be found.

Countess Cassini, upon giving Gene the irreplaceable mementoes, had said, "You are so careful with items of value that I give you these with trust. I know they will be preserved with care because they mean so much to both of us." (*Continued on page 100*)

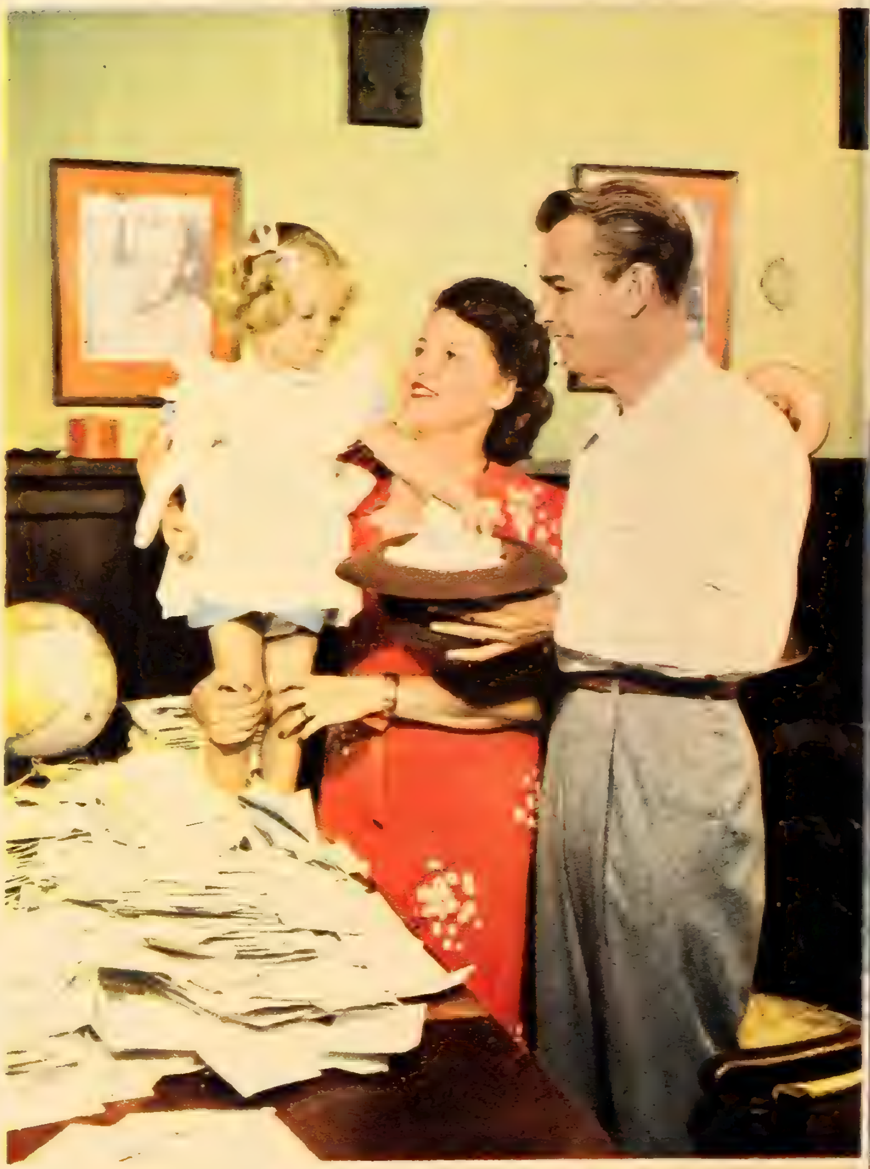
Gene (now in "The Razor's Edge") made a bargain with Sid Grauman: She'd have her footprints immortalized in the court of his Chinese Theater (first time since the war), if *he'd* agree to have *his* prints made. And he did!



MEET THE PEOPLE

YOU WORK AND YOU WORRY AND SUDDENLY YOU'RE FAMOUS. AND IF YOU'RE ALAN LADD, YOU DON'T FORGET THE FANS WHO MADE YOU.

■ Around the Ladd household, there's a catchword: It's "the-fans-of-course." Because whenever anyone asks Sue or Alan how Laddie caught on to stardom so fast, they answer, "Why, it was the-fans-of-course," very matter of factly. No one's more conscious of what he owes those loyal fans who plugged him when he was just a name (and pretty far down, too) on the studio contract list, and no one's more appreciative. So when Laddie and Sue decided it was time for one of their Sunday go to meetin' fans visits, they brushed Alana's blonde curls, bought presents for the lucky fans, and set out to spend the day with the Banksons and the Carrolls. The small gremlin that sits on our Hollywood editor's shoulder told her what was cookin', so she begged to come along, too—just for the ride (for herself) and for these pictures (for the-fans-of-course!)



To find out which fan they'll visit, Alan (in "Two Years Before The Mast") has Sue clip names from his fan mail, stuff 'em into his hat, then scoop Alana onto the desk. The baby then shuts her eyes and picks the lucky winner of the Ladd Fan Derby.

A family of fans: Left to right, Grandpa Fred Bankson with grandchild Georgia Carroll, Sue, Mrs. B., daughter Jean Carroll, Alan and Alana.

ean, whose husband's overseas, is a camera fiend, and with her favorite star at and, kept things clicking. Alan brought Mrs. Bankson lavender and white posies, hich Jean claimed she kept for days and days, till they were blossoms in the dust.

G'bye now . . . with Grandpa holding Georgia's balloon that Sue brought, with Sue holding the bag—and Mrs. Bankson's lemon icing recipe!

by Hedda Hopper

watch Marshall thompson!

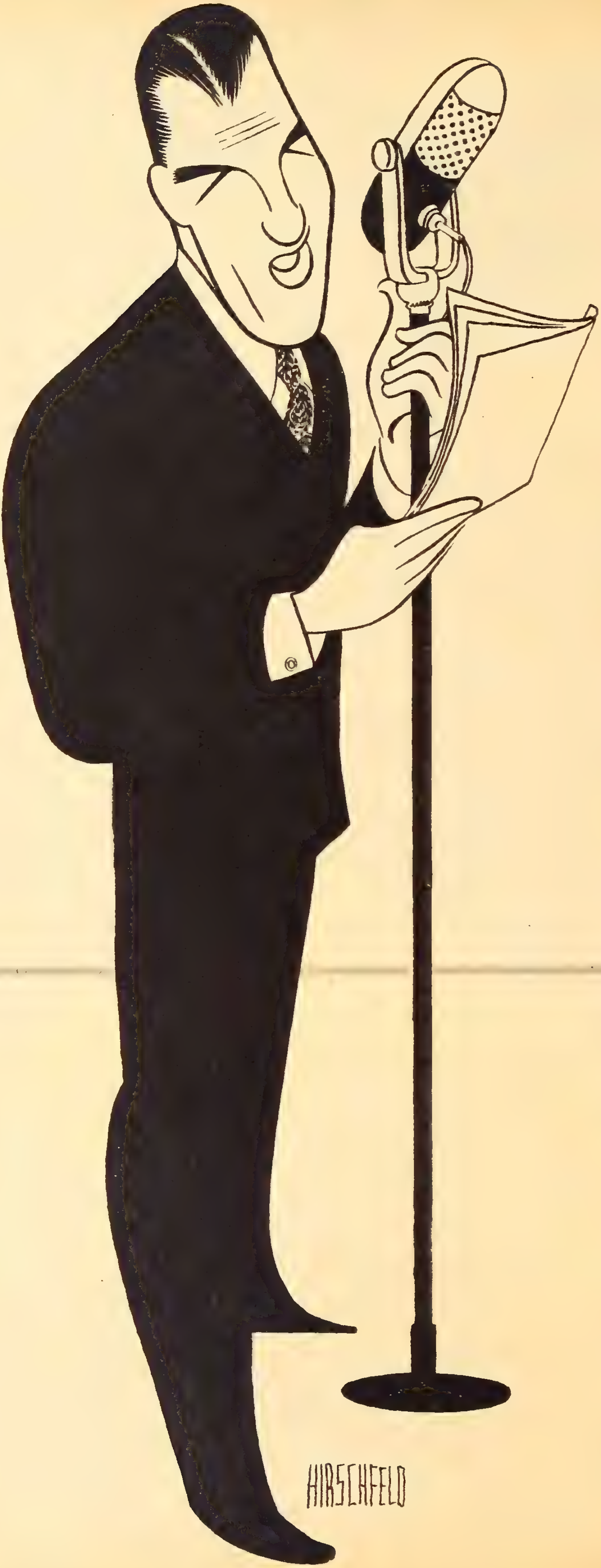
■ Could be the prophet who said "Youth must be served" had his crystal ball focused on Hollywood, 1946 A.D., because—no doubt about it—my dreams are getting younger all the time. If you don't think so, look at the dish I'm serving up—garnished with MODERN SCREEN's golden Gruen award watch that ticks off the seconds on the dash to stardom—Mister Marshall Thompson, tall, tender, talented and terrific—and all of twenty years old!

I had a heavy date with Marshall the other day—well, maybe not so heavy, but anyway a date. I peeked out the window when Marsh clattered his Chevvy to a stop at my Beverly Hills curb and saw him unwind himself—all six feet-two of him—from behind the steering wheel. He slammed the car door and something fell off, maybe the handle. He poked his rebellious curls back, and the sun glinted off a fraternity pin on his shirt. Marshall ambled up my sidewalk with that lazy, easy stride (*Continued on page 116*)

Though her bean-stalking Marsh eats enough for ten, Mom Thompson is grateful for the dinner hour because "that's the only time the family meets—and isn't flying in all directions!"

He's the prankster
who parlayed a practical joke
into a career, the shy
school boy who rocketed into
our Star-Of-The-Month!

Marshall's award is a gorgeous gold Gruen Watch; Hedda's hat is of the same metal—and worth $12,500! It was designed by John Frederics out of 18 carat solid gold!



radio award...

by ED SULLIVAN

■ Back in the days of the fabled Palace Theater, when a date at that Broadway theater was the magna cum laude award of the two-a-day vaudeville circuit, Phil Baker used Sid Silvers as a "stooge." Today, Phil Baker has enlarged that amusing formula; he uses all of the world as "stooges," or at least that considerable section of the world which makes pilgrimages to radio studios to participate in shows of the quiz pattern. This, probably, is the articulate hangover from the country spelling bee, which once entranced our grandpappies, or perhaps it is the crossword puzzle spree wired for sound. Americans always liked to be tested with questions, confident that they had the answers, and unlike the knights of old who once spurred their chargers against each other, the modern day knights who tilt with Baker have a chance to win the $64 question.

"Everybody," said Durante, "wants to get into the act." The quiz shows of radio proved that Durante said a noseful! They're neither too young nor too old to make a stab at the $64 question. Just recently, Phil had a grandmother on the show. "Who is Betty Field?" asked Baker. The old lady, alas, no MODERN SCREEN reader, stared terror-stricken at the inquisitor. Phil tried to cue her into the answer, but it was no dice. A film of perspiration formed on the old lady's forehead.

There was no doubt that the studio audi-

and radio gossip

by BEN GROSS

■ **Salute to Sullivan . . .** Our old friend, Ed Sullivan, was on the wire. "Look, Ben," he said. "I'm busier these days than Van Johnson in a mob of autograph hunters. So howsabout tearing away from that loudspeaker long enough to write some radio news for the swellest audience in the world—the readers of MODERN SCREEN?"

Well, that's the reason for the new byline over the column this month. Ed, as all of you know, loves radio. But his work as an ace nce's sympathy was with the old lady. aker, a very sentimental sort of guy, had a ush of inspiration. "Mother," he said. "You ook a little warm. Just fan yourself for a inute with this card." He handed her the ard on which the answers are written, and he audience broke into applause. The old ady gratefully took the cardboard, adjusted er spectacles—and fanned herself!!

"In five years of quizzing," Baker told me, he other night, "I try to place myself in the osition of the audience at home. If the person I'm interviewing is a smart-aleck, or an xhibitionist, I figure that people sitting at heir radios resent him just as keenly as I resent im, so I give him short shrift. If the person s nervous because of modesty, or terrified ecause of inexperience, I know that quality s apparent to the people sitting home at their adios and I handle him as I figure they'd ike to have him handled."

So, some time, when you're tuned in to a guiz show and you hear the Quizzer ask "How many years did the 10-Year War last?" or "Who were the opposing sides in the French-Indian war?", realize that the Quizzer, recognizing the near-hysteria of the Quizzee, is trying to snap him or her out of the trance.

Phil Baker's $64 questions have been asked of some very interesting people. There was the unforgettable night when the show was almost wrecked by a sailor who did an ad lib treatise on atomic power, with all his conclusions predicated on the beans that had been served to him by Navy chefs. The audience became so hysterical that Baker could hardly keep the show going. Eversharp would rather not remember that nightmare. They'd rather remember the night when Staff Sergt. Hulon Whittington, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, who killed 89 Germans, not only won the $64 question, but went on to capture a $292 jackpot.

But the most interesting person on the $64 question stanza is Phil Baker himself. Perhaps all accordion players are moody sentimentalists, or perhaps the physical effort of pumping air into the folds of an accordion tends to create moods. Whatever the cause, the effect in Baker's case is fascinating. He is certainly a moody one, given to introspection, given to fierce emotional intensities. One of his favorite companions is Michael Arlen, and at his home, you are more apt than not to find the Metropolitan's Mme. Maria Jeritza in one chair, and Aileen Stanley, a vaudeville confrere, in another.

His idol, of course, was and remains Ben Bernie. The idolatry goes back to the early days when young Baker, having earned fifty cents selling newspapers at 45th and Broadway, spent that hard-earned dough to see his favorite act, Klass and Bernie, accordion and violin. His burning ambition was to reach that high estate where he'd be the half of the act represented by Klass.

After an amateur contest, barbershop quartet, one night stands apprenticeship, Phil, at 19, teamed up with Bernie until the advent of World War I. Discharged from the Navy, Phil landed in radio, in 1933, with his "Beetle" and "Bottle" team of Ward Wilson and Harry McNaughton as studio haunts. In 1941 he became the $64 question man.

Not long ago, on a radio program that features old-time vaudeville acts via the use of records, I heard a complete old-time bill at the Palace Theater. One of the acts was Phil Baker with his stooge-in-the-box, Sid Silvers. At the Palace, when I heard them, they were hilarious. The record indicated that audiences in those days must have been pushovers, because the jokes at which I howled years ago were actually pretty bad. You can imagine that 1946 youngsters, listening to that record, must have thought that if their parents laughed at stuff like that, Pop and Ma must have been on the "corney" side. Truth to tell, the same idea was in my mind. Actually, however, such a record failed to give you the spacing supplied by the audience laughs, and it failed to give you the impertinence of Silvers as he glared at Baker, or the poise and humor of Baker as he parried the attack from the little heckler sitting above him, on the left wing.

Believe me when I tell you that while entertainment may be speeded up from generation to generation, and material "smartened," the headliners at the old Palace today would still be headliners. The determining factor always has been, and always will be, the personality of the performer, and Baker is a headline personality.

So in making this month's MODERN SCREEN Award to Phil Baker, it is made against this background of show business, one that extends from Keith's Palace two-a-day to Paley's CBS once-a-week. And may I report that the moody one broke out in a wide grin when I handed him the silver plaque.

Broadway columnist, his broadcasting contract, his numberless activities for charity and his noble efforts on behalf of hospitalized veterans keep him occupied most of the days—and evenings, too. He just hasn't enough time on his hands. So, being an old associate and agreeing with him on what is good in radio, he asked me to take over.

However, you may depend on it, the Sullivan lad will still continue to grace these pages. He will carry on, both on the air and in print, with his highly valued "MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan Radio Awards." He will keep on writing those human, warm-hearted accounts of the personalities behind the winning shows. And, what's more, if our Ed has any thoughts on the broadcasting scene, he will speak right up and pass them on to this department.

So now, having made our bow to Sullivan, let's get on with the job. And, in doing so, we find, as always that . . .

Names Make Radio . . . Just as Perry Como continued broadcasting on his NBC "Supper Club" show while making a picture in Hollywood, Raymond Massey is doing his "Harvest of Stars" stint from the cinema capital, too. . . . Louise Carlyle, the CBS songbird, is an expert on Syrian cookery. You'll find her recipes in a best selling cookbook. . . . Have you wondered what's become of Jessica Dragonette? I saw her the other day in her luxurious apartment, near Manhattan's ultra-ultra Sutton Place. Surrounded by antiques and objets d' art, Jessica confided that she has just completed a very successful concert tour. Several sponsors are bidding for her services in the Fall. . . . Did you know that long before she embarked for Hollywood, Dorothy Lamour was the first broadcasting star ever publicized as "the glamor girl of radio?" . . . Although the beauteous Jinx Falkenburg, appearing with her husband, Tex McCrary, on one those morning chatter programs, expects the stork this month (July), she plans to continue her radio work while in the hospital. . . . I hate to give this bromide another airing, but Jinx and Tex are really an "ideal couple." . . . And while on this topic, let me warn you that you'll probably read of very few divorces in this column. Radio folk, it seems, have the highest percentage of marriages that stick of any people in show business.

Joined Milton Berle, the comic, who has been drawing $10,000 a week for his night-club emceeing at the Carnival, over a smoked salmon sandwich at Lindy's the other night. Said Milt: "After paying taxes, I have less left than when I

(*Continued on page 98*)

stick to nature

■ Dorothy Lamour smiled at me . . . her great big blue-gray eyes twinkled and her prettily curving lips revealed sparkling teeth. "Yes," she admitted, "that would make a good title." She had just mentioned her rallying cry for beauty, "Stick to Nature!" and, as your MODERN SCREEN Beauty Reporter, I had pounced upon that message to pass along to you.

Now don't begin thinking, as did one mere male who was eavesdropping on our conversation, "It's grand to stick to nature if you naturally look like Dot Lamour—but . . .!" Dorothy is certainly understanding. We agreed that we females should stick to nature as the artist does, with a bit of guileful improvement. But basically, La Lamour's theory is sound. Let your mascaraed eyelashes veil eyes that are sparkling and well rested. Smooth your powder over a complexion that is fresh and firm. Let your artfully lipsticked lips reveal teeth that are white and even.

Speaking of pretty lips, Dorothy has this to say: "Give a thought to mannerisms when your mouth is in repose . . . even the happiest girl is not smiling every minute. Don't hold lips so tightly clenched that parenthesis lines are formed. Don't be one of those people (*Continued on page 72*)

Dorothy "Road To Utopia" Lamour has a beautiful and natural smile. It gleams even brighter when she poses with her son, John Ridgely Howard.

DOROTHY ADVOCATES
NATURAL BEAUTY, SAYS THERE'S NOTHING
IN NATURE TO EQUAL
A PRETTY SMILE. ACQUIRE ONE!

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

"Away with Fingertip Monotony...

Here's the newest strategy of allure!

Daytime Drama for the Exciting Titian

Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III always changes her fingertip make-up to fit each occasion. For a suave afternoon costume, she does the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick"—applies Dura-Gloss *Clover* from the *moons over the tips.*

Evening Elegance for the Radiant Blonde

Celia Babcock, of "I Remember Mama," loves this newest fingertip strategy. For evening allure, she uses the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" method—*covers her nails completely* with Dura-Gloss *Fuchsia.*

Daytime and Sports Costumes from Mary Lewis
Jewelry from Georg Jensen

Outdoor Strategy for the Striking Brunette

Theo Graham, fashion design student, finds Dura-Gloss makes it easy to change her polish for each costume. Using the Dura-Gloss "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss *Red Pepper* to her fingertips, leaving *moons and tips exposed,* for a crisp, outdoor costume.

GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique

DURA-GLOSS
DURA-GLOSS
DURA-GLOSS

1. Quick Trick

For lasting fingertip allure, try this method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*two* coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of nail polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

It's charged with excitement . . .

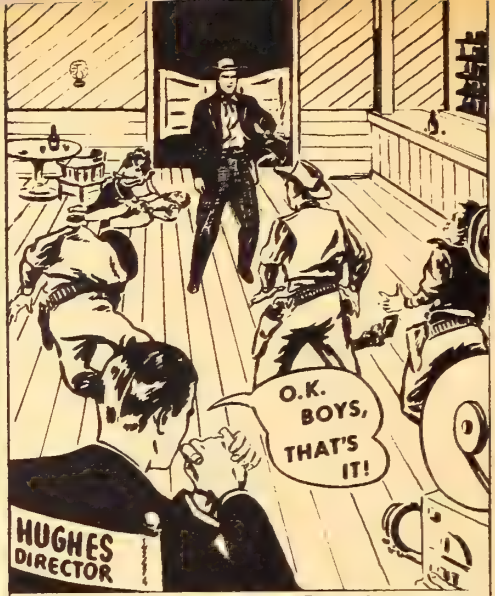
DURA-GLOSS

Fingertip Allure

Copr. 1946, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J., Founded by E. T. Reynolds

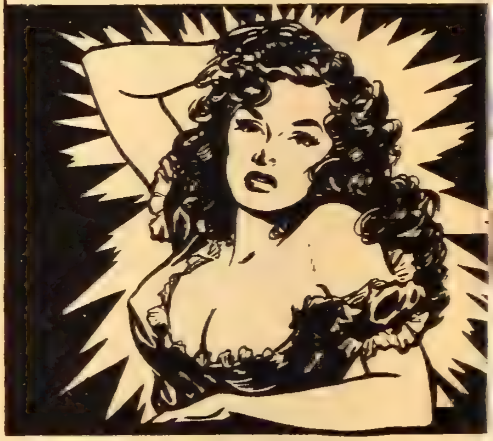
The Outlaw

HERE'S WHY THIS THRILLING NEW PICTURE HAS BEEN KEPT OFF THE SCREEN FOR TWO YEARS!

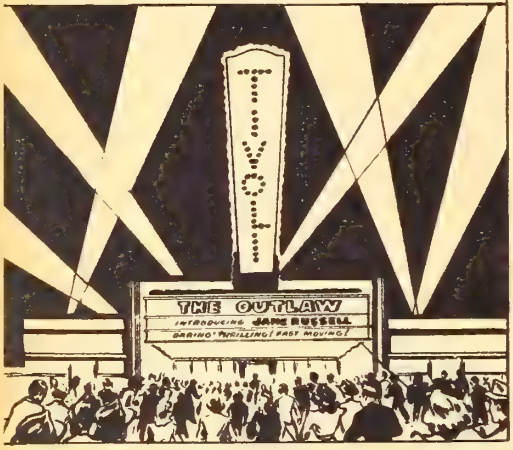

O.K. BOYS, THAT'S IT!
HUGHES DIRECTOR

1944—**HOWARD HUGHES,** WORLD FAMOUS FLYER AND MOTION PICTURE PRODUCER, COMPLETES HIS PICTURE **THE OUTLAW.**

HOWARD HUGHES DISCOVERE
JEAN HARLOW, PAUL MUN
GEORGE RAFT, AND PAT O'BRIEN
NOW, IN **THE OUTLAW,** H
PRESENTS HIS SENSATIONA
NEW STAR DISCOVERY—
JANE RUSSELL

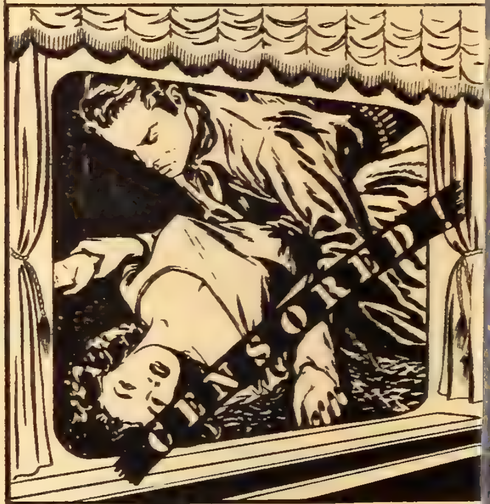


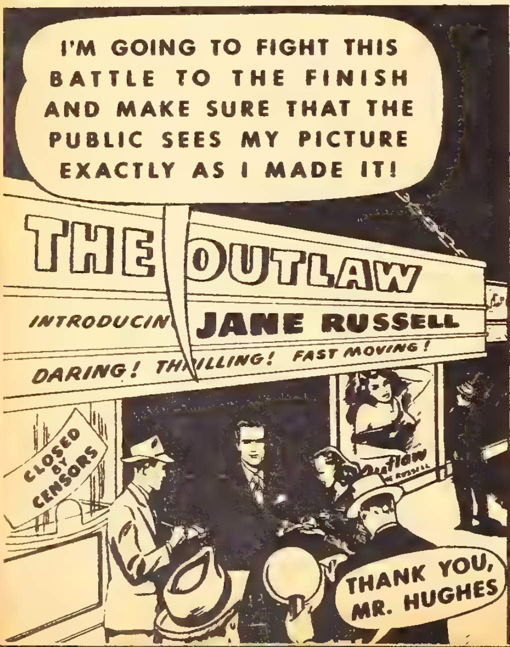
JUNE, 1944—**THE OUTLAW** WORLD PREMIERE IS HELD AT SAN FRANCISCO. THE PICTURE BREAKS EVERY EXISTING RECORD!! HELD OVER FOR 8 WEEKS! PLAYS TO MORE THAN 300,000 PEOPLE!!


TIVOLI
THE OUTLAW
INTRODUCING JANE RUSSELL
DARING! THRILLING! FAST MOVING!

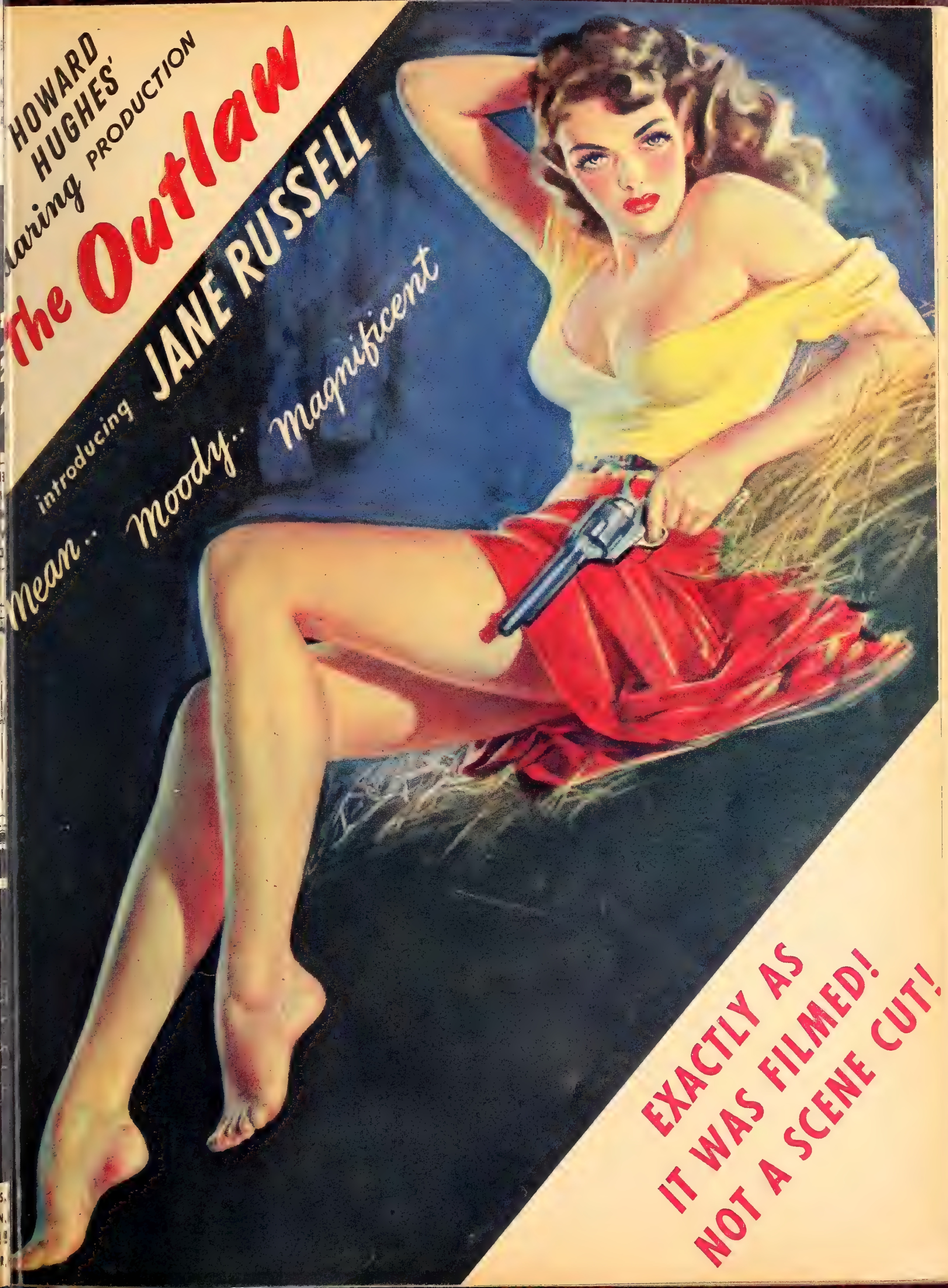
THE OUTLAW IS TRIGGER FAST ACTION **COMBINED WITH DARING SENSATION TOO STARTLING TO DESCRIBE!**

THEN...**THE OUTLAW** IS BANNE
BY THE CENSORS! BUT RATHER THA
CUT A SINGLE SCENE FROM THE FIL
HOWARD HUGHES WITHDRAW
IT FROM THE THEATRES OF THE WORL




I'M GOING TO FIGHT THIS BATTLE TO THE FINISH AND MAKE SURE THAT THE PUBLIC SEES MY PICTURE EXACTLY AS I MADE IT!
THE OUTLAW
INTRODUCIN JANE RUSSELL
DARING! THRILLING! FAST MOVING!
CLOSED BY CENSORS
Outlaw
THANK YOU, MR. HUGHES

NOW, AT LAST, AFTER A TWO YEARS FIGHT WITH THE CENSORS
HOWARD HUGHES BRINGS YOU HIS DARING PRODUCTION
THE OUTLAW...EXACTLY AS IT WAS FILMED!!
NOT A SCENE CUT!! AND INTRODUCING A NEW STAR
JANE RUSSELL!


HOWARD HUGHES'
daring PRODUCTION
The Outlaw
introducing JANE RUSSELL
Mean.. Moody.. Magnificent
EXACTLY AS
IT WAS FILMED!
NOT A SCENE CUT!

by Dorothy Manners

SUBSTITUTING FOR LOUELLA PARSONS

Lt. Col. Niven (with a British General) was highly decorated, served on Eisenhower's staff. Niven planned on returning to Hollywood and co-starring with his wife.

There were plenty of gay moments for the David Nivens before tragedy struck last May. David Junior, aged three, who looks just like his late mother, has a little brother, James, seven months old.

New to Hollywood, and fascinated by its laughter and luxury after the grimness of war torn England, Mrs. David Niven loved nightclubbing with her husband. Here at Ciro's, she giggled like a child at comedian Joe E. Lewis.

In 1940, David Niven, who enlisted in 1939, married Miss Primula Rollo, niece of the Marquis of Downshire. She served in the British Women's Auxiliary Air Force, met David in a slit trench during a London air raid.

~~Good~~ news

SHE'D ONLY BEEN HERE SIX WEEKS, BUT ALL HOLLYWOOD HAD TAKEN THE LOVELY MRS. DAVID NIVEN TO ITS HEART

This month, for the first time in many years, the editors of MODERN SCREEN are most unhappily conscious of the irony of the title, GOOD NEWS. Because, this issue, we have two saddening events to report. The first is that Louella Parsons, who is our featured Hollywood columnist, was unable to write her usual column due to the fact that she is in the hospital recuperating from a major operation. So for this issue and the next, her very able assistant, Dorothy Manners, will take over. But it takes more than an operation to get our LOP down, and the latest bulletins have her very much up and on the mend.

Our second story, and one which has saddened the entire movie colony, is the tragic death of Primula Niven, David Niven's British war bride, who so recently arrived in America. We at MODERN SCREEN have always had a special place in our hearts for the talented David, not only for his gaiety and charm, but for his great sincerity and well bred manner. So when we heard that "Prim" and little David and Jamey were coming to our country, it gave us great joy, and we hastened to add our warm welcome to David's wonderful enthusiasm. Now the good days are over and David will have to once more travel alone. All that MODERN SCREEN, speaking on behalf of both its staff and its millions of readers, can offer are our silent prayers and most sincere respects.

■ The Niven tragedy struck at a gay, informal little Sunday night party at Tyrone Power's and Annabella's. Not one of those big Hollywood parties you read so much about, but one of those lazy days and evenings when good friends drop in and spend the afternoon down by the swimming pool and take pot luck at dinner later on. All afternoon the Richard Greenes, Gene Tierney, the Rex Harrisons, Cesar Romero, and David Niven and his charming young British wife, Primula, had dipped in and out of the pool, and sunned themselves lazily. It was an early dinner because everyone was hungry. After dinner, stretched out in chairs in the den, assuring one another that they had all eaten too much, someone suggested, "Let's play The Game." You know "The Game." It's one of Hollywood's favorite indoor pastimes acting out "Who am I?" and getting the others to guess. Pretty little Mrs. Niven particularly wanted to play. She had read a lot about "The Game" before she came to Hollywood six weeks before. Because she was new to it, and because of her enthusiasm, she was elected "it" first. That means that she was to act out the character she had in mind. The character she selected was "Hamlet." She needed a coat or cloak to make her impersonation more vivid. As the others watched, she walked out of the room, down a short hall in search of a coat. She opened a door . . . there was the sound of a tumbling body . . . a sharp scream . . . and the tragedy struck. By the time David reached her unconscious form, she was moaning at the bottom of the basement steps, for she had not stepped into a closet but had plunged through the dark, down steep basement steps. For 24 hours, not only the close friends of the Nivens, but all Hollywood, held its breath waiting for her to regain consciousness. Monday evening everyone began to breathe easier because reports from the hospital were that she was greatly improving. Then at midnight, Monday night, David was summoned to his wife's bedside.

(*Continued on page 91*)

Dresses by Joan Norton Irwin

Twin styles...twin crispness

Heads turn – to see mother and daughter in identical frocks. Besides – these cottons are so delightfully crisp and unrumpled. They're laundered with Linit, the starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* like linen.

Linit's thin, easy flowing mixture *penetrates* the fabric. Naturally, that smooth finish makes things stay clean longer, too.

Sunny says: Do *you* use Linit for cotton clothes... and for all sorts of household fabrics? Try it! Makes ironing lots easier! Simple directions on every package.

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

©Corn Products Sales Company

LINIT *adds the "finishing touch"*

STICK TO NATURE!

(Continued from page 66)

who look as if the effort of a smile is almost enough to break them in two.

In working for that *naturally* beautiful smile, it is a bright idea to own two brushes so that one is always ready for use. When wielding your toothbrush you use your pet dentifrice, which can be either in powder, paste, or liquid form. Of course, you wash your teeth first thing at morning and last thing at night, but do also try to manage a refreshing midday scrubbing.

Brush your teeth in the direction in which they grow, away from the gums towards the biting edges. Call upon your dental floss as an auxiliary to your toothbrush. Floss is important because it penetrates crevices that can't be reached in any other way. Pull the floss gently between the teeth, but be careful not to jerk it over tender gums. Easy does it!

Gums with a pale, whitish cast are not only unnatural but unhealthy. The easiest way to tone them up is to massage 'em with dentifrice. Firmly and evenly, draw little circles all over your gums . . . you'll be enthusiastic about the fresh, healthy feeling of your mouth.

Even the most enchanting smile can't excuse a tainted breath! Are you a composite picture of all the unhappy girls in the mouthwash ads? The solution: Use a good mouthwash after every meal and frequently during the day. Don't just taste it; take a good mouthful and swirl it until your mouth tingles with freshness.

Your dentist isn't only the stern, white-coated man who says "this is going to hurt," and who goes ahead to prove it. He's a true beauty worker who can keep your smile bright by removing stubborn stains and tartar deposits. He can plug tiny cavities before they grow to Grand Canyon proportions and, if you visit him regularly, every six months, he can stop all inroads of decay.

With teeth so naturally brilliant, let's hear what Dorothy has to say about that "artistic plus." This calls for a bit of artful lip coloring, preferably with a lip brush about whose merits Dorothy is enthusiastic. She advocates my old theory: Blot your first application of lipstick and re-apply it. You'll get longer "smileage" from your makeup! And you will want to smile oftener when you see the happy picture your mirror reflects.

* * *

The "Color Selector" (yours—free—just fill in the coupon!) is really your idea. So many asked about sparkling colored tresses that I consulted a leading maker of after-shampoo rinses. He had his artists whip up the "Color Selector" featuring twenty-one colored photographs—to help you find the exact shading for your hair.

Incidentally, his is a temporary rinse. It removes dulling soap curd and is an ideal "tangle-out." The varied hair shadings permit a wider range of color in costume and makeup, offering new and exciting beauty experiences to every user. See for yourself—write for your copy of the "Color Selector!"

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of the "Color Selector" for hair shading. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover postage.

Name ....
Address ....
City...................... State.......

DANGER! KAYE AT PLAY

(*Continued from page 57*)

banged the bumper of the car ahead.

Jack Benny had quite a ride. Danny had slipped right into the role of a nervous driver trying to be cool and collected. Smack in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine, Hollywood's busiest intersection, Danny stalled the car. He leaped out and lifted the hood, poking around the engine. Horns blared, traffic piled up, whistles blew, drivers yelled.

Jack Benny got out and beat it. Over his shoulder he spied Danny Kaye, waving his arms, bobbing his head and spouting excited double talk to the mob that swirled around him. He was yelling, "Courtesy! Courtesy! Let's all be calm and courteous!" Jack knew that Danny Kaye was having a wonderful time.

If Danny Kaye had to confine his fun to the film cameras and radio mikes, he'd probably bust wide open in all directions, like Vesuvius. He's no zealous zany, calculating comic or weather-eye wit, no gag-plugger or showoff. In fact, nothing closes him more clammily than people who beg, "Come on, be funny, Danny!" He calls it "Making like Shirley Temple" and it gives him the pip.

he's kaye-razy! . . .

But when the mad mood hits Danny, nothing can stop him and nothing can top him. On his last trip back to New York, Danny stepped out on a night club tour one evening with a bunch of friends. At a French bistro a *chanteuse* warbled a song in French that nobody in the crowd could understand, including Kaye. It was a haunting little ditty and as the party stepped out on 52nd Street to go on to the Stork Club, a girl in the party mused, "Gee, I wish I understood French. I wonder what that girl was singing about?"

Danny stopped cold and started explaining just what the singer said. How did he know? He didn't. He explained in double talk with a French accent, which turned into a Czechoslovakian accent, into a Russian accent, into an Italian accent, into a Greek accent. His voice rose in a roar of masculine passion as he acted out one side of a throbbing love tale; then he hopped across the sidewalk and turned into a swoony soprano female. He pantomimed a violent quarrel, sang the song at the top of his lungs with operatic flourishes. The girl whose innocent remark started all this, slipped on laugh weakened knees to the curb at last and just shook, but the crowds on 52nd Street gathered, clapped, spread, and stopped traffic cold. Cabs honked angrily and a cop came running up. Danny was still at it, knocking himself out. The Irish cop recognized him.

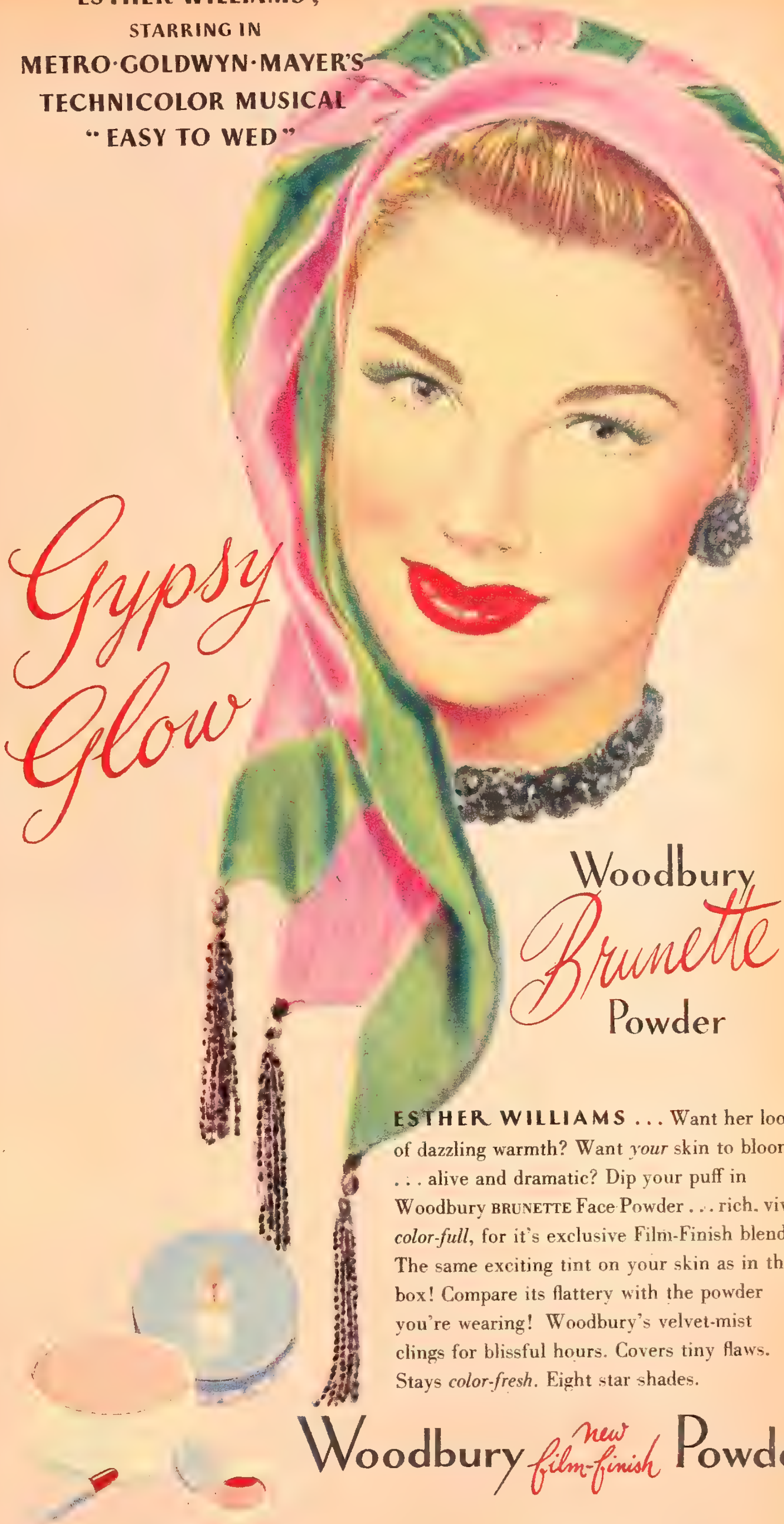
"Oh, sure, it's you, Misther Kaye," he sighed. "Well, now, go along with you and your shenanigans!"

That just inspired Danny further. He turned his act into a double talk with Irish accent, injected snatches of "Mavourneen" and "Macushla" and danced an Irish jig with the red-faced, sweating cop.

He doesn't need a big audience, either, to satisfy his tingling funnybone, although that's when he's at his best, because as his good friend, Ed Dukoff, says, "Danny's like a sounding board. The more response he gets, the more he gives." That's why Kaye will never be a hardy Hollywood perennial.

When Danny was making "Up In Arms," his first Hollywood movie, the absent Broadway blues crept up on him pretty bad. One day there was a break in the shooting. They told Danny he had a couple of hours off. What to do with two hours

ESTHER WILLIAMS,
STARRING IN
METRO·GOLDWYN·MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL
"EASY TO WED"



ESTHER WILLIAMS . . . Want her look of dazzling warmth? Want *your* skin to bloom . . . alive and dramatic? Dip your puff in Woodbury BRUNETTE Face Powder . . . rich, vivid, *color-full*, for it's exclusive Film-Finish blended. The same exciting tint on your skin as in the box! Compare its flattery with the powder you're wearing! Woodbury's velvet-mist clings for blissful hours. Covers tiny flaws. Stays *color-fresh*. Eight star shades.

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of time on his hands set Danny knitting his nimble brains, and in no time at all he was in the makeup department with an idea. He had told everyone the truth around Goldwyn's when they'd offered him cocktails—that he didn't drink. They didn't see how he could be that way if he didn't. They didn't know what a terrific mimic Kaye was and what a marvelous drunk he could fake. He decided it was high time for some fun.

Soon he stumbled back on the set, reeling and hiccuping—the most messed up gutter guzzler ever seen on land or sea. He had a black eye like a giant opal, his nose was lumpy and his lips puffed.

Nobody recognized Danny at first. But the horrified delayed take was, "Good Lord, Kaye's dead drunk! He won't be able to work for days." A few scoffers said, "What did we tell you—never touches the stuff—hmph!" Danny reeled on out and up to Sam Goldwyn's private secretary. She screamed and ran, took a second look and shuddered, "Mister Kaye!" Danny winked her back to reason and whispered he wanted to see Mr. Goldwyn. "Please, no . . ." she pleaded. "He'll die of a heart attack!"

"Maybe you're right," agreed Danny. So he went back to the set and took off his makeup—the makeup it had taken him two painful hours to get done up in. There was a sigh of relief on the set, but for weeks after that nobody made the mistake of offering Danny Kaye a cocktail.

Makeup intrigues Danny. He loves the stuff and can't resist switching into another personality in looks as well as voice and mimicry. It doesn't matter who's the audience in the fun, just so long as there's a Kaye impersonation to be worked. Once Danny worked all day on the set made up like a lunatic. Came time to go home and the makeup man came around. "Just a minute," he said, "I'll clean you up." But Danny got one of his crazy inspirations. "Nope—leave it on."

He drove home with the wild man makeup and sneaked around the house to the service porch where May, his Negro housekeeper, was busy preparing dinner. At once Danny's voice became sepulchral and out of this world.

"I wanna see Meester Kaye," he leered. May was cutting meat. She stopped, paralyzed. "He ain't home."

"Oh, yes he is," shrilled Danny crazily, advancing into the kitchen. "He's right here *now!*"

May still didn't penetrate the disguise. She was scared. She reached for the butcher knife. "You go 'way—you crazy man—" she shrieked, "or I cut youah haid off!" May wasn't fooling, either. Danny could tell that when she started slicing the air. He gave up. May almost collapsed.

"Mistuh Kaye," she groaned, "don't you *evah* do that again!"

Danny didn't. That knife was too realistic. But it's hard holding himself in when the spirit moves him. His best friends will call up. "Danny?" they'll say.

"No, prease. Japanese boy. Long numbah. 'Ooo-bye."

They'll call again. He'll be a Filipino, next a Negro butler from Alabam'. He'll be a French maid. "'Allo. W'at you wan' wiz me? Peeg! Zut! Snoot! Root-toot!" And slam it will go again. Maybe on the fourth or fifth try he'll be Danny Kaye, protesting that the telephone never rang before.

People will crowd into the radio studios, in Hollywood or maybe in Radio City in Manhattan. They'll be jamming in to hear Danny Kaye. A snappy usher, decked out like a South American general, will meet them at the door, bow them to their seats, tell them courteously what a wonderful, wonderful show they're going to see. How he worships Mister Kaye. Then whisk off, unrecognized. It'll be Danny himself. That's one of his favorite stunts.

People never get mad at Danny. It's practically impossible. That's because there's never an ounce of malice behind his fun explosions. Besides, too, usually Danny Kaye's mimicry clears the air and relaxes everybody around. He's the most supercharged individual, perhaps, in all show business (he can work ten hours straight, sleep two, and be fresh as a daisy) but he's also the greatest tension breaker-upper on wheels.

The most fretful sessions in radio, probably, are orchestra rehearsals for a big coast-to-coast show. Every fiddle scrape, trumpet toot and sax bleat has to be right on the beam and timed to a split second. When the band starts sweating, frowning, missing notes and snapping at each other, Danny, if he's around, likes to step in. One method to restore harmony is to sing one-eighth of a tone off-key. Sound funny? Not a bit—to you and me. We wouldn't know the difference, probably. And it takes a trigger-sharp voice and ear to do it, by the way. But Danny can, and he does whenever he wants the musicians on his show to double up and relax. To them it's a scream.

Or he'll step up to the conductor and ask sweetly, "May I conduct this next number? Please—I've always wanted to lead a band."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Kaye," the leader always says, innocently.

Danny takes the baton and from that minute on he's the late conductor—to a "T." If the band boss tosses his hair or jerks his shoulders, Danny does. If he raps on the piano every other second, tugs at his tie, twists his handkerchief, shakes his tummy, rolls his eyes—no matter what—Danny has absorbed every gesture like blotting paper and he burlesques it. Nothing is funnier to a bunch of band guys than seeing their boss taken for a ride.

He melts dignity like a blow torch melts ice. Inhibitions go pouf! when Kaye's cutting up. Danny has joked Lily Pons into crooning at parties. He tackled Lauritz Melchior at one Hollywood shindig—and then made Lauritz his stooge in a little-boy-goes-to-the-dentist pantomime; Danny was the little boy, of course, and Melchior the dentist. On the set of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," Danny's name for Boris Karloff—offscreen one of the most dignified men in Hollywood—is "Hank." At one very stuffed shirt Hollywood party, Kaye found the polite conversation stifling. He organized an oratorio, one of those mass sing affairs where everybody joins in.

here come the clowns . . .

When Elsa Maxwell tossed her lavish Free French party in Hollywood a couple of years ago, there were Names there fresh from Who's Who, the Blue Book and Box Office, too. Among them was Danny Kaye. By three o'clock in the morning, he had Rubenstein, the concert pianist, batting out jazz, while Danny yodeled and slapped a bull fiddle recklessly. Sad-eyed Charles Boyer was singing barber shop harmony and Greer Garson and Cesar Romero were knocking off a tap dance. That's what happens around Danny Kaye.

A friend of his says, "Danny Kaye can turn an auditorium into a living room"—which is no exaggeration. Danny has proved it more than once. The last time was his personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in New York. Danny was supposed to go on each day for thirty minute turns. He busted the Paramount schedule wide open. Nobody knew when he'd stop and nobody cared—not even the management. One afternoon Danny got going and kept it up an hour and three-quarters. Not a soul left. Nobody knew what time it was. They were all having too much fun, most of all D. Kaye. Finally, Danny spied a woman 'way in the back rise in her seat and make for the aisle.

"Stop!" cried Danny. "You can't leave now."

"I've got to," shouted back the woman. "I've already been here three hours. I've got to go home and cook dinner."

"Who wants to eat?" cried Danny. But the lady started out on the aisle.

Danny hopped down off the stage, raced up the aisle, lifted the reluctant exiter and carried her back to her seat. She stayed. Danny went on with the show until he couldn't croak any longer.

Friends who visited Danny at the theater found themselves in the act, pronto. Keenan Wynn, a pal of Danny's, dropped backstage one afternoon, waved hello from the wings. Danny dragged him out. Without a word of explanation they launched into a favorite pantomime skit he'd cooked up with Keenan (no mean funny man himself) at Hollywood parties. It's one where Danny's a mousy, shy commuter who wants to be left alone on the train and Keenan's one of those talkative, back slapping extroverts. You can't describe it. It has to be seen. It's screamingly funny, though, and that particular audience was plenty lucky to see it. Most of the best Danny Kaye specials are not for sale.

Some that audiences will probably never see are Danny singing opera and begging nickels with Jack Benny squeaking his violin as an Italian street musician. Or Danny at his composer-conductor friend, Ray Heindorf's, blasting out a trombone duet with Ray when neither of them can play a legitimate note on the slip-horn.

private showing . . .

His favorite private "straight man" is his wife, Sylvia. They do two screamer sketches: One about a little boy who won't eat his cereal; another on a rabid lodge member telling about the big meeting to his worshipping wife. They don't sound so funny—but you should see. But, again, you probably never will. Any list of close buddies would have to include Ed Dukoff, his public relations pal, Lou Mandel, his attorney, "Lippy" Leo Durocher, the Brooklyn Dodgers' chief, Doré Schary and Don Hartman, Hollywood producers, Jack Benny, Ray Heindorf and a guy named Frankie Sinatra. Danny's plenty touchy about his friends. They're taken right to his heart and what happens to them he figures happens to him, too.

That's Danny. He goes the limit for friends. One of his best is Frank Sinatra. The only piece of sentimental jewelry Danny wears, outside of the watch Sylvia gave him, is a medal Frankie gave him. Frankie's a Catholic; Danny's of the Jewish faith. The medal has St. Christopher on one side; on the other the Star of David. Frankie wears a duplicate medal around his neck.

Frank was booked to open at the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf in New York last fall. The place was sold out. Danny was just back in New York from a GI entertainment tour in Japan and he was exhausted. He was refusing all offers of work. He'd refused one at the Waldorf, for a fabulous salary.

The afternoon of the opening, Ed Dukoff got a call from Sinatra's manager. "Frankie's lost his voice," he said. "He can't even talk. But he wrote out a note and I'm reading it: It says, 'Call Danny Kaye and ask him if he'll go on in place of me tonight at the Wedgewood Room.' How about it? Can Danny go on tonight?" Ed didn't know. He knew Danny was frazzled out. He was up at Leo Durocher's house taking it easy. Leo had made the Tokyo trip with him and they were talking it over. Ed hated even to mention work that night—hard work at a big opening. But he called Danny.

"Frankie's sick? Of course, I'll go on," said Danny. He called Frank himself and told him not to give it another thought.

The Waldorf crowd gave a groan when it was announced Frank was sick and wouldn't appear. They were all tucked out in tuxedos and set for a big night. Then Danny Kaye danced out from the wings and the groans turned to laughs. Danny, tired as he was, never gave such a performance. He didn't have a show worked up. It was all impromptu—and that's when Danny Kaye's at his best. He knocked himself out twice as long as he was supposed to, to send Frankie's engagement off to a flying start. He even burlesqued Frankie's swoon croons and the crowd loved it. He never took a nickel for the job—even paid his own table check. That's the kind of friendship Danny Kaye packs. And don't think Frank was ungrateful. When Danny and Sylvia moved into their Park Avenue apartment a few days later, there was a sterling silver service for twelve awaiting them from one of Fifth Avenue's most expensive jewelry stores, with Frankie's card.

Underneath, there's a lot that Frank Sinatra and Danny Kaye have in common, which croons and comedy cutups both mask deceptively. Frankie's efforts to help the underprivileged are well known. Danny Kaye's heart is in the same place. He's a clown on the surface but underneath he feels as strongly as Frank or anyone else on the subject of underdogs. One of the few times anyone has ever seen Danny mad enough to commit murder happened one night when injustice and brutality knocked at his stage door.

Danny was playing the Roxy and he had a Negro man as a valet. It was the Negro's first job since he came out of the service. He'd been blown up in a PT boat. He was still shaky and nervous. Well, it happened that some jewelry belonging to someone vanished backstage and two city detectives came in looking for the culprit. They saw Danny's Negro valet and decided with no evidence at all he was it. They accused him—threatened him—dished out a small third degree. All unjustly and all because he was a Negro. His nerves gave way and he cried. When Danny heard about that he hit the ceiling.

MODERN SCREEN

"Something just snapped, and then everything went chartreuse!"

"Cool off," a friend advised Danny. "Nothing you can do."

"I don't want to cool off," snapped Danny. "I'm sore and there's plenty I can do." He called the station house and told them he wasn't going to stand for that sort of thing.

"Yeah?" they said.

"Yeah!" said Danny.

It just happened that that very night Danny was set to play a benefit and on the same bill was Mayor LaGuardia. Danny and "Butch" LaGuardia have been great pals for some time. When they met at the benefit they embraced each other. And who should be guarding the mayor but the two detectives who had kicked Danny's valet around. They saw how chummy Kaye was with their Big Boss and they almost swooned. First, they rushed up to Danny's valet and apologized. Then they came to Danny and stuttered out regrets. They said they hoped he wouldn't say anything about it to his pal, the Mayor.

That's when Danny Kaye really showed the kind of stuff he's made of.

"Look, boys," he told the offending cops. "If I spoke to Mayor LaGuardia about you, I'd be just as guilty as you were, picking on my valet. There's no reason to push anybody else around in this world."

Another soft spot Danny lugs around is for kids. When he's playing a show and spots a little tyke in his audience, it's a cinch Danny Kaye will play right to the kid. He spotted one four-year-old at the Paramount one afternoon, jumped down and brought her up on the stage and right into the act for a big thrill. The audience loved it, too, almost as much as Danny. When the act they put on was over, Danny leaned down and said, "That's all, dear. Now give me a great big kiss."

"I don't want to," said the little girl.

Even Danny was flustered. "Don't you like me?" he asked.

"Yeth," lisped the little girl. "But my Mama told me never to kiss a gentleman in public!"

Whenever you tell anything about Danny Kaye, sooner or later you find yourself talking about the most important person in his life, his wife, Sylvia. I said Sylvia was Danny's best "straight man," but she's far more than that. She writes most of his best acts, inspires him to his top talent, pulls him down to earth when he skitters out of this world. Sylvia and Danny have been married six years. They met when they were both struggling for breaks.

Sylvia Kaye and Danny are simply nutty about each other. She thinks of nothing but in terms of Danny Kaye and he wouldn't move his little finger without her advice. Both are extremely creative people but there's never any temperamental fireworks. Danny telephones Sylvia three and four times a day when she's in New York and he's in Hollywood. He calls her "Mom" and she calls him "Baby." They're a real team.

Sylvia knows more about the quirks, caprices, crotchets and capacities of Danny Kaye than anyone alive. She knows he's not always up in the clouds, but sometimes down in the dumps, especially when he's not happy about something in a movie or radio script, or after he's dug up the course in a distastrous round of golf. Danny takes his golf pretty seriously. He's been playing the game only two years but already he's in the low 80's.

superman . . .

Danny's no All-American athlete or anything, but he's lean, muscular and practically indestructible. He has a bad disc in his back from an old fall on a stage, but otherwise he's perfect. The only time he was ever in a hospital came after he beat himself to exhaustion playing a marathon engagement of war benefits. Danny's favorite spot to recharge his energy batteries is Bill Brown's Health Farm up in New York State. He disappears there whenever he has a rare idle stretch, walks ten miles twice a day, gets pounded, rubbed, tucked in bed at eight and roused at 5 a.m. when, as Danny says, "you walk into a room, pull a rope and the North Sea, with icebergs, comes down on your head." He means a cold shower. Danny has another of those private comedy routines about Bill Brown's place. But then, he has one of those on practically everything that happens to him.

Danny's real home is a 12-room apartment on Park Avenue in New York, loaded with early American antiques. Danny practically moved in at the decorator's studio while the place was being furnished. Every object was a major project in his life, down to the last doughboard and wrought iron hinge—and there's a funny skit on all that, too. Danny likes nothing but the best. He buys expensive tailor made suits, hand made shoes (which always hurt his feet, so he ends up with factory kicks), hand painted ties. He can sniff a good restaurant a mile away, especially if it's Italian or Chinese. He likes to relax for hours in warm tubs in which he's dumped toilet water.

Danny has no highbrow illusions about himself. He's perfectly content to go on being a funny man. He has no comedian's yearning to play "Hamlet." But he has one frustration. He's a would-be surgeon. He's crazy about medicine, he's made friends with all kinds of doctors and his idea of the most exciting time in the world is watching an operation.

Up until a few weeks ago, Danny had another important frustration in his life. He and Sylvia had been married six years and the stork refused to call at their house. With Danny's longing for children that added up to a major tragedy. Well, not long ago one of Danny's doctor friends told him the good news. Sylvia's going to have a baby, along about Christmas.

LUCILLE BALL

. . . soon to be seen in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Easy To Wed," poses for MODERN SCREEN in Hollander's newest achievement, the superb leopard-dyed lamb. Her coat combines all of the season's important fashion features, the three quarter length, the widely flaring back, the extremely full sleeves. Lucille wears it with touches of bright kelly green, it's just as beautiful with russet red, with brown, with black. For you who are not tall enough to carry a silhouette so extreme, there will be other versions of this wonderful fur, from short boxy jackets to full length straight or fitted coats.

To find out where to buy this suit, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S fashion pages, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

So right now Danny's having a harder time than ever trying to keep his head out of the clouds. He's biting his nails in Hollywood making "Walter Mitty" while Sylvia stays close to her doctor in New York. Being Danny, he's impatient and he thinks the baby ought to arrive tomorrow, or sooner. But it's a heavenly suspense and terribly exciting to Danny Kaye.

"Up until now," he sighs, "nothing has really ever happened to me!"

His future fatherhood is the one thing, so far, that Danny Kaye refuses to be funny about. But it's a safe bet that as soon as the suspense is over and he puffs out his chest and passes the cigars, Danny Kaye will start tingling out some laughs at himself in his new role as Proud Papa Kaye. If he doesn't, he's certainly slipping.

NEU RED
Helen Neushaefer

Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

by Helen Neushaefer Color authority . . . stylist

. . . miracle ingredient—PLASTEEN*—gives new brilliance, longer wear to her exciting nail colors

Helen Neushaefer, originator of the Creme nail polishes millions loved, now creates one so shining smooth, so refreshingly colorful your nails seem ovals of rare porcelain! So tightly welded to the nail, so well shockproofed against chipping*—you count all others old-fashioned and prewar. Look for your loveliest color in Helen Neushaefer's "pyramid" bottle at chain store cosmetic counters.

Finger Tips by Helen Neushaefer

Too many thousands of lovely women forget how often hand-gestures are near the face.

Wise hands wear complexion-matching colors.

*Helen Neushaefer's new postwar ingredient—Plasteen—gives extra days of unretouched wear to your nail make-up.

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Company, Inc., Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

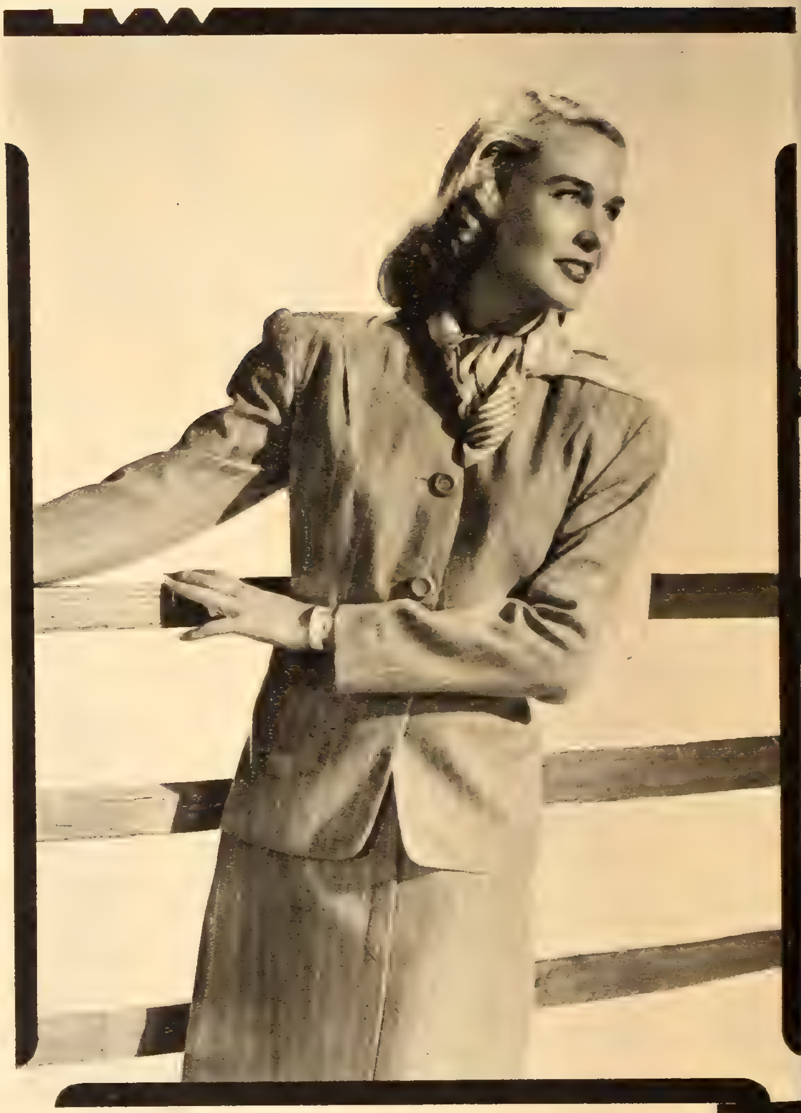
Modern Screen Fashions

FASHION MAINSTAY

OF YOUR WARDROBE—

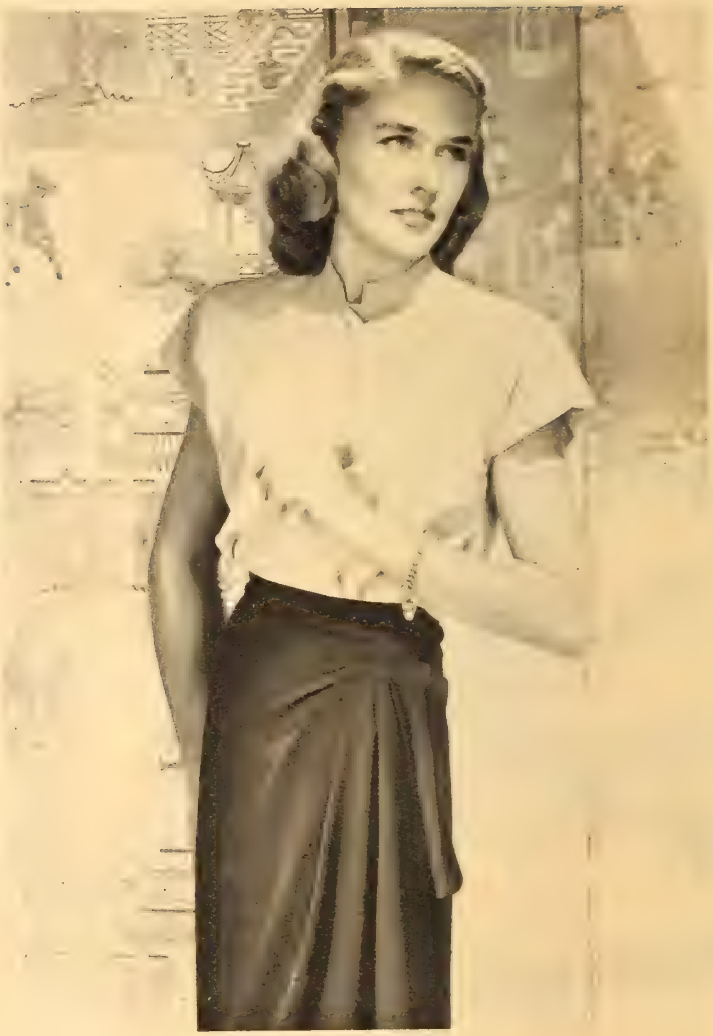
THE THREE PIECE SUIT

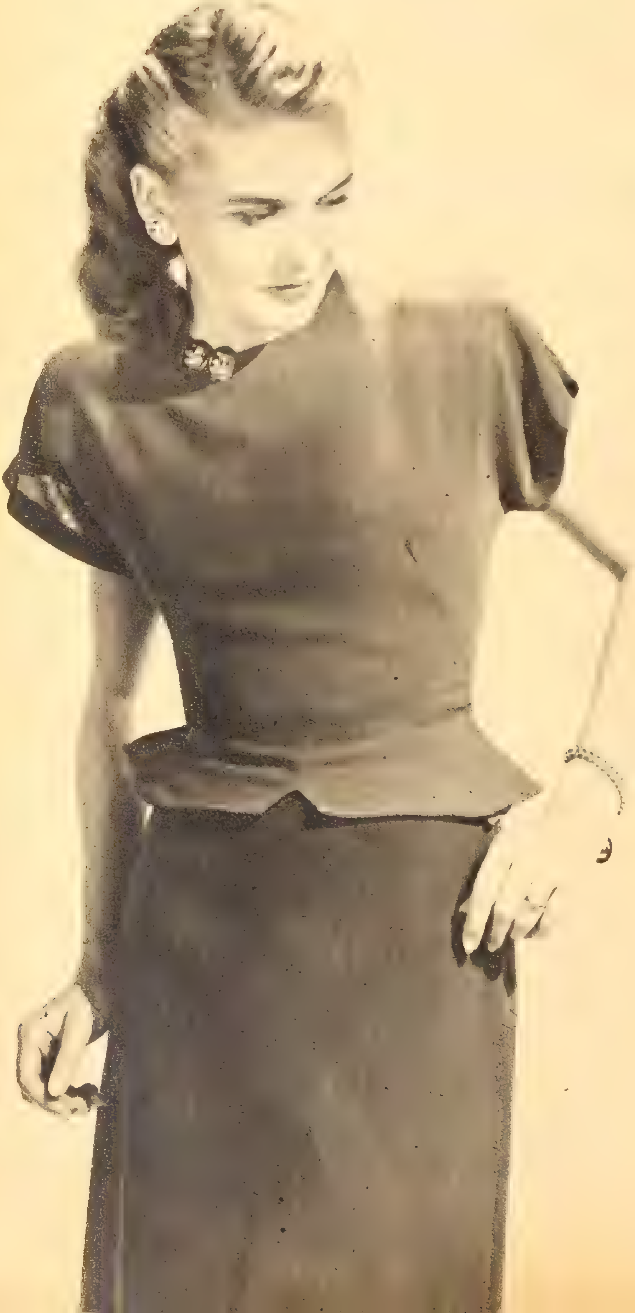
■ In this season of fussy clothes (leave us face it, they *are*), there is nothing more refreshing than the clean, uncluttered lines of this beautiful three piece suit by Lou Schneider. The skirt is cut with just the right degree of fullness, with a pleat in the back to swing jauntily out when you walk. The jacket, though tailored like your best beau's, has feminine tucks on the shoulders, and a collarless neckline for your favorite scarf, or for the collar of your blouse, like the one shown in the little picture at the right. It's a wool jersey by Jerry Gilden, and it makes a stunning costume with the skirt of your suit and your best wide, *wide* leather belt. The cut of the coat is nothing less than perfection, and it will do double duty, not only over your suit, but over all your winter wools. The fabric is most practical, a fine grey wool striped in white, taking to all the color you can give it. The coat and suit, $35.00 each; the blouse, about $6.00; the silly stocking cap by Madcaps in mad colors, about $5.00.



SUITED FOR FALL

CHINESE TRANSLATIONS

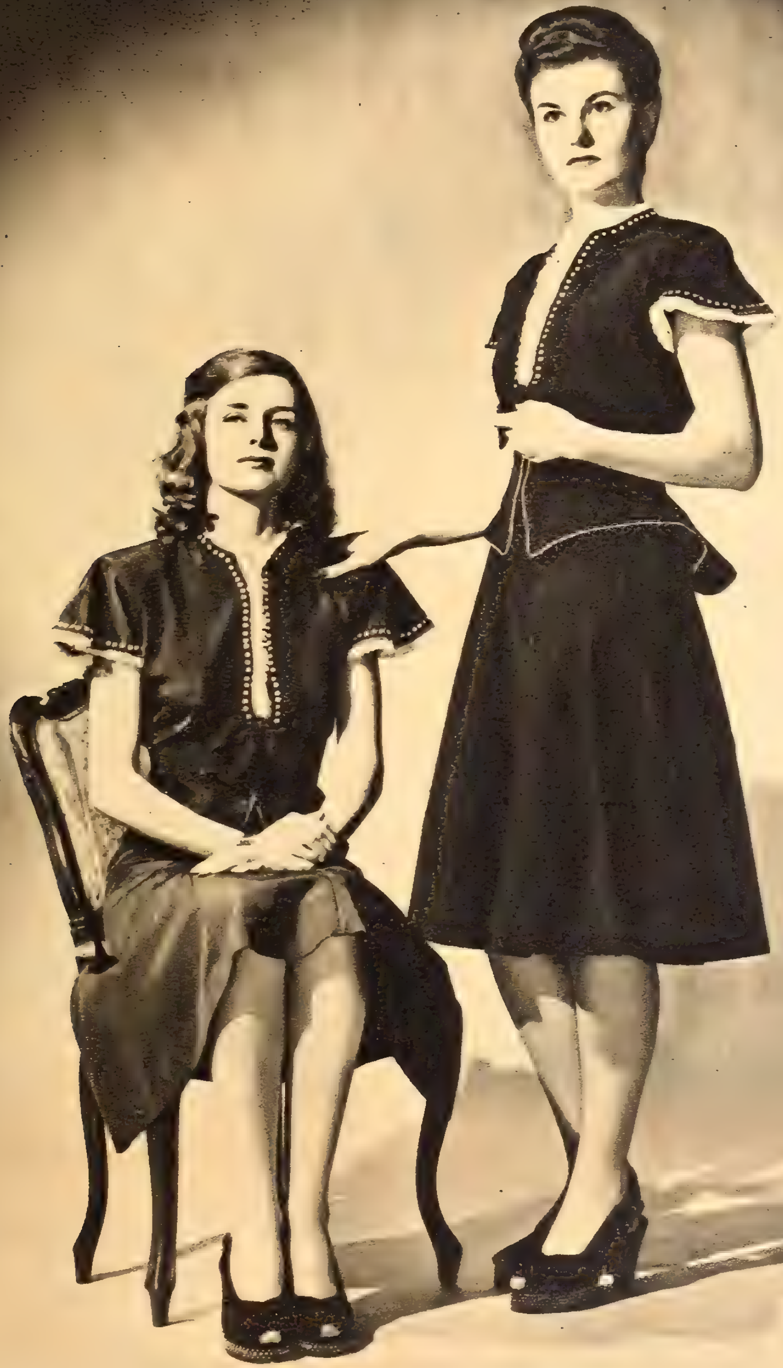




ABOVE: Very soft, very subtle is this China-inspired blouse by Jerry Gilden, with its coolie collar and cap sleeves. It makes a perfect date dress, when teamed with a beautiful side-swept skirt in black crepe. The bracelet is one of a new series by R. M. Jordan, called "Sparklets," and it's about $2.00 plus tax. The blouse and skirt, about $6.00 each.

LEFT: Borrowed from a Chinese pagoda are the charming jutting side peplums on this jewel-toned overblouse. The neckline is plain, for your Jordan "Sparklet" clips, with earrings to match. Wear this blouse with your own black crepe skirt, very straight and slim, or try it with your softest dress-up suit. The clips and earrings are about $2.00 per pair, plus tax. The blouse, again by Jerry Gilden, is about $6.00.

Dorsa features Family-Album fashions!



"CROWN" TESTED RAYON FABRIC

A Green Light,
Hoffman of Calif.
Fabric

Dorsa features the early-American . . . favors the drama and dash of a be-ruffled, be-buttoned, bustle-back bodice atop a gored skirt. In black or brown "Crown" Tested Yucca, a fine rayon faille . . . a Dorsa Junior Original in sizes 9 to 15.

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Or write for the name of the store nearest you . . .

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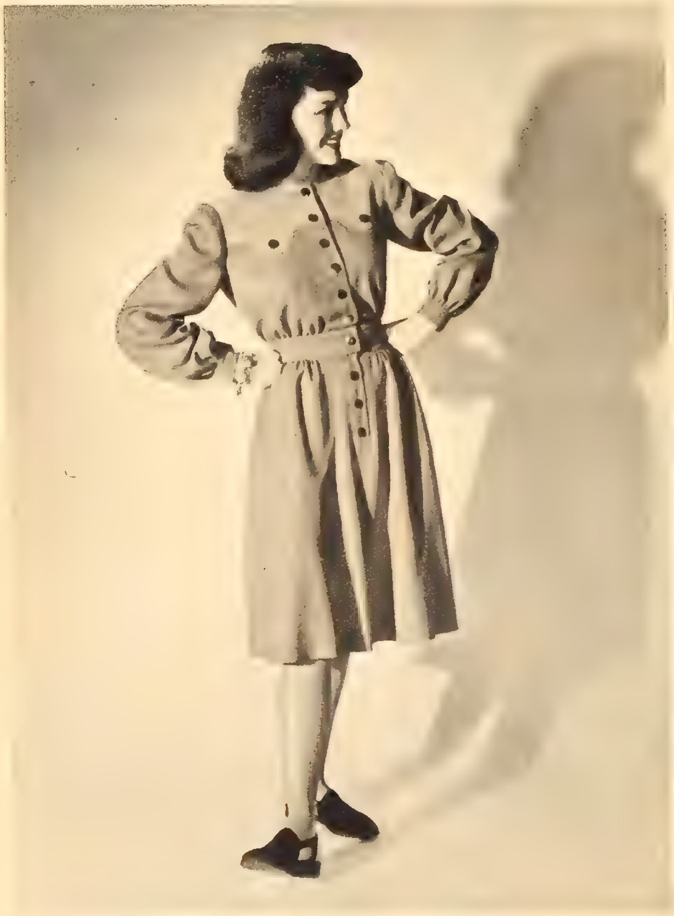
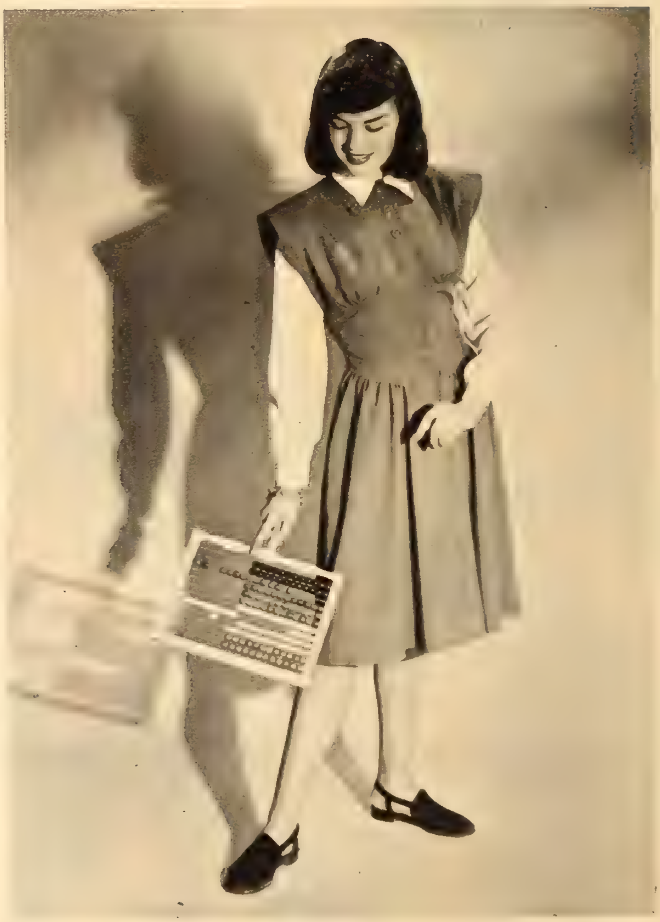
. . . SAINT LOUIS

for 'teen agers...





TIME	9 A.M.
PLACE	SCHOOL
CAST	YOU - IN YOUR
	BACK TO SCHOOL
	WARDROBE

LEFT: What could be gayer than this smooth two piecer, with its contrasting yoke and silver buttons? The skirt is beautifully made, with deep, deep pockets, and it will look wonderful with all your separate blouses and sweaters. The top is gathered on a fitted waistband, and look at those full sleeves! By Grace Norman of Teentimers', only $9.00.

RIGHT: Grace Norman of Teentimers' makes this charming jumper, in a fine, crisp rayon twill. Figure flattering to teen-agers is the long torso look, the inset waist, with tiny gathers above and below. Wear it as shown, with a tailored white blouse, or try it with your best shetland sweater, sleeves pushed up. The jumper is about $9.00.

Are you a Pin-up in Print?

Does it boost your morale to
hange your hair-do, or
ppear in a striking new gown? Then for you this stunning
ew print, and a new, lovelier complexion with
olitair Cake Make-Up.

Solitair is the modern make-up that carries you through he day or evening without constant re-doing. Its reamy smoothness clings for hours, covering ittle skin faults. Gives you a softer, fresher, younger ook. Better yet, you look *naturally* lovely ecause Solitair is a *featherweight* make-up, never ooks chalky or mask-like. Contains lanolin to guard our skin against dryness. And remember— with Solitair you don't need powder. $1, 60¢, 25¢.

For easier shaping—a cleaner outline of tempting color every time—try the new Solitair Fashion-Point lipstick, $1.00.

Gown by Bruno, Persian Garden Print by Wesley Simpson

Solitair

Cake Make-Up

Contains Lanolin

Solitair
Solitair

Fashion-Point* Lipstick

* U. S. Pat. No. 2162584

ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT UNDER THIS ARM.

PUT FRESH THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR BETTER.

Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.

FRESH
CREAM DEODORANT
STOPS PERSPIRATION

BEAUTY ON THE BEACH

Have you told yourself, year in, year out, that THIS time you were going to avoid that first terrific sunburn? Well, this is one year when you really can do it, 'cause the cutest beachwear fashions are cover-up.

If you're in the market for a new beach robe, how about one of the new short ones, called cholo coats, that just barely cover your bathing suit, and leave your legs exposed? They come in varieties of styles and fabrics, from terry cloth to rayon gabardine, from tailored shirt-types to Victorian ruffled numbers. All prices, too!

If you're young and gay, how about buying a man's shirt to wear as a beach robe? Roll up the sleeves, let your shirt tails fly, wear your hair in pigtails. To make your outfit really yours, paint or embroider on a big monogram.

Since the leggy look is the right look this season, watch your legs, miss! If they're fuzzy, de-fuzz them, if they're just the least bit downy, use a bleaching treatment on 'em. You won't have to do it too often, the sun will keep up the good work for you. And take the very best care you know how of your feet. If you won't match your finger and toe-nail polish, or if you'll neglect nicks and chips, better forget color and use the colorless stuff.

Bathing suits are going back to the streamlined smoothies we used to love. Now that the war is over, more and more bathing suit manufacturers are going back to making elasticized suits. Of course, if you're the type and above all, if you're slim as a willow, nothing will tear you away from those adorable ruffled, dirndl-skirted bathing suits you've grown to love.

Does your hair get soaked, despite all precautions? Here's how to keep it dry. Take a few moments longer putting on your cap (a *few* rubber ones are back) and do a better job. Get all your hair up on top of your head. Tie a cotton triangle around your hair—then your bathing cap, and your hair will be dry as dry can be!

YOUR FASHION FUTURE

This business is funny. Here we are, putting out an August issue, which comes out in July. We've gathered a lot of things and stuff to tell you about your new Fall clothes, but you, well, you're just getting ready to go on your summer vacation! Elsewhere in this section you'll find summer hints, but now, get yourself that long cool drink and listen to the forecast!

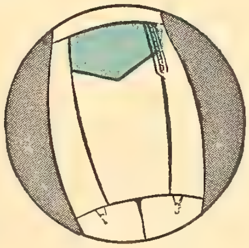
Clothes are even softer than they were last year. The newest coats have big, BIG sleeves, the dressier the coat, the bigger the sleeve. Even the sport coats, however, have a softer sleeve than last year. Our favorite in this group is a shirtwaist type of sleeve, softly bloused into a turnback cuff.

The news in suits is twofold—longer jackets and flared skirts. Sometimes both of these features appear in the same suit, which we don't like a bit! There's something about a flared skirt, WE think, that requires a more feminine, softer jacket, shorter of course.

It's wonderful to see flared skirts again! They make your legs look wonderful, they don't get that baggy, sat out look in the back that straight-hanging skirts do, and they're ever so soft and feminine. You'll be seeing them in all fabrics, from your crepe dresses, to soft tweeds.

Talking about new skirts brings us to the sweaters to wear with them. The prettiest sweaters we've seen look more like blouses than ever. The shoulders are softly padded (and that's a hint for your old sweaters, too), and there are embroideries galore, not just the evening kind that some shops showed last year, but wool on wool and chenille motifs too.

Belts, of course, assume greater importance than ever, now that the dressy sweater and flared skirt make an outfit that you wear without a jacket, and really like a two piece dress. If your waist is slim enough, wide, wider, widest is your cue; if your middle could be an inch or so slimmer, give that illusion by wearing a curved belt that whittles your waist.



AT LAST!
The Girdle Miracle you've dreamed of

No more uncomfortable bones, no more wrinkling and rolling over—your new "Perma-lift"* Girdle eliminates all that. Here is a thrilling, youthful, lightweight, smartly styled girdle with all the advantages of boning, but With No Bones. The same cushion fabric that you've liked so well in your "Perma-lift" brassiere is cleverly fashioned in the front panel of this marvelous new girdle. This inset eliminates the need of annoying uncomfortable bones, won't wrinkle, won't bind, will retain its firm comfort for the life of the garment—withstands countless washings and wear. Beautiful, youthful, lightweight "Perma-lift" Girdles, Panties, Foundations $5 to $10—at fine stores everywhere. The perfect companion to your "Perma-lift" Brassiere with "The Lift that never lets you down."

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TRUST THE TRADEMARKS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS

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GIRDLES
NO BONES ABOUT IT-
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Another "Hickory" Success

Lovely hair deserves fine care...
use a Du Pont Comb

For hair men care about—*you* have to do some caring, too! Try a Du Pont Comb. Its rounded teeth won't bite or split the hair . . . the smooth plastic is easy to wash . . . exclusive designs in all popular colors. 10 to 50 cents—made by Du Pont!

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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Lovely
HAIR FREE legs

Keep your legs *feminine!* Ease away unsightly masculine hair without dangerous razor or smelly chemicals. *E-Z does it!* It's a dainty glove that gently *erases* hair—and leaves your legs lovely! At all chain store and cosmetic counters.

E-Z HAIR REMOVING GLOVE
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For underarms, face, and back of neck use E-Z Finger-Tip Glove.

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A HELEN NEUSHAEFER PRODUCT

LET'S COOL OFF

Being hot is just a state of mind. Honest! And there's nothing that will make you cooler than looking cool! Here we have a few suggestions, tried and true, to give you that lettuce look through those scorching days.

To be cool from the skin out, powder and showers are your best bet. After a cool (not icy) shower, envelop yourself in a cloud of filmy powder—makes your skin satiny, keeps you cool hours longer. And don't forget powder in your shoes—it makes all the difference!

Instead of picking up the bright color of your print dress, cool it down with dark accessories—black hat, sandals, shortie gloves, or the same in navy. If your hat is a straw cartwheel, so much the better! See how cool you look?

Don't stop wearing black, just 'cause it's summer! A black spun linen dress, pared down to essentials, no fuss, no trimmings, is the coolest thing you can wear. With it, bare legs, bare arms, perhaps a little white washable hat, short, short white gloves.

Lots of the new sunback dresses are conservative enough without their jackets to be worn in an office. Slip on the jacket when you go to lunch, and you're all dressed up. *Don't* wear 'em if your boss hates them, and don't wear yours if it's bare as bare can be—that's for the beach or the country!

Investigate the possibilities of a black linen suit. Wear it with a cool, cap-sleeved blouse to work. When you're ready for that date, change to a gaily printed bare-back halter. You'll be a glamor girl at minimum cost!

If your hair is a mane, get it up! Nothing looks cooler than a well-groomed, small head! Braids will do it, or a sleek upsweep, or if you're young as young can be, how about pigtails, neatly braided, fastened with flowers or ribbon bows? But only if you're an ingenue, remember!

To look cool, calm and collected, wear short, short white cotton gloves. Wash 'em every night, just like you wash your stockings. Take an extra pair with you when you go out. When the first pair gets ever so slightly soiled, whip out a fresh one. Terrific for appearance *and* morale!

COLOR CUES FOR FALL

COLOR runs the gamut this fall, from last year's gentle neutral shades, to this year's newest vintner tints. All the makers of fine fabrics have had what seems to be practically telepathic inspiration, and they have all come out with the most gorgeous rich shades of red, amber and wine.

FORGET the old story of basic colors having to be the old black, brown or navy. This year your basic color might be a stunning shade of deep red that Forstman calls "Medoc." It's a deep, deep shade of rich wine red which has a definite purplish cast, and many shoe and bag manufacturers have already planned to make matching accessories in the same color.

UNDER your basic wine colored coat, there are infinite suit possibilities. How about a suit in natural colored gabardine, made with the new softer lines, full skirt, loose sleeves gathered into a shirt cuff? Or have a suit in a fine light blue wool or gabardine, which is just perfect with the wine topcoat.

FOR a sport coat, one of the new amber browns looks very new and exciting. These new browns are nothing like the shades that we think of as "brown." They have a look like rich apricot brandy, and are terrifically flattering to your skin.

UNDER your amber brown coat, wear again a natural or champagne colored gabardine or twill suit, or an aqua suit, or any of a number of shades of golden yellow shading into the same amber as the coat. These combinations are heavenly if you are a blonde, with a skin nicely tanned from your vacation!

THERE'S news, too, in menswear worsted fabrics, which are being made in colors far from masculine! There is a fine menswear worsted in the market which combines wide stripes of a sort of coral with narrower fancy stripes in brown. Another tiny check in black and white has the lightest possible box over it in bright red. Made up even in the most tailored of outfits, these suits have a delightfully feminine air!

foremost women wear FORMOST Bras

Interpreted with all the knowing grace of the ballet . . FORMOST bras create the symmetry of line that is at once high-spirited and artlessly young . . conforming to the most meticulous standards of foremost women. A, B and C cup for perfect fit. From 95c to 2.50.

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MAVIS for Body Beauty

Talcum Powder 59c, 39c, 23c, 10c
Body Beauty Powder $1.00
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(each with large puff)

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"Don't let up when Nature lets you down!"

It's just plain old-fashioned to assume a "rockin'-chair's-got-me-attitude" certain days each month. Old-fashioned, because today, Midol can free you from much of menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues".

So don't pamper—don't give in to menstrual pain. Instead take Midol and experience quick comfort. Midol is offered *especially* to relieve menstrual suffering. It contains no opiates, yet acts quickly in three ways: *Eases Cramps — Soothes Headache — Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Try Midol next time. Take it as directed. See how comfortably those trying days pass by. Midol is sold by all drugstores.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope. Write Dept. C-86, Room 1418, 41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

THE PURE IN HEART

(Continued from page 31)

mind has built up.

Talk to a girl at the studio for instance—

"Here's the different between Peck and the average star. Let's say you've got an interview to set up. That's part of a player's job, and yet it's a sideline. They'll wriggle out of it if they can, and if not they'll be annoyed. You have to coddle 'em, flatter 'em, sneak up on 'em, work some kind of an angle. In a way, you can't blame them. They're busy and harassed and everyone pulls at them for time.

"But they pull at Peck too, and with Peck there's no angle. You relax, and approach him like you would any human being. He'll tell you when he can do it and that's when it'll be done and you don't have to lose sleep wondering how often he'll postpone or cancel or just not show up. What it amounts to is, the guy has manners—the kind that come from way down and have nothing to do with pulling out chairs for women.

"Another thing about Peck. He *sees* you, if you know what I mean. To most of them, you're the unit man or the hairdresser or the little fellow who comes around with cokes. Beyond that they don't look. Greg's aware of you as an individual. Not that he starts asking about your ulcers. You just know he sees humans as humans first—not as cogs in a machine."

Talk to the photographer who was shooting a layout, working against time and losing. He was still short a couple of shots when the light went bad.

"Phone me when you've got some free time," said Greg, "and we'll finish up. I'm not working, so I'll suit my convenience to yours."

"Gee, that's swell, Mr. Peck. I'll call the studio—"

"No, call me at home, it's simpler. Here's my number."

"I hate to bother you at home."

"It's no bother. I haven't forgotten when the phone never rang at all."

Talk to our own Gus Gale, who'd gone out to shoot some stuff for MODERN SCREEN while Peck was on "Spellbound." They got to discussing the picture, its camera angles and so forth. "Why don't you and your wife come to the preview with us?" Greg suggested.

"Gee, that'd be great," said Gus and forgot about it. It's an unwritten law that you don't take such gestures seriously. They're made on impulse and, however sincere today, tomorrow they're buried under a hundred others.

all this, and dinner, too . . .

Some four months later Gus rolled into the office, after having been chasing around on a job all day.

"Greg Peck's called you three times. Must be some print he wants killed pretty bad."

What Greg wanted was to tell Gus that the preview had been set, and to remind him of their date. "We'd like you to have dinner here with us first."

Gus doesn't blow this up into something tremendous, but presents it for what it is—evidence that Greg doesn't make gestures for effect. And so far from ritzy are the Pecks, that when the Gales arrived, Greta was pressing a pair of pants.

"Excuse me," she laughed, "but at the last minute Greg refuses to wear his tux, so I must press his blue trousers."

Talk to Casey Robinson, who's a producer now but was a writer for Hal Wallis when he took in the Broadway opening of "Morning Star," and left convinced that the leading man was a picture bet. Through Peck's agent, he met the young actor and offered to put him under personal contract.

Greg wasn't ready for pictures then, but he liked Robinson. "If the time ever comes," he promised, "I won't sign with anyone till I've talked to you again."

The time came when Greg opened in a play called "The Willow and I." Every scout in New York must have tumbled over his feet to get to the nearest phone or telephone wire. Because in Hollywood all of a sudden Leland Hayward's line started buzzing fast and furious with bids for the services of one Gregory Peck. No head of a large agency knows all his clients, and the fact that he'd never heard of Peck didn't cramp Hayward's style. To sound the market out, he demanded fantastic terms and when they weren't turned down, he stalled, picked up another phone, got through to New York and asked who the hell was Gregory Peck.

a man of his word . . .

As a result of all this, Hayward got Peck out to Hollywood to meet the movie moguls. For ten days he and Greta basked in the luxury of a suite at the Beverly Hills. They had a marvelous time. The studios wined and dined them and sent Greta little gifts of perfume and roses. Casey Robinson stayed in the background. Peck knew what he had to offer—a contract with freedom—no strings to tie him down to a seven-year term. Otherwise Robinson couldn't compete with the big boys. Having surveyed the field, Greg kept his promise to talk to Robinson, found he still liked what Robinson had to give, signed his first contract and made his first screen appearance in Robinson's "Days of Glory." After that, the deluge.

Talk to Ken Tobey, one of Peck's closest friends. A favorite story of Greg's is how he and Ken met during senior year at Berkeley. Ken had been a longtime member of the Drama Workshop, Greg had just joined. Every Thursday, the Workshop put on a play. Those who weren't in it acted as audience and critics. Greg appeared prominently one Thursday in a single-acter based on "Moby Dick." Afterwards, a redheaded guy stood up and spoke with feeling on the subject of Peck's performance. Stiff, artificial and generally lousy, he called it—and could see no point in wasting so good a part on a rank outsider. Having dusted that off his hands, he sat down. . . .

"Somehow," says Greg, "I didn't take to him at first."

They started taking to each other at the Neighborhood Playhouse, where both trained. As noted, Ken's a redhead. He gets mad quick and gets over it quick but while the blaze is on, you can't tell what'll happen. One day an instructor landed on him with a double-edged tongue. Feeling the attack to be unfair, Ken's gorge rose, his hands shook, a mist formed before his eyes. What the end would have been is problematic, because the teacher was a woman and he couldn't clip her, but *some* outlet his rage would have had to find. Except that suddenly he felt a hand on his arm—Greg's hand. Magically, his anger melted and drained away.

Talking about it, a frown drew Ken's brows together. "I've never met an honester guy or one who could slip more readily under the other fellow's skin.

"That's why people bring him their troubles. Because he listens. Because he's interested. You know how most of us are. *You* say, I've got such a cold, and *I* say, that's nothing, you should have seen the cold I had last week. Greg keeps his cold out of it. When he's talking to you, it's you he thinks about."

Ken's girl friend is an actress. There's no one in the business who hasn't known the heartbreak of *just* losing a part that might *just* have made you the toast of Broadway. This happened to Sally, and she went hysterical. Ken couldn't do a thing with her. Then Greg came along with exactly the right words. For the moment he *was* Sally, knew how she felt and what she needed. Twenty minutes of listening to that deep, quiet voice of his, and Sally dried her eyes.

Like Casey Robinson, Ken will tell you that Greg's word is as solid as anything notarized on paper. No promise is too slight to be well and fully kept. Unless he can keep it, he won't make it. Girls and fellows he knew at Berkeley will sometimes stop off on their way to New York. Often with the same question. "Do you know anyone I could go to see?" He won't offer false encouragement and he won't brush them off. "I'll write to So-and-so. Maybe it'll do some good, maybe it won't, but at least I'll write."

Ken's career was interrupted by the war. On his return, he played in Maxwell Anderson's "Truckline Café," which didn't run long enough to make any difference. Greg is a great admirer of his friend's acting talent. "Why not come out here and take a vacation," he wrote, "and look into the picture business at the same time?"

While Ken was driving out, Greg collected the New York reviews of "Sons and Soldiers," carried them around and showed them to influential people.

"This friend of mine's coming out to stay with me. He played my younger brother in 'Sons and Soldiers' and he stole the show. Take a look at these notices."

By the time Ken arrived, Greg had a couple of leads for him to follow up. His eye was constantly peeled for Ken's main chance. One evening the wife of a producer phoned and asked them all to dinner. Greta was about to plead a previous engagement when Greg shot down the hall, wigwagging, "Accept! Accept!"

Like a good wife, she did as she was told first and looked for explanations later. "But we *have* a date."

"Honey, we'll postpone it. They're old friends. They'll understand that X is a man Ken ought to meet."

Ken had planned to stay two weeks. Greg wanted to keep him as long as possible, but didn't quite know how to bring the subject up. When two friends start even and one pulls ahead professionally, the successful one is in some ways handicapped. Especially if he's like Greg, who shudders from any suggestion of the Lord Bountiful. In the end he just blurted it out: "Be nice if you stuck around a little longer."

"Okay," grinned Ken, "so I'll stick around a little longer."

penalties . . .

Now they've developed it into a running gag. When Ken washes the car, he gets two days added on. When he fails to laugh at one of Greg's jokes, he gets three days lopped off. . . .

Talk to Greg's charming blonde wife, and she'll shake her head. Greta's direct, like her husband. With just the trace of an accent imported from Finland, she'll say: "Greg hates to be thought of as a person who does things for others. It annoys him to have that told. He feels it's gooey." Her eyes look straight at you, with amusement in their depths. "If you like, I'll be glad to tell you stories about him. But whatever is in them, you must find for yourself."

The laughter in her face deepened. "For instance, he was very good to Jonathan, even before he was born. Better than

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Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

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I was. He wanted the baby to have a bassinet. I am so practical, I didn't think we should get one."

"*All* babies have bassinets," said Greg. "You can't economize on a baby."

Greta kept putting it off, hoping he'd forget or maybe she could talk him out of it. But nothing doing. "If you don't get it right away," he finally threatened, "I'll go out and buy the most expensive one I can find, if it costs a thousand dollars."

"I dashed out in the next five minutes to Saks," says Greta. "Then we got a nurse who doesn't like bassinets. It was never used."

Greg accepted that calmly. His only concern was that his child shouldn't be gypped.

spring cleaning . . .

It was his idea too, to get the housecleaners in while Greta and Jonathan were at the hospital. Babies are fragile, and the least he could do for his was clear the air of germs. Walls were scrubbed down, floors waxed, carpets shampooed, drapes removed and dry cleaned. Greg asked his mother and stepfather, who were visiting at the time, if they'd mind walking around in stocking feet. "Germs multiply so," he explained. "Better be on the safe side."

His mother hid a smile and agreed.

That's Greg, the father. Greg, the husband—well, for one thing, he never forgets an anniversary, and he's like a kid about giving presents. "Come on, open it, what are you waiting for? Don't you want to see what's inside?" In fact, he's so eager that you generally get your gift ahead of time, and then he has to go out and buy something else for the big day.

After any little misunderstanding, he always buys something special. It's refreshing to hear that the Pecks have misunderstandings, like the Smiths and the Joneses. This is contrary to the Hollywood pattern, where all is sweetness and light till the final bustup.

"I," says Greg, "am a stubborn, opinionated person. I argue by yelling. To get anywhere, the other person has to outyell me. In the end, there's nothing left but for me to apologize. Because whether I'm right or wrong in principle, I'm invariably wrong in method."

One night he came home with some new ideas on child rearing. "So-and-so told me something very interesting today. You know, they have two children. The first was brought up mostly by nurses, but the mother had more time to give to the second, and consequently he's a much better balanced kid."

"Oh!" flared Greta. "So you don't like the way I bring up Jonathan!"

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Of course it has. Or why did you mention it at all?"

"Just like a woman to take everything personally."

From there on, you can write your own dialogue. They had a date to go to a movie with friends, and were very polite to each other for the rest of the evening. As a rule, these tiffs are over in five minutes. But that night Greta brooded over her wounded feelings, and Greg told himself she was being unreasonable. . . .

So it wasn't till the following morning that remorse set in. "Did I really hurt you, honey?"

Her lip quivered. "I thought you didn't like my character."

"Darling, I'm a stinker. I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

Then, with his arms around her, she burst into tears, because he's so good.

He enjoys picking out clothes he thinks would look well on her, and has very definite ideas about what she should wear. When he gets home at night, he wants her glamorous—in harem trousers or something else very feminine, with shining hair and painted fingernails. Once she bought a pair of red slacks, which were colorful and cute, and wore them constantly round the house. Greg didn't say a word till she got togged out one day to go to lunch.

"You look pretty nice. But for me you wear those same old red slacks all the time. *I'm* not important."

That, needless to say, was the end of the slacks for a while. In fact, they'd never have been resurrected if Greg hadn't glimpsed them in the closet three months later. "Why don't you ever wear these red slacks?" he asked.

His own clothes are another story. Except in a tux, says Greta, he never looks well groomed. "But in a tux," she sighs, "he looks lovely—" He'll think nothing of putting on a new suit, ambling outdoors and letting Perry, his big white police dog, climb all over him. "It's more important to let your dog love you," he contends, "than to look like a fashion plate."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Becoming editor of the school newspaper meant just about everything to me. Election day was coming up, and I was desperate for a scheme to get votes. A week before elections, a group of girls was sitting around a table discussing Van Johnson when an idea popped into my head. Here was my chance! So I told them Van was an old friend of mine. You should have seen the furor I created! But was I in a spot when, a day before the election, the girls insisted I take them out to the studio to meet Van. There wasn't much I could do but go. We waited outside till 6 o'clock, but no Van. Was I in luck! I suggested to the girls that we leave—when suddenly Van appeared and the girls swarmed around him. While they were clamoring for his autograph, I hastily scrawled on a piece of paper: "Please, Van! My name is Peggy. Act like you know me." With my hopes high, I held the note in the palm of my hand so he could see it and started talking to him as if I'd known him for years. He smiled that wonderful grin, put his arm around me, asked how I'd been, and why I hadn't been to see him lately! Before we left, I didn't have to act as if I'd known him for years; I felt that I had! And P.S.: I won the election!

Peggy Gillespie
Los Angeles, Calif.

He's a softie about animals in general, and Perry in particular. One day the exterminator had been around with some poison nuggets for the garden bugs and Perry got hold of a bit just as dinner was about to be served. Greg dashed for the phone to call the vet, but the vet wasn't in. Meantime Greta had found the thing.

"Look, Greg, he didn't swallow it, he just chewed it a little."

"I don't care. Some of it may have gone down. I'm taking him to the drugstore."

He grabbed the dog's collar and dragged him out to the car. What made it funny was the contrast between Greg's grim look and the dog's obvious delight. Perry, who'd rather go for a drive than eat, was acting like anything but an invalid. Not till they got back from the drugstore, did he start feeling sick. Because Greg had poured a quart of lime water down his throat, followed by a quart and a half of water! Then the Pecks sat down to their warmed-over meal.

Their first animal was a Christmas gift from Greg to Greta. They'd been married in October, and were living in a New York apartment, which they felt was no place for dogs. But Greta was used to having a pet around and, before Christmas, Greg started getting mysterious. The mystery reached a climax on Christmas Eve when he made her wait outside the door while he "fixed something." Then he led her in. Smack in the middle of their blue couch lay a small ball of fuzz with a huge red ribbon round its neck, and it looked up at Greta out of skyblue eyes.

"Oh Greg, how wonderful! I never saw anything like that in my life. A kitten with blue eyes!"

"They're specially bred for blue eyes," Greg told her happily. "Anyhow, that's what the man at the shop said."

Four days later Widgie's eyes had turned to regular cat-green, but he was none the less beloved.

Right now Greg's steamed up over horses. This is largely due to Ralph McCutcheon, owner and trainer of Dice, the wonder horse of "Duel in the Sun." Horses, McCutcheon assured Greg, are smarter and better companions than dogs. They just don't have a chance to prove it, because people never keep them around the house.

"When we build our ranch," says Greg, "we'll have doors big enough for horses to go wandering through."

"And I suppose a pony on Jonathan's bed?" asks Greta.

"Well, he won't take much space, honey. Horses sleep standing up."

He's serious about the ranch though, thinks it's a swell life for kids. He'd like Jonathan to grow up among outdoors men, loving sports and animals, learning the feel of nature from sky and wind and earth as a city child can't. He'd also like his son to be a well-rounded person, and thinks the responsibility for this rests squarely on himself and Greta, not on a school. He thinks education's another word for opening the mind, and that you can open a child's very early to the idea that color and religion are not matters for prejudice, that a man should be judged by his quality alone and that this is the inward meaning of democracy. . . .

They're expecting another baby soon to grow up with Jonathan. The new one announced itself just as they were planning their first vacation. Greg's had no time off since he came to Hollywood.

"When my two pictures are over," Greg promised, "we'll go to Arizona first and rest. Then we'll go to New York and have fun. Then we'll go see Mexico."

silver lining . . .

Instead, Greta went to see her doctor. "No trains, no planes, no cars," he decreed.

"What a shame about your vacation," someone said to Greg, who looked back at the guy as if he'd grown two heads.

"Are you kidding? Look what we're getting instead!"

Ben Bogeaus got a break out of it, too. Greg went to work for him in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." His other job is to keep Greta encouraged.

"When *this* is over, we'll go to Europe and I'll buy you a whole new wardrobe."

Or he'll say: "You know something, honey? You look prettier right now than you ever did."

"I know it's a lie," smiles Greta softly. "But what do I care, it's such a lovely lie."

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 71)

She had taken a turn for the worse and the doctors told him she would not live through the night. At 1:30 Tuesday morning, she was dead. Ty Power and Ronald Colman came and took David home. The doctors gave him a sedative, but no drug or no words could help the deep pain he suffered.

All over Hollywood you heard, "Why? Why did this accident have to happen?" There is so little real happiness in the world today. But the Nivens were beautifully happy. Theirs had been a real love story ever since David, a British Colonel, took refuge in a trench near Canterbury in 1940, and found it already occupied by a beautiful WAAF named Primula Rollo. Ten days after that meeting they were married. Ironically, they came safely through the dark, dangerous days of the blitz, and two lovely children were born to them. When David returned to Hollywood six months ago and was afraid he might not be able to get his family into this country, he told his pals, "If I can't get them here, I'll give up Hollywood forever. Nothing means enough to me to be separated from my loved ones." Six weeks ago, he was the happiest man in the world when "Prim" and the little boys joined him. He was a man who had "everything." Now crushed and broken, he hardly knows what has happened yet. Do you wonder that Hollywood sorrowfully asks, "Why?" And sends its unspoken but deepest prayers to him constantly.

* * *

Just yesterday, as I wrote this, Louella Parsons, for whom I am subbing, successfully came through four-and-a-half hours of major surgery at a Los Angeles hospital and the doctors say she is doing beautifully. But for this month, and perhaps another one, she must rest and build back that magnificent vitality of hers.

When I saw her at the hospital the day before the operation, I told her that Al Delacorte had invited me to take over this department until she is well enough to be back on the job.

"All right," she said, "but you be sure to tell those swell people to keep on writing ME. I love their letters." Particularly while she is getting well she will want to hear from you—but now that you are stuck with me, suppose we take a look around Hollywood and see what's been going on.

* * *

Joan Fontaine's marriage in Mexico COULDN'T be as funny as she and the bridegroom, William Dozier, make out. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but the dignified Miss Fontaine has a great deal of the comedienne in her makeup and can make things sound as funny as Jack Benny or Bob Hope—or both.

After their "secret" elopement (every paper got wind of what was up and carried the story), the happy pair left the plane at Taxco and hurried immediately to the padre's home. The entire ceremony was in Spanish, but Joan swears that most of the words were the padre's own—though she speaks not a word of

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the language. To cap the gala event, there was a festival in progress and firecrackers exploded vigorously throughout.

Bill, you know, was formerly associated with the RKO studios, and the papers at Taxco, in writing up the marriage, referred to him as "the Hollywood potentate!"

But don't think for a minute that Joan isn't plenty sentimental about her wedding ring. It's lovely—a plain gold band set with diamonds.

* * *

At Bebe Daniel's party for Lord Lascelles, a little girl, with her hair hanging down and a ribbon around her head, was spotted milling among the guests. "Whose little girl is that?" someone asked.

"That's Carter De Haven's little girl, John Payne's little wife, baby Kathleen Payne's little mother. In other words, little Gloria De Haven," someone answered. Honest, that's how young she looks since the baby was born.

* * *

The best party I ever "crashed" was the Warner Brothers Annual Club event. I say "crashed" because, you know, these studio parties are just for studio workers, and the press and other outsiders are not usually invited. The gang feels safer in letting down its hair when there are no peeking scribes around. But I happened to be invited as the guest of an old friend—and not as a newspaper woman—so they couldn't very well not let me in.

Bosses Harry and Jack Warner took over the entire Earl Carroll Theater-Cafe for the festivities and, believe me, baby, I mean festivities. The place was ablaze with American Beauty roses as tall as the chorus girls and spotlights played over all the tables so you could get a look at everybody at one time or another.

The Carroll beauties staged several spectacular dance numbers on the stage while the Warnerites were filing in—but after dinner the studio talent took over. While the chorus belles strutted their stuff, I watched the stars come in.

Bette Davis arrived with her husband, her sister, the Paul Henreids and Andrea King, who looked like a million dollars in a stunning black and white formal.

Bette, on the other hand, looked like a young girl in her first party dress. She wore a little pale blue number, "neatly" cut out at the neck with little cap sleeves over the shoulders, and her hair hung loosely waved to her shoulders. Bette is a very attractive woman. I'll never understand why she doesn't dress with more umph in her private wardrobe.

But she is a swell scout—and proved it later when she m.c.'d the Warner part of the show and acted in a hilarious sketch burlesquing her career on the Warner lot.

By the time the studio show started, such bright lights as Errol Flynn (stagging it), Viveca Lindfors (new Swedish import and the Burbank Ingrid Bergman), Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, Jack Carson, Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith, Ronald Reagan, the Dennis Morgans, Harry and Jack Warner and 2000 others were all in their seats.

The routines put on by Benny, Danny and Jack Carson were funnier than anything they have ever done on the air. Jack Benny particularly kidded Jack Warner about all the stars on suspension (yes, the bosses take that sort of thing at these parties) and said the only reason he had been invited was because he was the only Warnerite still on salary.

Jack said, "I notice that when Humphrey Bogart is suspended, he goes yachting. If I were suspended, I couldn't even sulk it out in a canoe."

There's no need to try to describe Danny Kaye's carryings-on—because you can't describe Danny's talent. But he knocked out the audience—and himself—goaded on by la Davis, who kept calling for more and more of his nonsense.

Jane Wyman sang two torchy numbers looking like a dream walking in a full-skirted, strapless gown cut down to *there*. Her only accessories were little white gloves that barely reached her wrists. Try very short gloves, instead of long with formals sometime—they're très smart.

MODERN SCREEN

"And now, you turntable termites, here's a solid platter that'll have the joint jumpin'!"

But the best part of the show were the "blow ups"—four or five reels of film showing scenes you'll never see on the screen because they are the "takes" where the players blow up in their lines. These were the funniest:

A supposedly tender love scene between Dennis Morgan and Barbara Stanwyck in "Christmas In Connecticut." The close-up reveals Barbara easing herself onto Morgan's lap, kissing him and murmurering sweet nothings in his ear.

Instead, she stumbled into his lap, grabbed his lapels to keep from falling off and gasped, "D—— it! Why don't you put your feet where they belong instead of tripping me up?"—and Dennis roars with laughter.

Another showed Errol Flynn blowing up. He is telling Alexis Smith all the things he will do if she will marry him. Half way through the long, loving dialogue he says, "—and now if you will marry me, I don't know what I will do because I have forgotten the lousy lines."

And last, but not least—the famous blow up of Dick Foran's in a Western which has been a classic in these things for years. It is a stirring scene showing the cowboy star springing into the saddle and calling, "Don't worry, men—here I come." But Foran misses the stirrup, once, twice and the third time—then yells, "Don't worry men. Here I come—if I can get my leaded britches off the ground!"

These studio parties are a lot of fun and I'd like to crash another sometime.

* * *

Sunday nights at La Rue, the smart little cafe on "the Strip," are always a fashion display. Regulars are Roz Russell, in stunning new hats; Barbara Stanwyck, always hatless, but beautifully groomed; Mrs. Ray Milland and Mrs. Fred MacMurray—two of the best dressed women in Hollywood. Ditto for Mary Livingston Benny.

The other night Ginger Rogers walked in wearing one of those ensembles she seems to prefer—a print dress with a small evening hat and her long, flowing blonde hair past her shoulders.

Maybe not *chic*—but how *smart* she is!

Just the day before, the story had broken that she had affiliated her independent producing company with the new firm. Enterprise, to the tune of $175,000 per picture and 40% of the profits! That is almost the biggest deal ever made with any star in Hollywood.

I would say it is now between Ginger and Sonja Henie for "Wealthy Wench" honors in Hollywood.

Lest We Forget: Al Schmid, the blind Marine whom John Garfield portrayed on the screen, was recently John's guest in Hollywood.

One night the two of them were talking at Garfield's home. Suddenly, Al said: "Johnny, do you look anything like me?"

"No, Al," the actor replied, "not much."

"I sort of hoped you did," the blind man said, "it's sort of the way I pictured you in 'Pride of the Marines'."

John didn't answer. He couldn't, over that lump in his throat.

* * *

Hedy Lamarr broke down and cried with anger and pity when she confronted the 19-year-old burglar who stole her furs and jewels a few months ago.

In a voice trembling with rage, she cried, "You—you might have hurt my children!" And then the tears started streaming down her face. "I feel sorry for your mother."

Under his breath, the criminal youth murmured, "So do I."

* * *

Kathryn Grayson is sooooo in love again—with Johnny Johnson, the singer. This seems to prove what the psychiatrists have always claimed, that consciously or not, we always fall in love with the same types. Not necessarily in physical appearance, but temperamentally alike.

One of her divorce complaints against John Shelton was that he "bossed" her. And Johnson seems to have a bit of this in him, too. When she sold her home recently and bought another one—it was Johnny who made all the arrangements and set both the selling and purchasing prices. He goes shopping with her for everything from food to wardrobe.

Not long ago her brother took a poke at the crooner "because he's running everything around here."

* * *

The correspondence that flew between Van Johnson, on the 7th floor of the Good Samaritan Hospital, and Louella Parsons, directly above him on the 8th, was really something. Van printed his notes in red pencil—and they went something like this:

CAN YOU SLEEP? I CAN'T EITHER. RING MY ROOM AT 1 P.M. WHEN MY NURSE GOES OUT FOR COFFEE. NUTS TO THE JAILERS.

Or—GOOD MORNING, ROSEBUD. HOW'S YOUR TEMPERATURE? MINE'S FINE.

Or, GOT A DATE THIS AFTERNOON? I'LL BE UP FOR FIVE MINUTES IN MY WILDEST PAJAMAS.

* * *

George Raft has been saying it with flowers to Joan Crawford for a dining-dancing date, but so far her dates have been confined to Greg Bautzer since she left Phil Terry.

An extra swank note to the formal garden party that Joan gave in honor of the new Swedish import, Viveca Lindfors, was that William Haines did the decorations.

* * *

As this is written, it has been a month since Peggy Cummins was taken out of "Forever Amber" and the heartbreaking thing is that she is taking it so hard.

Not once since the debacle has the little Irish star from the London screen made a social appearance. She says she doesn't want to go anywhere because "everyone would want to talk to me about it."

How different this is from the first three months of the toast-of-the-town whirl she enjoyed when she was "up" for "Amber."

But the sooner Peggy changes her mind and snaps out of it, the better for her. Most people have better taste than to bring up subjects that deliberately hurt someone. And I know that the feeling about her all over Hollywood is sincerely sympathetic.

* * *

Judy Garland and Vince Minnelli had their first "trial separation"—but hold on, it was from their two-months-old daughter, Liza.

They went to Laguna to see how being away from the baby would work before taking a longer trip to San Francisco. It didn't. Back home they came to baby and where they go, she goes—from here on.

* * *

Greer Garson's been having a run of bad luck.

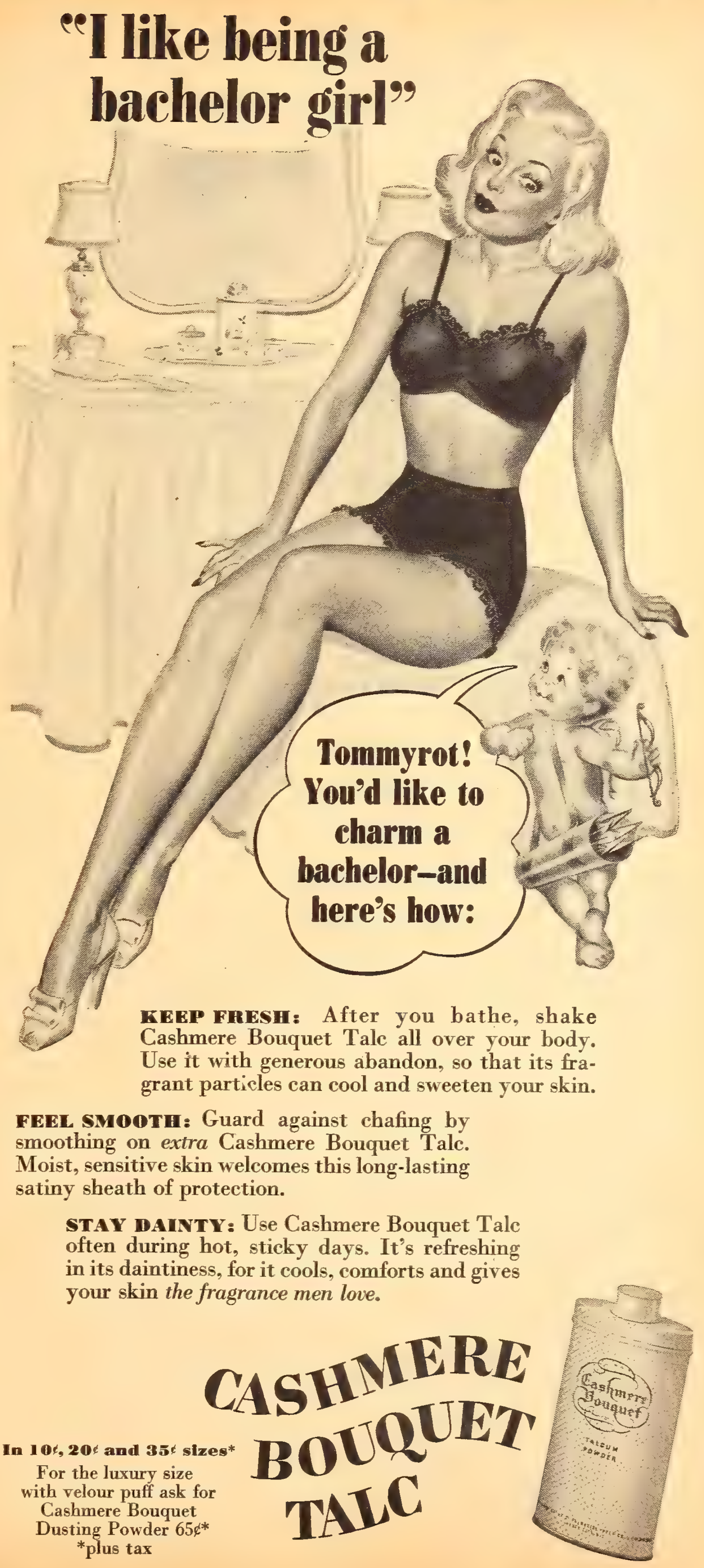
First, she almost drowned on location for "Woman of My Own" when swept off a rock by an enormous wave. Then, the first day back at work she came down with a case of poison oak.

She came back to Hollywood done to the teeth in bandages—and swearing she's not going to leave her own back yard!

* * *

There was a slightly "odd" expression on Frankie Sinatra's face when Peter Lawford told him it had been his "childhood" ambition to work in a movie with him!

Well, Pete gets his wish in "It Happened In Brooklyn."



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SWEET HOME

(Continued from page 53)

word, that he's mine."

Mr. Brodel approached the group, grinning. On a leash beside him, cavorting and yipping, was a six-weeks-old wirehaired terrier. "I could have heard you in Detroit," Dad Brodel told his ecstatic daughter, "and you're right. Meet Yankee, who's to take the place of Mike in your heart."

It would be impossible to imagine a more closely knit family than the Brodels, although Joan has her own friends and has been allowed to develop her own life and her own personality. Betty has her friends and her interests, and as for Mary, she is happily the wife of Richard Russon. Mary and Dick live in the San Fernando Valley about four miles from the family home.

The joyous community of their lives together is best illustrated by the problem of the den in Mary's new house. Joan thought it should be mahogany and red leather; Betty preferred a modern interpretation—light wood, lucite, and pale colors.

Joan came up with a suggestion: "Let's not decide until we've seen a few more movies. During the next two weeks we might see something really terrific."

Some ten days later, Mary telephoned. "Tell everyone to stop worrying about the way in which we should decorate the den," she said. "It's going to be a nursery."

"I'll start knitting something *at once,*" chirped the prospective Aunt Joan. At the time she was in bed with a cold, so she asked her mother to select some baby yarn.

When Mrs. Brodel returned several hours later, it was with the sad news that one simply couldn't purchase the light-weight yarn most desirable for infants' garments. "We'll just have to wait until the stock comes in. Meanwhile, I brought something for you to work on."

It was one of those package deals containing a practical, quilted bib, on which was stamped a bunny. "I've never embroidered a stitch in my life," protested Joan. "I'll make a mess of it."

Two hours later, Joan was putting the finishing touches to an exquisite bib.

If you were going to become an intimate friend of the Brodels, you would quickly learn a series of family catch phrases, and laugh over them as heartily as they do.

Many years ago, Joan appeared in a skit in Quebec (which is one of those Canadian cities where French is used as much as English), so her lines were spoken in French. She was supposed to be a beggar child and, in that role, repeated the pathetic request, "Charité, s'il vous plaît! Charité, s'il vous plaît!" (Translation: "Alms, please!")

When Mrs. Brodel had the flu recently, Joan undertook to prepare the family meals. But the first, second, third and fourth nights she repeated the identical menu.

When Betty approached the table that evening, she scanned the provisions, then stepped back and supplicated the second balcony, "Charité, s'il vous plaît! Charité, s'il vous plaît!" she chortled.

When Dad Brodel was growing up in Detroit, he was one of five sons. His mother used to dispatch one of the boys on errands to the store. And inevitably, a mention of the fact that he was "one of *the* Brodel boys" would obtain for him a scarce, greatly desirable item.

Now since the girls have been old enough to attend parties, they gather at the breakfast table the following morning for a party post mortem where some member of the family always inquires, "Did people know you were one of the Brodel girls? Did you remember that *you* were one of the Brodel girls?"

Here is another handy family quotation: "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

Joan was out on a date with one of her boy friends one evening when a stranger barged up, slapped Joan's auburn escort on the shoulder and said, "Hi, Red."

"Hi," he answered, bewildered.

Then the newcomer admonished Red, "Well, come on, introduce us."

Said Red, "I'm frightfully sorry, but I don't seem to recall your name."

"Claghorne," he said. "Thomas J. Claghorne. Does that *mean* anything to you?"

The name meant utterly nothing to Joan and her escort, a fact that was apparent to the crasher, so—shaking his head—he strode away. Some twenty minutes later, he was back again, demanding, "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

A week later Joan had another date with Red, but she was unable to keep it because she was coming down with a bad cold. When she explained this to Red, he was equable. "How about Betty?" he wanted to know.

Betty was delighted to sub. While she was dressing, Joan told her about the stranger and said, "He might show up again. You'll know him by his slogan."

Sure enough, the quaint character again went through the same routine. However, the instant he had said "Thomas J. Claghorne," Betty said swiftly, "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

Nowadays, no matter what unexpected development disturbs the tranquillity of the Brodel household, one member is sure to demand, "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

When one of Joan's pictures is shown, the family gathering consists of a benign critics' circle. For years Joan has said, whenever someone complimented her, "Thank you so much. I appreciate your praise. But would you please tell me what you *didn't* like about my performance?"

As you probably know, Joan is engaged in litigation with Warner Brothers over her contract. She had no complaint about her salary, working conditions, or the personalities of her co-workers; but she felt that she was being used entirely as a song-and-dance girl. Joan wanted this situation to be altered; she wanted a chance to grow up cinematically, and a law suit seemed to be the only way to bring it about.

As an outgrowth of this experience, Joan has registered at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) and plans to take a pre-law course. In case her law suit should be settled more rapidly than she now expects, Joan still plans to combine a theatrical career and a college education.

Several years ago Joan was having luncheon with a friend. In discussing the manner in which Joan was interpreting a role, he said, "You are too dependent upon your family. You should live alone, study alone, make your own decisions."

Joan thought this over. That night she repeated the conversation to her mother.

Mrs. Brodel's voice was controlled and soft as she started to talk to Joan. "It may be," she said pensively, "that your friend is right. Perhaps, because I want to keep you from knowing too much of the ugliness of life, I am doing you a great wrong."

She continued doggedly, "I think it might be wise if you were to take an apartment, alone, and we were to go back east. If the family were far away from you, you wouldn't be clinging to us, and . . ."

Suddenly Joan and her mother were in each other's arms, sobbing furiously. Joan managed to say, "Oh, Mother, don't talk about going back east and leaving me alone. . . . You and Dad and Betty and Mary are the only really, really important people in all the world to me. . . ."

It was a turning point, the solution of a decision, in Joan's life. For her family, happiness is called Joan, and for Joan, happiness is the closed corporation of her family.

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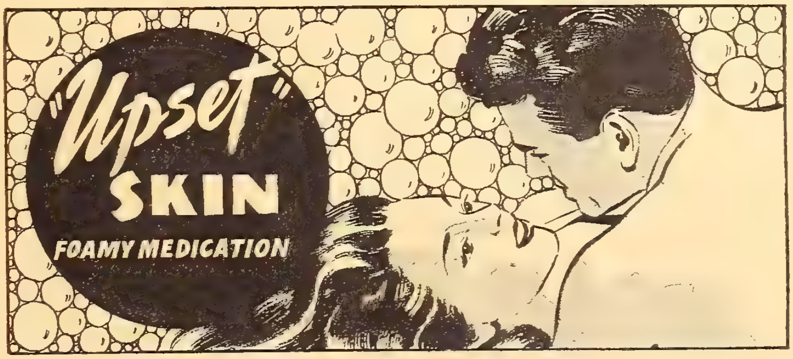

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SKIN SUCCESS
Soap

25c

Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap is a *special* soap containing the same costly medication as 106 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing, FOAMY MEDICATION with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazing results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, itching of eczema, and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygienic action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this *luxurious* 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At drug and toiletry counters everywhere 25c.

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TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

This may be news to *you*—but thanks to Tampax more women every summer go right into the water any day they want to, including the sanitary-protection days.... The Tampax method is ideal for bathing because there is no external pad. With Tampax you can wear a snug swim suit and (wet or dry) nobody is the wiser. So why *should* you stay on the sidelines, lonely and conspicuous?

Applying the principle of internal absorption to this special monthly use by women, a doctor designed Tampax without belts, pins or external pads. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in applicators, Tampax is efficient and dainty. As it is worn internally, no odor forms and there is no chafing. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

Just consider the advantages of this unbulky Tampax under summer shorts, slacks and sheer dresses—then get a supply at drug store or notion counter. Enough for a month will go into your purse. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Regular
TAMPAX
TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 14*)

Summertime is when you do the spade work for next year's Junior Prom!

Going Steady: Maybe there's *some* excuse for going steady during the school year. It's so divinely secure when there are so many things a gal *has* to go to. But do we approve of it in the summertime? Negative! Now is your golden opportunity to expand your stagline. If there's one boy you particularly lo-o-ove, keep him for Sunday best, but give the other boys a break, too. Maybe this system won't guarantee you a date every Saturday night the way going steady would, but it will guarantee to make you a better-balanced babe, an expert in the care and feeding of guys, and a super-duper matrimonial bet Comes Love. Think how stimulating—dating a baseball fiend Friday night, a jazz fan Saturday, a Johnny Weissmuller on Sunday. Think how heavenly—being free of foreign entanglements if your brother's dreamy buddy comes to visit, or a Yale man moves in next door, or you go away for a couple of weeks and meet a lad who's Really Something! We, obviously, are all in favor of you and your angel coming unstuck come summer. Try it. We bet you'll like it too.

Selective Service: You meet all kinds of men in the summertime—at your job, at parties, on your vacation—and sometimes they're wonderful and sometimes they're heels. Before you go breaking your heart over one of them, leave us give you some advice. Never, never accept a date with a married man. The only time this is easy is before your heart is involved, so the very first time that good-looking, smooth-dancing, sweet-talking married chap asks you to go out, say "no." If you talk yourself into thinking that just once won't do any harm, you may find yourself head-over-heels in love with the guy and caught up in a situation from which only three-cornered unhappiness can result. This advice goes whenever there's an impediment to marriage. A pending divorce, tremendous family obligations, serious illness. All these things have misery-making implications, so if you want to play safe, give 'em a wide berth. If a boy whom you don't quite trust asks you to go out, be wary! Inquire around about him as much as possible. Discover what his family's like, who his friends are. Make the first couple of dates double jobs. Chances are he's a good joe in spite of having That Look, but if he's not, you'll be adequately protected, and next time he asks you out, give him a firm uh-no. What about the obnoxious blind date? You've contracted to go out with him, but supposing he turns out to be a drunk or a wolf? That wasn't in your contract, so if he's hard to handle, turn him over to his sponsor, grab your mad money and blow. Avoid dates with chaps much older or much younger than you. Granted there's glamor in an older man, and something kinda sweet about lots of the younger ones, your contemporaries are by far your best bet.

Moonburn: So much for preventive measures, but s'posing it's too late for that. What to do? Well, there are lots of angles. If the boy who broke your heart works where you do, you could give up your job and get away from him and all the things associated with your romance. If he's just a guy-about-town, maybe you could get a job, thus substituting new interests for old, new faces for *that* face. If the ax fell at home, maybe you could get away for a while. If you were burned on your vacation—c'mon home. The point is, get away from the heartbreaker as soon as possible. Change your routine completely. Do something brand new instead of brooding. Take up a sport, work for a particular charity dear to your heart, ride your hobby hard and think about a new one. By degrees you'll be heart-whole again and all the more attractive for having bled a bit.

WHY DID MILDRED PIERCE DO IT?

(*Continued from page 33*)

the lights, wires, canvas tarpaulins over the rugs and other gear with which the room was jammed. It was a richly appointed place, yet very friendly.

She did the picture thing without shoes, a necessity, considering she was in and out of big chairs all the time, her feet tucked up under her, acceding to the wishes of the photographer. She had on a white satin blouse and flowing peasant skirt, quite long and quite thin, but worn without a slip, so that when she crossed in front of an illuminated spot, it seemed to disappear, and leave the legs, justly celebrated, I would say, in silhouette. Altogether a very pretty picture.

Presently we were alone in the bar again.

"Well?" Joan said.

Modern Screen, I said, wanted to know why she gave up a perfectly good cash-every-Wednesday contract with Metro, signed on for an if-as-and-when contract with Warners, and sat around for two years reading scripts before she finally did "Mildred Pierce." Her eyes narrowed a little before she replied. "Perfectly good, solid reasons that made sense. In the first place, if I played those Metro assignments any more, I figured I was headed for a nose dive."

She hesitated, then mentioned several big stars lately associated with pretty feeble stories, and cited what this kind of thing was doing to them. "They are headed the same way I was headed. Listen, I had played that typical American girl so many times I knew the story backward. Either I was the millionaire girl that marries the newspaper guy, or I was the newspaper girl who marries the millionaire guy. So I asked Metro to tear up my contract, at a cost I wouldn't tell you for fear you'd think I'm crazy, and got from Warners' what amounted to a story-approval deal, where I didn't even draw salary until I got something to suit me. They sent script after script over and I said no. Then Jerry Wald took over, and began talking to me about 'Mildred Pierce.' I had read it when it was first published, and I went through it again. They did several scripts each one a little better than the last, and at last there was one that seemed right."

"Nice, except for the murder."

"You want to know about that?

"All I can say is, they tried it without the murder, and the thing seemed flat. The murder pulled it together somehow."

Then we got to talking about a theory that's always fascinated me, that theory about the very big stars; that each of them when they develop a popularity far beyond what beauty, talent, or promotion could possibly account for, must have some fascination for the public on the basis of an inner quality that mirrors the audience

For instance, according to that theory, Harlow was the slangy stenographer's picture of herself, Lloyd the small clerk who in imagination does colossal feats of valor, Chaplin the out-of-luck waif that lies in the center of every human being.

"In your own case, what do you think is the foundation of your appeal?" I asked.

"Cinderella."

"In mink?"

"I don't mean the characters I play. I mean me. People know how hard I had it when I was young, how I went to work when I was nine, how I hoofed in a chorus, how I entered the dance contests when I first came to Hollywood to get into a picture. And they know how close I feel to them. I never think of them as fans. I think of them as friends, and correspond with thousands of them. I really know them, because I care. And they know that."

"That explains something."

"What's that?" she asked.

"The extraordinary burst of affectionate satisfaction that went through the whole industry when you got the award. Everybody seemed so glad."

"Were you?"

"I knew, from the beginning, that you were going to get it, though I have to say for Jerry Wald that he knew it before he even bought the book."

"That makes me quite happy."

Christopher came in and was introduced. He made a grinning, correct little bow, as though he didn't really believe in the stuff, but would do it anyhow, just to humor his mother. I took him to be five. Christina appeared. She is a prim, smiling little thing, quite pretty, around seven, quite anxious to take part in things.

heartbeat . . .

After the children retired, the phone rang and Joan answered it. It seemed personal, so I wandered around the library looking at books. It got slightly more than personal, or so it seemed to a professional dialogue writer's ear. I tried not to listen. Presently Joan mentioned she was being interviewed, mentioned my name in a he-won't-be-here-long kind of way, said she'd call back, and hung up. Sitting beside me again, she looked at me somewhat sheepishly. "I'd say you were in love," I guessed.

"I bet I sounded like a high school girl."

"Well, not exactly indifferent."

She began to talk about heart involvements, how she dreaded them, what they did to her. About one such, she grew graphic, began making gestures with long, graceful hands, that wore no rings, by the way. "We get so we're like that," she said, with her two index fingers punching at each other like slender little spears. Her eyes are dark hazel with a glint of blue in them, and now they dilated into that intense solemnity that is so delightful on the screen. Joan Crawford is a weakness of mine, as I suppose you know by now, but it did cross my mind that love with Joan might be quite a strenuous business, perhaps a little difficult at times.

But well worth the run.

WEIGHT LIFTING—CHEAP

If your problem's a weighty one, we'll help you take off. Dr. Edwin P. Jordan, associate editor of the Journal of the American Medical Assn., has prepared two easy-to-follow reducing routines for MS readers that are ideal, whether you've still sprouting or all grown up. See chart, "How To Lose Weight," Super Coupon, page 24.

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No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently —thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!

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RADIO GOSSIP

(Continued from page 65)

earned only a thousand a week." That should be a lesson to all of us—and so, here and now, I must plead with the Boss never to raise my salary!

Except for Paul Whiteman's, Tommy Dorsey's band has produced more mike topnotchers than any other. Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford and Dick Haymes, to name a few, are Dorsey graduates.

Speaking of Sinatra, I sat at a table recently with his charming wife, Nancy, at Joe Reichman's opening in the Roosevelt Grill. Being a fellow who'll ask the darndest questions, I said, "Are you ever jealous of Frankie?" "Of course not," she answered. Recognizing a squelch when I hear one, I muttered ever-so-originally, "You must be mighty proud of him!" The wife of the world's best known crooner gave me an intent look. "Naturally, I'm proud of what Frankie has achieved. But what I admire about him most of all is the fight he has been waging for racial and religious tolerance." . . . Yes, quite a person, this Nancy Sinatra!

Letter of the Month. . . "I served two years overseas in the Army and used to entertain my buddies with my singing. All of them said I had a swell voice and should try to get into radio. At this time, I have a wife and baby, and am working in a service station. Do you think it would be wise if I chucked my job and came to New York in the hope of being signed by a network studio?"—J. H. W., Des Moines, Ia.

Answer: No, definitely, no! New York network stations, as a rule, do not even give auditions to non-professional singers. And out of the applicants auditioned it is estimated, only one out of ten thousand actually land in a paying job on the air. So you, and all other talented amateurs, should do this: Apply for an audition on a small station in your own home town. Get experience there, study voice; then, eventually, try to connect with a band as vocalist or obtain an engagement in a local nightclub or theater. Only after this, will you have enough equipment to assure you of a break in the Big Town.

Fun On The Air (Gags of the Month)....

Archie: Miss Duffy, there's not much difference between you and Esther Williams.

Miss Duffy: Yeah?

Archie: Yeah. Esther looks like she was poured into a bathing suit—and you look like you was poured into a bathing suit—only in your case they forgot to say "when!"

* * *

Gracie Allen: For your information, Charles Boyer and my husband could change places.

Blanche: They could?

Gracie: Yes. It would be perfectly all right with me.

* * *

Bob Crosby: I think you should take up singing. You'd be even better than Nelson Eddy.

Bob Hope: No kidding?

Bob Crosby: With *your* nose, the shortnin' bread would already be sliced.

* * *

Colonna: Say, Hope, I have been following Gypsy Rose Lee all day.

Hope: What have you to report?

Colonna: Nothing on her.

* * *

Jack Benny: You don't believe in ghosts, do you?

Rochester: Not exactly—but when I shake hands with somebody and say, "Give me a little skin," I want to feel it!

The Program Book . . . This is the time of the year when the Summer replacement shows are in full swing. By now, you probably have caught most of them. Some are worthy of the big name attractions they have replaced and will land permanent spots on the air; but most of them are mere time-fillers and will fade with the coming of the first Autumn winds.

The list of substitutes is too long for cataloguing. However, on our premier network, NBC, these items are especially worthy of your attention:

Tommy Dorsey and orchestra in Fred Allen's spot . . . Alec Templeton, the brilliant blind pianist and satirist, subbing for Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. . . Meredith Wilson's orchestra and the King Sisters, in place of Burns and Allen. . . the "Man Called X" dramatic series, starring Herbert Marshall, in the Bob Hope spot...Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, holding the listeners for Fibber McGee and Molly . . . Frank Morgan and company, doing a temporary stint for Jack Benny fans . . . and "An Evening With Sigmund Romberg," holding forth for the "I Dood It" lad, Red Skelton.

The story on Radio Row which has caused the greatest flurry in recent months is that the great Arturo Toscanini himself will conduct a television broadcast of the opera, "Falstaff," during the Fall. If it does come off, the performance will go down in the history books as one of the all-time landmarks of broadcasting. . .And speaking of television, manufacturers will not be producing sets in any quantities until sometime in 1947. The first one, I must warn you, will be pretty expensive, with a $150-$200 minimum price range. Television's coming, but not for a while.

* * *

Stories You Hear On Radio Row. . . Some years ago, a semi-pro pitcher tried out for the Brooklyn Dodgers. After watching him work, "Lippy" Leo Durocher, the manager, commented: "Okay, Bub, better figure out another way to make a living." The would-be big leaguer, not at all downhearted, headed for the showers, where he indulged in some fancy vocalizing. The by-no-means shy Durocher, hearing this, shouted caustically, "That goes for your singing, too!" . . . P.S.—The vocalizing pitcher was Robert Merrill, now the idol of the bobby-soxers at the Metropolitan Opera and the baritone star of the RCA-Victor show, Sunday afternoons on NBC!

* * *

Loudspeaking. . . For years, listeners have voiced complaints to me. "For heaven's sake let's have something different," they write. "We like Benny, Allen and Cantor. We go for Sinatra, Como and Shore . . . but how about giving some of the unknowns a chance and building them into stars?"

In the discovery and development of new talent, it seems to me, radio could and should take a lesson from the pictures. Hollywood scouts eagerly seek out, and then test, promising youngsters. But, with few exceptions, the broadcasters are not so forward-looking. Year after year, they depend on the same names.

So, here's a suggestion—and I should like to know what my readers think of it: The broadcasters should venture into the near and distant places of America in search of young talent. Find the promising boys and girls—and then sign them. This done, train them by farming them out to the smaller stations, just as the major ball clubs send their tyros to the minor leagues for seasoning.

"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page* 47)

woogie on the piano, plays a number in the picture. Between scenes he played "Caledonia" for the cast and crew. Then Van sat down and played "Clair de Lune." "How'd you like that?" he asked Sugar Chile. "It's okay," said the sprout, "but it don't jump". . .While working in the film, Van was called upon to help out a distraught mother whose 12-year-old daughter had been on a hunger strike for three days. The whole thing started over a disciplinary measure and by the time three days had gone by, the family doctor was planning to take the girl to a hospital. The mother contacted Metro officials, asked them if they couldn't arrange for Van to talk to the girl. A rabid fan, the girl held a five minute phone conversation with Van, who was doing his best to reason with her, then hung up and asked for a steak dinner . . . One scene required Van to threaten Keenan Wynn, who backs toward a door, opens it and exits. They shot the scene twice, Van advancing and Keenan retreating, but each time Keenan couldn't get the door open. "Hey, Keenan," yelled director Martin, "even Lassie can open a door!" . . . Pat Kirkwood, fresh over from England to play Van's leading lady, learned to jitterbug for the picture . . . "No Leave, No Love" was the first directorial assignment for Charles Martin, writer, radio producer and violinist . . . For the scenes where Van throws cream cheese pies at Keenan Wynn, Martin had Buster Keaton on hand to give out with expert advice on how to get the gooiest results . . . When the cast noticed a story in a newspaper about a lonely woman who was paralyzed and without friends or family, they started a round robin letter on the set and wrote to her every day . . . Having dinner near the UCLA campus, Van and Charles Martin noticed the students firing their Big Game Bonfire, and wandered over to watch proceedings. The bonfire was forgotten when they saw Van, and they crowded him into the auditorium and yelled for a speech. Instead, Van wowed them with a rendition of "Night and Day."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One Sunday afternoon after a Keenan Wynn broadcast, three girls waited to greet Keenan. After each broadcast, he always stopped and talked to these girls. As they waited this time, an usher came out and told the girls and the rest of the people to move away from the door and go behind the fence, which was awfully far away. The girls tried to stall the usher unsuccessfully, and were about to give up when a voice boomed out, "Let my three daughters alone!" and the usher looked up to see Keenan Wynn standing there. He took the girls' arms and walked triumphantly past the ushers. I certainly felt proud that day, because I was one of Keenan's "daughters."

Helen Holbrook
Los Angeles, California

"Quick, Mommy!
Us new housekeepers oughtta follow this hot tip!"

Mother: A hot tip on housekeeping? I could use it! All I *know* about housekeeping, I've learned just since Daddy got home from the Service!

Baby: A fine job, too! Well, here's the hot tip: Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water, to *kill germs* . . . like "old hands" at housework do!

Mother: What! Is using "Lysol" *customary* in cleaning?

Baby: *Sure!* Almost *two-thirds* of all housekeepers use this real *germ-killer* . . . to help guard family health.

Mother: Then no more chances on germs, Toots. I'll keep *our* house "Lysol" clean—*all the time!*

Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant
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"Lysol" the floors: Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm floor finish.

"Lysol" tub, basin, toilet. Kills germs, helps remove stubborn stains. Disinfects. Leaves a nice clean odor.

More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

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What's the reason for rounded ends?

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How does "quilting" contribute to comfort?

FIBS are "quilted" to keep them from fluffing up too much—to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. Next time . . . discover the carefree comfort FIBS can bring *you*.

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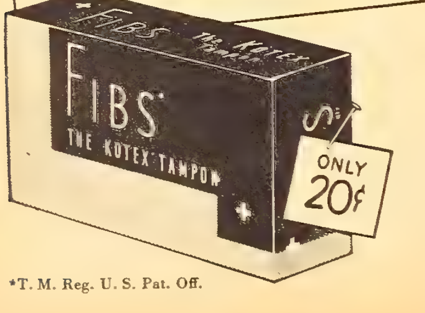
"Quilting" helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues. Remember . . . "quilting" is an exclusive FIBS feature. So—next month—change to FIBS, and learn the security and assurance the "quilted" tampon gives.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STEVENS MAKES HIS MARK

(*Continued from page 55*)

Two days later Mark was back on the set, although he should have been in bed. His back was bandaged, his wound fresh. With every step he took, a searing pain shot up his legs. If you'll look close in "The Dark Corner," in some of the last scenes, you can see the limp Mark Stevens' courage couldn't hide. But he finished the picture—acting through gritted teeth.

That's the kind of stuff Mark Stevens is made of. That's how much he's determined to make good in Hollywood. I've a hunch, too, that's one reason Hedda Hopper tagged Mark early for a MODERN SCREEN future star award. Mark knows what he wants and nothing's going to stop him from getting it—not even a wrecked back.

No Hollywood star ever had such a good break, followed by such an outrageously tough one, as Mark has. Since he zoomed to sensational stardom, Mark's had just one week's tantalizing taste of fame. He made a personal appearance at the Golden Gate theater in San Francisco, at the opening of "From This Day Forward," and met the people for the first time.

Even then Mark *would* follow Frankie Sinatra on the bill—the guy who had just broken the all-time box office record for all theaters in all America, right there the week before. What an act to follow!

Mark's back misery traces to a swimming pool accident near Montreal, Canada, his home town. He was fourteen then, and he started to dive off the 20-foot board. But somebody behind him killed his spring and—smack!—his two-and-a-half gainer came to grief when his back cracked the board. He didn't know how badly he'd been hurt until—well—that day on the set when the pain became too hot to handle.

Mark has had another operation since—a serious one. He's just out of the hospital where he spent two agonizing weeks. He had his backbone laid bare and he's booked for another whittling later on. Next time is the main event; he'll be kept off his feet a whole year then. "Okay," said Mark when they told him. "I can take that, too—but not right away. I want to get about six pictures made first."

Not much is going to get this cocky, courageous new star down—not even sawbones and hospitals and shush-shush nurses. One night Mark went to the preview of "The Dark Corner" with his wife, Annelle. Then they shared a sandwich at the Brown Derby and Mark drove over to the hospital. At the door he kissed Annelle. "So long, Baby."

"Aren't you scared?" she asked.

"What for?" asked Mark. "They can't hurt *me*."

But they could. He'd been taking painkillers for weeks while his back was acting up. He'd built up a tolerance for anesthetic. Halfway through the operation it wore off. He was wide awake. "I can feel that," said Mark.

"No you can't," replied the doc, slicing away. "Shut up so I can operate."

"Ten bucks says I can," came back from Mark cockily. "Make another slice and I'll tell you where it is." The doc bet and Mark won. They put him out for keeps.

Mark is at home now (jogged there by his own jalopy instead of an ambulance!) and Annelle is his favorite nurse. He had to lie for two weeks on one side of his body and then two weeks on the other. He dropped twenty pounds from his lean frame but he's gained ten back—also some perfectly beautiful curly red Jesse James sideburns and a mustache.

A lot of things are out temporarily for Mark Stevens, but he's taking those career raps, too, with a spunky smile. Producers were standing in line to star him when his luck rolled snake-eyes.

"It's really a break for me," cracks Mark. "Now I can fool the public a little while longer."

He's not fooling anybody. Mark has made his mark in Hollywood, in two swell pictures. Out on his home lot they've redecorated Warner Baxter's lavish old dressing suite for the guy who used to change clothes in a cubby hole. He's tops on Darryl Zanuck's new star list for 1946 and '47. Producers are still lining up, lady stars are still clamoring. His next will be "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," with June Haver and Celeste Holm; he will play famous songwriter Joe Howard.

Nick, who runs 20th's Cafe de Paris, has a special table reserved for Mark's back-to-work dinner; meanwhile Nick sends him homemade cakes and goodies at home to tempt his appetite.

Already Mark's up and around, getting strength back hammering nails into an addition carpenters are building on to his house above Pickfair. There's a reason—the Stevenses will soon need a nursery.

Mark celebrated his convalescence the other night. He took Annelle to a movie. They saw "The Road to Utopia" and Mark laughed so hard he split open his incision. "Oh," he cracked, "my aching back!"

So they put him back in bed, but he'll be up again before you read this and you can bet he'll be making a movie. You can't keep a good man like Mark Stevens down.

LEAVE HEAVEN TO HER

(*Continued from page 59*)

And now they were gone.

One morning she rushed to the linen closet to get sheets with which to change Daria's bed. Swish, she pulled out one sheet. Snatch—she tugged at the other. It was weighted down by some heavy object hidden by the stack of linens.

There were the pictures!

Gene is not the only person in the Cassini household who mislays things. One afternoon recently, Oleg and Gene decided to run down to the market to do a bit of last minute shopping. Oleg had been using the car only that morning and had placed the keys, he said positively, right *there*—on that table.

Yet they were gone.

Miss Daria Cassini, aged two-and-one-half, was meandering around the room, humming and looking as innocent as possible. "Darling," said her mother suspiciously, "have you seen the keys?"

"Keys?" repeated Daria, her great eyes big with wonder. "Keys?" She searched the house. Slowly she gravitated to the kitchen.

That gave Oleg an idea. Lifting the coffee pot, he shook it as Daria burst into delighted laughter. There were the keys!

Life in the Cassini household is full of gaiety and laughter. Take, for instance, the case history of Gene's police dog, Butch.

Butch is a ham. He can sniff out a photographer at a distance of one mile, and the lightning of flash bulbs warms his soul like a grate fire. He is also a clown, doing all sorts of things that he knows amuse human beings.

Butch simply ignores Daria. When she was first brought home from the hospital, Butch wandered over to her crib one day, sniffed her thoroughly, and decided that here was someone whose general habits were those of an unmannered puppy. Backing away, he studied the bundle for a few more minutes in an intense effort to see what it was that endeared such an individual to Gene. Giving it up, Mr. Butch strode away, his low opinion written large over his expressive face.

i want my mama . . .

While Gene was in New York, Daria was obviously lonely for her parents, back in California. One afternoon Cobina Wright, Jr., stopped at the Cassini residence, just to see how Daria was getting on. Daria caught sight of her from a distance. Cobina was wearing red earrings, a print dress and cardinal lipstick. "Oh, Mama," called Daria, exhilarated by the sight of the vision, "Mama, Mama, Mama. . . ." Then as she came near enough to recognize Cobina, she slowed to a walk, and said, "Oh, hello," in a small voice.

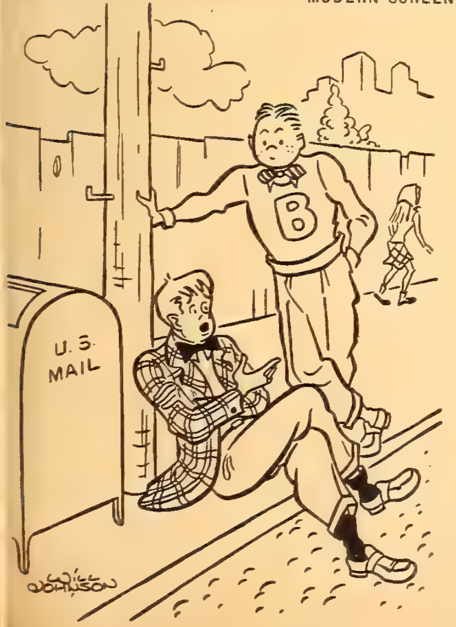
When Cobina, meeting Gene in New York a few days later, related the incident, Gene broke down and cried. She would have taken the next plane to California if she hadn't made several positive business commitments for the studio.

Even so, when she called at the hotel desk for her mail the following morning, and was handed a package which, opened, disclosed a hand-embroidered baby dress that a fan had made for Daria, Gene was tempted to cancel everything and take the gift, straightway, to her daughter.

While Gene was prowling through New York shops, she discovered some French organza on which tropical fish were printed in formalized design. Gene fell in love with it, knowing that—since it was an original—it could never be duplicated.

Oleg, who is one of 20th Century-Fox' most resourceful designers and who creates all of Gene's professional and private wardrobe, was as intrigued with the fabric as Gene had been and promptly designed

MODERN SCREEN



"First it's me, then Dick Haymes, then me, then Dick Haymes—I wish to heck she'd make up her mind!"

ARE YOU JUST A

Plaything of Nature?

Nature may endow you with breathtaking beauty, a lovely curvaceous figure. She may bestow gifts on you that make you a brilliant actress, a leader in your class at college, sought after at dances, or a charming wife and mother.

Yes, Nature may do all this. But even so—you may find your face mockingly slapped if you suffer these distressing symptoms which so many unfortunate girls and women do.

So if female functional monthly disturbances are causing *you* to suffer pain, nervous distress and feel weak, restless, so cranky and irritable that you almost turn into a 'she-devil'—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about. Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's *famous* for this purpose. And don't forget—Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying nervous tension, irritability, those tired-out, mean 'pick-on-everyone' feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—a thing any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way. Don't you think this proof enough of its GREAT MERIT and CONTINUING SUCCESS! Pinkham's Compound is certainly *worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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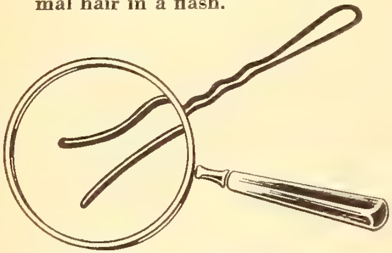
The ends of a Victory *hairpin* are rounded and smoothed in manufacture, to slip through even kinky hair easily and normal hair in a flash.



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5. Nut Brown ☐
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8. Golden Blonde ☐
9. Topaz Blonde ☐
10. Dark Auburn ☐
11. Light Auburn ☐
12. Lustre Glint ☐

NAME..

ADDRESS..

GOLDEN GLINT

an exquisite evening gown for Gene.

Gene had planned to wear it to an important party, but on the evening of the affair she reached the hotel in a state of utter exhaustion. Kicking off her slippers and collapsing into a chair, she announced she was exhausted, pooped, dead.

When she was finally gowned, Gene regarded herself in the mirror and commented on the reflection with an anguished moan. "It's awful," she said. "It's the least becoming thing I have ever worn. Why did I buy the material in the first place, and why did I agree to your design! I simply can't wear it, Olie. Really, I can't."

soothing smoothie . . .

Oleg Cassini is a philosophical man. Moreover, he understands Gene's every mood. Soothingly, he said, "Just wear it this once for me. If everyone at the party isn't delighted with the dress, I will never again design your clothing."

This was drastic, so Gene subsided. "I know the evening is going to be a complete failure," she sighed.

The result was exactly what might have been expected. Gene's gown was the rave of the affair, and Oleg took bows until he began to look like a man walking through a low tunnel.

Said Gene in a meek voice later, "I love the dress, Olie. It's the most becoming I've ever worn—just as you said."

Daria is, incidentally, a beautiful child. Her bone structure is exquisite, her coloring lovely. Before she was born, Gene spent a good deal of time wondering about a name that would form a happy combination with "Cassini." Gene was positive that she was going to have a son, but, in order to be prepared, she cast about for a few feminine names. "Toni" was her choice for several months. She told friends, "If the baby should be a girl, and not particularly a good-looking person, I think that 'Toni Cassini' would still give her something to live up to—it's got charm."

Upon hearing this, Gene's sister-in-law said, "If I ever have a daughter, I think I should like to call her 'Daria' after Oleg's great-grandmother. Isn't it a lovely name—the feminine of the olden Persian name, 'Darius.' "

"I'm pregnant and you're not," laughed Gene, "so I'm stealing that name this instant—if I have a daughter."

Having started life with a unique name, Miss Daria also possesses an imaginative bit of jewelry. In the hospital where Daria was born, each infant was marked by a plastic bracelet on which its surname was set. Recently, Gene had this "Cassini" marker set in a larger gold band which can be extended from time to time as Daria's wrist grows.

Gene brought Daria a set of phosphorescent pictures from New York. You've probably seen them, shedding their soft light in the darkness. These were hung in Daria's room and that night, theoretically after Daria had been asleep for an hour, Gene tiptoed into the nursery to find Miss Daria's eyes were wide and her manner was alert.

"Darling, why aren't you asleep?" said Gene. "Why are you staying awake?"

"To see," explained Daria, nodding toward the pictures.

With such an adorable moppet at home, is it any wonder the Cassinis prefer nurseries to nightclubs?

SALUTE TO SOUND

(Continued from page 45)

it was a household word throughout the land. In a week it sprang at readers from newspapers all over the world. Motion picture critics, music critics, Wall Street's nabobs and awed actors who had seen and heard Vitaphone in the "Don Juan" production, knew that this innovation had brought motion pictures over the threshold of something startlingly vast.

In their boyhood, the Warners had struggled at all sorts of odd jobs, had tried their hands in prosaic business ventures, and had just about managed to exist. One day, while the family still lived in Newcastle, Pa., Sam Warner dropped into a showhouse to see "The Great Train Robbery," a Western made in 1903. He came home enthusiastic over the idea of getting a copy of the film and showing it as a business venture. He and his brothers had about $50 between them. The film's price, with the machine, was $150. Ben Warner, their father, pawned his gold watch and chain and every cent of the family cash went into the enterprise. They got the use of an empty store and with 96 chairs borrowed from the local undertaker, opened the Warner Brothers' first motion picture house.

Twenty years after their start in Newcastle, when the Warners owned the Vitagraph Studio in the Flatbush district in Brooklyn, Colonel Nat Levinson, who was Pacific Coast radio specialist for Western Electric Corporation, came in high excitement to Sam Warner. He dragged him to the Bell Laboratories on New York City's lower west side to watch a demonstration of a device which made it possible to synchronize motion pictures with music or with the spoken word.

Sam Warner was enraptured. He heard the voluble Colonel expand on the machine's tremendous entertainment possibilities. "You can take the best musicals on Broadway—you could take the great operas, the greatest dramas, and with this invention you could show them in 10,000 theaters at one time. You could bring Broadway into the smallest hamlet in the farthest country." Sam Warner nodded as the Colonel spoke, asked for more detail about the machine, and learned that a Mr. Walter J. Rich already had an option on its use for public entertainment.

He got in touch with his brother Harry. He told him, "Go down to Bell Laboratories. I think we've got the greatest thing that's ever hit the industry." And Harry went. He heard a 12-piece orchestra play faultlessly, in rich tones, while the violinists, harpists and other shadowy images on the screen fingered their various instruments. "But I was suspicious," he confides now. "I got out of my seat suddenly and went behind the screen to make sure they hadn't slipped an orchestra in on me. Of course, they hadn't." He went back to the Vitagraph studios and his eagerness to try the new invention matched his brother's.

big stakes . . .

"Let's get the greatest artists, the world's leading orchestras," he insisted. "We'll get the best of everything from the musical world and from the stage. We may go broke, but we're playing for big stakes."

The Warners formed the Vitaphone Corporation. Walter Rich was chosen president and held 30 per cent of the stock. The Warners put up all the capital and held 70 per cent.

As the Warners toiled on their first production with the Vitaphone, word of their puttering got around. The other motion picture leaders, and most of the great silent stars of the period, were inclined to feel sorry for the brothers. Ethel Barrymore said "Talking pictures? The public won't put up with them. People don't want their ears hurt or their intelligence insulted." Charlie Chaplin thought that "They'd ruin the art of pantomime, the great beauty of silence. Motion pictures need dialogue about as much as Beethoven needs lyrics." James M. Cain, whose "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Mildred Pierce" were to be top talkies decades later, felt about the same way. He said, in honest belief, "Speaking movies will never be given."

The Warners arranged an unprecedented program for their first showing. Their invitations went out to all the leading critics, to potential Wall Street backers, to important officials. The marquee blazed with the legend "VITAPHONE and John Barrymore in Don Juan."

The show opened with a Vitaphone prelude. The image of Will Hays, the motion picture czar, broke into life on the screen.

"My friends," he began, and the words rang sharp and clear in every corner of the great auditorium.

"No story," the image said clearly, "ever written for the screen is as dramatic as the story of the screen itself. . . . It has been said that the art of the vocalist and instrumentalist is ephemeral, that he creates but for the moment. Now, neither the artist nor his art will ever wholly die."

The screen's pale expanse suddenly showed The New York Philharmonic Orchestra as Henry Hadley conducted it in the stirring "Overture from Tannhauser." As the last perfect bar died away into silence, acclaim rocked the theater.

After numerous other musical episodes, the screen broke into life again, and "Don Juan," done by John Barrymore and his richly-costumed cast, played on to the end, with the special score pacing each motion. The ovation at the end all but brought tears to the Warner Brothers' eyes. They had gambled, and they had won.

A mad race was on. The motion picture industry's skeptics who had sneered at "the novelty," scurried in panic for some share in the great field the Warners had opened. The Warners went ahead with their next feature. It was to be "The Jazz Singer," the story of Al Jolson, adapted from Samson Raphaelson's stage play.

The first part of this film still relied on titles, as other silent pictures did, but when Bobbie Gordon, portraying the Jazz Singer as a child, suddenly launched the tender strains of "My Gal Sal" in a beer hall scene the night of October 6, 1927, in the picture's premiere in New York City, the audience thrill was obvious. It reached high pitch in Jolson's singing of "Mammy" and brought a reaction of sobs and tears in the death scene as on The Day of Atonement, Jolson sang from the screen the stirring hymn, "Kol Nidre."

in fact, in fiction . . .

This second great triumph which was to sweep the Warners far down the road to fame, had its dramatic counterpart in real life. None of the Warners attended that premiere. Sam Warner had supervised "The Jazz Singer" in Hollywood, and had sent it on for the New York showing, but pneumonia had set in and he was rushed to a hospital. His brothers, Jack and Albert, stayed at his bedside and wired Harry Warner to rush westward. A special train got him into Los Angeles the morning of October 5, 1927. He was three hours too late. The man who had conceived "Don Juan" and who had given the world "The Jazz Singer" had died—like the hero's father in that film's most touching scene—on The Day of Atonement.

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MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A WEDDING

(Continued from page 43)

"Do you think he is, Mother? Really and truly in love?"

"He's in love, all right." Mrs. Babbs sounded awfully sure. Dorothy wished *she* could be that sure. Then a knock came at the door, and she ran to open it. He stood there, cocky and gay as always, but with that special tenderness in his eyes that came lately when he looked at her.

his nibs . . .

"Hi, Nibs." Such a cute, silly nickname he'd given her. No reason for it. But her heart came up and stuck in her throat every time he said it.

"Hi, Johnny." She was suddenly shy. Johnny said, "Want to go for a ride, Nibs?"

"Love it! Love it!" She got her white woolly coat and tied a purple chiffon scarf over her gold-brown hair. They went out together and Johnny took her hand in his and held it all the way to the car. Small, both of them, and quick, with gay faces.

They drove through the bright, sun-washed town, not talking at all. At last Johnny drove up a little side road that brought them right out on the cliff overlooking the sea.

"Darling," he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her hard. As he kissed her, he took something from his pocket. It was a small jeweler's box, and it was the thing that had brought him from Hollywood today. With his mouth still warm and firm on hers, he slipped the ring out of the box and onto Nibs' finger.

"Probably that wasn't the way to do it," Johnny told her. "Probably I should have said, 'Nibs, will you marry me?'"

"I like this way better," Nibs said. Her eyes were suddenly bright with tears. "Oh, Johnny, I do love you so!"

"I love you, Nibs. I have ever since that first day I saw you. Before I spoke to you, or saw you dance, or anything."

It wasn't so long ago, that first meeting. Johnny remembered it with vivid, Technicolor clarity. Paramount was holding auditions to find him a partner for the new musical, "Ladies' Man." There were about forty applicants for the job. Johnny tried out a lot of them, and then his eye was caught by a small girl, with long-lashed grey eyes, and a lovely smiling mouth.

"I'll try that one next," he told the dance director. "Who sent her?"

The director laughed. "Nobody sent her. She's done some background stuff in Donald O'Connor pictures, and that's all. But she's persistent and she talked us into letting her have an audition."

Johnny beckoned her to come over. "Hello," he said. "I'm Johnny Coy."

As if she didn't know. As if, she thought, *anyone* wouldn't know, seeing him, tanned and dynamic in his black and red checked shirt and practice slacks.

"I'm Dorothy Babbs," she told him. There was a little stammer of nervousness in her voice, but there was no uncertainty in her eyes or her bearing.

"Can you . . ." he began, but she finished it for him.

"Do leaps and ballet? Certainly. I've seen you dance. I know the sort of thing you want."

"Let's try it." Johnny gave a signal for the music. The minute they started to dance, he knew they were right together. The girl could dance. She was light and velvet soft and her sense of timing was perfection. She seemed to read his mind on what he was going to do, and was right there with him. When they stopped, he leaned over and kissed her cheek.

"You're for me," he said. "If I have anything to do with it, you're in."

Paramount agreed with Johnny, and promptly put Dorothy under contract. They rehearsed like mad the next couple of months. They were seeing each other as constantly as they could. They were in love, and they knew it, but somehow they fought putting it into words.

Then Dorothy went to Carmel with her mother for a visit, and by the time she'd been gone for two days Johnny knew he couldn't live without her. So he bought the ring, and here he was in Carmel, and here they were, engaged.

But a lot of things happened to them, both personally and professionally, before their engagement. They did a number for "Ladies' Man" which was called "Lover Boy." Johnny had another number, solo, but this was to be their first appearance together and they were pretty excited about it. The night of the sneak preview they were sitting together in the balcony of the theater. An usher came over and said to Dorothy, "Miss Babbs, Danny Dare wants to see you, downstairs." Dorothy went down wonderingly, and Danny put his hand on her shoulder.

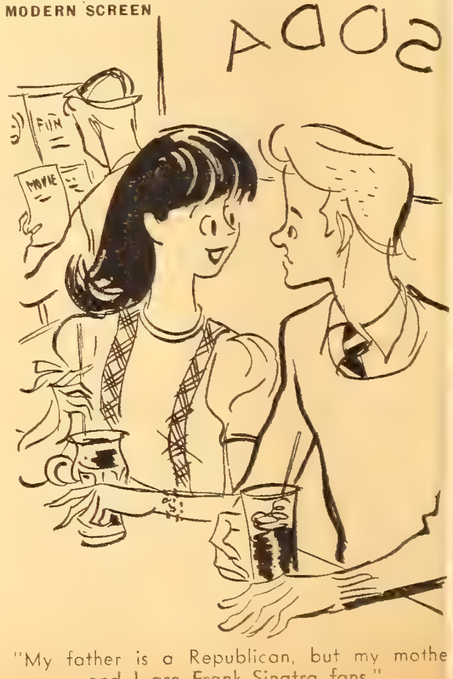
"Kid, I've got some tough news for you. The number you and Johnny did together was dropped. We'll probably use it in another picture later, but for now it's out. I wanted you to know before you saw the show."

For a minute Nibs felt pretty sick about it. Then she put her head up and smiled at Danny. "It's okay. We'll have other chances. . . ."

They did, of course. Republic signed Johnny to dance in "Earl Carroll's Sketchbook." "Do you have anyone special you'd like as a partner?" they asked.

Did he have anyone special! He sure did. Meanwhile, they were more and more in love. One night, Johnny and Nibs were at Ciro's with Buff Cobb and Bill Eythe. Johnny was telling Buffie about his plans for the future with Dorothy.

MODERN SCREEN



"My father is a Republican, but my mothe and I are Frank Sinatra fans."

"Why don't you two get married now?" Buff demanded. "I think it's silly to wait two years until Dot's twenty-one."

Abruptly, it seemed silly to Johnny, too. Why were they doing it? Being engaged was all very well, but being married would be a lot better.

He leaned over to Nibs. "Could you be ready tomorrow night?"

Nibs hadn't heard the previous conversation. She stared at him blankly. "Be ready for what?"

"To get married."

Her eyes grew round with astonishment. "Oh, golly, I don't know. I mean yes, of course. I mean—oh, Johnny!"

who's excited? . . .

It sounded exciting and marvelous to get married in a hurry like that. It sounded simple, too. You just decided to do it and you hired a plane to Las Vegas, and you got married. One, two, three. Only as it turned out, it wasn't like that at all. Johnny chartered a plane for Las Vegas, all right. He told Paramount about the whole deal. Bill Eythe was to be best man and Buff would be maid of honor. Paramount released the news to the papers, while Johnny was making hurried, last moment arrangements. Then the papers started calling Paramount back.

"Bill Eythe just called us and said the wedding would be in Connecticut instead of Nevada. What about it?"

Paramount didn't know. They called Johnny. He didn't know anything about it, either. Until Bill got hold of him and said, "Look, Buff has to go to New York to see her family. I'm going East, too. So we got seats for you on the Constellation and you can be married at Buff's father's place up in Connecticut. He's Frank Chapman, who's married to Gladys Swarthout, and she might even sing at the wedding."

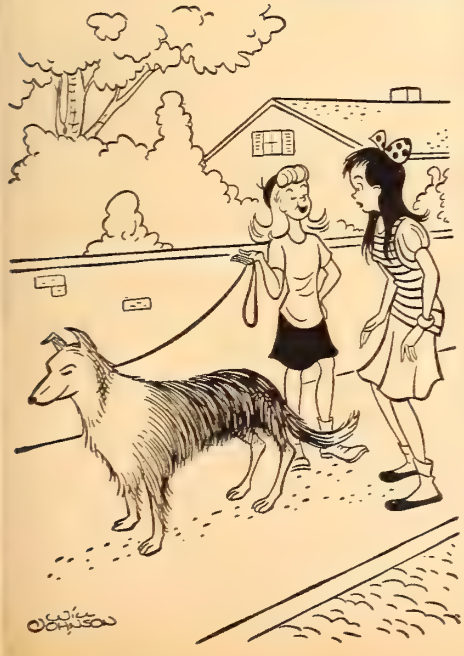
Johnny swallowed. "I'd have to ask Nibs."

"You haven't time. The Constellation seats just came through and you know how impossible they are to get. Go find Nibs and tell her to start packing."

Somehow, in a mad scramble, they made it. They forgot all the things they would need most, of course.

They caught the plane, but were put off in Kansas City. They waited four hours and a half there, then caught another for

MODERN SCREEN



"I'm president of the Roddy McDowall Fan Club—He's president of Lassie's."

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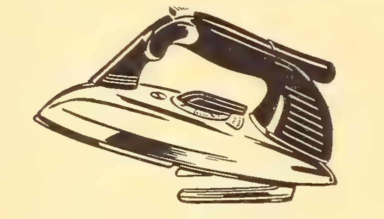

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PROCTOR

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Chicago, where they had to wait again. By the time they got in to La Guardia field, it was eleven at night. The Paramount representative had given them up and gone home, taking with her the knowledge of where rooms had been reserved.

"Gosh," Nibs said, "what'll we do, Johnny?"

He thought a moment, chewing at his thumb as he does when he's worried. Then he called up the Hotel Roosevelt, where the manager knew him. In spite of the room shortage, he would produce a couple of single rooms somehow.

The next day, when they got to Connecticut, they discovered there was a five-day license law there, and Connecticut wasn't interested in making any exceptions. They came back to New York and went up to Buff Cobb's mother's apartment. She said, "Why don't you get married at the Little Church Around The Corner here in New York? If you're going to have to wait anyway, it might as well be here. And that old church is a sweet place—I should think you'd love getting married there."

i wanna get married . . .

By now, Johnny was beginning to feel he would love getting married *anywhere*, just to get it over. He and Nibs agreed on it, and started out for the City Hall to get their license. It's a long jaunt down there, and then they had to fill out what seemed like dozens of papers. Finally they had filled in all the blank spaces. They stood in line to get to the clerk who issued the licenses—a fierce looking little man, not a Cupid type at all. When they finally got to the window, Johnny handed him the papers. The clerk looked up.

"Blood tests?" he barked.

"Oh, we haven't had those done yet. We thought we'd do this first. . . ."

But the clerk wasn't even looking at them any more. *"Next!"* he said.

Johnny and Nibs were pushed along as the line moved up. Everyone was staring at them. Nibs reached for Johnny's hand, and they almost ran out of the room.

"I could kill that character!" he said.

Nibs was pale. "My gosh, Johnny, it's all so complicated! Maybe we ought to go back to Hollywood."

"No. This was my own fault. I should have found out that you had to have the blood tests first. We'll start over."

They started over. They went back uptown and found out about a doctor who could rush the tests through in a hurry. He was a nice guy, and by the next morning they had the little slips of paper in their hands. They went to City Hall once more, and started wearily filling out papers again. They advanced to the window again.

"Blood tests?" barked the little man.

"Right here," Johnny said eagerly. "We're all set this time. We . . ."

But the clerk wasn't looking at Johnny now. He was looking at Nibs. "How old are you, young lady?"

"Nineteen."

"Birth certificate?"

"Why, it's in Hollywood!"

The little man's eyes slid past her. *"Next!"*

This time when they got out in the corridor, Nibs cried a little. "What will we do now, Johnny? What *can* we do?"

"Nothing but wait till that certificate gets here from California. We'll call your mother right now and tell her to send it Air Mail."

"What's the matter with these people?" Nibs demanded resentfully. "Don't they want us to get married?"

"Take it easy, honey. We'll make it yet."

They went back to the hotel. Bill Eythe had sent for Johnny's mother and three sisters to come down from Canada, as a surprise for Johnny, so they had a big family reunion. And the birth certificate got there in a hurry, and they made arrangements with the minister at the church to marry them the next day, Friday, at five o'clock. Nibs and Buff went shopping for a wedding gown. It was white, of course, but short instead of trailing. The ceremony was to be in the chapel, and there would be just a few of their intimate friends there.

"Look, Nibs," Johnny interrupted the girls' discussion of hemlines. "You know what flowers I'd like you to carry?"

"What ones, Johnny?"

"Daisies. Would you mind? I know that they're not glamorous, like white orchids, but they're my favorite flower, and they sort of fit with you and the way I feel about you."

"I'd *love* daisies, Johnny." Nibs' eyes were clear and grey, like the sea on a misty morning.

The next day at five o'clock, a few people assembled quietly at the small church on Twenty-Ninth Street, just off Fifth Avenue. Nibs and Buff came together, looking like a couple of school children in their white coats. Charley Russell, the handsome blond actor who was to give the bride away, arrived next with the flowers. Johnny and Bill came in the back way. Johnny was as nervous a bridegroom as ever you saw, while Bill was being very calm and soothing. There weren't more than half a dozen people in the charming little chapel. It was intimate, and yet somehow impressive. Johnny and Bill came in and took their places, then the organ began the strains from Lohengrin. Buff, as maid of honor, came down the aisle first. She wore a white pique dress, slim and sleeveless, with a pale blue belt. Her red hair was very long, and she looked dramatic and effective. Then came Dorothy, on Charlie Russell's arm. The white lace veil floated loose over her shining hair, and her eyes were intent on Johnny, waiting for her at the end of the aisle. As he watched her come toward him, all his nervousness lifted. The choked feeling left his chest, and all he could think of was that she was the loveliest thing he had ever seen in his life. Love, and a fierce, protective tenderness, welled up in him. This was his girl, for now and for always.

The minister began to intone the long, beautiful double ring ceremony. The solemnity was impressive. In some strange way, these kids weren't just a couple of dancers from Hollywood getting married. They were young love and all it represents to everyone. They reached right into your heart and stirred up memories you hadn't known were there. When Johnny put the plain gold wedding ring on Nibs' finger, everyone was crying a little, just because it was so sweet. The babes in the woods, who had tried so hard to get married through all this last crazy week, had finally made it! The minister was saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife," and Johnny was kissing Nibs as if he would never let her out of his arms again.

"Mrs. Johnny Coy," he murmured in her ear, and Dorothy thinks they're the sweetest words she's ever heard.

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Ingrid's the lass you've been raving to us about, so (*natch!*) we'll have a story on that breathtaking Bergman in our September issue—on the stands and in your hands August 13.

PETER LAWFORD

(Continued from page 37)

General made reservations on the Rex to sail for England.

There was a fortnight before the Rex sailed. The Lawfords called up their friends. One of them was Ward Price, ace political writer of the London Daily Mail. They had known him for years and they knew his job—covering the capitals of Europe, interviewing and reporting on the men who write history's pages. Ward Price had just come across from a tour of the trouble spots of the continent—Berlin, Moscow, Rome, Paris. What he told General and Lady Lawford was, "The most terrible war in history is just about to break in Europe. It will come any minute."

The General thought that over. He was too old for active service; Peter of course, was too young at fifteen and militarily unfit, to boot, with his crippled arm. They would both be in the way of the desperate all-out preparations England would have to make. He cancelled the Rex reservations.

Pete dreamed of trying out for Broadway roles—but he forgot about his arm. Part of its stubborn knottiness was a psychoneurosis—Hollywood and the wonders the "Lord Jeff" acting job had worked, proved that. But still, a lot of the cure, too, was climate, warmth, exercise. Manhattan was bad for that. The Lawfords took a house in Englewood, New Jersey. There, Peter remembers, the family sat around the radio one night to hear Chamberlain give his hopeless, dismal speech admitting he could not cope with a war bound madman. They knew now that war, indeed, was on its way. In September, Hitler marched into Poland.

southbound . . .

New Jersey was all right in the summer, but the first chill winds of fall gave warning. Pete's hand contracted again dangerously. If he stayed through a rigorous winter all the progress the years had made might be cancelled out. General and Lady Lawford weren't taking any chances. California and Florida, the doctor had said—the two perfect climates. California had, in effect, booted them out. Florida was left. They travelled to West Palm Beach and took a small house. The season was just getting under way. The sun was warm and the surf lazily inviting. They settled down and Peter went to work on his arm. Doctor Smith, a nerve specialist, began charting Peter's reactions. "About thirty percent efficient," he pronounced. He prescribed exercises.

Regularly every morning, Peter swam for an hour, trying to make his semi-numb right arm do some work. He went through a program of exercises in the sun. He bought an electric vibrator and an infra-red lamp. He played his favorite game, tennis.

At first he was clumsy. He had to learn to stroke with his left, but there was a problem there. He couldn't toss the ball up with his right hand to serve. On the court he was horribly sensitive, trying to throw the ball up with his racket hand and serve it, too. It was an uneven battle on the Palm Beach courts; at first most of the girls could beat Pete and that was mortifying. But Pete gritted his teeth, hid his blushes of shame and persevered. It was a battle he knew he had to win or be whipped for life. Peter was sensitive and at an age when his handicap was doubly wounding to his ego. All the other boys and girls were physically perfect. But Pete had one advantage—the tennis pros

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admired him. He was the nephew of the great champion, Herbert Lawford, originator of the "Lawford" stroke. They took him under their wings and worked patiently to improve his handicapped game and that gave him confidence.

One day he came running home flushed and happy. "Look," he cried to his dad and mother, "look what I can do!" Pete threw a tennis ball into the air with his rigid right palm, and swatted a sizzling serve with his left. The ball crashed through a window, but nobody minded. "Break every window in the house," chuckled General Lawford happily. "Good boy!"

From that moment on, Pete began to win. He entered club tournaments and won them. "Sixty percent efficient," pronounced Doctor Smith after charting his new arm reactions. The long drawn out battle of Pete Lawford's crippled arm was ending in victory. Today, Peter Lawford barely notices it.

Pete began to branch out in Florida. He bought a motor scooter and raced around town, steering it with his right and left hand. He started driving the family car and going out with the gang on their parties. Always friendly, his recovery boosted him along socially and he made dozens of new friends. They were American friends and sometimes their ways were strange to the Lawfords, who still believed in the conventions of their aristocratic class.

discipline . . .

One night the gang drove by and tooted the horn. "Hey, Pete," they yelled. "We're going down to Miami on a whing-ding. Come on along!"

"Right!" shouted Pete. "I'll be right out.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going down to Miami on a party. It's all right, isn't it?"

"How old are you, Peter?" Lady Lawford asked.

"Why, sixteen."

"When you're eighteen," said his mother, "you can do what you want. When you're twenty-one you can have your own latch-key and stay out all night, if that's your pleasure. But English gentlemen don't run around wild at night until they're grown up. No, you can't go."

Pete went outside to explain. In his outlook, he was half English, and maybe a little more, but free-and-easy America had already claimed a big part of him. It was tough for him to tell the gang his mother wouldn't let him go on the party. It was like admitting he was a little boy, maybe a sissy, maybe a mama's darling, maybe a drip. He'd fought long months to win their respect in sports and on the beach and it was a pretty important moment. But Pete always had courage and he told the truth, risking derision.

"Mother says I can't go," he said.

"'Mother!'" mocked a sultry little cutie Pete had played around with on the beach. She had her eye on Peter and she didn't like any competition. Her lower lip slid out stubbornly. "Listen, you're a big boy now. You go right in and tell your mother you're going anyway!"

Pete swallowed. He was on the spot and he knew it. None of the others said anything. It was up to Pete. "No," he repeated quietly. "I couldn't do that, you know. You don't understand—and you don't know my mother."

So they drove off and they didn't ask him again. He had created a gulf between himself and the gang, but Pete had no regrets. He had learned to take it before, in another way, and he could take it now.

But if Pete Lawford decided dutifully to skip the hey-hey diversions of teenage America, there were some things he couldn't deny himself. Already an artistic side of his life was crying for expression, and with dramatics out of the question, he found other outlets.

One day he came to Lady Lawford and announced calmly, "Mother, I think I'll join the Beaux Arts Club."

The Beaux Arts was a Palm Beach organization of professional artists—painters, sculptors, photographers — men and women who had made names for themselves in the art world. There were no kids, no dilettantes, no rank amateurs. "I think I can get in, if you'll subscribe," continued Peter. "I'm sick of just snapping pictures. I want to do some serious work and compete with other artists."

Lady Lawford was appalled by his brashness. She should have been used to it by now, after the confident, cocky way Pete had approached his movie jobs in England and Hollywood, after the slick professional way he had handled them without any training at all. But she had to speak her mind.

"Why, that's absurd, Peter. They won't let you in. You're just a boy. You have to have a reputation to belong to the Beaux Arts."

"I'll show them," stated Peter stubbornly. "I'll prepare an exhibition of my pictures."

His mother was aghast, but whatever was in Peter's head, she knew, he'd have a try at. For the next few weeks the whole Lawford family, including Spotty, the pup, were posing for the camera. Peter seemed to be crazy, grouping odd bits of this and that in strange lights and shadows, arranging bric-a-brac in unconventional designs, stalking neighborhood cats and dogs and moppets around with his camera for hours until they hit the right pose. Half the time he was in his dark room staining his nails with developing "soup," chasing unique paper to print on. He came up with some shots that even today have won amazed tribute from the best professionals in Hollywood, things that expressed an artistic appreciation far beyond Pete Lawford's sixteen years.

The Beaux Arts took one look and voted Peter Lawford into the club. Even then Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford suspected they'd just been sorry for an eager-beaver English boy with a bad hand and wanted to encourage him. But Pete hadn't been in the Beaux Arts more than three months before his pictures carried off, in competition with Florida's best, nine first prizes and two seconds.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was late afternoon and a transport plane was leaving Amarillo Field, Texas, for San Francisco. It was a special plane and the mechanics didn't have time to check it, which was almost a fatal mistake. However, the giant bird took off carrying servicemen and a few civilians. My buddy tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Say, did you know our pilot is Flight Officer Gene Autry?" Just then, one of the motors conked out and everyone started to yell. As we were only a few minutes from the field, Mr. Autry flew us back and made a perfect landing. Flight Officer Autry claimed he wasn't scared, but I could tell by the way he was chewing gum that he'd have given anything to be riding Champ instead!

Tom Collins, Jr.
Concord, Calif.

You just couldn't sell Peter Lawford short on anything he set his mind to, and a succession of these demonstrations was beginning to make Lady Lawford less and less inclined to oppose Pete on any ideas he had about the grown up future he was fast approaching. In their hearts, both Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford knew their opposition to what Pete longed for—a dramatic career—was rapidly dissolving in the face of all the artistic evidence their son was piling up. In fact, after the next unbelievable episode in their lives, they were more than ever inclined to turn over the reins to Pete in whatever he decided.

It happened the day, after a few weeks of war, that General Lawford went down to the bank to cash a check. "Sorry, sir," said the teller, examining the British draft. "But all English funds are frozen."

The General was stunned. "You mean, I can't get any money from home?"

"That's right, sir."

That was an incredible crisis for the Lawfords. They had lived all their lives off their vested wealth and always wherever they went, letters of credit and British checks were honored, as good as gold. Now, like a tight tap, the flow was shut off. Suddenly, irrevocably, no fooling. Never before had Sir Sydney and his Lady, or Peter either, for that matter, given money much thought. It was always around when you needed it and of course you needed it, but they never realized how much. But just what *did* you do without it—especially in America, especially in Palm Beach? There was a family crisis. Except for a small local bank account, they were—they faced it—broke.

wolf at the door . . .

Sir Sydney put in a call to the Irving Trust in New York, their American bankers. Yes, they said, there was a certain sum on deposit in American dollars, but not much. Just enough to tide them over a bit. The Lawfords went into a family huddle. What to do? They decided to discuss it thoroughly. They could go to Canada, which was in the Empire and in the sterling area, which would allow the checks on England to be cashed. But Canada was too cold and too risky for Peter's full recovery. Then there was Nassau in the Bahamas, warm and balmy but so tiny that Pete objected at once. What could he do there? He had flown over to the British island when the Lawfords' visitors' visa ran out, so they could come back to the States on a permanent passport. But everybody was starting to get busy, a war was on. Sitting it out in sleepy Nassau was out of the question for Peter. He had an idea.

"Why not go back to Hollywood? There I can make money, I know." Pete's voice was eager.

"You'll have to go to school."

"All right—then I'll go to school. It won't be long until I'm eighteen." Pete had turned seventeen. His offer to tackle the baffling American education system when he'd never attended school in his life, was more of a heroic offer than it sounds. But Pete was willing. Lady Lawford, though, wasn't. There was still the old hangover of her opposition to acting.

"I could go out by myself and you and Dad could come later."

"Now, Peter," said Lady Lawford, "you've never in the world been on your own away from us. I wouldn't sleep a wink thinking how you were getting on. No, that's out of the question."

"Come," said the General. "We've a bit of money left. We can make it do for a while. But the thing to do is to cut down expenses."

"I'll get a job," said Peter.

"My word—doing what?" chorused General and Lady Lawford. Peter had never

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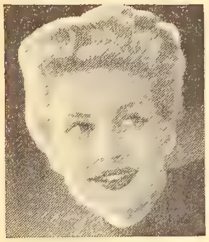

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"Never mind, I'll get one," said Pete stubbornly. Then he took over the wheel. "That is—if you two will co-operate."

"Co-operate?" Pete's parents were baffled. What was their boy talking about? What in the world? They suddenly felt like kids themselves with this grown up boy of theirs telling them what to do.

"First of all," Peter decreed, "sack the servants. We can't afford them.

"Mother," continued Pete, "will you do the cooking?"

Lady Lawford never had. "I—I'll try," she promised weakly.

"Why," volunteered Sir Sydney, "I can run the vacuum. Nothing to it." He warmed to the idea. "Tidy up a bit, quite a lark. I could wash the car, you know."

"Right," said Pete. "That's what I mean. Now if you'll carry on like that, I'll get a job all right."

royal references . . .

Pete meant what he said, although he wasn't too convinced himself. But he had to come through and with his tenacity of purpose he went right ahead, doing it up properly, going about it in a thoroughly business-like manner. He collected a sheaf of recommendations the like of which few prospective employers ever riffled through. From the British Embassy, from titled people his family knew, from their friend, Alastair Mackintosh, buddy of the Duke of Windsor. Then he piled aboard his scooter and roared over to Palm Beach every morning, bright and early, job hunting. Right away he ran into a friend, a Mr. Bruckenfeld, who had interests in Palm Beach. Mr. Bruckenfeld also owned the parking concession on Worth Avenue behind the Alibi Club, where all the swank New York stores, Saks, Bonwit Teller and such, had lavish Palm Beach branches. It was a busy lot and hard to run, because most of the parking attendants liked to shoot craps instead of hustle the cars and the Northern vacationists were fussy about their shiny autos.

Peter told Mr. Bruckenfeld his story. "I want a job," he said.

"Well," said that harassed individual, "I need some one to manage the parking lot. But have you ever run a parking lot?" He knew Pete hadn't, of course. What he meant was that it took plenty of drive and know-how and an even disposition and a lot of things that you'd never suspect a plush-pillowed English kid, on the artistic side at that, to have.

"I'm afraid," continued the owner, looking over Peter's crested list of recommendations, "these don't mean much when it comes to a job like this."

Pete knew they didn't. But the job paid $26 a week and about $5 more in tips and he wasn't proud.

"I've got to have this job, Mr. Bruckenfeld," he said, "because I've got to convince my parents I'm self-reliant. You see, I want to go to Hollywood and make pictures and you can help me."

That was a clever thought because Bruckenfeld was tied up a little with entertainment himself and he was a self-made American who liked to give a kid a chance.

"Okay," he said. "You're hired. But you'll have to make good and it won't be easy."

"I'll make good," said Peter.

He tore into his job as he had everything else. The Worth Avenue parking lot had never had such a demon manager. Pete ran the place for six months and in all that time he was never out a dime on his reports or had one auto with a scratched fender. Pete also had the knack of pleasing people. He was courteous by nature, well-mannered and ingratiating. No one ever complained. He soothed touchy customers like Castoria soothes babies. When he quit later, his boss wailed, "I wish you'd stay here forever."

Peter Lawford had a good reason for quitting—the best in the world. He had a chance to go to Hollywood.

He had his stake saved up—a few hundred dollars. The family financial revolution had worked; the Lawfords were making the grade without money from home. And right then a dream chance came up to travel West, on his own, and all free.

There was a girl Pete had played tennis with around Palm Beach, Gloria Butler. Her mother, Mrs. George Pierce Butler, was wealthy, as were most of Pete's friends in Florida. Tiring of Florida, the Butlers decided to drive to California. One day on the tennis court, Gloria dropped the remark, "We're going to California, Mother and I, but we can't find a driver."

Pete didn't need a split second. "How about me?" he fired.

"You're joking."

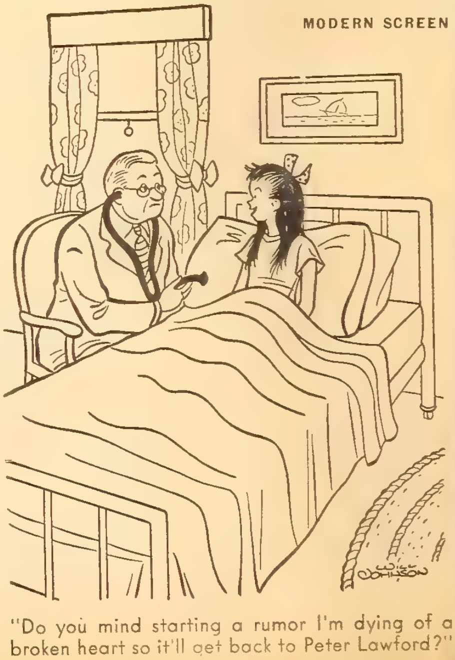
"Certainly not," Pete assured her. "I'd love the job."

"We'd pay all expenses, of course."

"Wonderful!" said Pete, frankly. "When do we start?"

They started in the spring of the summer before Pete's eighteenth birthday. The Lawford cottage in West Palm Beach still had until June before the lease ran out. The General and Lady Lawford would stay there with indefinite plans. If Peter thought California was the place (try and stop him) they could come out later. It gave an anxious tug to Lady Lawford's heart to watch her son drive off, away from her supervision for the first time in his life. But as she saw his lengthening, maturing face, his keen eyes and the self-reliant good nature his smile fairly beamed, she wasn't as upset as she had thought she would be.

Peter drove the Butlers across the country and all over California. They stopped at all the beauty spots, Monterey, Carmel, Santa Barbara, wherever he and Gloria could play tennis. Pete's "job" was really a long pleasure tour. He stopped at all the best hotels, but the stay in Hollywood wasn't long enough for him to look up a friend, or even stick his eager nose inside a studio. Finally they settled in Santa Barbara at the Biltmore hotel where Gloria and Pete could play tennis and lie in the warm sun. June had come then and it was time for the Lawfords to give up their Palm Beach cottage. They were undecided just



"Do you mind starting a rumor I'm dying of a broken heart so it'll get back to Peter Lawford?"

where to go. Summer in Canada seemed to be the best idea, because there they could draw their income from England. But by now, it was Peter who was making most of the decisions. He made this one for his mother and dad and it was, "Come to California."

Pete was lolling in luxury at the Santa Barbara Biltmore when his titled father and mother arrived and put up in a motel. But soon Peter quit his chaffeur-companion job and joined them, in time for a big event in his life—his eighteenth birthday.

too young or too old . . .

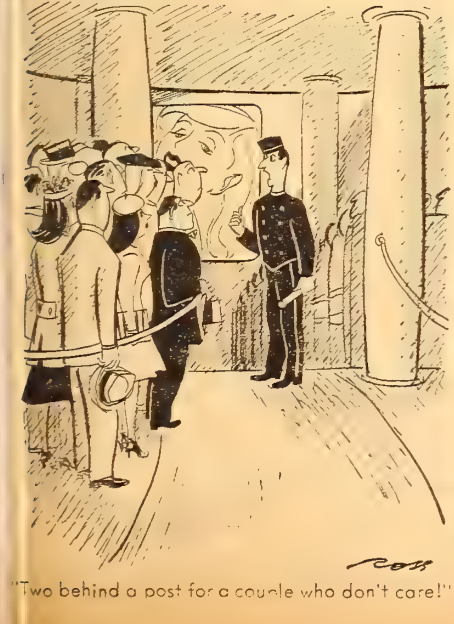
The next day the Lawfords drove down the coast to Hollywood. That, of course, was Peter's idea. Now he was "of age"—at least enough to defy the California school laws. Now he could do as he pleased. Peter had unbounded confidence that he'd start his Hollywood career where he left off. If he had looked into a full-length mirror and studied himself he might have had a few doubts. He was stringy, gawky and lank. He was too old to be a boy on the screen, too young to be a man. In fact, Peter Lawford was right at the age that had tossed far better kid actors than himself into oblivion. He was good-looking enough, all right, but there were a lot of other reasons—if Peter had studied his chances—which might have made him back away from the plunge into the heart-breaking task of making his own break.

He was still English, despite his Americanization in Florida. That was bad. The British boy parts were few and far between and he wasn't even a boy. He had no reputation which anyone at a Hollywood studio remembered. His English picture records meant nothing now—so much time had passed. "Lord Jeff," too, was in the dim, distant days, in up-to-date Hollywood. Peter was starting from scratch.

The first day Pete and his parents rolled down to Hollywood they stopped at a tiny motel out on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley. Motels were part of Pete's economy plan until he got started. A motel was not what you'd call a luxury inn and after the Santa Barbara Biltmore it seemed downright seedy. Pete rose above that. But he simply couldn't look up his former friends. In fact, being the sensitive chap he was, he bent over backwards to avoid any hint that he needed them.

The exclusive colony of Encino, where some of the best star homes perch, was right down the highway from Peter Lawford's motel. The first day he drove out

MODERN SCREEN



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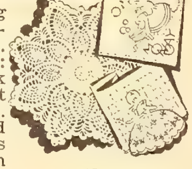

For the reader desiring the address of a needlecraft magazine, Mrs. L. K. L., Minnesota, writes: "I'm sure the needlework lover would like Aunt Ellen's WORKBASKET. This monthly pattern and direction service brings the latest creations in handcraft and needlework from the country's foremost artists and designers. It is $1.50 a year for twelve issues, but no samples are sent because each issue contains large hot iron transfer patterns as well as ideas for such items as doilies, edgings, bedspreads, tablecloths, hats, bags, and baby's things. Orders should be sent to the WORKBASKET, 4405 Westport Station, Kansas City 2, Mo." If you are not delightfully pleased with the first issue, Aunt Ellen will return your money and you may keep the material received without obligation.

he passed a face he knew very well, speeding along in a sporty expensive car. Mickey Rooney. He had a house right at the top of the street in Encino. Mickey had been one of Pete's best friends in Hollywood before. They had worked all through "Lord Jeff" and got along like ham and eggs. They'd met at parties with the younger star set. They liked each other—as such directly opposed personalities and backgrounds often do. If Peter Lawford could call any big star in Hollywood his friend, it was Mickey Rooney—but that was the trouble. Mickey was at the apex of his young career. He was tops at the box office, a sensation in the Hardy pictures. He was the most valuable young star at M-G-M by miles. The check he drew each week was out of Peter Lawford's world. And Mickey drove up and down the street of Pete's motel almost every day. It would have been simple to hail him down and yell, "Hey, Mick—it's me, Peter Lawford," and Pete could imagine Mickey, in his direct, slangy, American way, giving him a lift to what he needed—if only he'd make the gesture. But he couldn't do it.

the hard way . . .

He never waved, never stopped Mickey's car. Instead, he turned his head when the Mick, full of confidence and success, rolled by. That sort of thing, even inviting it indirectly by a simple "Hey, Mickey!" wasn't in his code of ethics. Pete knew show business and he knew that Mickey Rooney might think he'd done it to wangle an angle. Uh-uh.

So Peter decided he'd have to do it the hard way all over again—only this time without even security at home and the prestige of an affluent, titled family traveling in style.

The Lawfords moved into Westwood, but all they could find was a hotel and that was too expensive. While Lady Lawford and the General apartment hunted, Peter set out on the lonely, discouraging trek around for a job. He found a new representative, who was working for a small agency, run by a former movie star, a girl named Sue Carol. In private life she was Mrs. Alan Ladd, and she was pretty busy with her husband's career, which was just getting started off to the races. Peter signed up with the Sue Carol Agency, but he never did meet Sue. He wasn't that important.

Peter would call around at the office out on Sunset Strip and always the reports were the same. It was hard even to get interviews with casting directors. They wanted to know what this Peter Lawford had, who he was. English? No—no British pictures on the program now. No use bringing him around. "I'm afraid," the junior partner would smile ruefully, "you're just not saleable."

Pete tried to sell himself. He couldn't crack the studio casting offices but he had to have a job. He turned to radio and haunted CBS and NBC, walking in cold turkey and asking for auditions, just like any other kid could. That was really tough. If there was a faint nibble for a young actor with a British accent he'd beg for a tryout. But it seemed that radio row was lousy with British accents. He'd cram into an audition room with twenty-five and thirty other hopefuls, all speaking as if they'd just stepped off Bond Street. Better than Peter Lawford, because they'd worked at their accents and the broader they were, the better the radio producers liked them. The super-Oxford accents, even though studied and phony, paid off, Pete found. He talked naturally, and with accents from a dozen different countries around the globe, including a nice slice of American. "We'll let you know," they always told him. And they always didn't. He'd go home and haunt the telephone. But it wouldn't ever ring.

Meanwhile, the Lawford economy plan had to be tightened up. The hotel was dwindling the lean Lawford bank account dangerously. Finally, they uncovered an unfurnished apartment, lots cheaper. Lady Lawford was about to say no—after all, you can't sleep on floors, and she, of course, hadn't been carrying around furniture in her cowhide luggage. As for money to furnish up the place, that was absurd. The whole cash reserve would go in that, at Lady Lawford's idea of furniture prices. But Pete knew the answer there, too.

"Downtown," said Pete (no one ever discovered how he knew these things) "there's a furniture store with a bargain basement. Second-hand stuff that's really comfortable—and cheap." They went down and bought a suite for $50. They took the apartment. Then Peter's idea blossomed wider. "They have all kinds of auctions around Hollywood," he said. "Almost every night people sell off furniture. That's where you pick it up cheap." He led his trusting parents around to the hammer-and-block parties, to their utter amazement. This was certainly all new to them. And Pete had definite ideas about that, which paid off, too. He insisted on going late at the night biddings. "But why?" asked his mother. "Why can't we go there early and pick off the best buys?"

"That's not the way it works," explained Peter, cannily. "You see, along toward the end the auctioneer's throat gets sore. He sells as quick as he can and that's when you buy at low bids."

But even bargains are expensive and there wasn't enough in the bank to finance that and living, too. Lady Lawford was getting down to her last diamond ring and her last mink coat. The General was a good sport, but genteel poverty wasn't his dish and now and then he muttered something about going to Canada or somewhere where a British subject could cash a check. It all added up to one thing for Peter and that was—get a job, pronto, or it's goodbye Hollywood again and for keeps. He couldn't let *that* happen.

alone in the crowd . . .

He had swallowed his pride in Florida and he figured he could choke it down again right in Hollywood. It was harder, though. Pete had run into a few old friends like Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew and they'd had him out to a couple of parties. Bonita Granville invited him to one party where all the young, busy, prosperous set of youngsters were gathered. In his busted state, Pete's old shyness returned. He'd never been used to making apologies for anything. He'd never been the one in any bunch who didn't count. Now he was. When the kids all babbled about their new contracts, their pictures and what went on, Peter felt out of it. He'd have to answer "Nothing at present," when one asked him what *he* was doing. So he started ducking invitations to be spared the embarrassment of admitting his failure.

He still couldn't ask anyone, especially anyone he knew, to help boost him along. So he went cold to the offices of the Fox West Coast Theaters one morning and asked for a job. "What kind?" asked the secretary. "Anything," said Pete, meaning it. The secretary liked his looks and took him in to the boss. Pete was tall and handsome; he'd look good in a uniform. "There's a job assistant managing at the El Rey," he said. "I'll send you down to see the manager." Pete thought he'd never find the El Rey. It was clear across Los Angeles—a sleeper jump from where he lived. The job meant he had to close the movie house every night at two o'clock.

y the time he'd get back home, with no ar, hopping the fickle owl busses and treet cars, it would land him in bed round dawn. That wouldn't let him have ny time or energy to keep up the studio ampaign, which he'd secretly resolved to o. He went back to the office and said e couldn't handle it.

"Sorry," shrugged the theater man, that's all we have."

But the secretary saw the sad look on ete's face as he walked out. She asked hat was wrong and he explained. "Where ould you like to be?" Pete said out round Westwood or Beverly Hills, some- here near the studios.

"Wait a minute," whispered the girl. Let me call George Kane. I'll bet he can se an usher." Usher! Pete had to shudder little. He'd been a star when he was nly seven. Now at eighteen he was asking for an usher's job. But he could take . George Kane said sure—send the boy ut, he'd look him over.

So that's how Peter Lawford put on his hite gloves and fancy pants to usher at he Westwood Village Theater.

o false pride . . .

It wasn't such a bad job. Westwood is panking new, and the best pictures played here and Pete was still a movie fan su- reme himself. It kept him up on what as being played. It was close to home. e made $15 a week, no road to riches, ut enough to keep him going. And there as always the chance some toehold might ome through. Pete wasn't proud. When is friends came to the theater he didn't y to duck and dodge behind a post. That idn't bother him—not near as much as utting on a false front or asking a favor ight have.

He had been working five months when hat red-letter Saturday arrived. Pete was aking tickets at the door at noon with a ne of kids streaming past him when the all came. "Wanted on the phone," called he box office girl. "Take over, will you?" sked Pete of a girl usher. His agent was n the phone. "Go over to M-G-M right way," she said. "They'll interview you for job in 'Mrs. Miniver.'" Pete staggered. was his first definite call on a job. It as like a royal command. He had to go, nd right now. But still, he had a job and he'd been through disappointments before.

He figured it out rapidly. Saturdays, the house opened mornings for the kid trade. Then at two o'clock Pete was off—until six. He could make it. He could show up for the interview and be back in time for the six o'clock hitch. But he had to get away now. Peter called in an usherette who liked him and made a quick deal for her to take over the door. Then he took French leave and hustled over to Culver City. The interview wasn't formal. They barely asked him his name. Just handed him a page of dialogue and said, "Read this." Three other kids read it, too, for Director William Wyler, who sat in his canvas chair, saying nothing. After Pete read he said, "That's good." That's all. Then the assistant director stepped up. "Okay," he ordered, "run up to wardrobe and get your flying suit."

"Now?"

"Not tomorrow. We're making pictures!"

Pete came to. He'd thought he was reading for the part today, maybe doing it in a week or two from now. But he was in the picture as of now, boom! He paled when he thought what that meant. His job! He'd just run out on it without saying a word. Why, he might be here all day and night and who would handle the door at the Village? There wasn't even time for a call to explain to Mr. Kane, and what do you alibi anyway, when you just walk off and leave someone holding the sack?

All he could do was gamble on finishing it fast. Luck was with Pete. In a few minutes he was in his flying suit and back on the set in a scene with Teresa Wright and Greer Garson saying his lines, "The Germans are over London tonight. Looks like a big show!"

A couple of takes and William Wyler said, "Okay, print that."

"All right," the assistant director nodded to Pete. "You're through."

At six o'clock he was back in his suit at the Village Theater. The manager never knew anything about it, never guessed Pete had been away.

usher vs. actor . . .

Pete kept his usher job for five months. Nothing else happened, until his big gamble. That was when the chance came to go on location in Arizona with "Thunderbirds." They needed stock extras to go along, young men to walk here and there in the aviation picture. $100 a week, six weeks. It was a job a bit player or even a busy Hollywood extra wouldn't take. The desert was hot and uncomfortable. But to Peter Lawford the chance meant a stake of $600, and that would tide him over another stretch of studio haunting. He signed on and quit his job.

Peter hadn't been in Phoenix a week before the wire came. It said, "Can you get off the picture and come back to Hollywood? M-G-M is over a barrel. They can't find an English boy for 'Yank at Eton' with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney. Picture starts next week. Director Norman Taurog says he'll see you if you'll come over. Please advise." It was from Pete's agent.

His brain whirled. What to do? Here was The Chance, if it panned out. But so few of them did. To take it, Pete had to work angles. He was legally all tied up on "Thunderbirds," but the assistant director liked him. Maybe he could break away, but if he did and the part wasn't for him, there he'd be in Hollywood, no $600 stake—and no job either. Pete made his decision—he'd gamble. He put his story up to the assistant director and told him what the chance meant. The a. d. was a good guy, he knew Hollywood. "Sure," he said, "go ahead. What's another extra, more or less? I'll get your release."

Pete felt his face get hot—he thought,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While I was roaming around NBC last spring, I noticed Diana Lynn entering one of the studios. I followed her and asked if she would grant me an interview. At first she said she was too busy, but I wasn't going to let her get away, so, sitting down besides her, I began asking routine questions for my school paper. She told me about her schooling, how she started in pictures, and also her age: 18. I told her mine: 14. I then asked her if she had any plans of marrying. Looking straight into my eyes, she said—and I'll never forget it—"Are you by any chance proposing to me, Bernard?" I hadn't thought about it, but answered, "Why, yes." We both grinned and if her manager hadn't arrived at that point, who knows, she might have married me!

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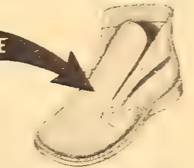

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with excitement. It wasn't. He'd been working in the hot days and cooling off in the cold desert nights. He had the flu. That was when he began his miserable train ride home and the feverish, unreal ride to M-G-M to read for his part in "A Yank at Eton." That's when Norman Taurog heard him read his lines when Pete could hardly focus on the dialogue through his 103 degree temp. That's when he collapsed on the way home, but on the way home with a real part in pictures tucked in his pocket.

Four days later he was on the set, still weak and still sick but able to navigate. Back with the same bunch he'd made "Lord Jeff" with, Mickey and Freddie. Playing an English bully at the famous British school. Still playing third fiddle to those two young stars. But, as he told his mother, Lady Lawford, the day he started, "I'm not always going to be in third place!" And of course he isn't—not any more.

In Peter Lawford's first scenes in "A Yank at Eton" he ran a race, hopped a brook and fell in. He did it time and again. The water was cold and he still had his flu. He caught a worse cold. He could have had pneumonia, but by some stroke of luck he didn't. He finished the picture all in one piece and went home gloating, "At last I'm in. They'll sign me up now and keep me busy." But nobody made any offers; nothing happened when the picture was through. Pete realized dismally that M-G-M had used him only because they had to. Parts for English boys were still very few and far between.

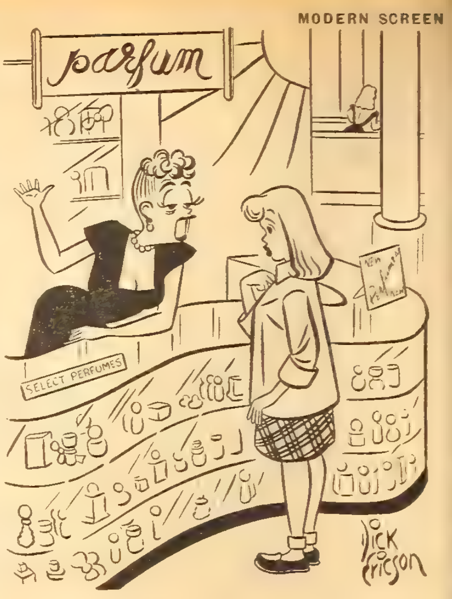
Still, he sweated out the preview in Inglewood, with a case of eager jitters. A cutter tipped him off and Pete went to the Hollywood suburb at three o'clock that afternoon. It's against the rules for players to view sneak previews. Pete was careful. He stood in line for his ticket with all the rest, slipped down in his seat. He wouldn't even let his parents sit with him. Somebody might spot them. He got away before the M-G-M crowd came out and he felt better than ever. He knew he'd done a good job and every day he expected the call to come, "Get over here and talk contract." But it didn't come.

In fact, all that "A Yank at Eton" did for Peter Lawford's career was to type him as an available English boy for bits. He could be sold more easily for a couple of days at Republic, for shorts, for one line bits—just a hop and a jump above the extras. It was a living and it helped out at home. But every time Peter Lawford got a call it was for an English flyer, soldier, sailor, or younger son to walk in and then out. He made four pictures at Republic, had a bit in "Mark Twain" at Warners'. He played in a Pete Smith short or two, and did a bit in "Random Harvest." But the promise he made himself before "A Yank at Eton" seemed a mighty long way off.

hollywood-happy . . .

But in a way, Pete was happy. He had a chance, even a slim one, of helping his parents when they could use the help. And still, anything around a movie set thrilled him, no matter how small. He'd rise and shine happily at five-thirty to chug the long, wobbly ride on his scooter (he couldn't afford a car, so he'd bought a scooter in California) to make a quickie set at Republic by nine. He made friends on every lot, with the camera crew and the extras. He was English, but he wasn't snobbish and he learned a lot that has come in handy since. Best of all, he kept his independence and his self-respect. He was doing it still the hard way, strictly on merit, so when he did get somewhere, he'd know it was because he was good.

Another headache for M-G-M gave Peter Lawford his real pay-off chance. Again, it was a lucky headache for Pete. The trouble spot in "White Cliffs of Dover" was casting Irene Dunne's son, "John." Director Clarence Brown ran off "A Yank at Eton" and saw Peter Lawford's bully boy-role. "No," he said, "not right." But again the shooting date drew near and again M-G-M was desperate. Again his agent called Pete with the same message. "They're reconsidering. They want to test you. They're on a spot."



"In short, you want something to take the place of experience—right?"

Pete made his test. He knew it was good, but that week of waiting almost brought back a nervous breakdown. He had a hunch if he made it this time M-G-M would get used to him. They'd be convinced he ought to be hanging around with English locale pictures coming up.

He picked up the telephone. "You've got it," said his agent. "But that's not all. M-G-M wants a term contract. How about it?"

Pete didn't answer. He dropped the receiver and fell off the chair. Then he rushed into the room where Lady Lawford and Sir Sydney sat. He spilled out the good news. They could see what it meant to him. They knew Peter had done it all by himself. They each said, "I'm glad." And for the first time they really meant it.

Of course, Peter Lawford was not sitting right on easy street just because he had an M-G-M contract. Like every new studio player, he was miles down on the list. Like every one, from Van Johnson on up and down, he had his worries, his heartbreaks, his anxious moments of doubt, his maddening months of frustrations, waiting, and disappointments.

Yet Pete wasn't too unlucky. "Canterville Ghost" was a hit and so was "Dorian Gray" and he had respectable parts in both. But in "Mrs. Parkington" he got all steamed up over a chance to show he wasn't just a juvenile. He played a juicy part, the lover of an older woman, and he knocked himself out with it. Then—the whole part was cut out and all Peter had left was one scene and one line, "Hello, how are you?" He could have fallen through his seat at the preview. But—and that's the way it always goes in Hollywood until fame fastens on for keeps—the very next job was Peter Lawford's first full fledged lead and the part that was to make him a postman's nightmare. "Son of Lassie" had its preview—of all places—right in the Westwood Village Theater where only months before Peter

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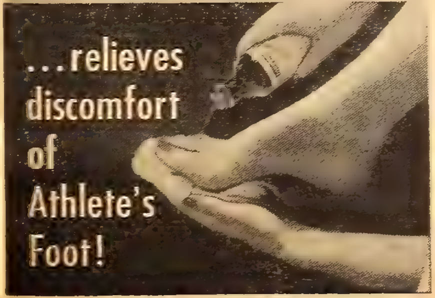

Lawford was ripping off ticket stubs and saying "This way, please." Peter sat in the balcony that night, trying to keep calm. On one side was Lady Lawford and on the other, the General, both beaming proudly. When the show was over and the audience was shaking the house with applause, Pete learned what it meant to play a mob scene in real life.

And so Peter Lawford, at long last, found himself stepping into the world he had dreamed about ever since he was old enough to dream about anything. It's a world that Pete Lawford made for himself, and he's one of the very few from his side of the tracks who ever did. As such, Pete can take a long, deep bow.

But he never will, because he isn't the type. If you ask Pete about it all he just shakes his rebellious hair wonderingly and says all it proves to him is that there is a Santa Claus, after all, which isn't true—but if it makes Pete Lawford happy to think that way—that's his business.

Certainly last Christmas you'd have had a hard time talking back to that strictly Lawford slant on success. Pete had just finished "Two Sisters from Boston," and as Christmas came along his Hollywood Christmas tree started dropping so many presents in Pete's lap that he got dizzy.

Twentieth Century-Fox called up. "Would it be possible to borrow Peter Lawford for 'Cluny Brown'?" they asked anxiously. "Ernst Lubitsch wants him particularly." Peter walked into the great Lubitsch's office with his eyes popping and heard the man who's been one of his particular Hollywood gods since childhood tell him, "I want you for the picture. I hope you can do it for me." Him—Pete Lawford! That was just a sample. Next, Louis B. Mayer called Pete into his private office and congratulated him on his work,—the first time Pete had even been in the big boss's private office. How long could this Merry Christmas last? A little longer, it could anyway. Until Christmas Eve, when his agent called up.

"By the way," she said, "this seems like a good time to tell you. You've got a new contract with M-G-M—signed today. A big boost in salary and a big Christmas bonus. And you're a star in your next picture. So—may I say Merry Christmas?"

So perhaps Pete Lawford is right—maybe there is a Santa Claus after all. Only, if you ask me, he doesn't wear a long white beard and a fur trimmed coat. He has laughing blue eyes and hair that won't stay combed and he's happiest in a Hollywood wardrobe in front of a camera. And if you want to write him a letter, send it to Hollywood, California instead of the North Pole, and you might address it "Peter Lawford." Because it was Pete himself who actually hung those Christmas presents on his own tree, whether he'll admit it or not.

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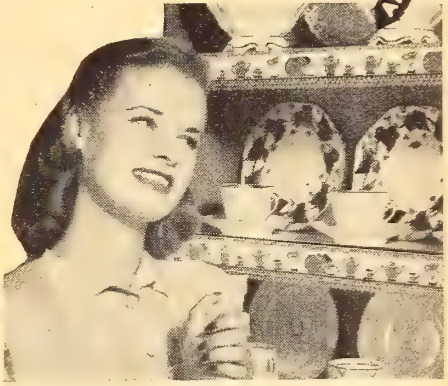

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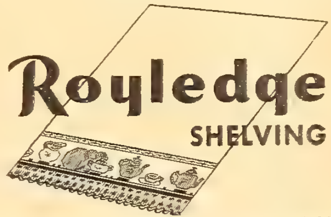

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WATCH MARSHALL THOMPSON!

(*Continued from page 63*)

youngsters have who walk around with their heads in the clouds.

I almost opened the door and said, "Young man, you get that lawn mower right out and mow the grass!" He didn't look like any up and coming Hollywood movie star at all! Marsh Thompson was a dead ringer for the kid next door.

I was thinking this as I said, "Come in, Marshall," and he said, "Yes, Ma'am," looking for all the world like Jimmy Stewart did when he first came to Hollywood, tall and awkward and shy and nice.

I was thinking what my friend, Bob Montgomery, told me when I saw him on the set making "They Were Expendable" months ago—before that picture put Marsh in solid with the fans—"Hedda, watch this boy playing the ensign. He's got it." And Wally Beery, that lovable veteran one-man Hollywood roughhouse, breezing back from Wyoming after "Bad Bascomb," chuckling about the kid who made him step to keep even in their scenes. And the same from Judy Garland and Greg Peck and Bob Walker in "The Clock" and "Valley of Decision." No wonder M-G-M is hot and bothered about this shy, gawky guy. Off a college campus and on a Hollywood lot barely over a year—and ten big pictures under his belt! The lead in his last one, "A Star From Heaven," and "The Secret Heart" coming up with Colbert and Pidgeon. Fan mail pouring in.

glimpse of the future . . .

"Marshall," I said, "you know, you're darned lucky!"

"I sure am, Miss Hopper," nodded Marsh, "luckier than you know."

"Have yourself a Gruen wrist watch," I grinned, "and explain yourself."

Marsh Thompson grew up in Westwood Village just a whoop and a holler from where he's making a name for himself, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So he's practically a home town boy who made good and thought it might be fun to be a movie star. Not that he ever took it too seriously. He'd see Tyrone Power, Gary Cooper and Fred MacMurray, who lived right over the hill from him, strolling around the Village and he'd think, "Gosh—swell guys; boy, are they lucky!"

Marsh used to gawk at crowds around the Westwood Village Theater, a favorite M-G-M preview spot. He'd see the arc lights striping the sky and figure something grand and glorious was going on. One of his first baby talk lisps was "pee-chee pee-voo." Get it? Picture preview. So there was plenty of movie bug in the air to bite him. But it didn't—or if it did Marsh didn't feel the sting. Not until loads later. He wanted to be a doctor first. Then he wanted to be a minister. Being an actor instead just sort of happened, but now Marsh agrees it was a swell idea.

His dad was a dentist, a graduate of Northwestern, and Marsh's dad is his idol and best pal still. Dad Thompson fought in the First World War and was gassed. That's how the Thompsons happened to leave Peoria, Illinois, where Marsh was born. They wanted a good climate for weak lungs. When Marshall was just a moppet, Dr. Thompson set up practice in the Village, and by now he's the town's leading dentist. Marsh can remember when the coyotes wailed and jackrabbits scurried over the hills where homes cluster today. That's where he was most of the time, up in the hills. Because as a kid, Marshall Thompson was a sort of problem child. He hated school, he was shy, slow in his studies, clumsy in sports, weighted down with a terrific inferiority complex. For years, until a certain something happened in high school, Marshall added himself up to a total loss.

Marshall Thompson can grin with an honest twinkle in his grey-blue eyes and confess, "The truth is, I was pretty much of a jerk and a drip." He was the kid the bullies chased home from school, cornered on the recess ground and pummeled, played cruel jokes on and dismissed as a pantywaist supreme. He couldn't make an athletic team. He was skinny as a stork. And because his mind was always wandering here and there, he got the reputation of being just plain dumb. Of course, it was all in Marshall's head, but he kept selling himself short all through Fairburn Grammar School, Emerson Junior High and halfway through University High before he came to.

Principals and teachers used to tread a path to the Thompson house, shaking their heads sadly. Master Marshall was flunking this or fizzling that. He couldn't spell or write; he couldn't add—gosh—to hear Marsh tell the tale you'd think he ought to have been in reform school.

It's a scream, really, to hear Marshall Thompson rattle on about his frustrated school days. Seeing him sharp as a tack today, funny as a barrel of monkeys and knowing he's steady on the beam (my director friends at M-G-M tell me you can't hand the kid a part he doesn't go to town in), it's hard to believe there's a speck of truth in any of it. But I've known kids like that. Before they find themselves, well, anything's liable to happen.

Sometimes he'd try to bluff his way to boyhood distinction. It didn't always work so hot. In Junior High, for instance, Marsh realized he was strictly from nowhere without some kind of athletic prowess. Somebody once told him he'd make a swell basketball player (he was tree-top tall even then), so when the athletic director quizzed him about his sterling worth in the field of sport, Marshall popped out with a big bluff. "I'm a basketball player," he said. "Yeah, I play center. Yeah, I'm a high point man," etc., etc.—all a pack of fibs, but the poor kid was desperate. He'd never had a basketball in his hands!

liquid enjoyment . . .

"Fine," glowed the coach. "Since you know all about basketball—you can referee this game. Okay, guys, let's go!" and he blew his whistle.

That bluff was a sad mistake. Poor Marsh didn't know which way was up, down or sideways on the court. He started play, tossing the ball in the air—he could figure *that* out—but from then on! They ran over him like freight trains, sent him skedaddling all over when he got in the way. He balled up the game, mixed up the baskets and finally the fellows heaved him out of the gym! He didn't try bluffing that way again.

Dad Thompson worried a lot about Marsh from the time the first tough kid chased him home from school. He tried to teach Marsh to box, wrestle, race and swim. But it was an effort. The family went to Laguna Beach and Coronado in the summers. Doctor Thompson would toss skinny Marsh into the surf, and while the waves would pass over any other normal kid, they'd scramble poor Marshall around like an egg, bang him on the sand, half drown him. He just wasn't gifted. Today, it's a lot better. Marshall's an ex-

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pert sailor; he has even taught classes in sailing. But I'm talking about his dog days.

He had a pretty fair physical excuse. He wasn't strong. He had had sinus trouble (it later made him 4-F in the draft and about busted his heart). Marsh shot up like a hollyhock, but he looked as if a gust of wind would snap him in two. The sinus sent him to Arizona a few summers on the ranch of a friend of the family's, where he herded cattle and learned to ride, and that's one department where he always was and still is good. The sinus also packed him off to mountain camps and woods, and while there something happened that gave him an idea. Maybe the first touch of the limelight virus struck the time he went on a "coonsie hunt" with some pals.

The first night they organized a coonsie hunt and explained very seriously what went on. It seems a guy went up into the lonely peaks and yelled "COONSIE! COONSIE! COONSIE!" at the top of his lungs and kept it up—it was very important not to stop. Who was the coonsie shouter? Marshall, of course. This, the wise woodsmen explained, startled strange little animals out from their homes, behind rocks. They were about the size of rats, had ears like rabbits, tails like foxes and made a shrill, bleating noise. They tasted, when fried, like a cross between chicken and strawberry shortcake. Marsh promised to yell plenty of coonsies out so the gang down below could smack them with clubs as they came whizzing past.

Well—you know what happened. It was the old "snipe hunt" with improvements. Instead of holding the sack, Marsh hollered himself hoarse all night and in the morning staggered into camp to find—no mess of luscious coonsies—but a tent full of snoring jokesters who'd been happily in the hay since they sent him off. He was greeted with roars of laughter. And the funny thing was—despite his shredded tonsils, red-rimmed eyes and chattering teeth—he liked it. He liked being the center of attention, for once. Even though he was the butt of the deal—it was worth it to have guys slap him on the back and—well—even admit that he was alive.

From then on Marsh was spoiled. He'd run into a door, on purpose, just to collect a laugh. He'd trip himself, act goofy, play simple, learn silly tricks to make the kids chuckle, because when they did he was, in a screwy way, important. Underneath that, of course, was a budding acting urge and a sense of humor that Marshall Thompson is still busting with.

Like the time, a couple of years ago, when Marsh was getting the once over from Uncle Sam for the draft. He was sitting in a long row of candidates, all in their birthday suits, and all pretty bored. Marshall started entertaining them with his clown tricks and the whole "Greetings" gang was fascinated. He was right in the middle of one called "Exercises, exercises—we must take our exercises," and it's really a scream the way Marsh Thompson can make his digits dance. He didn't see the Army medic coming down the line tapping all the bare knees for reflexes. So

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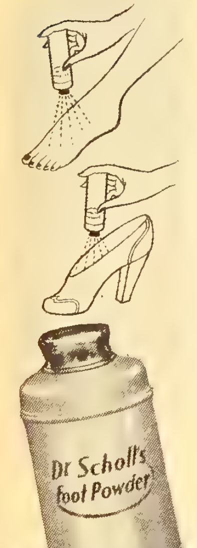

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he was still acting goofy when they tapped his and it barely kicked. "H-m-m-m," said the doctor, "come with me," and led Marsh straight into the psychiatrist! They thought he was a goon for sure, but of course discovered he wasn't. What kept him out of uniform was that old sinus.

Marshall Thompson toted around his inferiority complex all the way up to his senior year in high school. It wasn't helped by the fact that his face started to blemish and his hair wouldn't stay combed and he was sure he was the unhandsomest character in school. Funny thing, though, the girls didn't think so at all. Marshall had a weakness for them and he had one puppy love romance after another.

But it was about time for our worm to turn and I'll tell you just how that happened. There was a class play at University High—"Our Town." There was a drama teacher, Grace Barnes, who could look beneath Marsh's posing and clowning and shyness. Marsh tried to duck the play at first, but Miss Barnes wouldn't let him. She put him in a small part, "Editor Webb," not the star job at all—but that was enough to snap Marshall right out of his inhibitions.

Because the minute Marshall Thompson strutted his stuff in "Our Town," he was a new man. Gosh—it was the first time in his life he'd ever been the focus of any respectful attention. His natural gift of comedy cropped out in the part and people laughed—and liked him. Girls swarmed around him in the halls the next day and football letter men actually spoke to him. Teachers didn't shoot him dirty looks and he didn't get a hitch in his tongue answering questions. It was pure magic.

personality kid . . .

There was a girl in his class whose papa was a Warner Brothers' talent scout and after "Our Town's" last curtain had fallen, she told Marsh, "My dad thinks you're good."

Marsh simply couldn't believe that. People were always telling him how terrible he was. And if they weren't, he was telling himself.

"No!" was the best Marsh could do.

"He says for you to come out to the studio and read for him."

The flattery of it all tempted Marshall. He went out to Warners' and he ended up making a test for a part in "Janie." Bob Hutton and Joyce Reynolds made the test with him and they got parts. Marsh didn't—but he didn't care. He got an agent out of that experience, too, but the agent got nothing from casting directors about Marsh except "Too skinny, too homely, too green, too young." But still Marsh didn't care. He didn't expect a thing and he didn't get it, but just having people take an interest in him was terrific. His real idea then was to go on to college. He wanted to be a doctor and maybe join the Army when he got his M.D. He'd gotten that much confidence in himself. He had his eye on U. C. L. A. right in his own home town of Westwood, but up came a dismal "D" in physics and they wouldn't let him in. So he took his usual summer makeup course and signed up at Occidental, a smaller school. It was a lucky thing for his ego's rapid emancipation.

Because Oxy was where Marshall Thompson really blossomed from a shrinking bud into a wonder man. In two weeks he'd pledged to a good fraternity, Phi Gamma Delta. Two weeks more and Marsh was elected to the honorary drama society. He organized the freshman class, became student minister. He made the Players, the drama group, in no time flat. He even went out for the 'Varsity two-mile cross-country team. Before the year was up, Marshall Thompson was a real BTO—Big Time Operator—on the campus, as much to his surprise as to everyone's. He'd written four plays and acted in twice as many more. Single-handed he'd staged a show with the entire student body. He'd collected a bunch of swell grades.

Just when he was going great guns on the campus, up came a decision for Marsh. The agent called one day. "Chance for a job at Universal," he said. "Hurry over for an interview."

Marsh had classes. He'd really tossed Hollywood out of his mind. The big career idea started out to be medicine, like I said. But one of those aptitude tests switched him away from skull and bones. Rated on a 100-perfect standard, Marshall got a grade of 1 for technical skill. He got 10 for science. But he got 90 for "social and artistic." So he switched to Theosophy and decided he'd be a minister. He'd already found out the Army wasn't for him when the Air Corps turned him down and the draft said "No," too—that sinus.

But about this movie interview. He played hookey and made it and Universal offered Marsh a part in "The Reckless Age" with Gloria Jean. It meant laying off from college two whole weeks. Marsh was pretty wrapped up in his campus activities but he figured he could make up the work, and he knew a part in a movie wouldn't lower his stock on the campus.

So he played a young store clerk in "The Reckless Age," right up his alley, because one summer he'd sold shoes at J. C. Penney's in Westwood. I don't think the part was exactly Academy calibre, but it was all a big thrill to eighteen-year-old Marshall Thompson. He fell for Gloria Jean, of course—another hopeless love (Marsh's young past is full of 'em) because Gloria had a sailor overseas then. Marsh could have weakened and stayed on at Universal if they'd offered him a contract, but they didn't. Donald O'Connor was filling the juvenile bill very nicely then and Marsh hadn't any knockout qualities.

He was directing a campus play one day when a pal ran up, out of breath. "Hey, Marsh—they're previewing your picture at the Alexander in Glendale!" That night a score of his fraternity pals crowded the

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When my son was discharged from the Army, he told us many fascinating stories about Army life. One of the most interesting was his account of the time Betty Hutton visited his camp. "Upon arriving," he said, "she changed into some feminine outfit and made her way up to our wooden platform in the open field. She really wowed the boys with her first song, but then our luck changed. The sky seemed to open up and pour forth all the rain it had saved up for days. As all the boys began to throw raincoats around their shoulders, a sweet voice called above the downpour, 'We can take it if you boys can.' Then, grabbing a large raincoat which one of the boys handed her, she wrapped herself up and continued bouncing all over the stand. She had all the boys convulsed with laughter as the coat was well down to her ankles and her wet hair was clinging to her face." I say hats off to Betty for so unselfishly cheering my son and his buddies.

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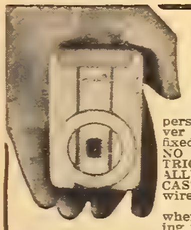

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balcony at the Alex, dying to see Brother Thompson make his glamor debut. Marsh won't forget that night.

First place, they forgot to put his name on the title sheet. Then half the picture reeled off without a peek at his face and figure. The brothers groaned and razzed him plenty. He began to think himself he'd been cut out until suddenly there he was all over the screen. The brothers got impressed then, but they still had enough college gall left to give him the old razz outside.

"Here he is, girls!" they yelled. "Marvelous Marshall—step right up for an autograph—only twenty-five cents, the fourth part of a dollar. Hurry! Hurry!"

Poor Marsh turned beet red and ran the heck out of there. So his brothers signed the autographs themselves very happily, and only two audacious fleet-footed girls finally caught him. His first fans. He'll never forget them, you can bet.

college chronicler . . .

Marshall was a Personality, with a big "P" around Occidental after that. But not for long. The really big decisions came up a couple of weeks later. That's when M-G-M needed just Marsh's type for "Blonde Fever" and again his agent gave him that tantalizing telephone call. What to do? If he quit school again he'd really mess up his academic career. Marsh talked it over with his parents and the upshot was everybody agreed he was still on the young side, not quite nineteen, and a year out of school at that age wouldn't hurt a bit—might even help. Of course, by now it's unnecessary to point out that Marshall Thompson was pretty badly bitten by that camera bug. And M-G-M didn't let him down. The minute he finished "Blonde Fever," they grabbed him on a contract—and since then Marshall Thompson has been on an ever faster revolving race track. "The Clock," "Bad Bascomb," "Valley of Decision," "Twice Blessed," "They Were Expendable," "Star From Heaven"—he's done ten in a little over a year, and that's making pictures!

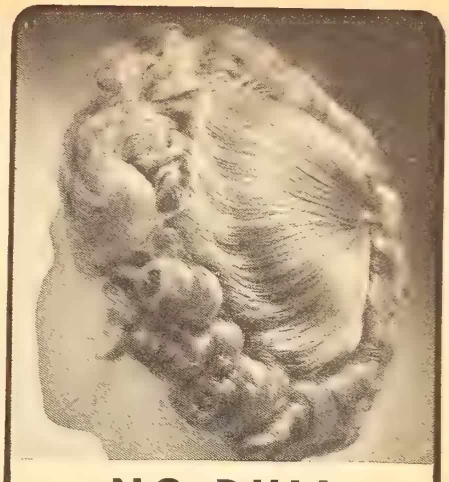
But while Marshall Thompson has been putting in long hours on M-G-M's sound stages, his heart's still on the campus at Occidental College—and that's another reason I'm putting my money on him to be a star. Sound funny? Here's why: Marsh is right in touch with the college kids. He knows what they like. He's a perfect college kid himself. His favorite hangout is still the fraternity house at his Alma Mater. He goes to the school dances, dates the Oxy co-eds. He steers clear of Hollywood parties and Hollywood night clubs for the most part.

Being socially a Jekyll-Hyde character, half Hollywood and half college, gets Marshall Thompson in some steamy water now and then. He had to let his curly locks grow and sprout sideburns when he made the costume picture, "Valley of Decision," and that caused a few raised eyebrows around Occidental in spite of Marsh's explanations about art.

break of hearts . . .

As for Marshall himself, he learned early to expect about anything in the land of make-believe. In "The Clock," for instance, Marsh smoked cigarettes, although they make him turn green. He doesn't drink, either, yet he played a drunk as Greg Peck's younger brother in "Valley of Decision" and—what Marsh thinks is most fantastic of all—he played a cocky ensign in "They Were Expendable"—and he has never been cocky.

The college kids still ask Marsh Thompson when he's coming back to school—especially certain young ladies who say they miss him. They probably do, too, because that's one department Marshall



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doesn't overlook—romance, and one where it seems to me he's done all right—although to hear Marshall relate his tragic romances you'd think he was a long-suffering soul who never got a break. The fascinating, *affaires de coeur* chapters go like this:

"I fell in love. Then this girl's soldier came back. Naturally, I was out." (Sigh.) Or, "This girl didn't know who she liked, me or a guy in Texas. Well (sigh), of course it was the guy in Texas." And "I hung my pin on her. She lost it. That made me mad, but what really busted it up was when I found out she had three other fraternity (sigh) pins!"

He used to take pretty Jane Powell around. Last Christmas Eve, Jane invited Marsh over to help trim the tree. But that day people around the lot gave him pipes and tobacco for presents and he showed up proudly puffing one. He should have known better. In a minute he was dizzy as a top and had to go home. Right now Marilyn Maxwell tops his Hollywood phone number list and the other night, coming back from a party, he suggested dropping in Mocambo, his first look-in at a Hollywood night spot. Poor Marsh had to borrow five bucks from Marilyn to pay the whopping bill!

kissing double . . .

Marshall lives at home with his family at Westwood and they're still his favorite people. Mom and Dad have inspected every set Marsh has worked on and caught him doing his stuff in every picture. They even took their vacation last summer to tour up Jackson Hole, Wyoming, way to watch Marsh make "Bad Bascomb." Incidentally, he thinks that's the dreamiest film he's ever made. "Imagine," says Marsh, "playing cowboys and Indians with two hundred people to help you."

He's got just enough kid left in him to get a bang like that out of all his picture jobs. With Jimmy Lydon, Marsh about drove his director nuts when he made "Twice Blessed." That pair had a scene where they get their romances mixed up with the Wilde twins and kiss the wrong girls. Well, Jimmy and Marsh pulled a gag. They kept shuffling the pretty twins around, so that half the time they picked the right-wrong girls to kiss and kept smacking away at them for an hour while the director tore his hair. "You're gonna kiss those girls until you get it right," he cried. Which was exactly what the wily Jimmy and Marsh had intended.

Ever since he was born, Marshall Thompson has been a string bean, and his lack of weight and heft still worry him He eats five eggs for breakfast, cake, candy, cream and potatoes by the scoop—but it's no use. He's still lanky. He still thinks he's the un-handsomest guy on wheels. Won't even keep mirrors in his room.

That mirror allergy is just a hangover from Marsh's old complex. Actually, he's nice looking—no Bob Taylor the Second, or anything, but attractive. He has gold-brown, wavy hair, ruddy cheeks, a nose that tilts up humorously, a good grin, a pleasant, scrubbed Scotch-Irish look, and that funny twinkle in his eyes that makes me twinkle back, because really Marshall has a very keen funnybone. He inherits it.

family funnybone . . .

The other day Marshall and some of the Occidental College gang were hanging around his Westwood house with nothing much on their minds, when the phone rang. A flirty girl's voice said she thought Marshall Thompson was just grand and she was up in her beautiful Bel Air home with swimming pool and tennis courts and things with nothing whatever to do and she wondered if he'd like to run up. Marsh demurred, but the frat brothers listening in, said "Hey, how about this?" When he explained he had three guests, the girl giggled my, what a coincidence—three of her best girl friends, all beautiful, were there too, and she knew they'd all get along like peaches and cream.

That was too much, so Marsh and the boys hopped in the jaloppy and raced up to the address. It was a big Bel-Air mansion all right, but—no girls. Only a peevish old man who sicced some dogs on the Romeos. Not till he dragged back home did Marsh find out the flirty voice was his Mom's, calling from a friend's house. And he hadn't even recognized her!

In most other respects, Marshall acts his own age. He likes to read chilling mysteries, craves good swing music, loves to roar off in his Chevvy on trips with his college chums, has a new girl every month, and sometimes oftener, is sort of vague about money matters, scribbles tons of stories and plays and never tries to sell them, studies his scripts in bed with a soft drink and a straw, has pernicious telephonitis, size eleven feet, and a perpetually sun-peeled nose.

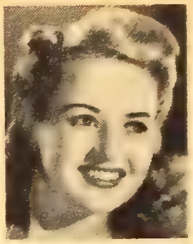
But Marshall Thompson has something else that's maybe a bit beyond his years. He has a goal and a good one.

Marsh knitted his brows thoughtfully, as he told me, "I still would like to be a minister some day. Why have I been lucky like this? Why is it *me*? Well—I think I know why. If you get yourself some fame —in movies or anywhere else—so people know who you are, they'll listen to what you've got to say. Maybe some day I'll have something to say that can help people and I'll be in a spot where lots of people will listen, because they'll know me and like me.

"Like Frank Sinatra," finished Marsh. "Know what I mean?"

Sure I do. I think Frank's doing a grand job and making his fantastic fame work for plenty of good. If Marshall Thompson has that kind of an ambition for his screen future, he certainly can't go very far wrong, no matter what happens. And no matter what happens, I think he'll go far.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My 16-year-old brother and I had spent most of our vacation in Hollywood, hoping to glimpse some stars — but no luck. We were just walking out of the Farmers' Market when Johnnie nudged me. Ahead of us was a cute blonde with pigtails, wearing a blue chambray dress, with a very neat figure—what we could see from the back. "Look at those legs," whispered Johnnie. "It's an actress," I said. "Naw," replied Johnnie, "it's some high school kid. Watch me give her a thrill." Hurrying ahead, he caught up with her and said, "May I have your autograph?" "Certainly," she answered, and signed her name on a piece of paper torn from her grocery sack. Then she flashed a 14 carat smile and said, "You know, you might do very well in pictures—the Andy Hardy type of thing." Then she was gone, and we didn't need to look at the book to know that it read "Betty Grable." Was Johnnie's face red!

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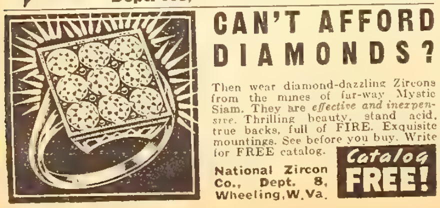

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"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 47)

nurse firmly.

There was another nurse on duty at the reception desk on the Maternity floor. She watched the tall young man coolly.

"Yes?" she said.

"I'm having a baby," said the tall young man.

"How unusual," said the nurse. "They taught us that it was usually the female of the species that bears the young."

"I mean—"

"I know what you mean," said the nurse. "Your name?"

"Mike."

"Your last name," said the nurse gently. "We're all your friends here, of course, but we usually keep our records by last names."

"Oh," said the tall young man. "Hanlon. But my wife'll know who you mean if you just say Mike. Tell her—"

"I'm afraid she's a little busy just now," the nurse said.

"Oh!" said Mike Hanlon.

"Now if you'll just sit down," the nurse said. "There's nothing you can do now except wait."

There was a long, hard bench set against the wall near the elevator and there was no one on it except a very quiet and mild man reading a movie magazine.

The little man said kindly: "This must be your first . . ."

"First what?" Mike said.

long voyage home . . .

"Baby."

"I haven't got any," Mike said.

"Couldn't be your first if you did," the man said patiently. "Been married long?"

"Couple of years."

"Where did you meet your wife?"

"It was funny how it happened—"

"Was it?"

"Well, maybe not really funny. I mean—"

"Tell me about it," said the little man.

Now as he started to think about it and tried to tell the little man just how it had happened, it all came back so vividly that he could almost hear Slinky and Susan, Lucy and Mom and Old Man Stiles.

It was all Slinky's fault to begin with. They were just back from the Islands, out of the foxholes for the first time in years, with thirty days terminal leave handed them like an unexpected gift Christmas morning. Mike knew what he wanted to do. He'd been thinking about it long enough through all the dark nights and the death filled days. Lucy was waiting back in Rhodesville, Indiana; there was going to be a marriage and Mike wasn't the boy to be late for his own wedding.

But Slinky had other ideas . . .

"What's so terrible about what I'm asking you to do?" Slinky said.

"I don't want to. That's all."

"What's a little radio program? You're not afraid of a radio program, are you?"

"No Marine is afraid of anything."

"All right. Check. So you go on this Susan Duncan radio program. They give out a lot of dough on those programs. You get your bite, I get my ten per cent—"

"What ten per cent?"

"I'm your agent, ain't I?" Slinky said.

"No Marine needs an agent."

"There's nobody alive who doesn't need an agent," Slinky said. "That's all I'm asking you to do. Go on this program. Right after it, we're out of town on the first train to Rhodesville."

"No," Mike said.

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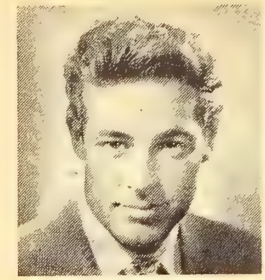
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Selznick Star

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"That's it," Slinky said. "That's a pal. I ask you to do one little thing and you turn me down. Look what you got ahead of you. A girl like Lucy. A job. A little house with a white picket fence. No problems. Nothing. And look at me. An agent without any clients."

Mike gritted his teeth: "What do I have to do?"

"You just go on the air. You tell them how you won the Congressional Medal of Honor. You tell them what a hero you are."

"No."

"I'm not begging," Slinky said. "If I'm on my knees it's because I'm tired."

"All right," Mike said suddenly. "We'll do it."

"Mike!"

"Only you'll do it. Get it? It's your idea. And for tonight you're Mike Hanlon. Call me Slinky."

"Mike—"

"Take it or leave it."

Slinky groaned. "The things I got to do for a measly ten per cent. . ."

hi mom! . . .

It was wonderful. Standing in the wings, Mike watched, grinning as Slinky stumbled red faced and sweating, through the "hero" routine. It wasn't that Susan Duncan was at fault. As a matter of fact she was a pretty sweet kid and deeply sincere about the whole thing. Mike felt a little sorry about fooling her. But he shrugged it off. In a couple of hours, they'd be gone, on the train for Rhodesville and Lucy.

So it would have been a wonderful gag except for what happened at the very end. Susan came out on the stage carrying a phone. She smiled at Slinky.

"Sgt. Hanlon," she said, "we have a surprise for you. At the other end of this phone, your mother is waiting. We put through a special call for you."

In the wings, Mike gulped and clenched his fists. He turned to Susan Duncan's assistant who was standing beside him. The girl was smiling broadly, nodding her head happily.

"Isn't that a nice touch?" she said.

"Wonderful," Mike groaned.

"It makes me feel so sentimental," she said. "Did I tell you you can call me Rosalind?"

"Thanks," Mike said.

He watched while Slinky slowly took the phone and began to mumble into it. He didn't know how he got through it. Slinky mumbled, stumbled and mumbled some more and then finally an angelic smile covered his face and he wiped his brow and handed the phone back to Susan.

"Mom wants to talk to you," Slinky said.

Mike heaved a sigh of relief. Mom must have been pretty excited if she didn't recognize that it wasn't his voice on the other end of the wire. Well, he'd be seeing her in a day or so and they'd have a laugh over it. Onstage, Susan Duncan was still holding the phone.

And in Rhodesville, Indiana, Mike's mother was talking slowly and distinctly, her face very grave and troubled: "Miss Duncan," she said, "I want to thank you for this chance to talk to my boy. And there's another favor I must ask you. Mike's got a girl here, you know. He thinks he's coming home to marry her. But he isn't. Lucy is married. It would break his heart if he came back and found it out just like that. If you could just keep him in Los Angeles for a few days until I could get there, I could break the news to him and it would be easier that way. Could you do that for me . . .?"

And on a stage in Los Angeles, Susan Duncan hesitated only a moment. And then she said slowly into the phone: "Of course I will. I'll try . . ."

It was morning. The birds, which sing

everywhere in Los Angeles, were singing outside of Susan Duncan's window. Susan wasn't fully awake yet and the scattered fragments of the night's dream still scurried through her mind.

Slinky . . . no, Mike . . . Mike was the hero, but Slinky was nice . . . funny, you'd almost swear Slinky should have been the hero . . . tall and handsome and very nice . . . what was it he said last night at the night club after the show? . . . doesn't want any more out of life than the next fellow . . . a girl and a chance to earn some happiness for both of them . . . that was nice . . .

It was just about then that the bell rang, and a moment later the maid peeked in and said Ben Belamar was outside and had to see her. Ben was from the advertising agency.

Ben was excited.

"We told a lie last night," Ben shouted.

"What?"

"Over one hundred and seventeen stations. Coast to Coast!"

"What are you talking about, Ben?"

"Hanlon. Mike Hanlon. Our hero! Only he isn't!"

"Isn't he a hero?"

"Of course he is," Ben yelled.

"Then what are you shouting about?"

"He's a hero. But he isn't Mike Hanlon!"

Ben was still sputtering. He had a magazine under his arm. His hands trembled as he opened it. On one page was a spread of pictures. And under one of them was the legend: "Mike Hanlon, Sgt.—Congressional Medal of Honor. Though wounded, Marine Sergeant Hanlon—"

"Wait until Stiles finds out about this," Ben was groaning. "He'll have us off the air quicker than you can say Mike. No! Not Mike! Say anything but Mike!"

"For the love of Mike," Susan said softly.

"Don't you understand?" Ben screamed.

"Of course I understand," Susan said. "Slinky is really Mike. It's the most wonderful news you could have brought me—"

"Wonderful!"

"Don't worry about anything, Ben. I'll take care of Stiles. You know Popsy listens to me. And I'll take care of Mike Hanlon, too. Don't worry about anything—"

"Who's worried?" Ben said.

And collapsed on a chair.

goin' home . . .

She was over to the hotel where Mike and Slinky were staying—courtesy of the Susan Duncan Program—as fast as her convertible could weave through the California traffic, which was fast enough. She went through the lobby on the run, caught the express elevator to the Terrace Suite and dashed down the hall. She knocked on the door like a small flurry of hail.

Slinky opened the door.

"Where's Mike?" Susan said.

"Here I am, darling," Slinky said. "Come in."

Susan said impatiently: "I mean Mike. I know all about it, Slinky."

"Oh," Slinky said.

"Where is he?"

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"Back to Rhodesville. He's taking the ten o'clock train."

Susan said: "No!"

Slinky said: "Yes!"

Susan looked at her watch quickly: "I can still stop him."

"Let him go," Slinky said expansively. "I'm still here. Come on in—"

But Susan was already back down the hall, punching the elevator button. Slinky started after her. And it was only then that he noticed a curious thing. He wasn't wearing any trousers. For that matter he wasn't wearing a shirt. He had a towel wrapped around him and an overseas cap perched over his right eye.

He looked down at the towel, looked across the hall at Susan, and then in a mad dash slammed back into the room and crashed the door shut.

"Women!" he said. "They don't even let you take a shower in peace . . ."

It took the Stationmaster's crew and a bevy of Shore Police to locate and to stop Mike. They brought him back to the Stationmaster's office and he was still sputtering when he saw Susan.

"What's going on?" he yelled. "I missed my train."

"Hello, Sgt. Hanlon," Susan said sweetly.

"Don't give me that," Mike yelled.

"Why, Sergeant," Susan said. "Didn't you promise to have breakfast with me?"

"I did not."

"Especially after that wonderful broadcast you did for us last night. My sponsor was so pleased with it—"

"Broadcast?" Mike said. "What broadcast?"

"You've forgotten already," Susan said. "How sad. Our Coast-to-Coast broadcast in honor of Sgt. Mike Hanlon, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was so good of you to help us—"

"I didn't—" Mike began. And then he realized what he was saying. His eyes narrowed: "What do you want, Miss Duncan?"

"Let's talk about it over a cup of coffee," Susan said.

And so they went back to her little house in the hills. Susan marched into the kitchen, began to get out the makings of griddle cakes and coffee. Mike trailed in after her stormily.

"All right," he said. "So we switched. What harm did it do? No one knows it wasn't me on the program last night—"

THREE'S A CROWD? NOT WHEN IT'S THREE STORIES ON VAN J.—AND ALL IN OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE!

"I do," Susan said.

"So what?"

"And my sponsor does. He's furious about it. We have a reputation for honesty on the Susan Duncan program. All I want you to do is to explain it to him."

"All right. I will. Where is he?"

"In New York."

"New York!" Mike yelled.

"But he's on his way out here now. As soon as he gets here you can tell him the whole story. You wouldn't want him to blame me, would you?"

"But I have a girl in Indiana," Mike exploded. "We're going to get married. I can't hang around here forever."

"Just long enough to clear my name," Susan said sweetly.

"When is he due, this sponsor of yours?" Mike grated.

"Any day."

Mike groaned: "Any day. And what do I do until then?"

"You have that lovely suite at the hotel. All expenses paid. It shouldn't be hard to take."

"I don't want to take it," Mike said. "I want to go back to Rhodesville." He paced down the kitchen, swung around: "Do you have a phone here?"

"Of course," Susan said.

It wasn't until he gave the number that she realized what he was up to. Miss Lucy Reilly—Rhodesville, Indiana— Sgt. Mike Hanlon calling.

But there wasn't anything she could do now except pray and hope and listen. He was already putting the call through. There was no way to stop him. She held on to

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the edge of the shelf, not daring to turn, and she heard his voice spilling eagerly into the phone.

"Lucy . . . is that you, Lucy . . . look darling, don't say anything, just listen . . . I'm going to be held up a little . . . I won't be able to get back for a couple of days . . . it's nothing serious . . . so don't worry . . . just remember I'll be there as soon as I can . . . gee, it's certainly swell to be able to talk to you . . . well, pretty soon we won't have to do it over a phone, either . . . I'll tell you all about it when I see you . . . be good . . . take it easy."

At the closet Susan's body was still tense. She turned slowly. Mike was pushing the phone away carefully. He sighed. "It was certainly wonderful to talk to her."

"What did she say?" Susan said slowly.

"Nothing much. I guess she was crying, a little. I didn't give her much of a chance to say anything, anyway—"

"Oh," Susan said.

the fat man pays . . .

So he had to stay in Los Angeles a little while longer. Susan promised to have the sponsor at her house that night since he was due in from New York. Mike walked slowly back to his hotel. It had been wonderful to talk to Lucy. But . . . well, but what? He couldn't really say. It was this California sunshine. It made you feel so strange. It would be all right once he got back to Indiana . . .

He opened the door to the hotel suite. For a moment he thought he was in the wrong place. Someone was banging on a piano, briskly singing a song in some strange tongue that sounded as if it could have been Russian.

It was Russian . . .

A girl was singing out the lyrics and she nodded at him briskly and called between choruses: "Countess Ilanovich Marina Strogoff—at your service!"

At the mirror a large and pleasantly fat man was trying on derby hats. He turned and waved: "Come on in," he said.

Slinky came in from the shower rubbing his hair. He saw Mike and stopped.

"Who are these people?" Mike said.

"Boarders," Slinky said confidentially. "The tall gal is a Russian Countess from Texas. The fat gent is a guy named Stiles. I figured that as long as you were going back, I'd get lonely in the joint. So I rented out part of it. It's all right. I cleared it with the OPA—"

Mike said, "Slinky, it's not our room. Susan Duncan's paying for it."

"Her sponsor is. Let the fat ape pay a couple of more bucks—"

"She's in enough trouble as it is. Get them out!"

Slinky shrugged: "It's too late. The deal's made. You wouldn't want me to get a reputation as a liar—"

Mike groaned and sat down.

Susan was waiting for him when he came by that night. That is: Susan and some sixty or seventy other people. Her house was jammed.

"I didn't expect a party," he said.

"It's for my sponsor," she said.

"Where is he?"

"He's not here yet. He'll turn up."

"Where can we talk alone?" Mike asked.

"The patio?"

It was cool and dim out on the patio. The moon hung trembling over the rim of the hills that fell like dipping roller coasters to the ocean beyond. There was a small rose-enclosed arbor in one corner. Mike sat down on the bench.

"Susan," he said. "I've been a lot of trouble to you, I guess."

"Not so much, really, Sergeant."

"Well, you've been a lot of trouble to me."

"Have I?" she said. "I'm sorry."

"No, not that way. I mean—"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if we hadn't been on your program I'd never have met you and if Slinky didn't . . . or I mean . . . if I didn't . . ."

"If you didn't what?" Susan said.

"I don't know," Mike said desperately. "I mean that I'm glad I met you."

"So am I, Mike," Susan said softly . . .

"Susan . . . !"

They came out of the kiss slowly, hardly hearing the voice that was calling from the front of the patio. Then they heard the bellow again and they turned.

"Susan . . . !"

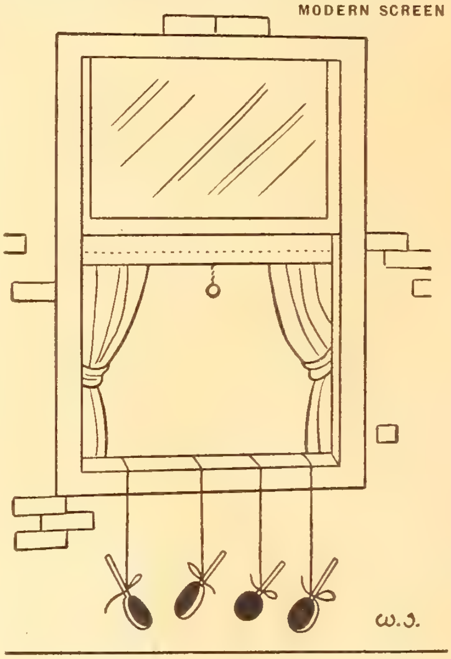
It was a fat man in a neat blue suit and he was peering into the darkness.

"Popsy," Susan said.

The man heard her voice and came toward her. "Susan," he was saying, "what's all this nonsense Belamar's been telling me about a mistake on the program? Why should it be so much trouble to find a few heroes? I don't understand—"

"Mr. Stiles," Susan was murmuring, "this is Sergeant Hanlon. This is my sponsor."

MODERN SCREEN



And Mike was looking into the eyes of the fat man he had left not so long ago in the hotel suite trying on derbies. They stared at each other.

"The Russian Countess," Mike said. "And you!"

"The Marine!" Stiles said.

"Our room—" Mike began.

"Whose room?" Stiles roared. "I'm paying for your room. And then on top of that I'm paying you to share it with me! Susan," he shouted. "Do something."

"I was trying to," Susan said demurely, "when you came in . . ."

"Let's get back to the hotel," Stiles shouted. "Young man. Come with me!"

On the way back Mike told him the whole story. Stiles listened quietly. And at the end, he said: "Sergeant, would you take some advice from an old tired man?"

"Yes, sir?" Mike said.

"This girl back home. How long do you know her?"

"We grew up together," Mike answered.

"Go back to her," Stiles said quietly. "Susan's a wonderful girl. But you're just infatuated with her. Take my advice, go back to Rhodesville."

Mike didn't answer for a long time. And then he said in a low voice: "Yes, sir. That's what I think."

It was just a little after dawn. Two scrubwomen were patiently washing the floor and they hardly turned when the two Marines appeared from the elevators and started across the lobby.

Slinky said: "Why so early in the morning? It isn't civilized."

"We're taking the first train out," Mike said grimly.

And they continued to walk silently toward the doors of the hotel. They were almost across the lobby when the door swung inward and a grey haired woman came through and looked uncertainly around. Mike stopped abruptly. And at the same moment her eyes met his.

"Mom!" Mike said.

And then she was in his arms. It wasn't until they were in the little Coffee Shop that he thought to ask her why she had come.

"Mike," she said. "Lucy didn't wait for you. I wanted to be the one to tell you—"

"Lucy . . ."

"I told Miss Duncan to keep you here until I came. I didn't want you to come back home . . . and then find out. I'll have to thank Miss Duncan for all she's done."

"Yes," Mike said bitterly. "Thank her."

"Mike," his mother said softly. "Don't be hurt about Lucy."

"The funny part is," Mike said, "that I'm not. I think I was almost hoping something like that would happen—"

"Then why are you angry?"

Mike said slowly: "Because a girl I thought was doing things for me, was only doing it because . . . it was her job . . ."

He never let Susan tell him her side of the story. He went back to San Diego without trying to see her. And he wouldn't answer when she tried to call. He wouldn't listen to anybody, not to Mom, not to Slinky, not to Mr. Stiles. He was bitter and hurt and angry. He thought the world had cheated him. And maybe it had . . .

But on the day before they were to receive their discharges from the Corps, there was a special event. On the Colonel's order they assembled in the Rec Hall There was a radio program to be broadcast from San Diego. Mike watched, fascinated, as Susan Duncan slowly came out on the platform . . .

it's a boy! . . .

The next thing he knew he was up on the platform beside her and she was talking: "On our last program," she said, "we made a mistake that we're here to rectify. We want you all to meet Sgt. Mike Hanlon, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor. Will you tell us about yourself, Sergeant? What are your plans now?"

"To get as far away as possible as soon as I can—"

"Far away from what, Sergeant?"

"You—"

"Sergeant, we're on the air!"

"Fine."

"If that's the way you feel, then I have a few things to say—"

"I'm not interested."

"I don't care whether you are. When I first met you, I thought you were one of the finest men I ever knew. It was even something more than that. I fell in love with you. And then—"

"You what?" Mike Hanlon shouted.

"You heard me," Susan yelled back.

"Do you love me?" Mike said.

"I do," Susan yelled.

In the hospital waiting room the little man was still sitting forward, listening intently as Mike finished his story. He looked toward Mike and smiled.

"And then what happened?"

The swinging doors at the end of the corridor opened and a nurse came swinging down the long hall: "Mister Hanlon?"

Mike stood up tensely.

The little man tugged at his jacket.

"And then what happened?" he repeated.

"It's a boy," said the nurse.

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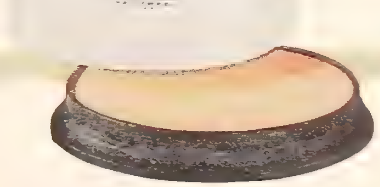

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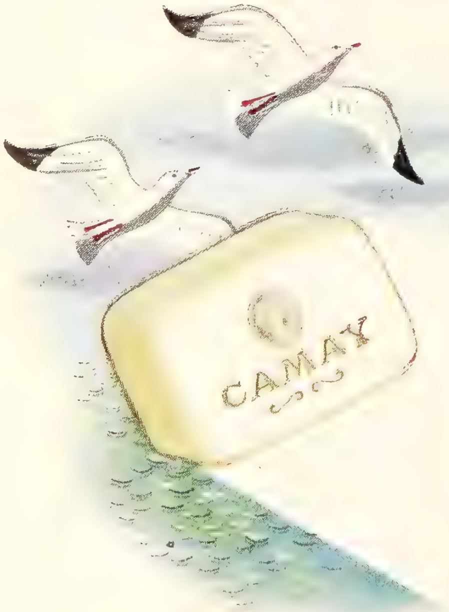
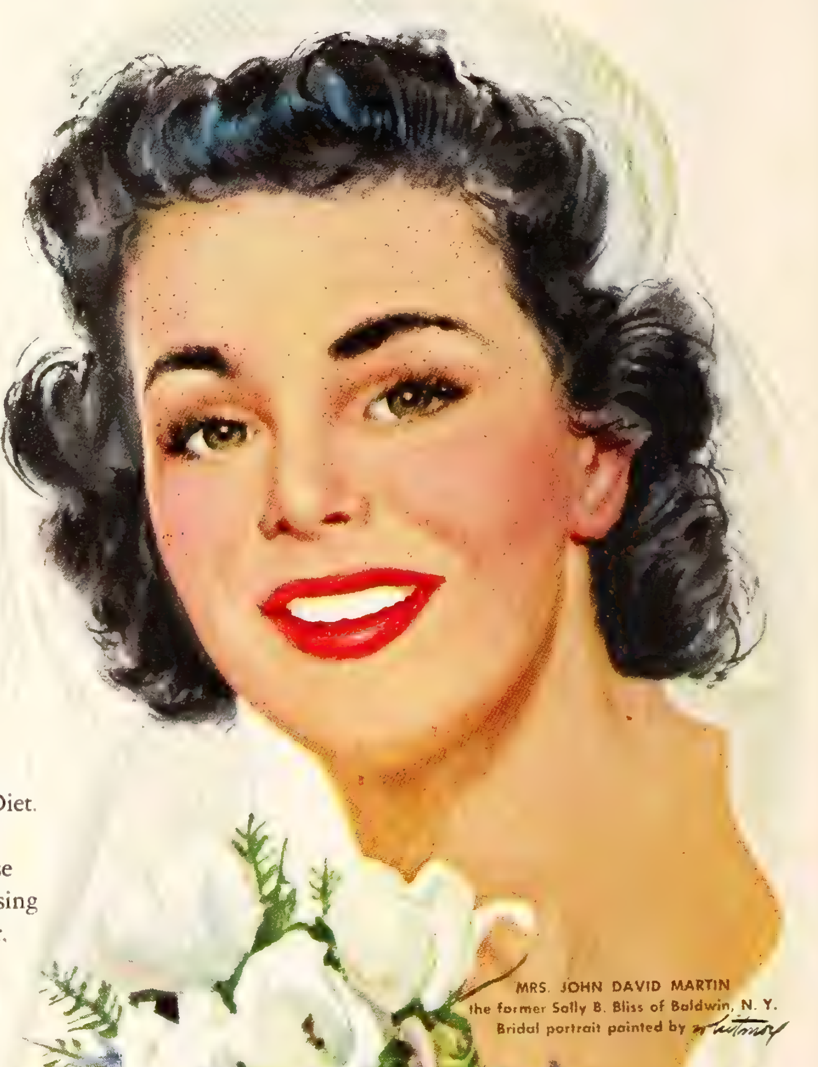
AUG 30 1948

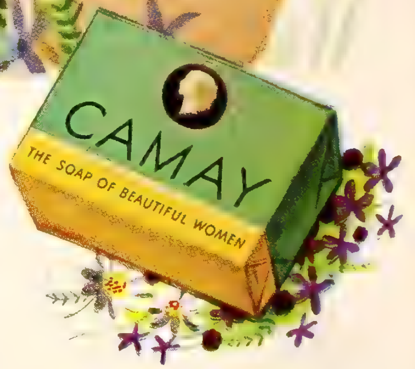
Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!





MRS. JOHN DAVID MARTIN
the former Sally B. Bliss of Baldwin, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by

Win hearts and hold romance—with a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first cake* of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a fresher, lovelier, actually younger-looking skin!


CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

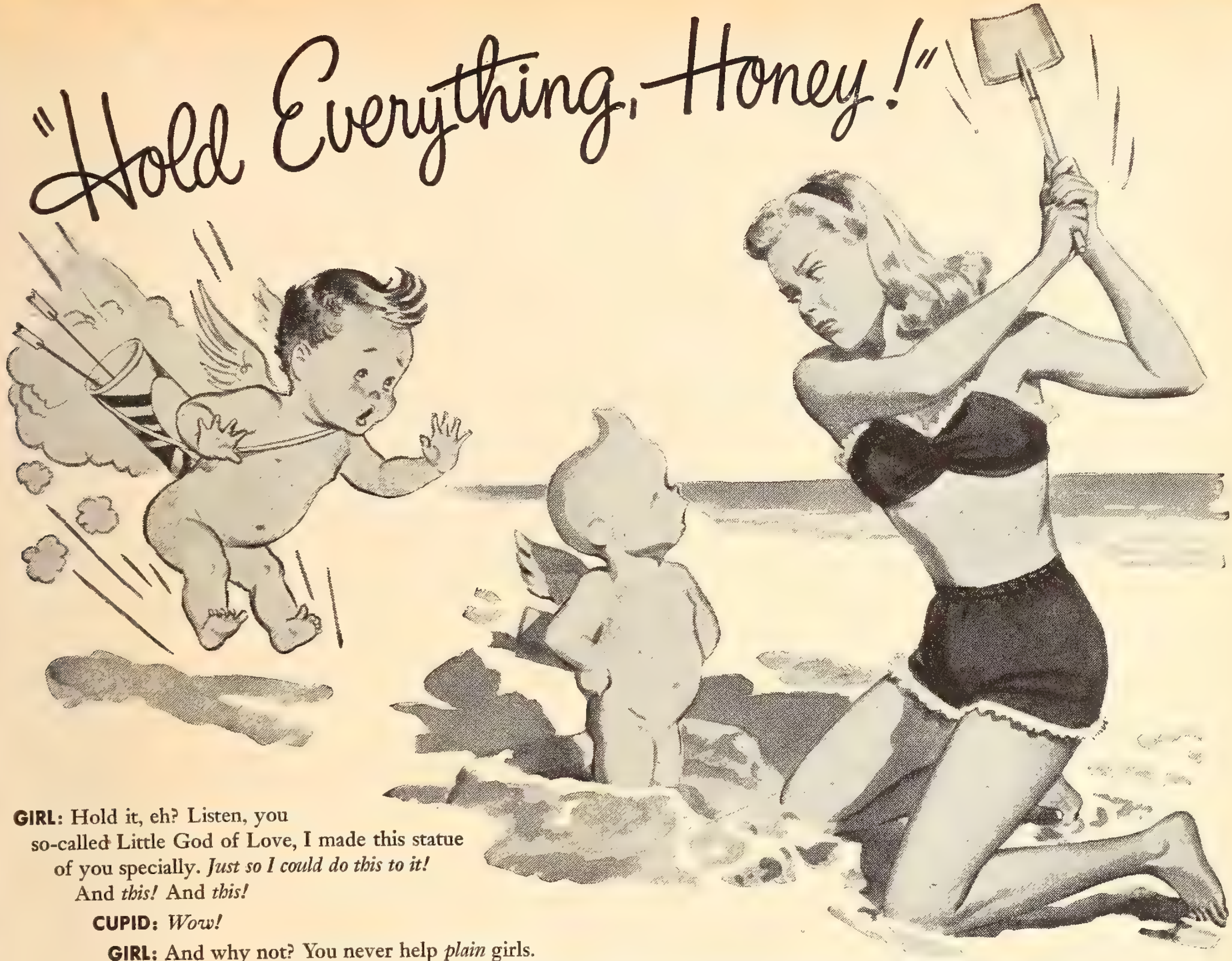
CONCERNING THE MARTINS

The sea-swept sands of Long Island often found Johnny and Sally together, and his admiration grew as he gazed at the smooth magic of her skin. She says: "The *first cake* of Camay left it softer, lovelier!"

The Martins love to parody their favorite songs. Johnny puts his heart in his songs as he looks at Sally's soft, smooth skin! Sally vows: "To keep him singing the praises of my complexion—I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you try mild Camay care, too? Full directions on wrapper.

Please—conserve your Camay. Precious materials still go into making soap!

"Hold Everything, Honey!"



GIRL: Hold it, eh? Listen, you so-called Little God of Love, I made this statue of you specially. *Just so I could do this to it!* And *this!* And *this!*

CUPID: *Wow!*

GIRL: And why not? You never help *plain* girls.

CUPID: *Help* you? Easiest thing in the world, my angry little éclair. Sparkle. Smile at 'em!

GIRL: *Smile?* When all I see is a smile full of no gleam . . . even *after* I brush my teeth?

CUPID: Ah . . . and a little "pink" on your tooth brush too?

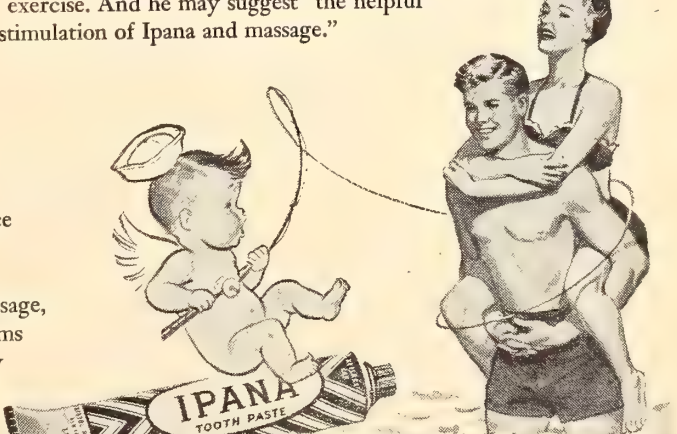
GIRL: What's *that* got to do with anything?

CUPID: Nothing, Pigeon. It's only an important warning to *see your dentist right away!* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

GIRL: I might have known it! A tooth paste salesman!

CUPID: Sis, in my business, you sell anything that helps romance —smiles, for instance. And Ipana sure helps smiles! Because a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth . . . and Sis, you'll be on your way to a smile that'll have you knocking over men instead of statues. Get started with Ipana today!



For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're in a definite holiday mood today—a dreamy feeling with a touch of travel-fever. Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rhumba beat.

That's because we've just seen M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico", and we're still under its spell.

* * * *

We expected a lot of M-G-M's "Holiday in Mexico". After all, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak is responsible for it, just as it was for "Anchors Aweigh".

* * * *

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past all previous hits of this hit-making team. It burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than even we believed possible.

* * * *

If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor entertainment, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande.

* * * *

In the exciting atmosphere of that gay, romantic land, suave and handsome Walter Pidgeon has a tropical love affair with beautiful Ilona Massey.

* * * *

Provocative music ripples from the keyboard of Jose Iturbi.

Intoxicating Latin rhythms flow from Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

* * * *

Song breaks from the lips of Jane Powell, that new and scintillating star whose voice is like a vocal rainbow, and the throbbingly throaty singing of Ilona Massey is thrilling to the ear. (On the lighter side, there's that young Casanova, Roddy McDowall, whose "pash" on Jane Powell is a howl.)

* * * *

The answer to everyone's holiday problem: All aboard for a happy "Holiday in Mexico" with your good neighbor

—*Leo*

modern screen

SEPTEMBER, 1946

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THE COVER PORTRAIT OF VAN JOHNSON, IN M-G-M'S "NO LEAVE, NO LOVE," IS BY NICKOLAS MURAY. COLOR PORTRAITS OF BOB HUTTON AND BOB WALKER BY WILLINGER. FASHION PORTRAIT OF LIZABETH SCOTT BY PAUL D'OME.

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fun and fiestas! songs and señoritas!

M-G-M's Biggest Musical!

Holíday ín Mexíco

it's gay! let's go!

M-G-M PRESENTS HOLIDAY IN MEXICO in Technicolor

Starring WALTER PIDGEON with JOSE ITURBI · RODDY McDOWALL

JANE POWELL · ILONA MASSEY · XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA

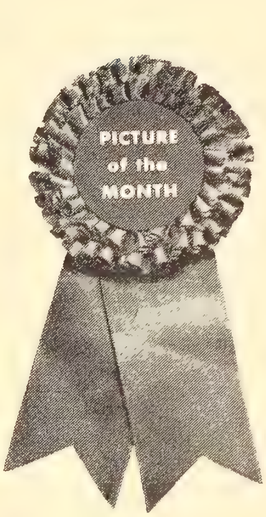
Screenplay by ISOBEL LENNART
Original Story by WILLIAM KOZLENKO
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Dashing diplomat Walter Pidgeon makes love to sultry Ilona Massey...

Jane Powell (overnight star sensation) charms Roddy McDowall . . .

To keyboard magic from Jose Iturbi and rhythmic rhumbas by Xavier Cugat...

Amid Technicolor spectacle, with all the excitement of a Mexican fiesta!



FANNIE HURST

SELECTS "ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM"

■ Anna and the King of Siam! Anna who? And the King of Siam? It's provocative. How on earth did a girl named Anna ever cross paths with the monarch of so exotic a kingdom?

"Tuptin" and the King of Siam, yes. "Phya" and the King of Siam, yes. But *Anna!*

The motion picture unravels the delightful incongruity of "Anna" a bit more sketchily than the book, from which it takes its name. But the screen version casts its spell every inch of the way; a way that is going to enmesh you like a jewel-spangled net.

The King of Siam (Rex Harrison) hated all "foreigners"—until Anna (Irene Dunne) came along.

To be sure, you will encounter abysmal and inky pits of darkness, cruelty, ignorance and worse, within this Siamese land of enchantment, but all these are going to furnish the conflict, so that you may have a plot to your story. Besides, in its painted and lush way, it will give you a glimpse into a period and a land which are shrouded in a mist of seven veils.

Darryl Zanuck, who produced "Anna And The King Of Siam"; John Cromwell, who directed it and Talbor Jennings and Sally Benson who wrote the screen play, have not been caught napping in the matter of the screen possibilities of this production which is based on the popular biography by Margaret Landon.

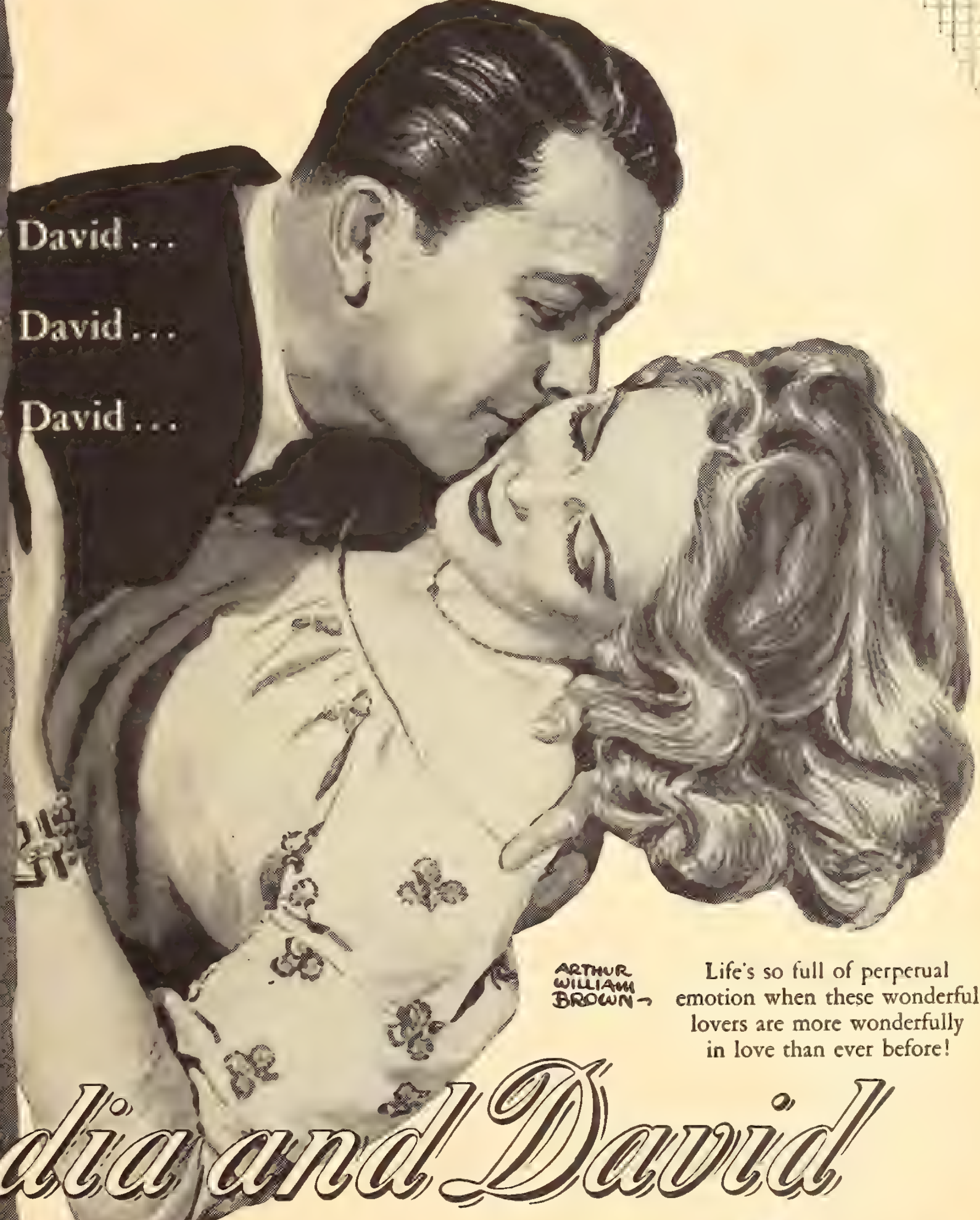
Anna herself explains within the first few feet of film how she happens to cross paths with the King of Siam. She does it as she steps off a boat one night in 1862, into the vivid and livid city of Bangkok. Accompanied by her ten-year-old son, Louis, her mission is to teach the three R's to the fifty or sixty harem children of King Nongkut.

Anna is played by Irene Dunne. Here is a performance which just about rivets this accomplished and gifted lady onto her pedestal. She has poise, beauty, technique, taste, humor and something more: A fragrance. A loveliness.

Well, the moment Anna arrives at the wharf at Bangkok, charming in hoop skirts and bonnet, her young son clutched by the hand, she runs into quick conflict. First with the Kralahome, convincingly played by the brilliant Lee Cobb.

Revolted by the (*Continued on page 8*)

For
Claudia
Living
meant
only
wanting David . . .
having David . . .
loving David . . .



Life's so full of perperual
emotion when these wonderful
lovers are more wonderfully
in love than ever before!

DOROTHY
M^c^GUIRE
ROBERT
YOUNG
in

Claudia and David

with

MARY ASTOR · JOHN SUTTON
GAIL PATRICK · ROSE HOBART
HARRY DAVENPORT · FLORENCE BATES
JEROME COWAN

Screen Play by ROSE FRANKEN and WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY
Adaptation by Vera Caspary · From the Redbook Magazine Stories by Rose Franken

Directed by
WALTER LANG
Produced by
WILLIAM PERLBERG

20th
CENTURY-FOX

M-G-M Star on the Cover

★ You take 6′ 2″, distribute 185 pounds around them, add a couple of very blue eyes, some red hair and freckles—and you've got Van, that man on the cover!

★ But don't ask us how you get all that super-personality. All we know is that Van Johnson, with his grin and all, drifted into New York's Vanderbilt Theatre one rehearsal day with a member of the cast of "New Faces". It was dark, and Van went on stage with his friend—just for laughs. He danced his way right into a Broadway hit, and then came "Too Many Girls" and "Pal Joey" and an offer from Hollywood followed.

★ His first screen appearance didn't hint at his subsequent sensational success, but M-G-M knew the boy had something and offered him a long-term contract. That was like lighting the fuse to a skyrocket—the kind that goes up and keeps going. After a brief interneship as "Dr. Gillespie's" assistant, Van branched out to become one of Hollywood's most versatile and popular actors.

★ He proved his great dramatic (and romantic) abilities in what sounds like a roster of some of M-G-M's biggest hits: "A Guy Named Joe", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", "Week-end at the Waldorf", and "Thrill of a Romance."

★ Van's latest picture, "Easy to Wed", is a real treat! Van sings, Van dances, Van makes with the comedy, and Van's in excellent company with Esther Williams, Lucille Ball, and Keenan Wynn. If you haven't seen "Easy to Wed" yet, there's a walloping Technicolor entertainment in store for you.

★ And those happy whirring sounds you hear are the M-G-M cameras winding up on Van's latest picture, "No Leave, No Love", wherein Keenan Wynn is the comedy foil and a very lovely newcomer known as Patricia Kirkwood is the romantic interest. After you see Van and Keenan clowning in "Easy to Wed", there will be no need to tell you that they're terrific together! It looks like pleasant times ahead for Van's legion of fans!

Watch for his next **M·G·M** *film hits*

"EASY TO WED" ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆
☆ ☆ **"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"**

(Continued from page 6)

spectacle of the interpreter crawling on his belly before this prime minister, and by the arrogance of the highly personal questions he puts to her regarding her private life, Anna's highstrung nature revolts. So does the prime minister, who stalks off.

Her next bitter disappointment awaits her within the palace. She has been promised in a letter from the king her own home. But instead, she now finds herself and child in residence within the hot-house confines of the City of Women. She is living in a harem, there to await her first audience with the king.

It proved to be a wait of many months. But finally—enter the king. Rex Harrison, who plays the role to perfection, is known to an immense audience of admirers as a tall, thin, worldly individual, urban and urbane, civilized and suave. Here, "regal" is not sufficiently a regal word for him.

Anna meets King. Their wills clash immediately, as she refuses to grovel before him. Right here, admirably held in control, you have the ingredients for a shabby and conventional love story which, I joyously hasten to add, never takes place. Instead, the king escorts Anna to the Hall of Women, where he introduces her to his wives.

Gradually it becomes apparent, both to the king and to the audience, that he needs Anna badly to help him guide the destinies of Siam. From this time on, we enter intimately into the domestic life and the inner life of the king, his harem, his favorite wife, his heir-apparent and the inevitable intrigue and corruption that surrounds a voluptuous oriental court.

The harem wives come to love and trust Anna as their teacher and mentor. The harem children respond to her. Louis, her son, and the young Crown Prince establish a deep friendship. King Mongkut himself, who is hungry at heart for intellectual and spiritual advancement, who is not the despot he seems to be, is filled with deference. Following a shocking incident that has to do with beating young girls and burning one of the harem wives on a flaming scaffold, Anna finally packs for departure. The children and wives have said goodbye to her. But while she is gathering her possessions, her son Louis is thrown from a pony and killed.

This tragic incident transforms the King's entire attitude toward her. He changes his morals, his tactics and dedicates himself, with Anna's help, to forging a place for Siam in the modern world. The British, French and Dutch establish consulates in Bangkok. Anna, in her role of trusted and important adviser, remains. The years pass, and in her bereavement, Anna finds her greatest pride and reward in preparing the Crown Prince for the throne that will come to him.

The King dies an elaborate and heart-burning death. "I do not wish to die without saying this gratitude," he gasps, while priests chant the death ritual. "And large respect on you which shall become larger every day."

Anna says, brokenly: "He tried so hard, no one will ever know. He was like a little boy sometimes. Nobody understood, not really."

Sounds banal, doesn't it? It isn't. Not one moment of "Anna and the King of Siam," is banal. Rather, it is exciting, honest and memorable theater.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Wanna FREE SUBSCRIPTION to MODERN SCREEN for the remainder of this year? We're giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE the October, November and December issues of M.S. to the first 500 of you who fill in the Questionnaire Poll below and mail it in to us IMMEDIATELY. But, hurry, hurry! Time's a-wastin'!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

What They Say About Van Johnson .... ☐
The Strange Fate of Van Johnson .... ☐
He Never Left Home (Lon McCallister) .... ☐
The Legend of Ingrid Bergman, by John Chapman .... ☐
Made in Heaven (Shirley Temple) ☐
High on a Windy Hill (Jeanne Crain) .... ☐
Something Borrowed, Something Blue (Barbara Hale-Bill Williams)........ ☐
Watch Larry Parks! by Hedda Hopper .... ☐
Where the Heart Is (Helmut Dantine) .... ☐
Guy Madison Life Story (part I) . ☐
"Hay-lo, Liza, Hay-lo!" (Judy Garland) .... ☐
Kid Brother (Robert Walker) .... ☐
One Man's Family (Dennis Morgan) .... ☐
Saturday Off (Betty Grable-Harry James) .... ☐
Kissed the Girls (Bob Hutton) .. ☐
Good News by Dorothy Manners . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference..
....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference..
....

My name is ....

My address is.................. City.............. Zone...... State........

I am .... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

CARY GRANT

AS COLE PORTER

ALEXIS SMITH

AS HIS "GET A KICK OUT OF YOU" GIRL

WARNERS'

Night and Day

IN TECHNICOLOR

NIGHT AND DAY
YOU'RE THE TOP
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT
BEGIN THE BEGUINE
DON'T FENCE ME IN
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN
MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME
DO I LOVE YOU?
LET'S DO IT

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY Warners OF TALKING PICTURES

THE LAST WORD IN PICTURES SINCE PICTURES SPOKE THEIR FIRST WORD!!

. . . THE STORY OF COLE PORTER, WITH THOSE COLE PORTER SONG SENSATIONS!!

WITH MONTY WOOLLEY

GINNY SIMMS ☆ JANE WYMAN EVE ARDEN CARLOS RAMIREZ DONALD WOODS *and* MARY MARTIN ☆ DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCED BY ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman, Leo Townsend, William Bowers • Adaptation by Jack Moffitt • Based on the Career of Cole Porter • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf

YOUR BABY'S BILL OF RIGHTS

...calls for regular meals...baths... plenty of love . . . and the *best of everything—including the Safety Pins that anchor his pants.*

That's why smart, conscientious Mothers buy DeLong Safety Pins... made of sturdy brass wire that won't rust, and with guarded coils that can't get caught in the diaper material.

DeLong
RUST? NEVER!!
No. 2
GUARDED COILS

All Brass . . Won't Rust
Guarded Coils . . Won't Catch

CO-ED

Can't say "Hi!" to a guy? Can't read a class report without squirming? So shy you want to die? Well, cut it out, kids, 'cause everybody wants to make friends—and especially with you!

Some very intriguing letters come to our desk from time to time. There was the one from the gal who was thinking of eloping with her best friend's father, another from an ambidextrous chick who was going steady with two boys simultaneously, one from a teacher who had a crush on one of the boys in her Latin class. (Now *there's* a switch.) Those are the exceptions. The off-the-beaten-track jobs. Usually your letters say, "How do I get him to like me?" or "What do you think about going steady?" And then there's that most urgent of all queries, that heart-breaker that pops up dozens of times a day, " Will I *ever* stop being shy?" On account of it's so close to your hearts and to our heart, we're going to talk about nothing but, this month. So if you're a shy one and would like to be a bombshell, come on along with us.

You're Shy Like Crazy: With you it's not just guys or mobs of people; it's not simply a question of stage fright or prom-fright. You're shy with new girls, with all males—new or old, shy about reading a book report in class, about asking the waitress if she'd mind giving you a spoon. You're the original Violet, and that's no joke, hon. First, let's figure out what goes on in your head to make you be that way. Maybe you think you're impossibly unattractive and feel that by keeping absolutely mum you'll fool people into thinking you're not there. Maybe you have a physical defect that you feel makes you the center of attention. You're afraid of being laughed at, of being conspicuous. Your entire day is spent trying to keep out of everyone's sight and earshot—and then you brood and brood because you're practically friendless—and that makes you even shyer. Vicious circle. The first step in your cure is the simple realization that you're just not that (*Continued on page* 26)

JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I am a prettier-than-average blonde and some people have told me I should model. Don't you have to be just out-of-this-world looking to make good at it? H. T., Hagertown, Md.

Unusual looks are often more in demand than just straight beauty. Our advice to you on this score would be to finish high school by all means, and on Saturdays and during vacations try to get some jobs modeling in your nearest department store. Fashion show jobs are good experience. If you know a good amateur or professional photographer who's in need of a model, offer your services. Even if you don't earn a cent, you'll be learning some valuable lessons. When you get through school, get in touch with your nearest modeling agency, and they'll direct you from there.

I'm starting in a brand new school this fall. Can you give me some hints for getting off to a good start? B.W., Red Lion, Pa.

Dontcha think our shy-talk is made to order for you, B.W.? Give it a good

(*Continued on page* 26)

SHATTERED MEMORY... HAUNTING FEAR!

One hour of mental darkness threatens a man's whole life . . . turns trust into suspicion . . . tender love into burning hate!

RKO PRESENTS

Pat O'BRIEN · Claire TREVOR · Herbert MARSHALL

IN

CRACK-UP

with **RAY COLLINS • WALLACE FORD • DEAN HARENS**

Directed by IRVING REIS • Written by John Paxton, Ben Bengal and Ray Spencer

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

■ So this month it's too hot and not sweet enough, huh? All you want to do is go soak your head, and you'd rather be sitting in the Vienna Woods than listening to them. All right, I won't give you the "Vienna Woods." But I've got some other things lined up—for instance, the best popular record of the month, Miss Ella Fitzgerald's version of "Stone Cold Dead In The Market" for Decca. See? Right away, the temperature's gone down considerably. And for the best jazz record of the month, get "Back O' Town Blues" by Louis Armstrong on Victor.

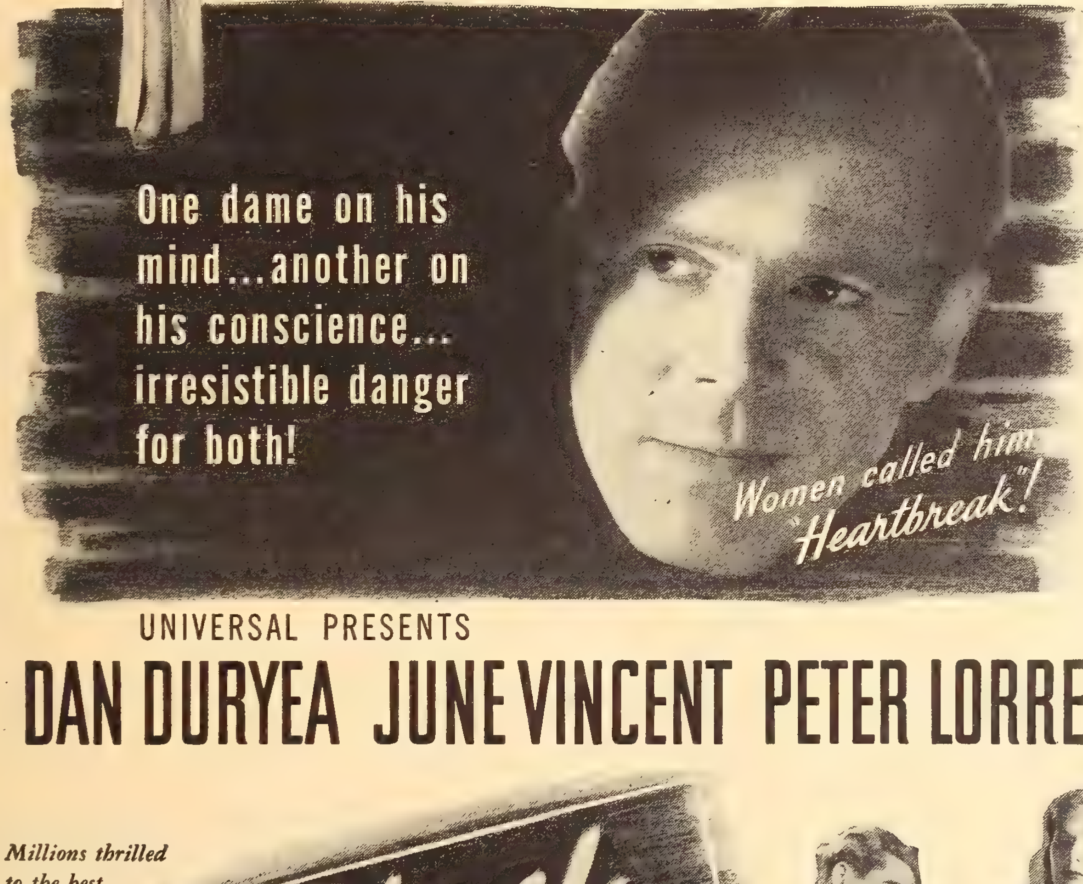
Now on to other things. Such as the fact that I am still exclaiming at the amazing number of new record companies bursting out all over—it's worse than June of the same name. Anyhow, it's almost impossible to keep track of all of them, but I'll go on letting you know about the very best in new label releases. Many of these young companies are charging enormous prices for their discs, and I predict that lots of them will be going out of (*Continued on page 126*)

Fresh out of the Navy, and handsome as ever, Art Lund's back with Benny Goodman, who's showing off his famous "licorice stick" to Art.

Backstage at N.Y.'s Copacabana Leonard Feather gossips with leader Desi Arnaz and Copa-gals, Julie Wilson (left), Ruth Sitarr.

Betty Rhodes, "First Lady of Television," sings for NBC Sunday nights, specializes in rhythm numbers.

Duryea! that fascinating tough-guy of "Scarlet Street" . . . in his first starring role!



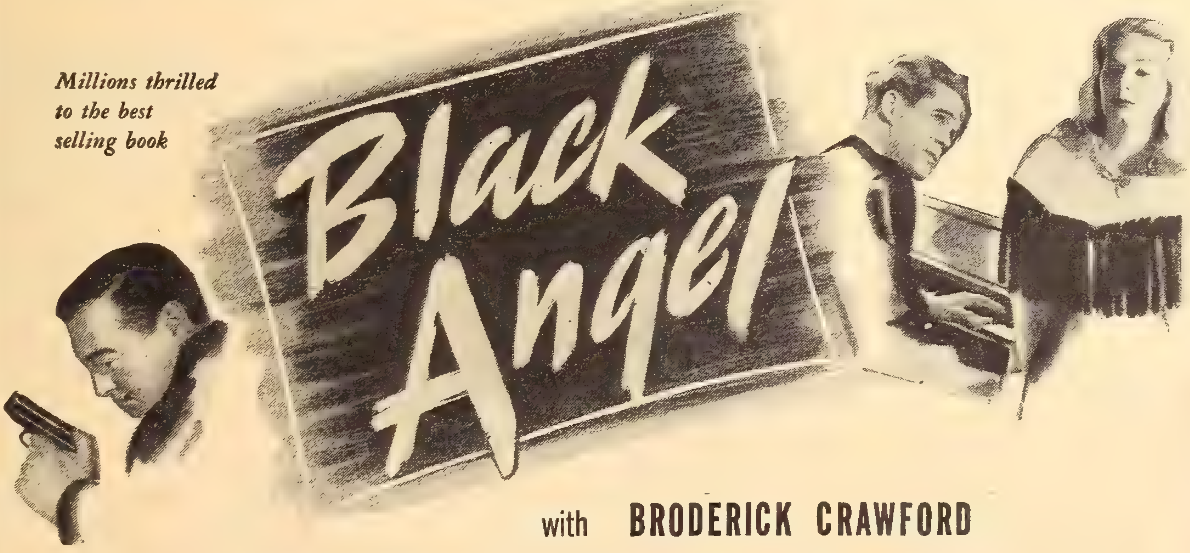
One dame on his mind...another on his conscience... irresistible danger for both!

Women called him "Heartbreak"!

UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

DAN DURYEA JUNE VINCENT PETER LORRE

Millions thrilled to the best selling book



Black Angel

with **BRODERICK CRAWFORD**

CONSTANCE DOWLING WALLACE FORD FREDDIE STEEL

Screenplay by Roy Chanslor Based on the Novel by Cornell Woolrich
Directed by ROY WILLIAM NEILL Produced by TOM McKNIGHT and ROY WILLIAM NEILL

by *Virginia Wilson*

MOVIE REVIEWS

TILL THE END OF TIME

■ If your guy is back from the wars and maybe acts a little different than he used to, you'll want to see this picture. You'll want to see it anyway, because it co-stars Guy Madison with Dorothy McGuire, and Guy is sensational! Also, Bob Mitchum contributes one of the best characterizations of the year as Guy's cowboy buddy.

Cliff Harper (Guy Madison) was only eighteen when he joined the Marines. He gets home three-and-a-half years later to find that his parents still think of him as eighteen. They want him to go back to school. Cliff is in a pretty mixed-up mental state. Nothing wrong with him, really, it's just that civilian life takes some getting used to. He's introduced to a girl in the local juke joint who talks his language, and for the first time, he relaxes. Her name is Pat Ruscomb (Dorothy McGuire), and she lets him take her home. It isn't until he has fallen hard for her that he finds she has been married to an Air Force captain, who was killed. That would be all right, except that Pat is still completely bound by the memory of her husband. Cliff feels that she is just using him as a narcotic, to dull the pain. They quarrel bitterly over the whole set-up from time to time, but he can't stay away from her.

Cliff tries various jobs and finds himself too restless to hold on to any of them. Then he gets one in the place where Pat works, and at first that's okay. But the foreman begins to get on his nerves. Cliff's Marine buddy, Bill (Bob Mitchum), shows up, broke and in trouble. Bill had won a couple of thousand bucks in a "red dog" game over the border, then lost it in Las Vegas. He got tossed out of a bar on his head, and since he already had a silver plate in his skull from Guadalcanal, that started a series of high pressure headaches. He comes over to see Cliff, who has just quarreled with Pat, and they go out to get drunk together. They wind up in a barroom fight with some phony veteran organization promoters that's really a classic. Surprisingly, it solves both their problems.

Bill Williams does a neat job as a returned Marine with no legs. Jean Parker

Confused and bitter, ex-Marine Cliff (Guy Madison) finds peace with Pat (D. McGuire).

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and Loren Tindall are good in bit parts. —*RKO*

P. S.

Bob Mitchum went into a Marine uniform for the movie twenty-four hours after he had shed his Army uniform. Guy Madison started work a week after his discharge from the Navy. . . . For the jitterbug scene with Jean Porter, Guy Madison rehearsed every day for a week. He'd never jitterbugged before in his life. He went at the job of learning so wholeheartedly that Jean had to have a half hour rubdown by a masseuse every day to get back into shape. Once, Guy tossed her so far that she was sent to the hospital to check on possibilities of broken bones. . . . Dorothy McGuire, Bob Mitchum, Jean Porter and Guy Madison all had to learn to ice skate for the picture. When not working in front of the cameras, they drove to a nearby ice rink and practised. Dorothy and Jean both turned out to be fairly good ballet skaters. Loren Tindall took twenty-three prattfalls on the ice until his one spill was photographed successfully.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

This Technicolor musical is as light and gay as a scarlet balloon floating on a summer breeze. The songs are by the late Jerome Kern, and you are probably already whistling the hit, "All Through The Day."

Julia Rogers (Jeanne Crain) and her sister, Edith (Linda Darnell) are a complete contrast in looks and temperament. Jeanne is sweet, sincere, pretty but retiring. Edith is the whistle-provoking type. (Sure, they whistled in 1876. They've *always* whistled!) Edith is engaged to Ben Phelps (William Eythe) but she is not going to let it stand in her way if anything else comes along.

What comes along is Philippe Lascalles (Cornel Wilde), a handsome young Frenchman, over here on diplomatic business. He is intrigued by the flamboyant Edith, but soon finds his interest more thoroughly aroused by Julia's quiet charm. Julia falls in love with him immediately, but she's never had a chance before against Edith, and can't believe she does now. Dear Edith, who has no scruples when it comes to romance, tells Philippe—in the greatest confidence, of course—that Julia is engaged to Ben.

Meanwhile, the girls' father is trying to sell a clock he has invented to the president of the railroad for which he works. Rogers is just a yard clerk and his wife thinks he's wasting his time and is making a fool of himself, besides. Then along comes a very chic Parisienne (Constance Bennett) who encourages him in all this, and his wife begins to think the whole world has gone crazy. Except Julia, who has adopted some of Edith's tricks, and is slowly but surely getting her man—*20th-Fox*

P. S.

Climbing aboard a railroad engine, as called for by the script, Cornel Wilde wrenched his right knee, but went ahead with other scenes, including a dancing scene. Only on the last day of production as he hobbled off the set, did the company learn about the injured knee. . . . Jeanne Crain wears glamorous period clothes for the first time in this picture. When she discovered she would be wearing wasp-waisted dresses—and corsets—Jeanne had visions of achieving an 18-inch Scarlett O'Hara waistline. But the wardrobe department drew the line at 22 inches for comfort's sake. According to Linda Darnell's own count, this is the first time in seven pictures that she hasn't "perished" before

LITTLE LULU Gets An Earful *by Marge*

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the finish, or "lost the man" . . . When Bill Eythe first arrived in Hollywood three years ago, an agent persuaded him that he needed an elaborate wardrobe "to get somewhere in the movies." So Bill took $2,000 and bought himself an elaborate wardrobe —none of which he has yet had a chance to wear on the screen. One of the problems of production was to arrange the shooting of scenes so that Barbara Whiting could have her daily amount of required schooling. Director-Producer Preminger, learning that Barbara was in the throes of geometry, asked her how she liked the subject. "Oh," said Barbara, "it's just like the movies— one triangle after another."

NIGHT AND DAY

When you first meet Cole Porter (Cary Grant), he's a wild, irresponsible student at Yale Law School. All he wants to do is to write songs. In this he is aided and abetted by Professor Monty Woolley (played by himself, because no one else could do it!). The professor's fellow faculty members consider Woolley as irresponsible as his student. Cole invites Monty home to Indiana with him for the Christmas holidays and that's the last either of them see of Yale. Cole decides, with the support and encouragement of his mother (Selena Royle), to give up law in favor of music. He and Monty will put a show on Broadway.

While Cole is home, he meets Linda Lee (Alexis Smith), who is blonde and beautiful and responsive. When Cole's show opens on Broadway the next winter, Linda is on hand to see it—and to tell Cole she loves him. But the show closes the same night it opens, because that's the date of the sinking of the Lusitania, and people are not in a show-going mood. War is coming closer. Cole doesn't wait. He joins the French army. Linda becomes a Red Cross nurse, and with the charming inevitability of fiction, meets him in a field hospital. There she nurses him back to health, supplies him with a piano, and offers him her villa at Cannes for recuperative purposes. But Cole wants to be on his own. He wants to get back to Broadway and the feel of its people. Out of that renewed contact come songs like "I've Got You Under My Skin," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," and the theme song, "Night and Day." Cole and Linda meet again in London, where Cole is doing a new revue. This time they marry, but as Cole's career becomes more spectacular, she has moments of wishing they hadn't. . . .

Jane Wyman, Ginny Simms and Eve Arden are among those who wander through this Technicolor cavalcade of melody.—*War.*

P. S.

Cary Grant spent more than eight weeks in a wheel chair for the production of the story. . . . Paul MacWilliams, First Aid department head, was required to bandage more than 60 convalescents who appear in World War I scenes for the picture. . . . Because so few modern girls have the long hair fashionable in 1914, the studio was forced to scrape the bottom of the barrel for switches and buns for the 1914 vintage chorines. . . . What was formerly an effigy of Hitler, used for bond drives at the studio, was redressed and made up to represent a Harvard University figure for football rally scenes. . . . Monty Woolley's famous beard undergoes innumerable dye baths in the picture to cover the time lapses. . . . Seventy-four pianos were used in various scenes, rehearsals, and recordings. . . . One of the pretty chorines is Gwendolyn Stone. She is 22 years old and has been a deaf mute since she was stricken with measles at the age of three. She learns her dance routines visually, then picks up the rhythm of the music by vibrations which reach her through her hands and feet.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS

Martha Ivers' (Barbara Stanwyck) strange love starts when she's a very young girl. Her aunt, Mrs. Ivers, (Judith Anderson) is practically the ruler of a Pennsylvania industrial town. She's the ruler of her household, too, and when Martha, thirteen, defies her, they come to actual blows. The old lady dies as a result. Now Martha, at that period, has only two friends. One is Walter O'Neill (Kirk Douglas), son of her tutor, and the other is a stubborn, independent kid named Sam (Van Heflin). On the night that Martha's aunt is killed, they are both around. Sam leaves town that night, and Martha thinks he knows what happened. Walter and his father really *do* know, but decide it will be to their advantage later to keep their mouths shut.

It's smart figuring. When Sam comes back to town twelve years later, he finds that Walter is now the District Attorney, and Walter's wife, the power behind him, is Martha. She's beautiful and poised and unscrupulous. Sam think's he's in love with her and she's sure she's in love with Sam, but she believes the murder of her aunt stands between them. Actually, Sam never knew that Martha was involved in that.

GEORGE WOLFE

There's another girl who complicates matters. She is Toni Marachek (Lizabeth Scott) and she's in trouble with the local police. She's not a bad girl. Not compared with Martha, who has committed one murder and is quite ready to commit more. Sam is unconsciously drawn to Toni, but his feeling for Martha is in the way.

I'd rather not tell you any more about the plot, which is vivid and violent and should be seen, not described.—*Par.*

P. S.

In case you want to know more about Kirk Douglas, and you probably do, he's a Broadway veteran, having appeared with Katharine Cornell in "The Three Sisters," plus "Kiss and Tell," "Trio" and other plays. After his discharge from the Navy, in which he served several years in anti-submarine warfare, he was cast in "The Wind Is Ninety" and was there discovered and signed by Hal Wallis. . . . Barbara Stanwyck, true to form, kept the cast and crew amused with her wit. When Van teased Stanwyck by threatening to steal one of her best scenes by working a coin trick in the background, she told him, "You do, bud, and I'll retaliate with the routine of pulling up my stockings. It's an old trick, but it works, and it will beat a coin trick any day." . . . Janice Wilson, the youngster who, as the "young" Barbara Stanwyck, commits a murder, was the neurotic youngster in "Now, Voyager" and played one of the daughters in "Watch on the Rhine." She is a skilled pianist and singer, but movies have ignored her musical talents to cast her in heavy drama . . . When Van Heflin started his acting career, he studied with Richard Boleslavski, who suggested that Van pattern his roles after animals. In "Johnny Eager," he was "a fat-faced owl," and in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" he chose a panther, tried to be easy going, soft spoken, but a guy who springs suddenly when made angry.

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION

You know how easy it is to get sort of carried away when you say goodbye to a soldier. You sound more romantic than you mean to, and then you write him letters which are romantic, too. Which is fine till he comes home all set to marry you and you aren't in love with him at all. That's what happens to Jean Kendrick (Donna Reed). She bade Jeff (Tom Drake) a very fond farewell, because they worked in the same shoe department and he'd been very sweet to her and she wanted to be patriotic, didn't she? In her letters, she didn't tell him that she'd been given his job, or, later, that she had been made buyer for the whole shoe department. Nor that she had gotten engaged to an accountant named Walter.

So now here's Jeff home, covered with ribbons, and ready for marriage. Jean would have told him the truth that first day, if it hadn't been for the heads of the shoe department. They were all middle-aged and sentimental. They said "Don't tell him yet and spoil his homecoming. Let him think that you're in love with him." Jean consents reluctantly. She has a feeling it's going to get complicated, even though Walter is away on vacation. It *does* get complicated. For one thing, she has to borrow back her old apartment, because who ever heard of a stock clerk with a place overlooking the East River, and a maid in the de luxe kitchen and a mink coat in the closet?

Jean and Jeff dance and talk and dream. "You need a man around to give you orders," Jeff says at one point. Jean realizes that she would *take* orders from him, which she certainly never would from Walter. She is, in fact, in love with Jeff, and it's too bad that just as she discovers this, he finds out the deception that's been practised on him. Too bad, but not necessarily irremediable.

Edward Everett Horton, Spring Byington, Sig Ruman and Harry Davenport, in their supporting roles, make "Faithful In My Fashion" the gay sentimental little comedy it is.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Just before shooting started, Tom Drake finished his first full length play, which he calls "A Portrait of Eve." Broadway producers are reading it now and making sizable bids to Tom's agent . . . To familiarize herself with her role as a shoe

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clerk, Donna Reed spent an entire afternoon in the shoe section of a Los Angeles department store. She made out sales slips, punched the cash register and took inventory for a section. Harry Davenport's role is his 100th since starting as a motion picture actor in 1912. . . Darryl Hickman was considered for the role of the young trombone player, but couldn't take it because of other commitments. "I've got just the boy you want," he told director Salkow, and a half hour later came back with his younger brother, Dwaine, who got the part . . . When Tom moved into the house he is currently occupying, he left three trunks filled with family keepsakes in the garage of the apartment house he vacated. He went back for them one night, and found no trace of them.

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and even an uncrowned prince doesn't have a very gay time of it. Take Prince Henry (Dennis Morgan), for instance. Henry has been on a tour of America, and boy, has it been dull! When he and his aide, Count Oswald (S. Z. Sakall) arrive back in New York, Henry decides to duck out and see the city in his own merry way.

Being a prince, and not used to attending to practical matters, he forgets to take any money along. He hops merrily into a taxi, and is off without a dime in his pockets. He and the taxi driver, Buzz (Jack Carson) get into a long conversation. Buzz spots him immediately as an out-of-towner, and asks where he's from. Henry says Milwaukee, which is the only place he can think of on the spur of the moment. "Ah," says Buzz, "I'm from Milwaukee, too," thereby scaring Henry half to death. But fortunately, Buzz left there at the age of two, so can't put the prince through a third degree. They get to be great pals, and when Henry admits he hasn't any money, Buzz takes him to a hock shop where he can pawn his cigarette case. Then the matter of a hotel room comes up. There aren't any. So Henry eventually ends in Buzz's apartment for the night. Next day, the papers are full of pictures of the missing prince, and Buzz sees them. He's willing to forgive Henry for being royalty, and generously introduces him to his girl, Connie (Joan Leslie). This turns out to be a mistake.

The police, meanwhile, have traced Henry through the cigarette case. Count Oswald appears to take him back to more royal surroundings, but Henry doesn't want to go. He's in love with Connie, and to hell with being a prince. A Milwaukee beer firm has offered him a lot of dough to endorse their beer. He can live happily with Connie in New York, and let his country be a republic, which would be better anyway. It all might have worked out fine if Connie hadn't gone to a dentist. . . . —*War.*

P. S.

Although Dennis Morgan warbled dozens of hit songs between scenes, he will not be heard singing in the picture. . . . With Morgan and Carson on the set, there were gags a-plenty, but one time a gag backfired. It seems the boys were perfectly willing to report to the studio on west coast time—two hours later than Milwaukee—but they kept up a heckling campaign to be allowed to quit on Central Standard Time, thus getting in two hours of golf in the California sunshine. Came next to the last day of shooting and Director Butler cheerfully acquiesced to their suggestion that all work on the picture involving the talents of Morgan and Carson cease at 4 o'clock. Next morning both boys were awakened at four and told to be at the studio by 6 o'clock. When they arrived at the studio around 5:45, they found notes pinned to their dressing room doors which read "There has been a very slight error. Perhaps you failed to notice that you two guys are FROM Milwaukee. The locale is New York where it is now 9 o'clock." Director Butler had a sense of humor, too! . . . "Two Guys" is Morgan and Carson's seventh picture together. . . . Joan Leslie, having received her early training in vaudeville, delighted in beating the fellows to the punch line on some of their gags.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

Philip Carey (Paul Henreid) has spent two years in Paris studying painting. He has decided he will probably never fall in love, as he just doesn't seem to react to even the most charming girls, Nora (Alexis Smith), for instance, the American writer who is so fascinated with him. Philip is going back to London, because he knows he will never be a great painter. Reluctantly, he returns to medical school—it isn't what he wants, but he knows that he will be a good doctor.

There's a small tea shop near the medical college. Philip notices one waitress there particularly. She's a thin, sharp-featured little Cockney with an insolent manner Her name is Mildred (Eleanor Parker), and there's no reason which anyone can see why Philip should fall in love with her. But he does. She treats him with thinly veiled contempt. He has a club foot and no money and isn't her kind of person at all. Once in a while she goes out with him, but usually she concentrates on more fertile fields. Philip's work suffers. He is violently, frighteningly in love with this worthless little wench.

She disappears at last, to marry a loud-mouthed salesman. Philip returns to normal, once her curious sexual magnetism is out of the way. Nora comes to London, and he almost persuades himself he's in love with her. Then Mildred shows up again. This time she needs him badly The salesman didn't marry her, and she is about to have a child. Philip takes over all her problems, and falls more completely under her spell than ever. He plans to marry her. The reasons why this never materializes are part of the weaknesses and strengths of the human heart.

You'll find Patric Knowles, Janis Paige and British veteran Edmund Gwenn in the cast.—*War.*

P. S.

When Eleanor Parker, as Mildred, put on a tantrum and destroyed Philip's apartment, the whole unit pitched in to aid in making the set a scene of total destruction. Everyone who wished to enter into the fun was given one minute in which to destroy whatever script-doomed articles met his eye. . . . This is the second picture in which Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker have co-starred, their first being "Between Two Worlds." Although Henreid is thought of as the romantic type of leading man, his initial success was as a "heavy" in "Night Train" . . . . There is good reason for the lithe, powerful figure of Paul Henreid. In the late '30's he was one of Europe's finest fencers, competing in the Italian championships in '37 and in the championships at the Paris Exposition. . . . During production, Eleanor Parker moved her parents to Hollywood to live.

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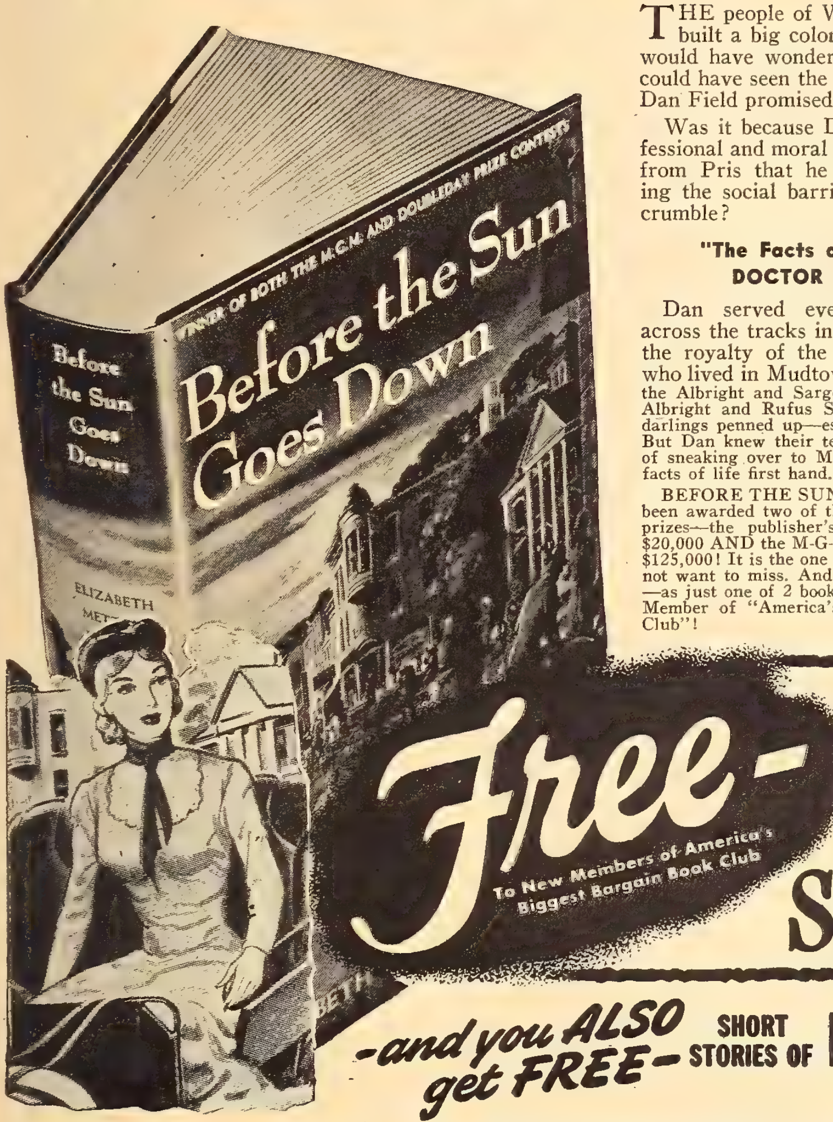
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ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER

Speak of the devil, and here he is. Played by Claude Rains, he's a sly, malevolent gentleman who maneuvers one of hell's recent arrivals back to earth for sinister purposes of his own. The new arrival is Eddie (Paul Muni), a tough little gangster from St. Louis. Eddie was killed by his partner, Smiley, and would do anything to get back in the world long enough to mete out some gangster vengeance.

But the Devil has something for Eddie to attend to first. He has been struck by the tough guy's resemblance to a certain Judge Parker of New York City, who has interfered with the Devil's designs time and again. So he takes Eddie up to New York and by some satanic sleight-of-hand, pops him into the Judge's body. That, he feels, ought to take care of the righteous Judge very thoroughly. At first, everything seems to be going according to plan. Eddie shoves the butler around, makes passes at the Judge's beautiful fiancee, Barbara (Anne Baxter), and talks and acts like the hoodlum he actually is. Barbara calls in a psychiatrist who mumbles about split personalities and overwork.

Eddie is intent on getting to St. Louis to catch up with Smiley, but the Devil keeps him in New York, and there's where the scheme begins to misfire. Judge Parker is running for governor, which means that Eddie has to make a campaign speech. He has stage fright and just stands there, till the opposition boys start hurling tomatoes. That makes him mad, and he goes into action. This kind of thing he knows. Here he shines. He emerges a hero, and the Devil bites his carefully manicured nails and figures out a new angle. Suppose he gets Smiley to New York and lets Eddie loose on him. A murder by Judge Parker would fix everything right up. It might have worked, if it hadn't been for Barbara—and love, which even the Devil hadn't counted on!—*U.A.*

P. S.

Anne Baxter's honeymoon house for the picture, was a rambling style ranch house with every room opening onto a patio.... The picture ran into a little difficulty when, for a courtroom scene in which the judge was to be pelted by eggs, no eggs could be located due to the egg shortage. Eggless scenes were shot in the hopes that the shortage would soon end. Finally it did, and one day ten dozen eggs were being thrown about all at once, with Muni, as the judge, on the receiving end.... Interest centered around Claude Rains during production when it was found out that he was the highest salaried actor in the business. Claude was paid $1,280,000 by Arthur Rank for his appearance in the English production of "Caesar and Cleopatra." However, with England's and the United States taxes diminishing that figure, he will have less than $40,000 left of the original figure at the end of the year.

TIME OF THEIR LIVES

It all starts in the household of Tom Danbury during the Revolution. Tom (Jess Barker) is in love with the beautiful Melody Allen (Marjorie Reynolds), but when she finds he is secretly making a deal with the British, she's going to turn him in as a spy. She gets Horatio Prim (Lou Costello) to help her. Horatio is a tinker who hangs around the Danbury household because of Nora, the little Irish housemaid. Melody and Horatio ride off to warn the American troops of Tom's treachery, but by mistake they are themselves shot as traitors and their bodies dropped down a well. A curse is pronounced which keeps their spirits on the Danbury estate unless evidence should be found to prove their patriotism. Such evidence exists in the form of a letter from George Washington, but how are a couple of ghosts going to find it when they can't even leave the estate?

A century and a half slide by, and the old Danbury house is completely rebuilt and restored to its original state, furniture and all, by a writer named Sheldon (John Shelton). He brings his fiancee (Lynne Baggett) and her aunt (Binnie Barnes) to see the place. His friend and psychiatrist, Dr. Greenway (Bud Abbott) comes along. The ghosts make life miserable for the new arrivals, until they discover that Dr. Greenway might be able to get the George Washington letter for them. He does, but it lands them all either in jail or on the edge of a nervous breakdown. . . .—*Univ.*

P. S.

This is Abbott and Costello's 17th picture. Shooting started on Costello's birthday. . . . One of the startling supernatural effects was the erratic cruise of the "ghostmobile" around an outdoor set. This vehicle, fitted with dual controls, had one steering wheel under the cushions of the rear seat, with the driver, invisible, peering thru a gauze screen. . . . Twittering of tree toads interrupted production on one occasion, until grips were stationed to throw clods at the little songsters hiding in the shrubbery used to decorate the set. . . . Marjorie Reynolds, after having her hair blonde tinted for five years, recovered her natural brown hair for the picture. Blond hair didn't look too good on a ghost, said cameraman Charles Van Enger. . . . Machinery to undress Miss Reynolds without the aid of human hands was constructed by the busy prop men. It consisted of a network of invisible wires, which, when properly manipulated, caused her clothing to fall off, leaving her clad in invisible black velvet!

THE BLACK ANGEL

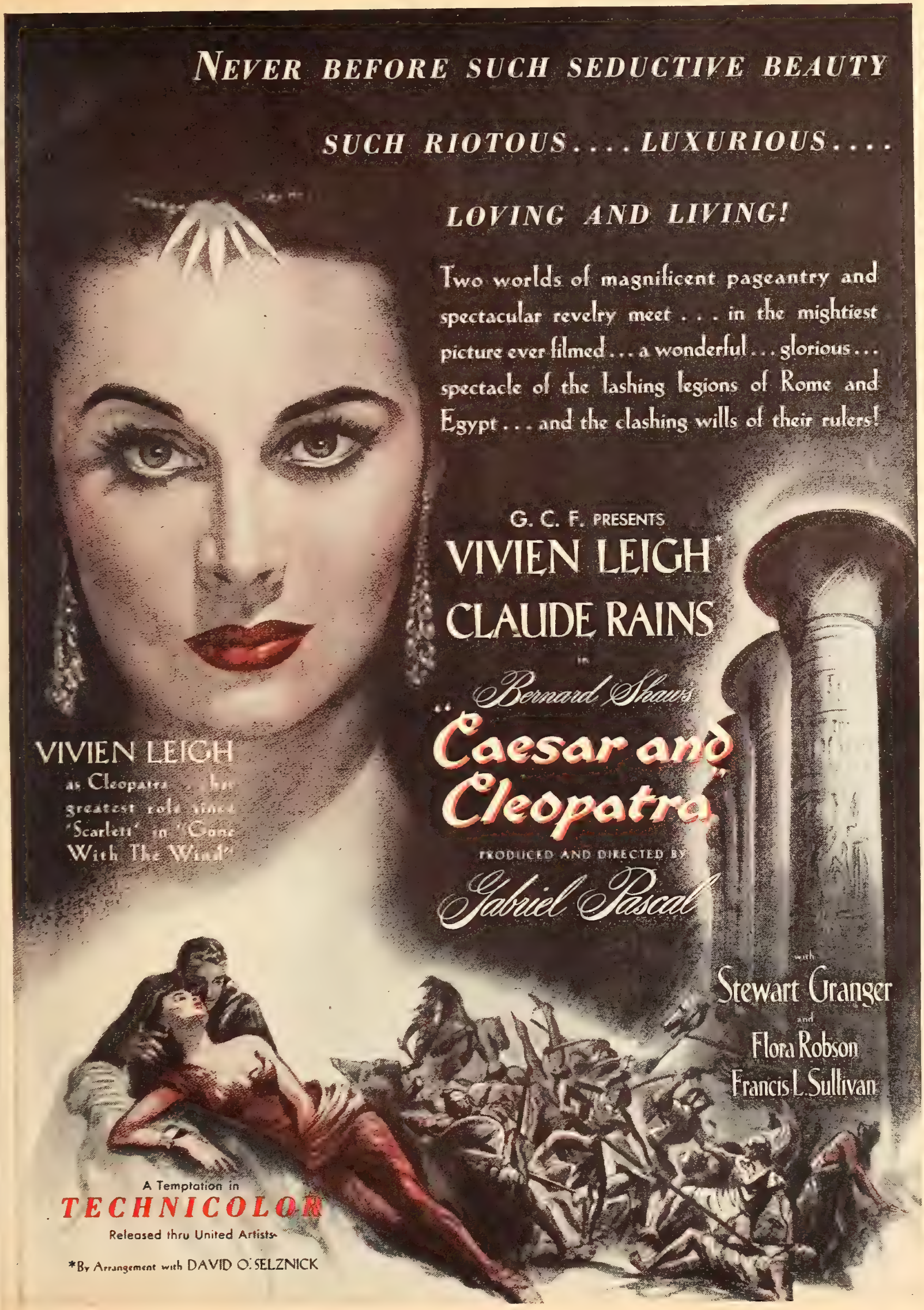
The Black Angel of death comes awfully close to a man in the condemned cell. Kirk Bennett (John Philips) knows that he didn't murder Mavis Marlowe (Constance Dowling), but no one else knows it. Even his wife, Catharine (June Vincent) believes in his innocence only because of her faith in him, not because of the evidence. The detective in charge of the case, Flood (Broderick Crawford), is convinced that he's guilty.

But Catharine is determined to find the real murderer. She tries every possible

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few weeks ago, my friends and I attended a Johnnie Johnston broadcast. After the fifteen minutes on the air, Johnnie sang for another half hour. I wanted Mr. Johnston to sing my pet song, so I called out the title, "My Rocking Horse Ran Away!" At that, Johnnie turned to us and said quickly, "He did? That's too bad!" Everyone burst out laughing and felt that Johnnie was a swell guy as well as a grand singer.

Saundra Balaban
Bronx, New York



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CLAUDE RAINS

in

Bernard Shaw's

"Caesar and Cleopatra"

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Gabriel Pascal

with

Stewart Granger

and

Flora Robson

Francis L. Sullivan

VIVIEN LEIGH

as Cleopatra . . . her greatest role since 'Scarlett' in "Gone With The Wind"

A Temptation in

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Released thru United Artists

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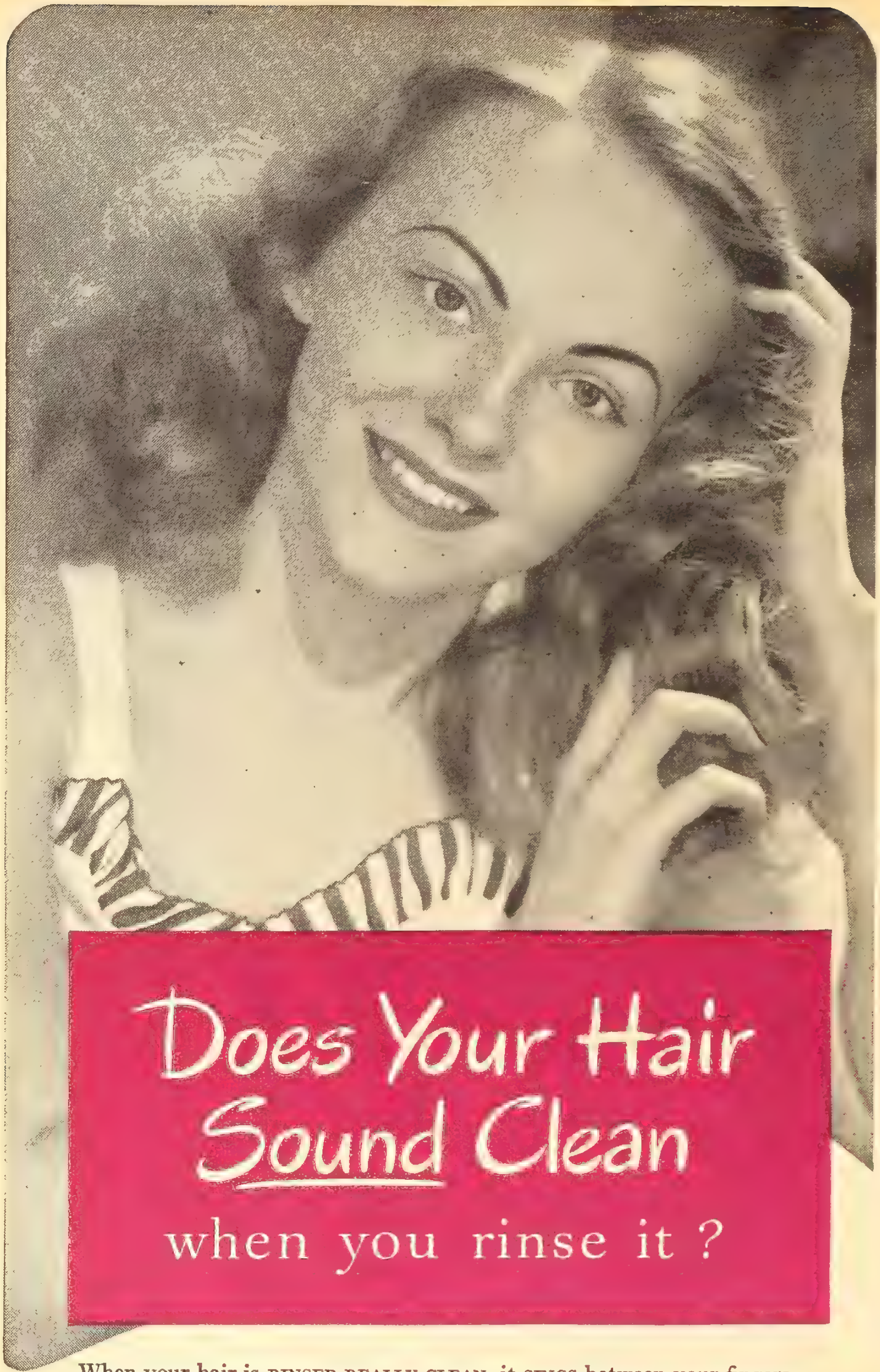
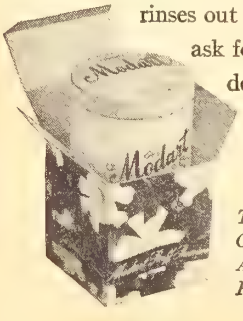

Does Your Hair Sound Clean when you rinse it ?

When your hair is RINSED REALLY CLEAN, it SINGS between your fingers. A clean "squeak," beauty operators call it. Now here at last is an exciting new cream shampoo which is guaranteed* to RINSE OUT CLEAN without special after-rinses.

MODART FLUFF is bland, smooth-acting. It brings back the natural, rightful beauty of your hair—makes it soft, lustrous, easy to manage. MODART contains no soapy ingredients—LEAVES NO FILMY AFTER-FEEL. It makes your hair SING because it rinses out completely clean. Remember, clean hair is beautiful hair . . . so ask for MODART FLUFF SHAMPOO. 75c at most beauty salons, drug or department stores. For hair that women envy and men admire.



Modart Fluff Shampoo

Three fragrances:
Gardenia
Apple Blossom
Pine

*DARING MODART GUARANTEE. Try Modart Fluff Shampoo. If you don't agree that your hair SOUNDS cleaner, FEELS cleaner, LOOKS cleaner, IS cleaner—do this. Go to your favorite beauty shop and have your hair professionally shampooed and set. Send us the receipt, with your empty Modart carton and a brief explanation. We'll pay the bill.

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way to trace the events of that tragic evening when Mavis was found strangled and Kirk was seen leaving her apartment. At last Catharine overhears a conversation in a drugstore that gives her something to work on. It seems that Mavis was once married to a guy named Marty Blair (Dan Duryea), a piano player and an alcoholic. Catharine finds Marty playing in a junky little place where the proprietor locks him in his room when he gets to drinking too much. And that's where her shiny new theory falls apart, because Marty was locked in the night Mavis was killed.

Marty isn't a bad guy, and he is touched by Catharine's wild fear for her husband. He agrees to help her in her search. He *was* in front of Mavis' apartment house earlier that evening and he saw a man going in—a man who wasn't Catharine's husband. This was a little, dark man and Marty thinks he would know him if he saw him again. They have a clue—a telephone number that was found on a book of matches in Mavis' hand. The police, of course, have investigated it. But the police don't know all that Marty knows. He and Catharine eventually track the little dark man to a night club on the Strip in Hollywood. He is Marko (Peter Lorre) who owns it. Carefully, Marty builds up a plan. He and Catharine will get a job there and see what they can find. . . .—*Univ.*

P. S.

Peter Lorre purchased a dog during filming of the picture and the dog bit him on sight, but Lorre liked it, says that proves he's a villain if even dogs dislike him. . . . Broderick Crawford broke his nose the day the picture started, but reported for work anyway. . . . June Vincent was rushed into the part so quickly that studio designers had no opportunity to create clothes for her use. So she realized every woman's dream, was given carte blanche at Saks Fifth Avenue and selected all her clothes. Moreover, she was permitted to keep them. . . . Visitors were kept off the set during certain sequences as the film has one of those surprise endings which are entirely hush-hush. . . . Dan Duryea, in order to play a honky-tonk piano player, mastered all five of the song numbers which are introduced in the picture, so that it never was necessary to use a double's hands. Dan became so interested that he purchased a piano for his home and is continuing his study of the instrument.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

The fastest slapstick comedy to hit the screen in years is "Monsier Beaucaire." Beaucaire (Bob Hope) is barber to His Majesty, Louis XV, and as the picture opens he's a very worried guy. Pretty little Mimi (Joan Caulfield) whom he adores, has been promoted from scullery maid to chambermaid. Ambitious is the word for Mimi, and if Madame Pompadour could do it, why can't she? The King (Reginald Owen) has other things on his mind at the moment. A war threatens with Spain, and to avert it he must send a member of royalty to marry Princess Maria of Spain.

Fortunately, he has someone in mind for the job. The Duc de Chandres (Patric Knowles) is handsome, dashing and one of the best swordsmen in all France. Furthermore, he has been flirting lately with Madame Pompadour (Hilary Brooke). That's a considerable understatement, but the King doesn't know it. He just thinks it's high time the Duc got married, and the farther away the better. While the King is in council with his advisors on this matter, Beaucaire is busily trying on

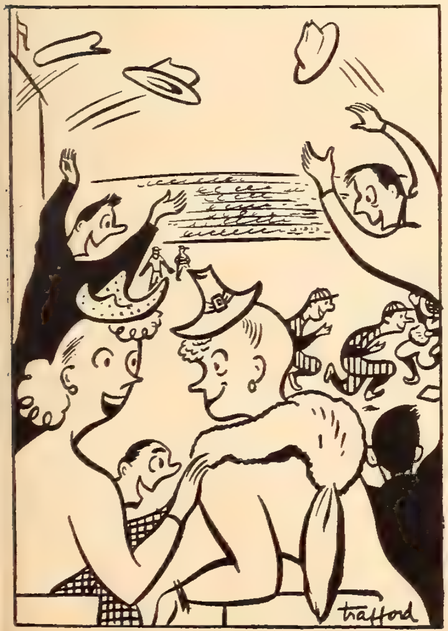
His Majesty's ermine robe and wig and mask, just to see how they would look. Then in comes Mimi, prepared to give her all, or practically, for France. It's too bad the Queen interrupts the romantic scene which follows, especially since she, too, thinks it's Louis who is making love to the chambermaid. As a result, Mimi is ordered to leave the country, and Beaucaire only escapes the guillotine by whisking off to Spain disguised as the Duc de Chandres. The Duc, for reasons of his own, makes the trip disguised as a lackey.

Enroute, they meet a beautiful girl (Marjorie Reynolds) and fight off six ruffians who threaten her life. At least, the Duc fights them off. Beaucaire cheers him on from a cautious distance. They don't know that the girl is actually the Princess Maria, whom the Duc is to marry. He falls madly in love with her, and sends Beaucaire on to impersonate him in Spain while he pursues this elusive beauty. I can't begin to tell you how funny Beaucaire is at the Spanish court, but there's one scene where he uses a lorgnette that threw me right into hysterics.—*Par.*

P. S.

Fred Cavens, technical advisor on dueling scenes for "Beaucaire," and for 26 years fencing instructor for Hollywood's stars, rates Knowles (Patric) with Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone as the screen's top swordsmen. Knowles spent five weeks of 8-hour days practicing for his role. . . . Most elaborate gown designed for the picture was 115 yards of pink tulle made into a costume for Joan Caulfield. Costliest of the gowns was a velvet and ermine wedding gown, weighing 35 pounds, for Marjorie Reynolds. . . . Special tents were created for use of the feminine players, whose six-foot-wide hoop skirts prevented entrance through doors of the studio dressing rooms. . . . For shaving scenes and one scene in which Bob Hope lathers Hillary Brooke, prop men substituted whipped cream for shaving cream. . . . While appearing in the film, Hope maintained his heavy broadcast schedule, played numerous benefits, turned out his daily newspaper column and worked on his third book, "Civilians with Privilege." . . .

MODERN SCREEN



"Then we'll have a shrimp salad with mayonnaise dressing—and a cut of banana layer cake!"

You chased him behind that paper, Cookie

A trace of underarm odor can make any man beat a hasty retreat

BAD ENOUGH to have him bury his head in the newspaper. But it's even worse when his silence says, "Keep your distance, darling!"

What a shame ever to let a fault like underarm odor come between a man and a loving little wife.

So easy, instead, to remember a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Just half a minute to make sure you're sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Creamy, snow-white Mum is harmless to skin and clothes. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Mum is quick, can be used *after* dressing. Get Mum today.

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For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

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FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION—1946-'47 (10c)—Hot off the presses is this new super-duper Info Chart. Crammed with exclusive, advance data on lives, loves, pics, little known facts about all your favorites, PLUS 100 NEW STARS NEVER BEFORE LISTED! Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

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INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see column on page 110 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS—by Jean Kinkead— This teen-agers' beauty bible has been revised and enlarged to include new sections on Body Beautiful, Grooming, Clothes, Jewelry, Accessories, etc. PLUS up-to-date advice on complexion, hairdos, makeup, nails, exercise and diet. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT (5c)—By Dr. Edwin P. Jordan, Assoc. Editor, Journal of the Am. Medical Assn.— Eat your way to a lovelier figure! A recognized physician has prepared—especially for us—a scientific reducing routine that you'll enjoy following. Send 5c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope..... ☐

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CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get"? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer all your vital heart problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR THE FASHION WISE

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WISHING won't bring you stardom . . . not one in a thousand make it. But for you who have ability . . . here is your training by the master talent coach, Ben Bard whose pupils are making pictures today in Hollywood on every major studio lot. Ben Bard's great system, *exactly the same* as he teaches in his studio here, on phonograph records, gives you personal, private instruction at a mere fraction of the cost of group classroom work.

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When you've completed your course, you make a recorded performance of your ability (on a home recorder or at your music store). You send this direct to Mr. Bard for professional analysis and advice, at no extra charge.

NEVER BEFORE COULD YOU GET FINE HOLLYWOOD DRAMATIC TRAINING for so little, and so conveniently. Students come from all over the nation to study with Ben Bard . . . but you can take his lessons when and where you please . . . never miss a day of work or school . . . take each lesson as many times as you like. Twenty-four wonderful lessons on 12 big double-faced recordings for your phonograph . . . every one complete with assignments, instructions, and professional advice prepared personally by Mr. Bard.

Ben Bard taught Jack Carson, Alan Ladd, Turhan Bey, Gig Young, John Archer, Shirley Temple, Linda Sterling, Elena Verdugo, Jane Withers, and others.

YOU CAN'T LOSE—No need to "sign up" for anything; no need to buy the whole course, just pay for what you want. Each record (two complete lessons) costs $5 plus COD and postage. You buy just one at a time . . . first is shipped immediately . . . others at your convenience.

Or you can buy the *entire course* of 24 lessons, at a *substantial saving* for only $50 postpaid!

PARENTS—Mr. Bard sincerely believes you may save hundreds or thousands of dollars, and a heartbreak, too, if you test your child's ability *and interest* by having him start his training at home with this course . . . rather than bring an untrained youngster, however talented, to Hollywood where so many have tried so desperately hard and failed because they lacked professional training.

Make these lessons a *family* activity . . . improve your own speech and poise . . . there's *no age limit* in the theater.

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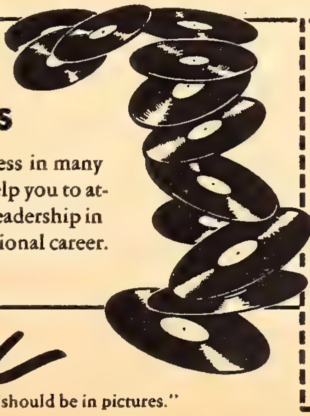
The art of acting leads to success in many fields. Ben Bard training can help you to attain poise, self-assurance, and leadership in your social, business or professional career.



Ben Bard

suggests you show this ad to a friend who "should be in pictures."

SEND NO MONEY . . . Simply fill in and mail

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Send my first record, two complete lessons with free assignments, etc., to:

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I will pay the postman $5 plus COD and postage charges.
Note—The entire course will be sent at once for $50 total, postpaid.
You save $10 and postage—attach check or money order.

Give your hair SUNNY HIGHLIGHTS

Shimmering hair is beautiful hair. It makes your eyes sparkle—your whole complexion brighter . . . radiating loveliness.

Look at your own hair! Nestle Colorinse will add richer color—dancing highlights—softer, silkier sheen. Make it easier to manage.

Choose your own color from the 9 glamorous shades of Nestle Colorinse. Try it after your next shampoo. Then be ready for HIS compliments when he sees how much lovelier Colorinse has made your hair.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢

Nestle HAIRLAC

CO-ED

(Continued from page 10)

important. People just haven't the time to be eyeing you every second to check on whether your complexion is flawless or your skirt half an inch too long. Of course, you'll do your very best by that face and figure they dealt you, but after that, forget your appearance. And remember that everyone is too concerned with how *he's* doing, to ogle you too thoroughly. Next time, instead of jibbering inwardly when you're introduced to somebody, remember that his mind is on the impression he's making. Let him know you think he's strictly Ding How! and you'll be completely at ease yourself in zero minutes. Walking to school, instead of keeping a block behind the other kids and drooling with envy over their wonderful camaraderie. Walk up to them and say, "You all look like so much fun, I couldn't resist catching up with you." They won't be able to resist the subtle flattery, the nice, warm smile you give 'em. The second step in your cure is to remember that most people are nice and are on your side. Hold on to that thought; it'll help you. The third step is to get yourself some armour. Don't be vulnerable to every little snicker, every whisper. There are always bound to be some rude people, and you must learn to ignore them. If you master these three steps and practise them faithfully, in two weeks you'll forget you were ever shy!

It's Stage-fright: You're nerveless as an oyster most of the time, but get you up on a stage and oh brother! Next time you have to face a crowd to make a dramatic club announcement or a speech about conserving food, try telling your audience how scared you are. Say, "If you have trouble hearing me, it's because my heart is in my mouth." It's an old trick, but it'll relax you wonderfully. Have a couple of notes on small cards that fit into the palm of your hand to cue yourself if you get stuck. Speak slowly, forming the words in your head before spieling them. Find your dearest buddy and talk to him or her; it's lots less disconcerting than looking into space or a blur of faces.

It's Man-fright: You're at ease with the gals, scintillating with your mom's chums—but when there's a boy around, you go to pieces. How to explain this annoying phenomenon? Like this. You feel sure of your niche with the girls, don't give two hoots whether you wow mom's league, and consequently you're casual and relaxed. You're so frightfully eager to have the joes like you, that you're taut as a high tension wire when you see one coming. How to be unharassed with them? First, take a long term view. If you don't rock *this* boy, *this* minute, so what? Don't make every encounter with a male a life and death proposition. If you can free yourself of the now-or-never approach, you'll be on the right track. Another thing. Don't wait for him to make all the advances; even the etiquette books say that it's the gal's place to speak first. In a group, contribute something. Instead of sitting there with your heart pounding—speak. Otherwise, how's a guy to know you're a Red Sox fan, a collector of Burl Ives records? How's he to know you like picnics and rainy days and Irish poetry? How's he going to know you're his dream girl? Straighten up and fly right, shy one! You've a mad, mad public waiting.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 10)

read, and supplement that with these suggestions. Go slowly. Don't pounce on the first soul who speaks to you and make her your bosom friend—she may turn out to be a total loss! Size up the various groups carefully and seriously, then cast your sheep eyes in the direction of the one that you think is for you. Once you're secure in a group, branch out. Get to know and like a lot of people. Free lance. Be careful about things like gossiping, scene-stealing, man-thieving. They are the cardinal sins among all gals, but they're unforgivable in a Johnny-come-lately.

Vacation's practically over, and I'm job-hunting without much success. I'm a good typist, can take shorthand accurately and quickly, and yet it's no sale, so far. What do you think I'm doing wrong? J. S., Tulsa, Okla.

There are so many things to watch when you're job-hunting. Most important is to look like a career girl, not a bobby-sox queen. Wear a suit if you have one, a hat and gloves. Leave your fast line of jive at home and speak to your prospective employer in the best English you can summon. Look him or her in the eye when you speak, and don't doodle or peer at the papers on the desk. It's a good idea to whip up a resumé of your experience, be it ever so humble. Give it chronologically, summer by summer, and mention any extra-curricular activities at school, the participation in which might carry some weight.

I'm old enough to drive, but daddy won't let me get a license. How can I convince him that I'm not a jive-driver? T. T., Madison, Wisc.

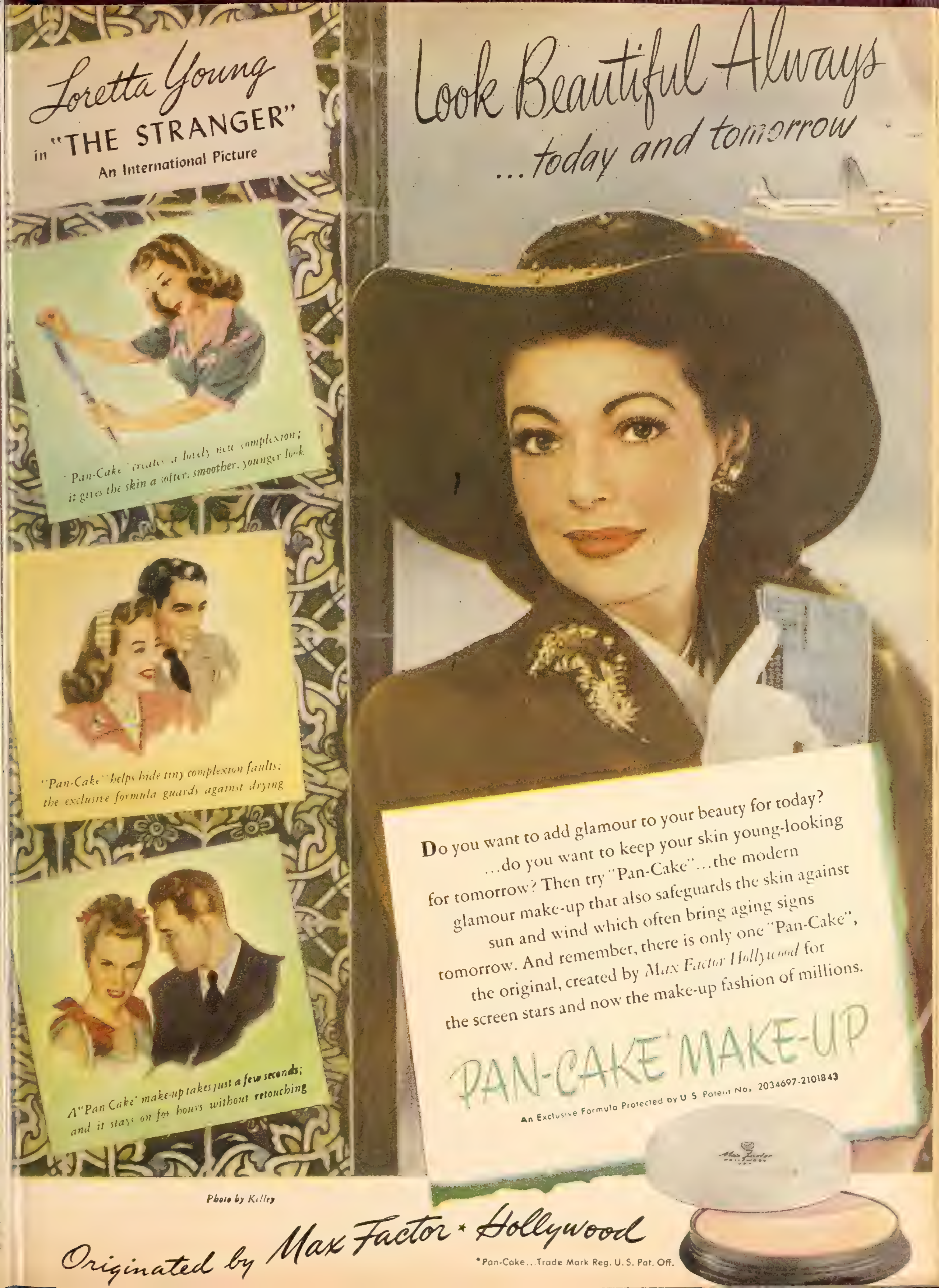
Teen agers have a very poor record at the Department of Motor Vehicles. They cause more accidents than any other age group. And that's all wrong. Their reflexes are quick, their eyes are young, their brains are supposedly clear—and yet that's the story. Tell your dad that you know why he's apprehensive, and indicate to him by your behavior that you're a thoughtful, responsible person. If you can get him to teach you, he'll have a chance to see you in action—and if you're really careful and competent we kind of think he'll let you get your license.

I want to give one bang-up party before we go back to school. Have you some brain children for me? D. V., Winsted, Conn.

Why not stage it outdoors? A picnic by a brook, a barbecue in the backyard, a lawn dance with music via somebody's portable vic. Have really swell food like Southern fried chicken or sublime turkey sandwiches. Pickles, olives, nuts, hard-boiled eggs, whole tomatoes, a gorgeous chocolate cake. Pepsis kept cold in the creek. Keep it very informal, and make yourself responsible for all the food and all the cleaning up.

* * *

Are you having any fun? If there's a cloud in your blue sky, a snag in your life of any kind, come clean. We can help, dearie. No kidding. So write to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*



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...today and tomorrow

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in "THE STRANGER"

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Headed for Romance?

SWEETEST MUSIC EVER when he tells u how lovely you look with this shining p coiffure. "Like to try a short hair-do," ks Carole, "without snipping a single hair?" rst Drene your hair to bring out all its natu- gleam . . . as much as 33 percent more lustre than with any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film as all soaps do. Now center-part hair to nape of neck. Comb long ends on each side into a single curl and pin under bottom wave. Presto! A make-believe short-cut!

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Shining hair jeweled with myriad highlights! Gleaming hair smooth as satin and beautifully behaved! That's Drene-lovely hair. Yes, whatever its color, you reveal all the natural beauty of your hair, all its dazzling sheen . . . when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action. "Your hair is truly your crowning glory," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl Carole Crowther, "if you keep it lustrous-smooth . . . and wear it becomingly." Here, Carole shows you these glamorous hair-dos you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do. Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you completely remove unsightly dandruff. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

▲ **HER DOG A CHAMPION.** Carole beams happily and looks ever so beautiful with this stunning upsweep! "It's a joy to fix your hair," she says, "when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness. Gather all hair to crown and tie securely. Comb back hair into a circular roll and front hair into half a dozen small curls.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

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TO OUR READERS . . .

■ Bragging, says Emily Post, isn't nice. But it's human, isn't it? Maybe you're only peeling a little old potato. And all of a sudden you notice your knife seems sharper and your hand surer. You beam at the finished product, snow-white and symmetrical. You feel like a kitchen Michelangelo. You can't bear to pop the super-spud into the pot until you've gathered an audience and bragged your fool head off.

That's exactly how Henry and I feel about this September issue of MODERN SCREEN. It's our best. And we refuse to shove it out onto the cold, cold newsstands, quietly and modestly.

To begin with, there's the cover. We're tickled to death with cover artist Nick Muray's conception of Van, in bright-face and freckles. But that's not the half of it. For one thing, we've been completely honest with you good readers. Nine chances out of ten, you bought MODERN SCREEN this month because you found that good, grinning Johnson mug irresistible. Van was your boy, and when you looked inside, you found we hadn't let you down.

There were the full-color pages (30-33) and the warm, human impressions of him all gathered up under the title: "What They Say About Van Johnson . . . " On these pages, all the people who know Van best had their say.

A cover needs to be more than just an eye-catcher. It should be a promise—one that your editors don't break lightly. What I'm saying is partly policy and partly a good resolution. For that reason, I think you'd better watch us out of the corner of your eye, and if you find us slipping, I'll gladly let you tar and feather Henry.

Meanwhile, I'm so pleased with the way things turned out in this September issue that I think I'll ask him for his autograph!

Al Delacorte

(above) Makeup man Stanley Campbell still has a tough time trying to hide Van's forehead scars. "But with a puss like mine," Van grins, "what miracles *can* you expect?"

(below) Out of the hospital after a minor operation, Van's fiddle fit; still stagging with Pete Lawford, still a bit piqued by Sonja Henie's not inquiring after him in the hospital.

what they say about Van Johnson

His co-workers:

"We've worked with 'em all, from Garbo on up and down—and for our dough, Van is absolutely tops!"

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ Jack Conway, M-G-M's veteran director, came back to work after three years' sick leave to shoot "High Barbaree." He'd been away from Hollywood and out of touch. He left casting details to the studio, but when he arrived on the lot he asked, "What stars have I got for this picture?"

They told him, "Van Johnson and June Allyson."

Jack looked blank. "Who," he asked, "are *they?*"

He wasn't kidding; Jack didn't know. June and Van had become big stars in his absence. But when the story got around to Van, he had an idea. The Harvard Lampoon, which adores to take cracks at Hollywood's gods, had just voted Van Johnson "the worst actor in Hollywood" and they'd also tagged June "worst actress." They ran a spread with their pictures and all of the ghastly reasons why Van and June deserved the dunce caps in drama.

The first morning Jack (*Continued on page 117*)

* * *

His friends:

"That guy! Been a star for three years and he still doesn't know what bit him—the lovable, wonderful goof!"

BY JACK WADE

■ Last winter, coming back to Hollywood from New York, Van Johnson had a couple of hours wait between trains in Chicago. Restless Van had a bright idea. He told the M-G-M press agent, who was traveling along, "Let's go shopping. I've always wanted to shop at Marshall Field's."

The horrified p.a. almost shook his head off.

"No, *NO!*" he vetoed. "They'll mob you. You'll never get back to the train!"

Van laughed, the fresh, chuckly kid's laugh he has. "Who?" he asked innocently. "Why, I don't know a soul in Chicago!"

Van dragged the protesting studio guy along up to the Loop. At Marshall Field's they ran smack into a line of frantic females—four thousand strong—lined up for nylons. The girls saw Van and forgot the nylons. He fled behind the locked door of the manager's office with all (*Continued on page 115*)

what they

A famous writer says: "The strange fate of Van Johnson! If he hadn't gone to the circus that night—and if that chorus boy hadn't been sick . . ."

by Don Eddy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lucky us! Don Eddy, writer for "Reader's Digest" and "This Week," winner of a government citation for his wartime work, lives on the West Coast, got this Johnson story especially for us!*

■ At 8:19 on the evening of March 31, 1943, a black cat darted across National Boulevard in Culver City, California, just ahead of a small convertible coupe driven by a husky, red-haired young movie aspirant named Van Johnson. With him were Evie and Keenan Wynn.

As the cat streaked through the light, Johnson jammed on the brakes. Evie Wynn drawled teasingly: "Afraid of bad luck?" Johnson, half ashamed, muttered: "Yeah, I don't like 'em." He drove on.

Four minutes later, at 8:23, two automobiles collided with murderous force at Clarington Street and Venice Boulevard. Out of the flying wreckage of one, the small convertible, hurtled three human forms. The Wynns were staggering to their feet when the first witness ran up. Johnson lay moaning in the gutter, his scalp peeled down over his eyes, a jagged steel rod protruding from his skull.

When they got him to a hospital he appeared to be dying. Somebody told a nurse he was an actor. Wiping the blood from what remained of his face, she remarked compassionately: "Poor kid! He'll never act again, I'm afraid."

On his pallet, Johnson's limp form stirred slowly, determinedly. His muscles tautened. His mouth twitched. And he said clearly and awfully:

"You can't kill a red-headed Swede!"

Well, of course, he didn't die. Doctors predicted he would be hospitalized at least a year. But in four months, fully recovered, he was (*Continued on page 106*)

say about Van Johnson

May I have a word, madame? Liz Scott was so nervous over her first Lux air show stint that Van started a ribbing routine to relax her, nearly gagged up the script in his fervor.

Ray Bolger couldn't resist a slight sniff at Van's CBS emotings, but Jeri Sullavan went bobby socker for the occasion. A h.s. ball team recently dyed its hair red—"Maybe now *we'll* get swooned at!" they pouted.

Though that Keenan Wynns rift is all patched up, Van still "dates" Lucille Ball and hubby Desi Arnaz, says of all his gals, June Havoc is the only one who gives him "a sense of security."

That expanding waistline has Metro worried, so he's going in for push ups and aways—mostly from the dinner table! Could be this roughhousing with June Haver falls under his physical fitness program—could be . . .

he Never left home

Lon and Ann Blyth loved L. A.'s arty Olvera St. Lon collects prints like mad, found many artists living in town, but was too shy to call!

nn's colorful Mexican "chaqueta" made Lon clothes conscious. He's afraid fans ill think his turtleneck sweater "looks like an actor!" GI khaki's made him hudder at anything greenish-brown. Note pet black and white checked jacket!

Some sombrero," Lon wolf-whistled. Lon (in "No Trespassing") likes Ann, who's "a longhair, but a *sharp* longhair." His "lovely way to spend an eve-ing" is with what he missed most in service: A fireplace and record collection.

Power, Gable, Stewart . . . all the big guys were home now. He never dreamt the fans would remember Lon McCallister.

by Abigail Putnam

■ Lon sat in the bus from the airport and stared at his GI shoes. He'd be getting rid of them any minute now, and he'd be a civilian again and it would be wonderful. Sure it would, so how come he couldn't shake off this depression which perched like a raven on his shoulder and croaked "Nevermore!" at regular intervals?

"Okay," he said, addressing the raven inaudibly but firmly, "suppose nobody wants me in pictures. That wouldn't be the end of the world, would it? I could go back to college and get myself a fine and fancy education under the GI Bill of Rights, couldn't I?"

"Oh, great!" sneered the raven, scratching its tail with one talon. "And how about money for your family while you're being the Great Scholar? How about that, hey?"

"I could wait on tables and things."

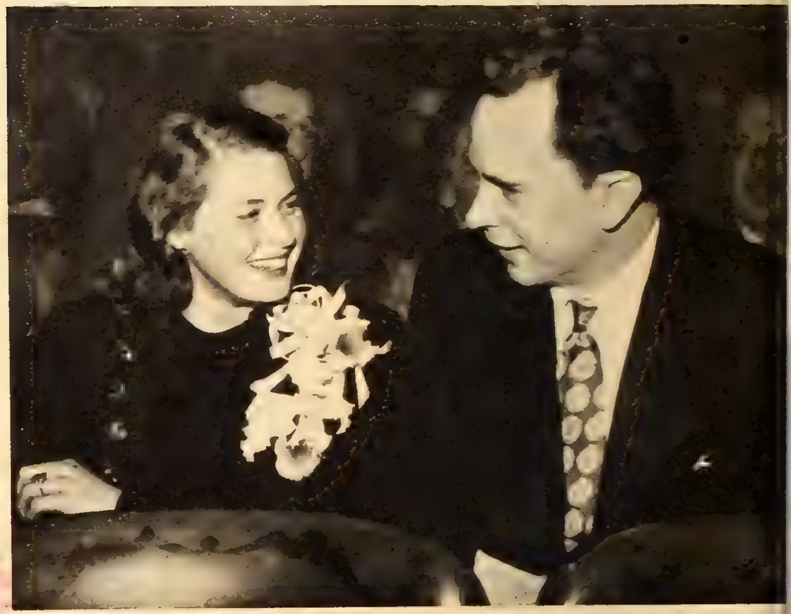
"For peanuts. Better make 'em take you back in pictures, son. If you *can!*" The raven cackled noisy appreciation of his own wit.

Lon settled farther into his seat and turned his coat collar up around his neck. He'd been thinking about this problem all the way home, but he didn't seem any nearer to solving it. Look, all the really *big* guys were back from the war now. Tyrone Power and Clark Gable and John Payne and Bob Montgomery, guys like that. A kid named McCallister who'd happened to click in a picture or two while those stars were away would be lost in the shuffle now, way down at the bottom of the deck. He was resigned to that. He wouldn't, he decided suddenly, even let the studio know he was back. He didn't want them trying to (*Continued on page 133*)

A famed critic explains how a great actress can remain a simple woman—warm and honest, yet passionately jealous for her private life.

By JOHN CHAPMAN

The recent Academy Award dinner marked one of Dr. and Mrs. Lindstrom's rare "evenings on the town." Usually an ultra-conservative dresser, Ingrid (in "Notorious") startled N. Y. during her last visit by erupting in lush ermine and sables.



Maybe they think it's funny now, but wait till Ingrid and Charles Boyer start those reducing diets for "Arch of Triumph!" Ingrid, who will receive half the pic profits, will shed 20 lbs. for her role as the starved heroine, then gradually regain them.

THE LEGEND OF INGRID BERGMAN

"Triumph" marks her screen debut in a bathing suit, will show off her new short bob that received national press coverage. Ingrid's interests are "covering the world" what with the new producing company she formed and the B'way play she'll do this fall.

■ You couldn't throw a watercress sandwich or a wadded-up newspaper clipping in Hollywood without hitting a movie actor who wants to come to Broadway and "do" a play.

But only a few get serious attention from the theater. And of these, even fewer get top-flight service from top-flight playwrights.

For this coming season a Grade AA-1 screen actress, Ingrid Bergman, has been given the honor of having a play written for her by a Grade AA-1 stage author, Maxwell Anderson. The title is "A Girl from Lorraine" and it is about Joan of Arc; its opening in November should be a happy circumstance.

The chief reason Ingrid Bergman wants a vacation from the screen is that she has wanted to portray Joan of Arc ever since she was a schoolgirl in Sweden and learned about the Maid of Orleans in the history class. Pursuing my duties as a drama reporter I recently asked Miss Bergman the cause of her uncommon interest in St. Joan. Part of her answer was to be expected: She, being an actress, naturally wouldn't mind portraying one of the great women of history. Even Mae West succumbed to an unhappy urge to impersonate Catherine the Great.

But part of Miss Bergman's answer was not expected and is an illuminating indication of her approach to her work and of the way she looks at herself. "I always wanted to do Joan," she said, "because Joan was a peasant (*Continued on page 97*)

MADE IN HEAVEN

MARRIAGE, AS SHIRLEY
TEMPLE AND JOHN AGAR SEE
IT, IS SOMETHING MADE
IN HEAVEN, BUT LIVED ON EARTH—AND THEY WANT TO DO
A LOT OF LIVIN'
WHILE THEY'RE HERE!

By Nancy Winslow Squire

■ "I don't like tough babes," Jack bellowed.

Shirley's head turned lazily on her shoulder. From under sultry lids she tossed him one of those Barbara Stanwyck come-hithers. "Maybe," she drawled, "I ain't as tough as I look, bud—"

For a moment her husband's face worked strangely. Then he collapsed, howling, into the nearest chair.

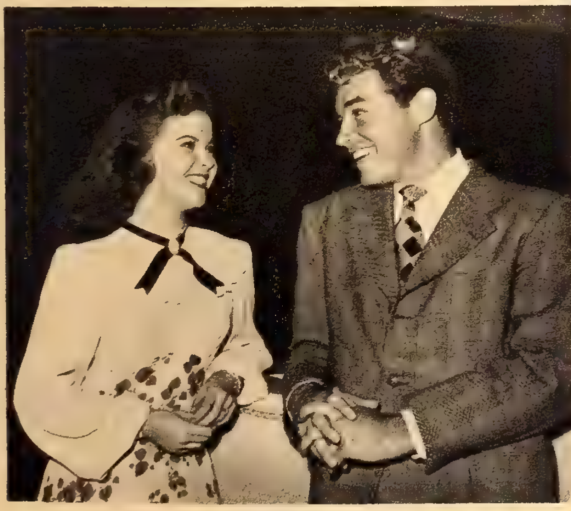
Shirley planted her fists on her hips, all Temple now, and tried to iron out the dimples. "By any chance, Mr. Agar, are you hinting that I'm not the type?"

"No, it's rude to hint," said Jack, mopping his eyes. "But next time I'll try it with a blindfold—"

They'd been doing a scene from "Bahama Passage." Shirley loves it when Jack asks her to go over a script with him. Most of the test scripts they give him at the studio have sirenish parts for the girl. "The kind I've never had a chance to do yet," Mrs. Agar explains unnecessarily, "so it could be I overplay them a little—" But the real fun, of course, is doing them with Jack.

She never suggests it herself, though. On principle, she waits to be asked. Wise beyond *(Continued on page 103)*

At the Troc, hubby John Agar took a last fling at the working side of a camera before going into his first pic—where he *won't* co-star with his wife! Shirley insists she isn't sore at brother George for becoming a pro wrestler.



On location in Mexico for "Honeymoon," Shirl had to be yanked out of a clinch with Guy Madison to have two teeth pulled. Reaching 18, she came into a million dollar trust fund.

Like their dreams, their home soars sky high—no
wonder Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman
have stars in their eyes!

By FREDDA DUDLEY

high on a windy hill

It's not the type hat to wear on safari, but husband Paul Brinkman likes it anyway. His and Jeanne's favorite dream is planning an African trip with Paul hunting big game and Jeanne prudently taking photos.

Jeanne's a busy bride, rushes from "Centennial Summer" set to cook's tour at home. When Paul complimented her on delicious biscuits (which she'd bought already made), she said honestly, "Well, I *heated* them myself."

■ The architect calls it a blueprint. Jeanne and Paul Brinkman call it home. With a little tender imagination you'll realize that there's no place like this blueprint! The future Brinkman dream cottage is perched high on one of those windy hills that lovers favor—so high that even the eagles have to scramble up on their hands and knees.

The signature on the blueprint is Walter Wurdeman's. We mention the name because Walter is Jerome Courtland's step-father, which makes him an old friend. Also because the house he's designed for Jeanne and Paul is sheer poetry, and if you and your guy ever plan settling down on a windy hill, you'll want Wurdeman!

Here, roughly speaking, is how Dream Cottage will shape up.

The exterior is to be redwood, field stone, and vast areas of glass. The redwood is to be painted with flat white, which will be rubbed off, giving the wood a creamy look. In its natural state redwood turns black with time, so Jeanne wanted some precaution taken against that sort of weathering. The front of the house will face the distant valley, so rooms facing south will have one entire glass wall protected by a vast overhang of eaves. There will be three fireplaces, one in the living room, one in the master bedroom, and a double-faced fireplace with one chimney, fitted with a barbecue and electric spit in the kitchen, and the opposite side similarly equipped, opening onto the patio.

With luck, Jeanne and Paul will spend their first wedding anniversary in their new home. Meanwhile, they are living in an apartment in Santa Monica.

Before Jeanne and Paul were married, well-meaning friends warned both of them that there would be adjustments to be made. Jeanne found the first at her very fingertips.

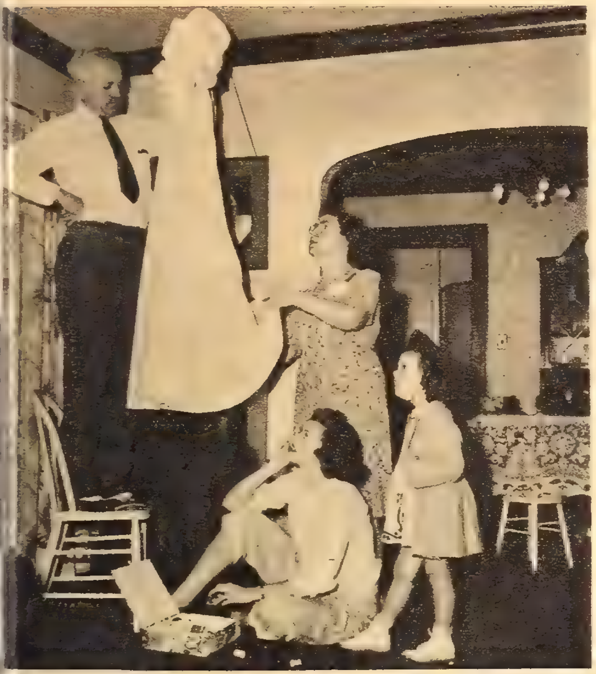
She has never made a picture in which she could wear nail (*Continued on page 127*)

Something old—their love; something new—her ring. And something wonderful—being Mrs. Bill Williams.

by Jane Wilkie

Bill Williams yawned at that last tuck that Barbara and her mother fussed over. Bored, he found Mr. Hale's old cornet in the attic, huffed and puffed away!

Something borrowed something blue...



Barb's 4-year-old cousin Linda oohed and aahed at the wedding gown, got B.'s promise that *she'd* wear it one day! Mr. Hale was a reluctant model.

■ It was the night of June 22nd in Chicago. The Empire Room was filled with the dim buzz of polite conversation by candlelight. To the boy and girl who had just entered, it was the most beautiful room in the world. But then, any place they might have been just then would have looked pretty special to them.

"The table for Mr. Williams," Bill said.

The headwaiter checked his list, motioned the blond boy and the brown-haired girl to follow him.

Barbara nudged her new husband. "That's *Mrs.* Williams' table, too, bub."

Bill grinned down at her. "You're so fresh," he said.

"Now that I've hooked you," she said, "you'll find a lot of changes in me. I'm going to beat you over the head every morning."

"Stop being an actress," Bill told her. He seated her at their table, slid into his own chair, whipped out a handkerchief and blotted his brow. Here he was, all married to his favorite character. It had happened—let's see. He looked at his watch.

"It's been six-and-a-half hours," Barbara informed him.

They will never understand *(Continued on page 100)*

Pop Hale was exhausted after dress rehearsal, kept dozing off during lunch. Mrs. Hale was the only one who admitted she was nervous, said, "I don't know if I'm afoot or on horseback!"

Luncheon was held at the "Wagon Wheel," in Rockton, Ill. Barb (now in "Lady Luck") and Bill ("Till The End Of Time") feel their careers will be an asset to marriage, with interests in common.

A far cry from his Carnegie Hall days! Larry (on the "Jolson Story" set with Director Al Green) used to call "This way, please!" for $6.50 a week. A natural promoter, he made more during "big" nights when patrons tipped for choice seats.

Nobody thinks Larry's better at imitating Al Jolson than Al himself. Not long ago Larry made a living by painting names on the backs of midget turtles in N.Y.!

Larry had a year's experience playing stock around Massachusetts when he tried to crack New York, feeling like a budding Barrymore. But his folks didn't agree, refused to send him money, begged him to come back home to Illinois—to no avail!

watch larry parks!

HE'D HAD JUST A SNIFF OF GREASEPAINT AND A TASTE OF STAGE LIFE, BUT AFTER THAT, ANY OTHER JOB WAS JUST A DETOUR TO THIS GUY.

by hedda hopper

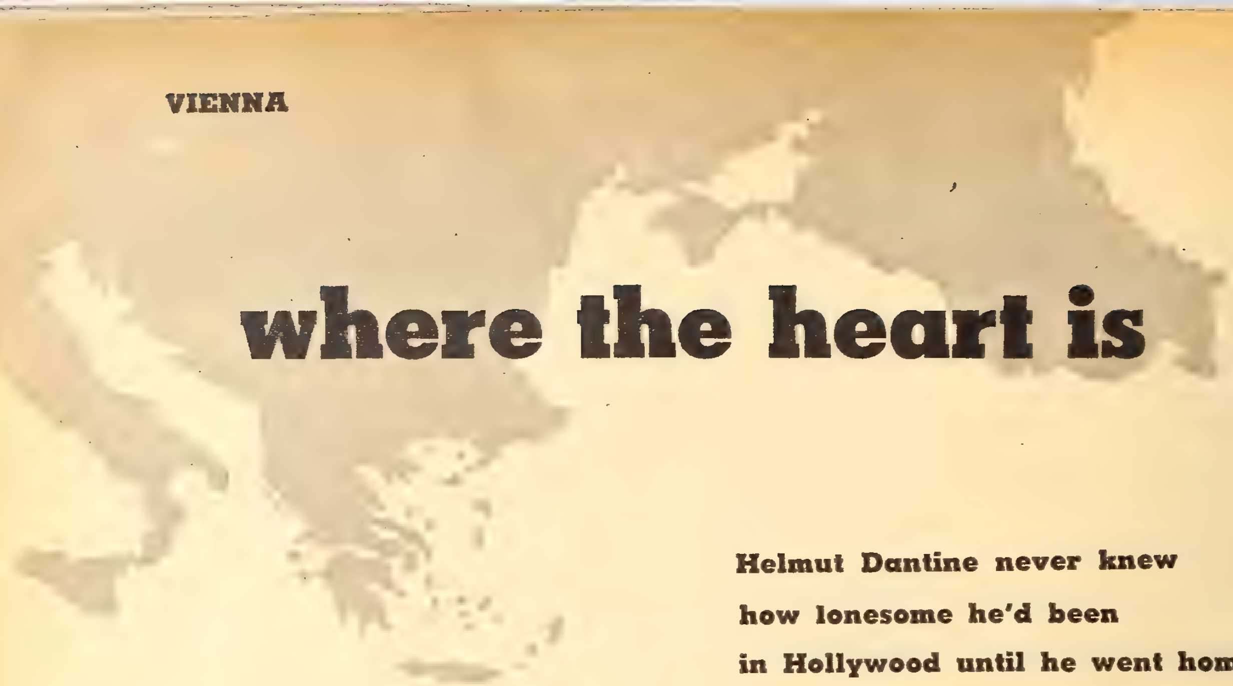
■ It took a tip from an old pal of mine to set me hot on the starry trail of Larry Parks.

His name's Al Jolson—maybe you've heard of him. Just the greatest singing star Broadway and Hollywood have ever known, that's Al! He didn't know he was practically buckling a gold Gruen wrist watch on Larry's wrist and electing him to that select circle of MODERN SCREEN's stars-to-be when he said, "Hedda, I'm not Ted Lewis—but I can pick 'em, too. If you'll look over there you'll see a kid who's got what it takes!"

I looked. I saw Larry Parks. Heaven knows, I had no idea *what* I saw. He was in blackface, busy acting out one of Al Jolson's smashiest hit songs, "April Showers." This was months ago at Columbia, on the set of "The Jolson Story," the musical movie record of Al's long, sparkling career. Al himself was just kibitzing on the set, but I noticed he didn't take his big, round eyes off Larry for a second. This Parks (*Continued on page 94*)

Fair is fair! A hug for Hedda and a watch for Larry, as Hat-Happy Hopper gives this month's Gruen Watch Award to new star Larry Parks.

VIENNA



where the heart is

Helmut Dantine never knew how lonesome he'd been in Hollywood until he went home to Vienna and saw his mother cry.

By Kaaren Pieck

■ There were reunions going on all around the airport, and the nice-looking boy in the uniform of an American correspondent stood quietly, containing his excitement, searching the faces of the people. "They will come," he told himself. "They will surely come." Then the crowd around the plane dissipated, and he picked up his bag and started walking. Slowly, still looking, not believing that they would not come.

"Helmut!" There was a shout behind him, and he wheeled around, his heart leaping. It was an American soldier, out of breath, grinning from ear to ear. "Helmut Dantine—welcome home!" Helmut dropped his bag, stuck out his hand.

"Ernst, it's you, boy." They stood still a minute, looking at each other. The slim, dark-haired boy who had been a leader of the anti-Nazi youth movement in Austria, the 27-year-old lad who'd been imprisoned and had escaped, who had come to America and stayed to become a Hollywood light; and his friend, Ernst Hausserman, who had likewise fled prison and found refuge in America, who had joined our American army and was now stationed in Austria with the occupation troops. They looked at each other across eight long, lonely years, and

(*Continued on page 123*)

After eight years apart the Dantine family was reunited in Vienna when Helmut flew in as an American war correspondent. His all-star uniform was whipped together from George Brent's jacket, Errol Flynn's shirt, and Raymond Massey's trousers!

Helmut spent hours with old friend Geraldine Katt in Vienna, but his dates on both sides of the Atlantic are said to be "time-killers." It seems there's a certain young lady in Paris—but H. won't talk!

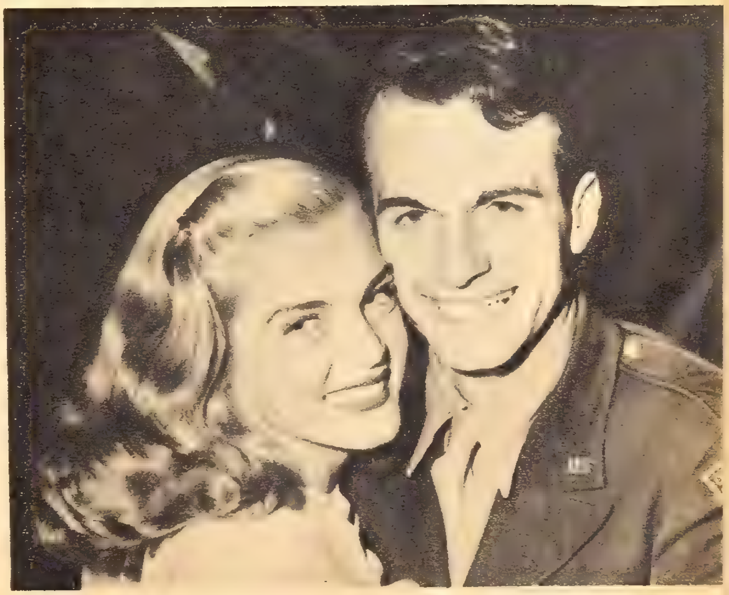
They had to cross an ocean twice to meet, but Helmut finally met this former schoolmate, recently returned from a P.W. camp in America, who said, "Behind barbed wires, I learned what freedom meant."

der Hofburg
BURGTHEATER
LIEBELEI
WEIHNACHTSEINKÄUFE
iener
Herren
theater
GS 14 UHR
ELPETER

Helmut's still stagestruck, even if he has parted with Warner Bros. at this writing. Vienna's famous Burgtheater, one of the few buildings left intact, attracted Dantine, who took his parents to their first show in years.

Willy Forst, Austria's "Bing Crosby," alternates between acting and directing, enjoyed comparing American and Austrian movie techniques with Helmut, who's now starring in "Shadow Of A Woman."

An ice skating operetta was the first postwar film to be made in Vienna, at the U.S.-operated Sievering Studios. Helmut wandered onto the set, chatted with star Marte Harrell, admitted he was lonesome for the camera's grind.



After leaving barren Europe and arriving home, Helmut took Lizabeth Scott to the lush Stork Club before Lizabeth's trip to England for the premiere of her new pic, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers."

GUY MADISON LIFE STORY

HE WAS A TOUGH GUY ON THE FARM, BUT HE SQUIRMED AT LOVE SCENES IN THE MOVIES

(PART I)

The biggest event of the year was the San Joaquin Valley gymnastic meet held each May. Guy coached with "Chris" Christensen, kept his team's record high, made his first "public appearance" in tumbling routines

Even at eight, Guy Madison (Bob Mosely then) loved the outdoors best. Never in the house except for eatin' 'n' sleepin' he'd spend hours hunting, fishing and swimming.

None of the local "Future Farmers of America" was prouder than Guy (here at 15) when his steer came in first at a County Fair. He could've sold out for $300, but held out for the National Livestock Show—and lost!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Guy likes small parties with people he knows well, has fun with (left to right) Gail Russell (his Number One girl), Diana Lynn, and Loren Tindall. On the set once, he burst into laughter because "Here I am acting—and I don't know a thing about it!"

Henry Willson, now engaged to Diana Lynn, discovered and named Guy Madison, who's appearing in "Till The End Of Time" and "Honeymoon."

■ The winter rains soaked the thirsty San Joaquin Valley in a steady downpour on the night of January 19, 1922. From the Sierra Nevada, the Kern River spilled roaring from its gorge to flood a twisting ribbon through the rich farm lands around Bakersfield, California. And on the outskirts of the city, at the crossroads hamlet of Panama, Rancher Benjamin Mosely buttoned on his slicker and splashed across the muddy fields to a neighbor's telephone. He cranked the rural operator and asked for Doctor Joe Smith, in town.

"Doctor's not home," he was told. "He's at a dinner party. But he left a number to call."

Ben Mosely cranked again, this time urgently. Back in the tiny farmhouse on the big ranch where he worked, the baby his wife expected was in a hurry to be born. Ben and his pretty wife, Mary Jane, had two children already and philosophically, Ben considered, as he splashed back to where the lamps sputtered in the lonesome night, that every parcel of life was different, individual, mysterious. Living close to the soil all of his life, he knew nature never repeated herself. Why should this baby act differently than his other kids, arrive early, cause all this fuss? He shrugged. The ways of the Lord were strange; every snowflake made a different pattern.

It was a good hour before Doctor Joe Smith could splash

GUY MADISON LIFE STORY

The dance director really put Guy and Jean Porter through their paces for a jitterbug routine. A very thorough student, Guy then learned the rhumba, samba, waltz and foxtrot, not from one teacher, but from four specialists!

"We're going steady," says Guy about Gail. "But she can go with others and so can I," he adds. Only, for some reason or other, they don't want to . . .

Maybe it's no way to play ping pong, but Guy's fan club prexy, Gwen Littlefield, didn't complain, was thrilled at date with her Guy, sighed, "Can he eat!"

through the muddy roads to Panama, out to the cattle ranch where Ben Mosely rode. He wasn't a minute too soon. There wasn't time, in fact, for him to slip out of the stiff bosomed shirt and starched collar, to yank off the tight, black tailcoat. Doc Smith was in evening clothes. That's how he went to work. Pretty soon he was able to announce:

"Got a fine new son, Ben—about eight pounds, well formed and sound. Mother and child are all right now." He slipped on the tailcoat wearily and straightened his white tie in the kitchen mirror. Then he grinned. "You know," he said, "you ought to give that baby a special name, Ben. He's a right special baby. First one, I can tell you, I ever delivered in dress clothes!"

Doctor Smith would never pose as a prophet, but in the case of this special baby he was right. The boy grew up with no special name, just plain Robert Mosely, "Lebbert" to his kid sister, Rosemary, "Bobby Robert" to his mother, "Bob" to his dad, "Dobbins" to his baby brothers, and later "R.O." and "Mose" to his pals. But he got a special name at last when something special happened to him and turned him into a Hollywood movie star named Guy Madison. (*Continued on page 87*)

■ There's an act in Hollywood called "Minnelli, Garland and Minnelli." Or maybe "The Three Minnellis," it doesn't matter. They're not fussy about billing.

It opens with Liza in the crook of her father's arm. Judy kneels in front of them, Liza grabs a finger of each, Judy and Vincent break into a number that goes heavy on the line—"*Hay-lo, Liza, hay-lo*—" Liza watches her mother intently till the big finale when, on the last "hay-*lo*," two fingers lift the small fists high in the air.

This brings a throaty chuckle from Miss Minnelli. The first time it happened, Judy was rocked to her heels. "She LAUGHED!!!"

"Laughed?!" Vincent eyed his daughter respectfully. "That was no laugh, that was a barrelhouse yak!"

From the nose down she's Garland, from the eyes up Minnelli, and from all indications, she's a man's woman. When Ira Gershwin, who wrote "Liza," sang it for her one day, she ogled him in appreciation. But her favors aren't confined to songwriters. To hear her father tell it, she ogles every man she meets, lights up at masculine voices, hangs on to masculine fingers—while remaining supremely indifferent to all women but her mother and nurse.

Judy had been warned well in advance about nurses. Vincent thinks she was over-warned. He'd hear people tell her—"They won't even let you *see* the

"hay-lo, liza, hay-lo!"

IT'S JUST AN OLD SONG WITH A VAUDEVILLE TWIST THAT JUDY AND VIN GAG UP. BUT THEIR HEARTS KEEP CROONING, "WELCOME, DAUGHTER, WELCOME." • BY IDA ZEITLIN

Though mom had bought a twin layette, 5-month-old Liza, at birth, was a saucer-eyed beauty of 7 lbs. Judy's nixing any more hair color changes, will remain a brunette after having been a red, blond and "pink" head!

Ill after the birth of her baby, Judy's weight is now *up* to 89 pounds! Hubby-director Vincent Minnelli is siding with doctors who insist that she take a year's rest from movie-making. See her in "Till The Clouds Roll By."

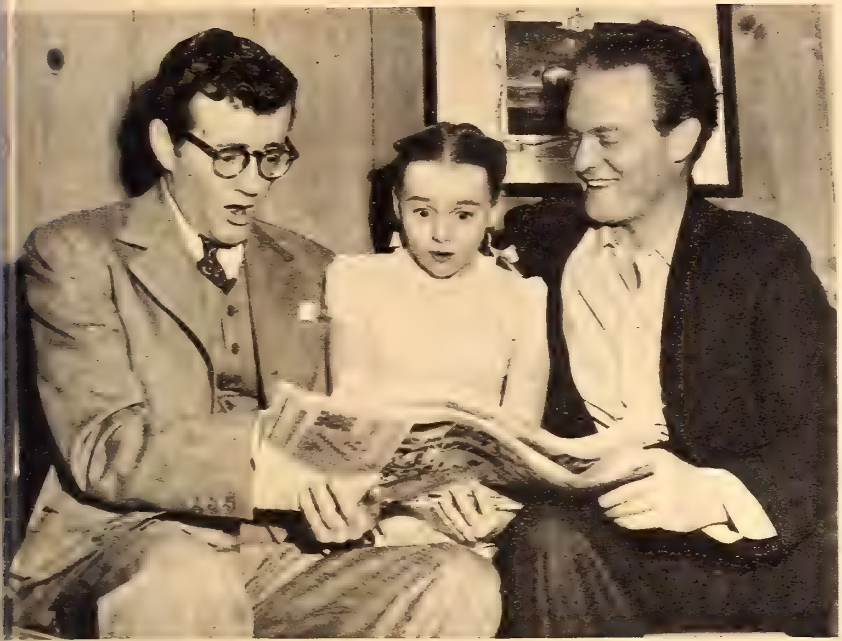
baby—" and her back would stiffen. Or: "Once they get hold of the baby, it belongs to *them*—" and her hair would rise on end.

So at first she was pretty wary about Miss Cameron who, like all good nurses, kept the baby on a strict routine.

"I've got nothing to go by," she'd tell Vincent darkly. "I don't know whether to feel abused or not."

Then one night he came home and found her all (*Continued on page 60*)

kid brother



According to Bob and Van Heflin, (on the "Till The Clouds Roll By" set), they only read the funnies because Joanie Wells insists, but that's a joke, son—the boys are *cra-azy* for comics. Bob's off to England soon, to be Robert Donat's house guest.

All kid brothers were pests,
the Walker boys decided grimly.
But that Bob! He was a downright menace!

By JEAN KINKEAD

Walt Walker loved Jean Kinkead's smooth interviewing, says after almost 4 years in service, he does *not* feel guilty about sleeping in brother Bob's bed—while Bob snoozes on the sofa.

■ Walt Walker was reading the letter postmarked Ogden, Utah, out loud, and his brother was hanging on to every word.

"You mean Bob's coming here?" His gesture took in their comfortable bachelor apartment, symbolic of their nice, well-ordered lives.

"Well—to New York," Walt told him. "And we can't let him go to the Y.M.C.A."

"Okay," said Dick, who was two years Bob's senior and a bit on the cynical side. "Only what do you bet he installs a tight-rope and a lion's cage?" It was 1937 and Robert Walker was fresh out of San Diego Military Academy, Broadway-bound and primed to set the world on fire.

"Look," Walt said, tolerant and mellow at 28. "He's reformed. It says here."

"That," Dick said, "I want to see."

They sat down then, lit a couple of cigarettes, and began to reminisce.

Their brother Bob's birth, they remembered, was somewhat eclipsed by the Salt Lake City fire, both of which occurred on the same night. When—next morning—their dad told his three sons that they had a new brother, they were unimpressed. Having sat up watching flames and fire engines well into the night, they were three pretty weary, pretty blasé characters. If it had been a sister, now—but a brother? Brothers they had. Robert Hudson Walker took *(Continued on page 111)*

One man's Family

You have to be married quite a while to laugh at forgotten anniversaries . . .

by Mrs. Dennis Morgan

as told to

Cynthia Miller

Jimmy's the baby, but Stanley Jr. and Kristin get just as excited about the Sunday funnies. Then Dennis has to read 'em aloud—and with expression!—at least three times. Pop fights to see Superman, but K. prefers Prince Val.

■ Last September, Stan and I had a wedding anniversary. Incidentally, for "Stan" you'll have to read "Dennis." I've at last grown used to being addressed as Mrs. Morgan, but the boy I knew as Stan Morner in our high school days—I'll never be able to call him anything but Stan.

To begin again, we had a wedding anniversary. Nothing unusual in itself, since we've had one every September for the last twelve years. But I'll have to admit there was something different about this one.

My sister came over the next day. "Look," she said, "I don't want to put my foot into anything, but is it possible you don't *know* what yesterday was?"

Pop's a sportsman, gives Stan Jr. advice on planes and other important matters. Dennis, whose church choir will give a recital on location in Arizona, plugs home state in "Two Guys From Milwaukee."

"Wednesday, wasn't it?" I asked rather absently, being busy with something or other. "No special day—"

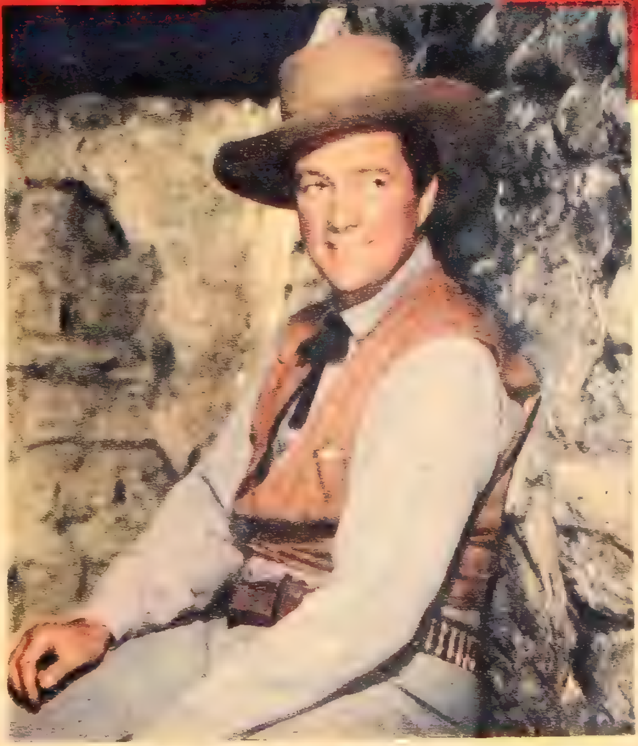
This was too much for Sister, who's going to be married herself pretty soon. "Wouldn't you call your wedding anniversary any special day?"

For a second I gaped—then I sat down and howled. The thought of Stan and me going blissfully through the day, completely unaware of our anniversary, tickled my funnybone . . .

"Don't you even *mind*?" asked my sister.

"Not a bit," I told her. "This is one we'll never forget *because* we forgot it—"

Of course I can well remember the time when it wouldn't *(Continued on page 120)*



Happy *daze*, what with Mrs. M. buying the *fourth* bassinet, and Dennis signing a brand new contract at $125,000 a pic for three pix a year. His fan mail tops all others at studio.

"YOU WORK HARD ALL WEEK," SAYS BETTY

TO HARRY. "SO SATURDAY WE'LL REST. BUT FIRST I OUGHTTA BUY

A HAT, AND I DO WANNA SEE THE RACES, AND VICKIE NEEDS A BATH . . ."

by Howard Sharpe

SATURDAY OFF

■ It was 6:30 in the morning, a midsummer Saturday that promised heat later, although now the last traces of fog curled up Coldwater Canyon, chased by an ocean breeze that rippled the eucalyptus trees like feather plumes and made small ruffles on the surface of the James' swimming pool. Inside the sprawling, cool house, Harry himself, in a pair of swimming trunks and with a terry cloth robe flung over his shoulders, stood at the kitchen sink industriously squeezing orange juice.

When he had a full glass he put it on a tray, went to the stove and inspected the coffee, found it ready, and poured a cup. He put this on the tray too, along with a package of cigarettes, freshly opened, and a folder of matches stamped "Betty and Harry."

In the hall he paused, came back, put down the tray, found a pad and pencil, scribbled "Good morning, darling" on it, propped it beside the glass and once again set forth. He had left the door of the master bedroom upstairs slightly ajar and now he pushed it open with his foot, his brain simultaneously registering getting-up noises from the nursery next door and the fact that his wife had kicked off all the covers and was sprawled face down in the exact center of the bed, one *(Continued on page 130)*

A day off is usually a day at the races for Betty Grable and Harry ("If I Am Lucky") James, who owns 15 race horses. Betty (in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim") created quite a stir at Santa Anita by appearing in a mink coat with her hair in pigtails!

"HAY-LO, LIZA, HAY-LO!

(*Continued from page 53*)

aglow. "Oh, Vincent, she's so wonderful—" Naturally he thought she meant Liza. "This afternoon I was sitting here crying all by myself—"

"Judy! What about?"

"Nothing special. You always cry after you've just had a baby—. Anyway, in walked Miss Cameron and put her arms around me and said, 'You poor little mother,' and cried right along with me. Wasn't that sweet of her? Remind me never to feel abused again—"

If Liza'd been a boy, they were going to call him Vincent, but they couldn't make up their minds what to call a girl. It was hard to find a name they both liked that went with Minnelli, but inspiration hit Judy in the middle of the night. Through the mists of sleep Vincent heard a voice asking: "How about Liza—?"

"Liza who?"

"Minnelli—"

He thought it over. "Sounds good. I like it—" So with that nicely settled, they both went back to sleep.

Vincent wanted a girl from the start. Judy thought she wanted a boy. One day she came in and kissed him ruefully. "Poor Vincent, I hate to disappoint you, but I just heard that we're having a son—"

"Who told you?"

"This woman I met. She said, 'I'm psychic.' She said, 'I've never been wrong yet—' She said, 'I can tell it's going to be a boy—' "

"Suppose she'd said girl?"

"I wouldn't have believed her—"

That was after their return to Hollywood. In New York they didn't tell a soul. Well, hardly a soul—

They'd left for New York right after the wedding, to be gone three months while the hillside home Vincent had bought as a bachelor was being remodeled. One day they went to the doctor, and the doctor said yes. Mrs. Minnelli was going to have a baby. They walked out a little dazed—

"We'll add a nursery," said Vincent.

"I want to phone my mother," Judy said.

All her mother needed to hear was Judy's voice—those hushed accents, breathing the words across three thousand miles of space: "Mother—you know what—?"

That night they went out and celebrated by themselves, having decided not to tell about the baby till they got back to California. Then they changed their minds. They had to tell *someone* or they'd both explode. So they told a married couple, to whom they were very close. What she'd have done without that safety valve, Judy doesn't know.

Meantime, work on their house was postponed and postponed again. They couldn't stay away forever. In fact, they'd have to get back pretty quick now in view of the circumstances. Judy was scheduled to play Marilyn Miller in "Till the Clouds Roll By," with Vincent directing her scenes, and it behooved them to get going before the baby grew very much older—

"I bet they'll start on the house the day we move in—" This cheerful prediction was tossed back and forth between them like a running gag. But when the prediction came true, they were less amused.

Promptly at seven the workmen arrived and, by way of good morning, hit the side of the house with some kind of infernal machine. For months the house and its occupants woke with a shudder. During the height of the uproar, Fannie Brice lent them her beach house for a couple of weeks, which was a lifesaver, but in the end they had to go back. They lived in one room, while the rest were being done. It was like living in Cain's warehouse, only more nerve-wracking. Sometimes it got them down—

"Let's throw them all out, and leave the place as it is—"

"Okay, but let's murder them first—"

Little by little, the racket and confusion subsided. From a balcony above, Judy could look down the terraced hillside, and watch them converting Vincent's studio, building another room on to it to make a suite for the baby and nurse. The Minnellis had definite ideas about nurseries, which didn't include toy rockers or lambs frisking over the wallpaper. What they wanted was a place for a child to grow into, not out of.

"Emma, are you sweeping things under the rug again?"

Of course the remodeling cost more than they'd planned. It always does. Conscious of their limitations in the art of saving money, Judy and Vincent got themselves a business manager. They're allowed so much weekly for personal expenditures, but anything extra has to have his okay. About the house, he finally put his foot down. "Not another cent. As it *is*, you'll be living on beans for the next six months—"

That was fine with them, they didn't mind living on beans. But when everything but the dressing table in Judy's dressing room was finished, Vincent got an idea. "Antique glass would be nice—"

Judy's eyes widened. "Would the estimates cover it?"

"No, but I'll see what I can do—"

Next day he spent a fruitless half hour with the business manager, who said no to begin with, and wound up saying no—

"Oh well," said Judy that night, "it doesn't have to be glass—"

But Vincent lets go hard, especially when it's something for his wife. "Why don't we save up for it?"

buried treasure . . .

So they turned into pennypinchers. Vincent came home every night and emptied his pockets, and Judy counted the loot. For weeks they didn't buy so much as a handkerchief. Not only did they get the dressing table, they got the fun of outfoxing their manager. This was a taste which grew on them. In an antique shop one day they came on a pair of lovely vases, and exchanged the look of conspirators—

"Let's not even ask him—"

"Why should we, we're independent—"

"We certainly are. We can pay ten dollars down and ten dollars a week—"

If you've ever had a baby, you know the last months are the hardest. Judy used to get pretty impatient with them—

"Silliest thing I ever heard of," she'd grumble. "Why nine months? Why not six? Or even three? With all the wonders of science, you'd think they'd do something about it, but no—too busy with their old atom bombs and rockets to the moon—"

Toward the end, humor flagged a little. The doctor had said it would be a Caesarean birth on Tuesday, March 11th. Now Judy loathes hospitals. Passing one on the street, she'll look the other way. So you can measure her discomfort by the fact that she let herself be talked into entering the hospital ahead of time—

Mrs. Garland took her down on Friday and got her settled. Vincent spent the evening with her. Next morning she called her mother. "When are you coming down?"

"Some time this afternoon. Why?"

"Couldn't you come right away? It's so lonesome here—"

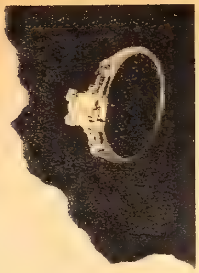
Mother found her sitting up, looking fresh and chipper after twenty-four hours in bed. One look at the transparent face told her something was brewing, and she didn't have long to wait—

"Mother, why can't I go home and spend the weekend with Vincent?"

"Why, Judy, we just got you in here—"

"Yes, but it was all a mistake. I can

(*Continued on page 66*)



HER RING
a brilliant
emerald-cut
diamond and
baguettes

Miss Mary Hoover Morse . . . her engagement to Lt. (j.g.) Lucian Earl Baldwin II, son of Connecticut's Governor, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Keith Morse of Trumbull, one of Connecticut's delightful old towns. Another Pond's bride-to-be, she has a heart-shaped face . . . a warm-toned complexion with the smooth look of a camellia petal.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

The New "Blush-Cleansing" "Sandy" Morse uses for her complexion will give your skin, too

____*an instant sweet-clean look*
____*an instant softer, smoother feel*
____*and bring up a rose-blush of color*

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face the same way "Sandy" does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "*cream-rinse*" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "It's so *extra nice*," "Sandy" says, "and makes my face feel glowy clean and ever so soft."

Every night—give your face the complete, "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream, tissue off, then a cold splash.

Dip your fingers deep into a *big* jar of Pond's night and morning—every day. Ask for a lovely 6-oz. size!

Miss "Sandy" Morse says, "I just love Pond's new Blush-Cleansing!"

POND'S
COLD CREAM
Cleansing
Softens · Cleans · Smooths

Diamonds and Pond's! Destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls—these 9 diamonds are valued at $20,000.

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THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER
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THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY
MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR
MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE
MISS ANNE MORGAN
VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN

When household items and lingerie become soiled: **a.** Throw them out and buy replacements. **b.** Scour, scour and scour. Your skin may eventually grow back. **c.** Use mild, easy-on-the-paws soapflakes or beads in hand washing of clothes and dishes.

Where to look for the correct manicure routine: **a.** The Encyclopedia Britannica *might* help, but it's awfully dull reading. **b.** No, your old history prof can't be bothered telling you. **c.** Turn to page **85** and read "A Winning Hand." Now there's a good manicuring routine . . . I know, wrote it.

If nails tend to split: **a.** Nails are being worn shredded this season. **b.** Household glue is wonderful at patching 'most anything. **c.** Massage fingertips daily with a nail conditioner that contains lanolin. Buffing is important, too, and is made easy with a dot of special cream or powder on each nail.

So you've developed a hand callus? **a.** Boast about it . . . at least it proves you're working. **b.** Wear gloves all the time, even in the house. What do you care what your friends say? **c.** Wield pumice (get it at the 10c store or corner drugstore) ever so lightly over the callus, then massage the spot with oil or nail cream.

If you're cursed with the nail-biting habit: **a.** Chop off your fingers to remove temptation. **b.** Keep on nibbling, there's a meat shortage. **c.** Give yourself a perfect manicure. Groom and polish and pamper your nails until they are so lovely you simply won't have the heart to spoil them. Pride in new-found beauty will conquer that slovenly, nervous habit.

ATTENTION . . . ALL HANDS!

Goody, a quiz . . . I love 'em. Especially when I'm asking the questions. But don't worry, friends. It's easy for you, too. The correct answer in all five cases is "c." Both here and in "A Winning Hand" on page 85, you'll learn much about fingertip glamor

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Capri– STARRED FOR A SHINING FUTURE, TOO

Your eyes will say, "*This* is for me," when you see Capri—latest, loveliest pattern in the "Silver Service of the Stars." And your fingers will *feel* the depth of pattern—the delicate balance . . . quality marks of Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths. Your dealer is introducing Capri in 5-piece Place Settings at only $4.50 each. Visit your silverware dealer—see Capri.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
Vanguard Star now appearing in RKO's
"HONEYMOON"
. . . soon to begin David O. Selznick's
"LITTLE WOMEN"

Gown by
Mansor of Hollywood

LATEST, LOVELIEST PATTERN IN
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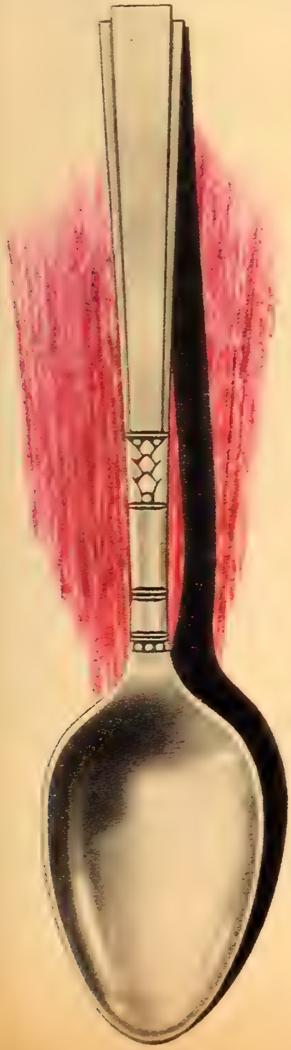
SILVERSMITHS
MORE FOR YOUR "SILVER" DOLLAR



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It's tough to be a bachelor, muses Bob, and shave alone, make coffee alone—but then, there's always morning *fe-mail* call!

At Mocambo's, Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell laugh at his "once-over" technique: Whenever Bob's introduced to a new girl, he fishes out a pair of horn rimmed specs and peers through them to get a close-up. He can't help it; he's near sighted!

BOBBIE HUTTON, SWEET AS PIE,
KISSED THE GIRLS AND MADE THEM CRY—
FOR MORE OF THE SAME!

By Virginia Wilson

"I'm in love with one girl—guess who?" Bob grins. He takes June Haver to Ciro's, shows her off to bandleader Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball's husband), even holds hands in public!

KISSED THE GIRLS...

In N. Y. together, Bob (of "Janie Gets Married") took Lana Turner to the Stork Club, where host Billingsley tucked a "Trudy Doll" under her arm as a souvenir. Bob thinks "Trudy" looks like Lana!

■ You know how it is at the Stork Club. The foyer is all mirrors, and there's the sound of laughter and music and clinking glasses from inside. There's a velvet rope, and if they don't know you, you can't get past it. But of course they knew Bob. They'd let him in even if he did have two country cousins with him, wouldn't they? *Wouldn't* they? After all, he was a movie star. Just the same, Harry and his pretty bride glanced anxiously from Bob to the haughty looking guy at the rope. Maybe the guy would say, "*You* can come in, Mr. Hutton, but the others will have to stay out."

He didn't, of course. He smiled at Bob and said, "Good evening, Mr. Hutton. The Cub Room?"

Bob said yes, the Cub Room, and Harry and Carol looked at each other with their special, secret look that said "This is really it." They'd used that look pretty constantly since they got to New York four hours ago. The whole deal had been so super. You see, Bob had come up to Kingston to be with his mother for Easter. He had stayed four days, and Harry, who was Bob's cousin, had spent a lot of time at the house. Harry was just out of the Army, and he and Carol were thinking about a little trip to celebrate. Bob said casually, "Why don't you come back to New York with me? Stay a few days, and we'll do the town together before I leave for the Coast."

Of course, they said they couldn't possibly. They said it would be an awful nuisance for him to have them tagging along. They said a picture star couldn't take country kids like them around New York with him.

Bob gave them that slow grin that hasn't changed a bit since he left Kingston. "I'm a country kid myself," he said. "My eyes still pop right out of my head at half the things I see in New York. Come with me. I'd like to have you."

The funny part was that he meant it—he wasn't just being polite. You could tell. Harry leaped to his feet, and gave a loud yodel. "New York, here we come! Hey, Bob, will you introduce me to Lana Turner?" Kidding, *(Continued on page 74)*

Why Powers Models' Hair
looks so shining bright
with such natural high lustre!

Hazel McFerrin—a beautiful Powers redhead—uses Kreml Shampoo to keep her hair sparkling with natural silken-sheen beauty

If you want to impress the most indifferent male—keep your hair shining bright with Kreml Shampoo—that truly remarkably beautifying Shampoo used by the famous Powers Models. Kreml Shampoo washes away every bit of dirt, grease and loose dandruff. It rinses out like a charm and brings out all the hair's natural brilliant lustre and glossy highlights that last for days.

Kreml Shampoo never dries the hair. In fact it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry—leaving the hair so much softer and silkier. So buy a bottle today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and 'glamour-bathe' your hair to its natural shining glory!

KREML SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

"HAY-LO, LIZA, HAY-LO!

(*Continued from page 60*)

rest just as well in my own bed. And Vincent'll be home all day tomorrow—" Mother looked unimpressed, so she pulled out a couple of tremolo stops. "Who knows? I may never get home again—"

There she overplayed her hand. "Don't be a goose," said her mother briskly. "You're much better off here. And I doubt that the doctor would let you go—"

"All right," said Judy with the air of a Christian martyr—"if that's what you think—" and changed the subject.

After a while Vincent called from the studio. "I guess I'm stuck here," said Judy in this meek little, sad little voice. "I guess I'll just have to stay. Nobody seems to want to help me get out—"

To this Mrs. Garland turned a deaf ear. But when her daughter'd hung up and lay submissively back on the pillows, her heart smote her. What's a mother for, if not to humor a child at a time like this? After all, a Caesarean isn't having your fingernails cut. She reached for the phone—

"Doctor, is there any reason why Judy can't go home and come back Monday?"

At home, Vincent was changing to go down to the hospital, when a voice that should have been in the hospital sang out his name. From the reunion, you'd have thought she'd been gone six years. All through dinner she kept looking around, caressing things with her eyes—

"Walls are different," she declared. "In hospitals, they shut you away. At home, they take you in and hold you—"

let's be gay . . .

By unspoken agreement, everything was kept light and casual Monday night. For the second time, husband and mother saw Judy settled in her hospital bed when the phone on Judy's bedside table rang—

"Hi, Jude! It's Mickey—"

As if she wouldn't have known that voice in a million! Her face lit up. In their old picture-making days together, people would have liked to stir up a breath of spring romance round the figures of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. It didn't stand a chance, but no brother and sister could have been fonder of each other. Mickey was just back from overseas via New York. He'd called the house, and they'd referred him to the hospital—

"Golly, you're lucky, Jude! You'll be there when your baby comes, not thousands of miles away, like me—"

Same old Mickey, kidding, making her giggle, bringing his wife and introducing them over the phone. Turning serious for a moment— "After tomorrow the whole world'll look different. It did to me when I heard about my son—"

A nurse popped her head in. Time for visitors to leave. They brushed off their goodbyes, said they'd be round in the morning. Mrs. Garland went out, leaving Judy and Vincent alone for a moment. . . .

He'd arranged not to shoot next day, and called for his mother-in-law at six. She had coffee and toast ready, and he swallowed the coffee while carefully crumbling the toast. On the way down, they did a lot of talking about nothing. Judy was wide awake when they got to her room, and perfectly calm. She was due to go up about 7:30—

"See you in an hour or so, honey—"

"Okay, mother—"

Vincent bent over and kissed her and they wheeled her away. . . .

He'd lived through it a hundred times in imagination. He'd seen himself pacing, bumping blindly into doors, waylaying nurses for news, going through the whole routine expected of young fathers.

It wasn't that way at all. For one thing, the suspense was crowded into half an hour. Instead of pacing, bumping and waylaying, he sat in a kind of rigid misery, as if he were made of glass and any movement might break him. . . .

He saw Judy's mother step into the hall and wondered dimly why. He hadn't heard what she'd heard—the voice of the family doctor who'd watched the operation. They came in together, and Vincent stood up, eyes riveted on the doctor—

"You have a very pretty daughter—"

His mouth opened, but nothing came out. He tried again. "Is Judy all right?"

"Judy's fine—"

The ice cracked, and warmth started flowing back. A nurse came in. The obstetrician came in. Everyone kept saying how pretty the baby was. That's right, he had a baby—a little girl— "Kind of a dirty trick," he found himself thinking. "I got what I wanted, and Judy didn't—"

Then they were putting him into a hospital coat, and he was following Mrs. Garland into a room, and there was his baby—twenty minutes old, and tiny hands waving around like a couple of starfish. He stood looking down, trying to guard his emotions—

"Well," prodded the nurse, "isn't she beautiful?"

"I don't know," he whispered in helpless awe. "But I didn't expect her to look so *finished*—"

baby talk . . .

Within twenty-four hours, Judy turned into the demon mother. If you wanted to talk about anything but the baby, you could go talk to somebody else.

But her big campaign was the one to get herself home. Keeping her at the hospital was an organized conspiracy on the part of all concerned. "*Why* can't I go? Why can't they take me in an ambulance and we'll get a hospital bed—?"

"Because the doctor wants you here—"

"What *for?* I've *had* my baby. That's what I came for. What's the sense of sticking around here now—?"

The doctor refused to lop off a minute. The time passed, however, as time has a way of doing, ushering in the day that took Judy and Liza home. Mrs. Garland rode in the ambulance with them, Miss Cameron met them at the door, and Vincent had the house filled with flowers.

That night they dined in Judy's room. "Vincent—remember the night I woke up and said, 'How about Liza?'" Vincent remembered. "Then it was only a name. Now she's downstairs, in her bassinet."

"So they say. Judy, do you believe it?"

She nodded vigorously. "But just to make sure, go down and take a look—"

That she has the most wonderful baby in the world goes without saying. When Vincent gets home at night, he follows the strange sounds he hears to the nursery, and there finds his wife and Miss Cameron squealing like girls making fudge.

But the two golden hours of Judy's day are before Liza's mealtimes, when she has the baby all to herself, to croon over and play with and sing to. There's one song that's special. Bing Crosby sang it to Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way," but before that Judy's father—who died when she was 12—used to sing it to her—

"Toora-loora-loora,
"Toora-loora-li—
"Toora-loora-loora,
"That's an Irish lullaby—"

Looking into her daughter's soft dark eyes, Judy hears another voice singing, and feels strong arms holding her, as her arms now hold a baby of her own. Liza stares solemnly back, and Judy smiles—

"He'd have liked you," she says.

PINK CAMELLIA
BRUNETTE by coby whitmore

Cashmere Bouquet
Rose Brunette

Famous artist, Coby Whitmore, shows how subtle brunette skin tones come alive with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

How can a brunette become more beautiful? *Here's how:* apply Rose Brunette, an exciting new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. A joyous shade to brighten your brunette coloring. And *do* see how this smooth, smooth face powder masks your skin with a silk-like finish. It veils tiny blemishes, clings for hours on end. There are other "Flower-fresh" shades of Cashmere Bouquet to complement every complexion.

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

E. Williams and hubby Ben Gage two-gunned their way into the Atwater Kent party—via prop pistols. Esther's cover-up costume reflects her recent decision to pose in no more swim suits.

Bob Stack's newest rank is "ex-Lieut." and no one's happier about it than Evelyn Keyes, who's not only being groomed for Jean Arthur roles at M-G-M, but is trousseau shopping with Bob.

True to type, Kay Kyser and his Mrs., gorgeous Georgia Carroll, attended the Kent Shindig "à la long hair." Kay's asking $250,000 for rights to the title of his famous air show—when he retires.

Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Rooney (Betty Rhodes) have decided their brand new son'll be an actor. "But we want him to have a normal childhood—so we won't let him start till he's five!"

Doug Fairbanks (with his wife at the "Henry the Fifth" preem) will take over his late dad's pic company, says his acting days are over—he'd rather produce from now on.

Good news

THE ALAN LADDS ARE HONEYMOONING—AGAIN! MRS. MORGAN'S JEALOUS: JACK CARSON KISSED DENNIS!

by Dorothy Manners

SUBSTITUTING FOR LOUELLA PARSONS

Joe Cotten (with L. Young at a Lux air show) still feels guilty about holding up shooting on "Duel In The Sun" while a horseback scene was rewritten. Seems he's allergic to horses—so the scene ended up with Joe in a buggy!

■ Alan Ladd and Sue Carol are introducing their own recipe for a second honeymoon.

Had a long talk with Sue at a party the other night and she told me: "Alan and I are practically being pushed out of our small home. It never was a big place, you know, and with these inflated prices we don't want to buy a bigger one now. But what with the baby's nurse, the help, secretaries and so on, we aren't getting any privacy at all.

"The other night, I thought Alan seemed unusually tired and nervous. I said, 'How would you like to move out of here so that we'd be able to live just by ourselves again?' I guess he thought I was crazy. But I meant it—and this is what we are going to do.

"We are going to remodel the little playhouse in the back, build a couple of extra rooms on, and move out there and live! We will be close to the house and all the activities—but we will have a place we can go to and be alone and call our own. There won't even be a telephone out there. I suppose you could call it a second honeymoon house."

I sure could. And that's what I will!

* * *

Cinematographers is the fancy name for cameramen, and the boys certainly put on a fancy party celebrating their 25th anniversary at the famed old Cocoanut Grove not long ago.

There was enough glamor to make a dozen all-star movies. Everybody showed up—and why not? A cameraman can take off—or put on—ten years, depending on how he feels.

But I'm sure that isn't the reason for the turn-out of celebrities. The man behind the camera is one of the best liked and most popular citizens of all Hollywood, and the stars wanted this party to be a whopper. It was.

Even Katharine Hepburn, who seldom, if ever, goes anywhere, came with cameraman Karl Freund. When a surprised friend remarked that he almost fell over at seeing her there, Hepburn said, "I almost fell over myself—and I mean that literally. I haven't worn a long, formal gown in months and I almost tripped when I walked in."

Shirley Temple Agar was all dimples and smiles in bouffant white and she and her good looking bridegroom are so happy it is a sight for weary eyes just to look at them.

Gregory Peck was devotion itself to his wife, who is expecting a baby in a few months. I sat at their table and Mrs. Peck told me that if the child is a boy it will be named Stephen, and if a girl, Stephanie. "You have to be so careful what you put with *Peck*," she laughed, "the wrong combination could sound terribly funny."

Maureen O'Hara is naturally so beautiful I wondered why she wore such a trying hairdo. Skinned straight back from the forehead and the temples, it featured a "doorknob" knot sticking out from behind one ear. Dream Boat that she is, this coiffure almost wrecked the ship.

Greer Garson looked lovely and appealing in an ice blue gown and danced only with Richard Ney. Jane Wyman was the cutest thing present in a smart black dress and a very short hair cut. Carmen Miranda's dress covered the good neighbor policy—and that's about all. The white beaded skirt was slit way above her knee, the midriff was bare, and there just weren't any shoulders. But just to make up for what was left off below, she added white aigrettes to her hair.

The "show" was sensational and headlined Charlie McCarthy, Danny Kaye, Dennis Morgan, Errol Flynn, Gene Kelly, Ronnie Reagan, Jack Carson, Robert Alda and Linda Darnell. I never expect to see anything better than that divine soft shoe routine of Gene Kelly's but he looked awfully thin and tired.

Red Skelton completely knocked himself out in his comedy stunts and wrecked a dinner jacket sliding the length of the dance floor on his neck, doing an imitation of the way James Cagney dies on the screen. Funniest skit was Jack Carson becoming so overcome watching Dennis Morgan play a love scene with gorgeous Linda Darnell that he threw his arms around and kissed—Dennis!

But all through the fun and the laughter I was wrapped up in an old nostalgia. Just being in the Cocoanut Grove again brought back so many memories. It was here that Joan Crawford won her first Charleston contests. It was here that Loretta Young, just a little girl of 14, used to tag along with the older girls to the tea dances. It was here that the one and only Carole Lombard first fell in love with Russ Columbo. It was here that Bing Crosby used to sing with Gus Arnheim's old band and where he met and had his first date with Dixie. There were new faces sitting ringside the night of the Cameramens' Ball—but the fascinating "ghosts" of the memories remained with me all during the party.

* * *

Oh, brother and, oh, sister—is Hollywood burning over a page printed in the Perth, Western Australia, Sunday magazine section? It's a pictorial layout, with text, attempting to prove that the Australian beauties are far more "natural" in their loveliness than the Hollywood stars who are accused of "padding" and a couple of dozen other things.

To quote—"Hollywood is still blushing over the discovery that quite a number of their lovely girls use padding to perfect their contours.

"It has been discovered that Norma Shearer and Katharine Hepburn always wear long-sleeved dresses because the former's arms are too fat and the other's too thin.

"Myrna Loy has been photographed specially so that her 'stenographer's spread' is hidden and she wears specially dyed hose to hide her heavy legs."

Them's fightin' words, Aussies. Can you prove any of these statements?

* * *

There's nothing old fashioned about Frank Sinatra!

Dropping around at the Toluca Lake home of the teen-agers' idol, I found him draped over the huge beam in the living room, rewiring the entire house—not for sound, but for electricity.

Frankie's house is typically Spanish, in the best approved California manner, and features huge and heavy overhead lighting fixtures fashioned from wrought iron. "Maybe it's in character," grinned Frankie, "but it's not practical."

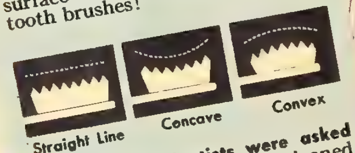
So he turned electrician and did the complete job himself, installing lights concealed about the beams to give a soft, even glow to

Straight Line Design

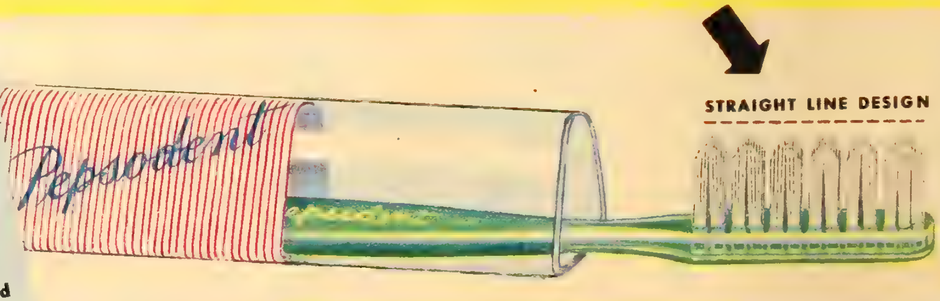
cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!



When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"



Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every Pepsodent Brush

has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

the ceiling.

When he climbed down from his perch and demonstrated the fruits of his efforts, he said:

"As soon as I settle down for my next picture, I'm taking up aviation. My good friend, Skitch Henderson, who piloted a B-29 over Japan during the war, will be my teacher."

Skitch, it seems, convinced Frankie that he could save time by learning to fly his own plane. Maybe there's something in what he says. During the past three months, Frankie has made five coast-to-coast trips via airline.

"I already have the order in for two planes," he said, "four passenger models. Skitch will have one, I'll take the other."

* * *

Wonder why Diana Lynn denied right up to the very moment of the official announcement, that she was going to marry Henry Willson?

A girl, of course, should be able to choose her own time to break the news about her engagement, but I happen to know that just 48 hours before the story broke, that Diana had told a reporter:

"I'm not going to marry Henry or anyone else for years yet. It wouldn't be fair. I was out on five appearances this last year alone—so what kind of a home could I make for a tired husband?"

Of course, it might have been that Diana wanted to make sure she had her mother's blessing for the marriage. Not that I mean there was ever any parental objection to Henry. He's a charming boy—young, good looking and a successful executive with David Selznick. But the Lynns just wanted their 18-year-old daughter to wait a few years before she married anyone.

Diana and Henry have been "going together" for over two years. And, incidentally, when she reports for "Little Women" to play the role of Amy, she'll be working for the prospective bridegroom—fun for all!

* * *

Beauty tips: Betty Grable is wearing less and less makeup. She's practically down to just lipstick.

Lana Turner now and then puts on a tiny, old fashioned "beauty spot"—which is a beautifier right under her right eye.

Gloria De Haven has abandoned dark nail polish for a delicate pink hue that makes her hands looked like a well kept child's.

* * *

Who says Cornel Wilde hasn't a sense of humor—who says?

He was hilarious over that theater marquee proclaiming to the world:

THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST
With
CORNEL WILDE—A LOUSE

What had happened was that some of the vital letters had gone out on Anita Louise's name.

"Wish somebody had called me before the theater manager fixed it," he told me, "I'd like to have had a picture made to paste on the front of my scrap book!"

* * *

Perry Como's six-year-old, Ronald, goes to the same school that the Bing Crosby kids

(Continued on page 106)

A Setting for Compliments

COMPANY coming? No, just the family! That lustrous, lintless napery is for *them*, and they'll love it! And *you'll* love their praise, for making the family table so pretty and inviting. There's no trick at all to it—if you use Linit. That's the smooth, penetrating starch that works magic. Actually makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. You're not letting yourself in for fuss, either! Quite the contrary. By restoring the original finish, Linit actually resists mussing and soiling. Try it, too, for starching dresses, shirts, curtains, sheets and *dozens* of things around the house.

* * *

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

Sunny says: Your iron flies—with Linit! Follow the simple package directions—and watch all cotton things take on the look and feel of real linen.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

. . . adds the "finishing touch".

Time out from broadcasts while gadgeteer Fred Waring fixes a mike.

Leg art by courtesy of Esther Williams and comedian Alan Young.

Even at swank Stork Club, Jack Benny (with Mrs. B.) kids around.

radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ Twice a year, for three years, Fred Waring, undergrad at Penn State College, hopefully reported for the tryouts of the Penn State Glee Club and twice a year, for three years, they listened to his piping tones and told him to please go away. In six auditions, Waring tried ballads and bounce numbers, patriotic numbers and even "The End of a Perfect Day," but it was no dice. Vocally, he continued to wind up behind the eight-ball, and after each disappointment, Fred would pack up his banjo and disconsolately return to his frat house.

In those days, Waring was Joe College, of 1917 vintage. He was in the position of the legendary singer, playing in vaudeville, who announced that he would render "My Old Kentucky Home." As he got to the middle of the song, the vaudevillian was pleased to see an old gentleman in Row A overcome by tears. The more he sang, the more the old gent cried, so when he had finished the song,

and radio gossip by BEN GROSS

■ **Stories They Tell on Radio Row . . .** He is the best known "unknown" of radio. And he will probably remain just that unless and until his sponsor decides to give him a break. Now, you hear him on the CBS "Hit Parade," a soloist introduced with a curt "Sing it, Joe!" Millions have praised his singing but, save for those in the "profession," only a few have ever heard his name.

He is Joe Dosh, a good looking lawyer and former FBI man. For years an accomplished the performer stepped to the footlights, leaned across them and addressed the tearful old gentleman: "Obviously, from your reaction to that song, you are a Kentuckian?" The old gentleman wiped the tears from his eyes and said: "No, I am a musician."

Rejected by the Penn State Glee Club, year after year, Waring nevertheless was a commercial success on the same campus. He had a four-piece band embracing banjoist Fred, his brother Tom, Poley McClintock and Freddie Bock, and they were greatly in demand at frat house parties celebrating Penn State football victories. In those days, that was a full-time job, as Penn State then was blazing with such gridiron immortals as Charlie Way, Hinkie Haines and Bob Higgins. They won so many games that Waring wore his fingers to the bone twanging his banjo. In addition, the frequent Penn State victories gave the four-piece band the practice and experience it needed.

From that background developed this month's winner of the MODERN SCREEN Magazine-Ed Sullivan Award for radio excellence, Tyrone, Pennsylvania's leading citizen, Fred Waring.

Going back to the years between 1917 and 1921, you find that popular music was being revamped in fraternity houses all over the nation. Led by Waring, collegians were beginning to invade a field that had been dominated by professionals like Paul Whiteman and Vincent Lopez. Heretofore, cafes and sawdust-floored saloons had been the incubators for "pop" musicians. Now the kids with the college sheepskins were about to move in, with a product that was attuned to Young America.

Penn State produced Fred Waring. Yale, five years later, was to produce Rudy Vallee, and the trail was being blazed for the Hal Kemps, the Kay Kysers and similar outfits.

Emblem of the new era was the megaphone which collegians borrowed quite naturally from their own college cheer leaders. Borrowed too, were varsity sweaters, gay feathers in hats and other campus decors. The band business was going collegiate. No longer would bands get by as instrumentalists. The glee club background of college bands added something new and exciting, and the professionals had to learn to harmonize.

Waring tells me that the turning point in his career was the Jay Hop at the University of Michigan, in 1921. For this Junior Prom, at Ann Arbor, Fred scored with a seven-piece crew that created so much comment that he was booked into his first theater date, at the Madison Theater, Detroit. In that first theater engagement, the seven men got $700. Station WWJ, in Detroit, that week gave Waring his first radio date. From Detroit, they were booked into a Chicago theater. They were a sensation, and by the time they reached California, the band, now enlarged to nine pieces, was commanding $2,500, and on the road to stardom. Their top number was an arrangement of "Sleep." When Waring returns to Station WWJ, at Detroit, for anniversary appearances, he always includes "Sleep" in his repertoire.

In those early Penn State days, about the only person who gave Waring any substantial encouragement was the Dean of Men at school, Dean Warnock. He urged Fred to quit school and concentrate on a career as a musician. Possibly Waring would have taken that advice but for the rebuffs that the Glee Club had administered. How was he to know whether or not Dean Warnock was working hand in hand with the Glee Club?

But the Dean was cooking on the front burner! He had correctly appraised Fred Waring's talent at organization, correctly had appraised Fred's determination, and correctly had estimated his love of music, and his originality. That first four-piece band, composed of two Warings and two non-collegians from Fred's home town of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, indicated his flair for original thinking. Because that original four-piece frat house crew not only played, they also sang.

When Waring left school, two things distinguished this early college crew. Perhaps as a rationalization of his rebuffs, Fred incorporated a Glee Club within the band membership, and additionally, the band was drilled in maneuvers reminiscent of a college cheering section. Disciplinarian Waring brought something new to vaudeville and to popular bands. His men were spic-and-span, they had snap and sparkle, and they were young. All of these qualities came bursting across the footlights. His girl vocalists were Josephine Co-ed types, such as Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, who were graduated to Hollywood from Waring's Pennsylvanians.

Time and again, during the war years, I'd contact Fred Waring and ask him to help us out on our great (*Continued on page 99*)

---

amateur vocalist, Dosh was signed for the show as a result of a V-disc he had made for the armed forces. A broadcasting big-wig heard it and placed him under contract. However, a special clause therein provided for anonymity.

Despite this, Dosh's manner of putting over a song has aroused not only the curiosity but the enthusiasm of fans. They have bombarded the program with the demand, "Let's have his full name!"

The singing legal light may not relish it. But you can't hide a good performer—even behind a first name. After all, Hildegarde has done pretty well with only one monicker. So—why can't a fellow be called—just "Joe?"

Art Linkletter, emcee of the phenomenally successful "People Are Funny," is at last convinced that there is truth in that title. Especially, when the said "people" include a woman, a statue and Robert Moses, New York's irascible but brilliant park commissioner.

Some time ago, Linkletter, whose show you hear on NBC, commissioned an American war hero, Lieut. Col. Hendrix, an able sculptor, to make a statue of his wife. Hendrix cast it in bronze and named his work "The Ideal American Wife." The radio emcee thereupon shipped the figure from Hollywood to New York as a gift to the world's greatest city.

But Moses, without even inspecting the monument, wrote to Linkletter: "I can think of nothing more unwelcome than your gift . . . I promise that your statue will be part of the foundation of a new park, but it will be underground . . . unseen."

Art, muttering words like "insult to art and to American womanhood," came to New York shortly thereafter to reclaim his gift. However, he couldn't find it, as the monument had apparently been junked. But he is continuing the search, because Mobile, Alabama, has put in a bid to erect the statue in a city park.

Now, Linkletter says: "Women always cause excitement—even those made from bronze."

Names Make Radio . . . The King Sisters, star vocalists, featured on Meredith Willson's show, are also conducting a successful dress shop in Studio City, Hollywood . . . Dinah Shore has planted a considerable section of her San Fernando Valley ranch with flower bulbs and small fruit trees presented to her by guest stars of her program . . . When your reporter asked Paul Whiteman, over at the ABC studios, why he insists on eating between meals, such snacks as Danish pastries, sandwiches and chocolate bars, he answered:

"Because one's (*Continued on page 86*)

KISSED THE GIRLS . . .

(*Continued from page 65*)

naturally. And Bob said sure, he would, and of course they thought he was kidding, too. But now here they were walking into the Cub Room of the Stork, and sitting at a table in the corner was a girl with silver blonde hair and the kind of face you dream about. And Bob was saying, "Lana, I want you to meet my cousins."

Harry said "How do you do, Miss Turner," and all he could think of was that she was about twice as beautiful as she looked in pictures. And all Carol could think of was what the girls back in Kingston were going to say when they heard she'd actually met Lana Turner. Lana was smiling at them, just as friendly as if they were celebrities themselves. "Sit down, all of you," she said. "I'm so glad to see you." She introduced them to the other people at the table, and everyone was wonderful.

who's elmer? . . .

After a while, someone said, "Let's go to Elmer's." The kids looked at each other, sort of disappointed. They'd never heard of Elmer's, and somehow it didn't sound exciting. But Bob noticed, and winked at them, and under cover of everyone's getting up, whispered that "Elmer's" was what they called El Morocco.

It was even better than they'd thought. The tall doorman out in front in the Algerian costume. John Perona, the owner, greeting them personally. Everyone staring—in a polite way, of course—at Bob and Lana. It was a beautiful room, with the famous tiger striped upholstery, and the silver stars in the blue ceiling. And the *other* stars coming right over to their table to say hello. Stars like Cary Grant and Dotty Lamour and Eddie Bracken. You could hardly believe it was really happening. Later—much later—they all went to Reuben's for scrambled eggs, just the way you read about in the columns. Lovely, yellow scrambled eggs, and strong black coffee, and piles of toast that disappeared as fast as confetti in a cyclone. When they came out of Reuben's, the streets were almost as deserted as if it was Kingston. A lemon slice of moon rode high in a dark blue sky, and there was a warm breeze that smelled in some mysterious way of spring.

"I've kept you kids up awfully late," Bob said. "You must be pretty tired."

How could they be *tired* after an evening like that? How could they go to bed now? Maybe most people wouldn't have noticed that quick, secret look they exchanged, but Bob is an observant guy. He grinned. "What's on your minds?"

They came out with it, finally. They'd always heard about the hansom cabs that are parked over by the Plaza, that you can hire to drive up through the Park. Was it too late? Would it be a bother?

"I'll tell you something. I've *never* done it, and I always wanted to. But this is an occasion so I guess this is it."

So they clop-clopped up through the Park, behind a sleepy horse. They saw the magnolias, creamy in the moonlight. They took deep breaths and relaxed, and when they got home at last it was a sharp six o'clock, and they practically fell into bed. Bob had gotten them a whole *suite*, not just a room. It was easier sometimes, it seemed, to get a suite than a room, which made no sense, but was wonderful.

"You know what?" Carol said dreamily, as she switched off the light.

"What?" Harry yawned.

"Your cousin Bob is practically the nicest guy in the whole wide world. With one major exception—my husband."

"Bob," Harry said thoughtfully, "is one of the few people I know who really *likes* doing things for other people. He got as much kick out of tonight as we did."

Which was funny, because Bob, in the suite he shared with Al Melnick, his manager, was saying practically the same thing, in a different way. "I guess I'm still pretty naive, Al. I got a terrific bang out of all that tonight. It wasn't so long ago that I'd never been in places like that, and I still can't quite believe headwaiters will remember me or that anybody will ask me for my autograph. The whole thing dazzles the hell out of me."

"Tomorrow," Bob said thoughtfully, "I'll take the kids to '21' to lunch. They've got a yen to see it. Will you come?"

"Can't do it, Bob. Business."

But Al heard all about it the next night, after the kids had gone back to the country.

"That '21' deal really floored them, and me too," Bob told him meditatively. "You see, the fans hang around a lot outside there. Well, being Easter week, there wasn't any school, and when we started to come out after lunch, there was a mob of them there. Al, honestly, they acted like I was Van Johnson or Sinatra or somebody. Started to yank my tie off and pull at my clothes, and finally we went back in, and out the back way. And do you know, Al, I loved it!" Bob looked a little ashamed of himself as he admitted it. Obviously he thought it wasn't the thing to do.

Oh, it's easy to see why Bob appeals to both men and girls. His quiet sincerity, his slow smile that's as warm as an open fire, his modest good manners. All this in a town like Hollywood, where most of the unattached men (and some of the attached ones) are howling wolves, with a line as phony as a campaign speech. Bob must be a refreshing change to the gals there. For one thing, his intentions are honorable! He wants to get married, when his divorce becomes final in September. He wants a home and children.

june's his gal . . .

The object of his affections now is June Haver, and it seems to be pretty mutual. When June was going to New York, Bob wanted to go too, but he had studio commitments and couldn't get away. The fact that his later visit to Manhattan coincided with Lana's return from South America was, believe me, purely coincidental. They did see each other, of course, and Lana gave a cocktail party for Bob the day before he left. But none of it was anything for June to worry over, and she knew it. By the way, she sent Bob one letter while he was there that was really something special. The whole thing was composed of words, phrases and sentences, cut out from newspapers and magazines. If someone read it aloud to you, you would never have guessed that. You would have just thought that it was a very sweet letter.

The first time he ever saw June was at a Hollywood party—one of the enormous ones where you don't even get introduced to half the people there. A couple of days later Bob called the Haver home and talked to June's mother.

"I haven't actually met June," he admitted, "but if you think it's all right, I'd like to ask her to go out with me."

June's mother, disarmed, thought it *would* be all right. And so did June. On that first date, Bob took her to another party, but they left early and went over to Mocambo where they could really talk, just the two of them. After that he saw her every night and almost every day for five weeks, until he went to New York. He loved the whole Haver household. It was full of young people all the while.

One day he showed up and said "Where's June?"

"In the garage," her sister told him.

So out he went, and when he got there, he stopped with a gulp of surprise. Hitherto, he had seen June only in her glamor girl incarnation, done up in Adrian clothes. So who was this little blonde waif in dungarees, painting madly away at an old bookcase? There was green paint smudged all over the dungarees. There was a long green daub on one cheek and another rakish one just under her left eye.

"How," demanded Bob incredulously, "could you ever get that much paint on yourself?" June giggled. "It's easy."

"Well, you don't *need* to. Here, let me show you."

Bob was in light grey flannels, and June gave a shriek of anguish as he took the dripping brush from her hand. "Darling, not in those clothes! You'll ruin them."

"Oh, no, I won't. I'm an expert painter." Bob went to work on the bookcase with smooth, dexterous strokes. In some miraculous manner, he managed to finish the job without getting one drop on him.

He is the most un-chichi guy in Hollywood. He drives an old car that's forever breaking down, and is certainly no setting for the beauties he takes out in it. He lives in a small apartment, cooks his own breakfast, and thinks hopefully of the day he'll have a wife to do it for him.

In April, Bob hadn't seen his mother for a year and a half. He writes to her almost every day, but he wanted to *see* her and talk everything over with her, and find out what she thought about a lot of things. Of course, there were pictures scheduled for him. But then he found out that Al Melnick was going to New York.

"Al, you must be able to do something

(*Continued on page 84*)

LIZABETH SCOTT

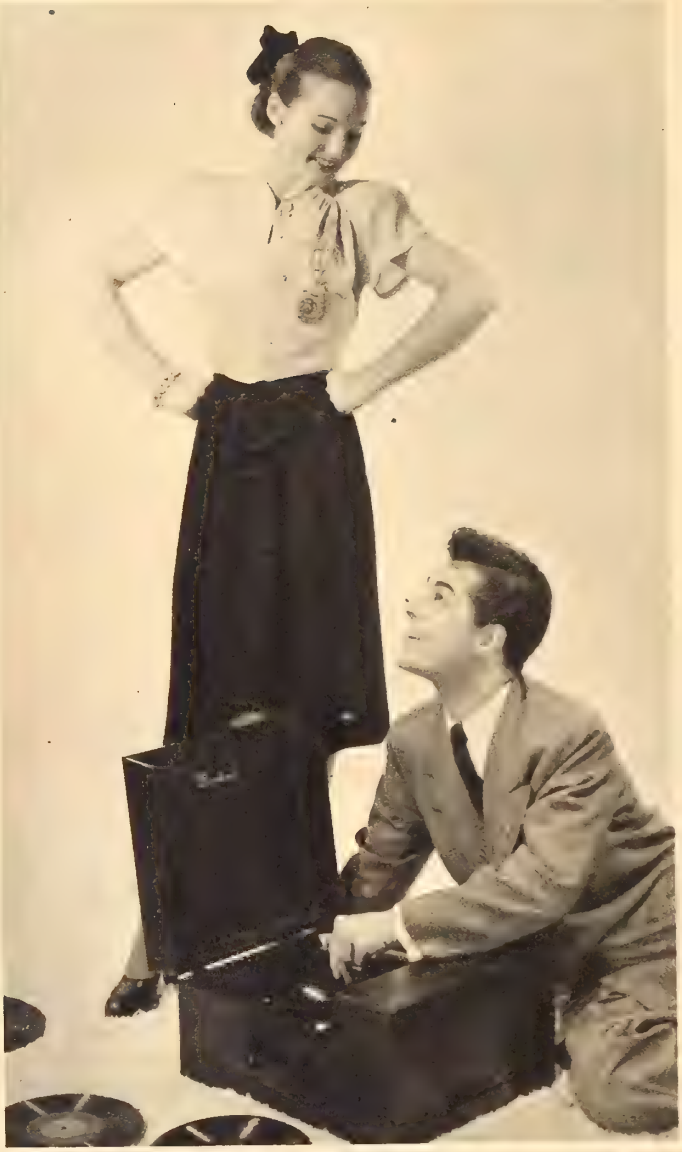
. . . soon to be seen in Paramount's "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" poses for MODERN SCREEN in a stunning aqua gabardine sport dress by Dorsa Originals of St. Louis. She loved it so much that she took it with her on her trip to England, and we think she looks terrific in it.

All the fashions in this issue of the Fashion Section come from St. Louis or from Chicago, which are the two great midwest centers for wonderful junior clothes. We weren't able to show you half of the things we saw and fell in love with, but we'll be going again, and will show you more in future issues.

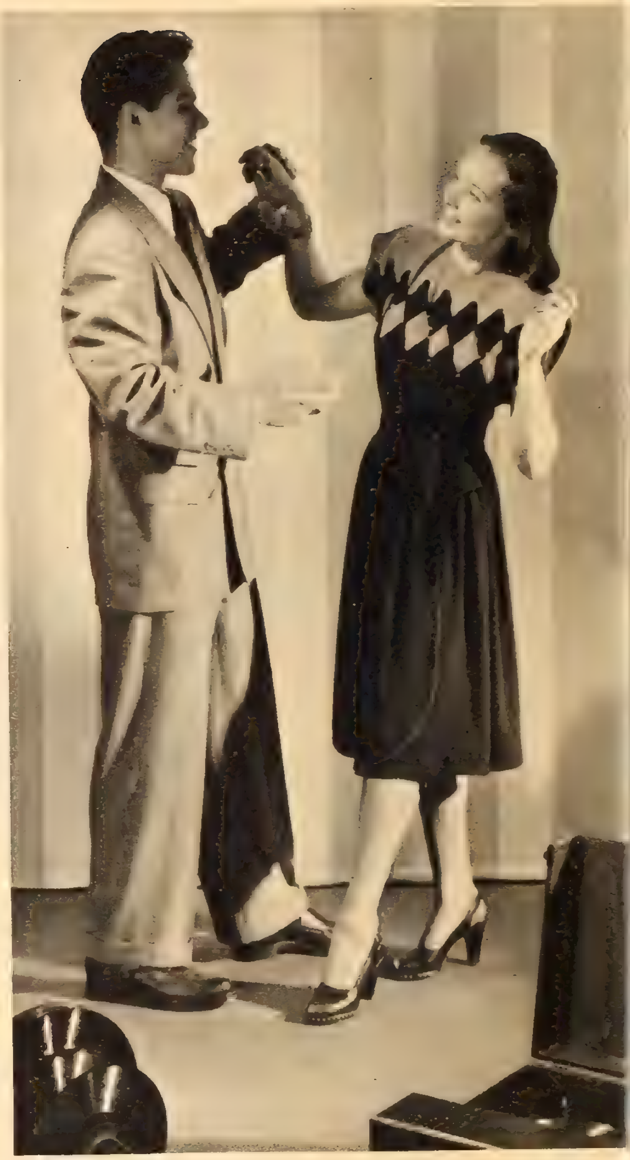
This month, feeling that you've had to wait too long for answers to your "where-to-buy" letters, we inaugurate a new service. Turn to page 84 to find out where to buy the dress worn by Lizabeth Scott, and the other dresses in this issue.

Modern Screen Fashions

FEATURING MID-WEST CLOTHES



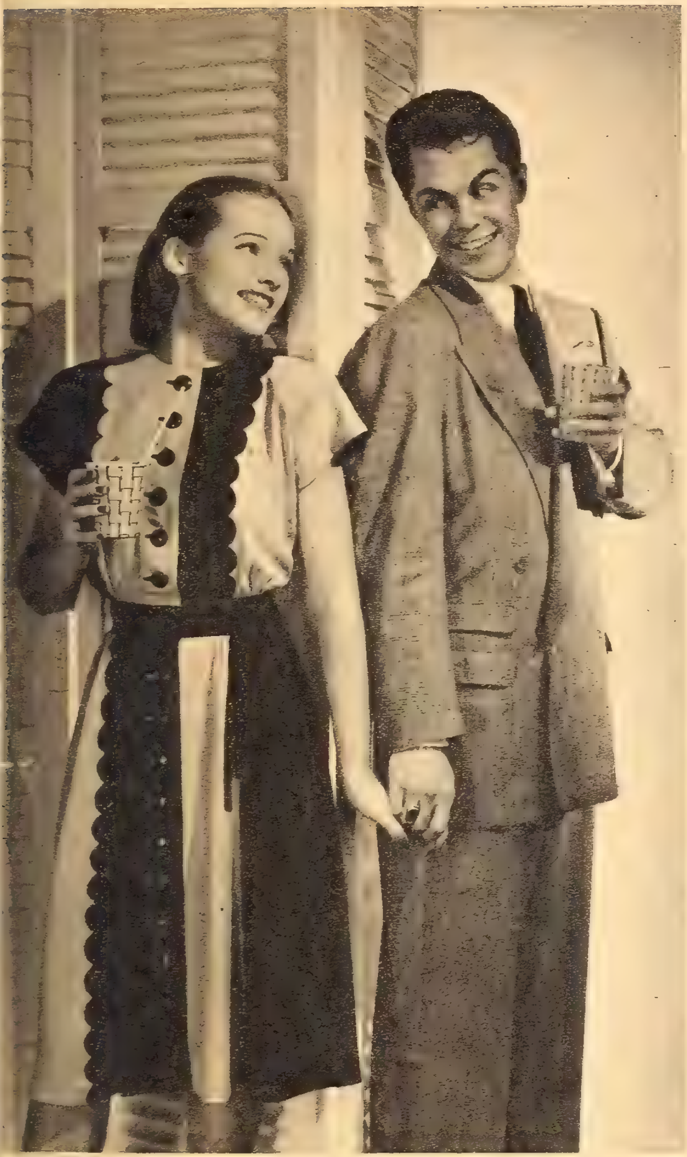
Pink and blue crepe make the two-tone top of this party-going junior dress by Debutante Frocks of Chicago. The skirt is softly gathered in the front, and there's a self belt that ties in a bow. We love the gay sea horse prancing on the left side of your bodice. The price: About $25.00.



You'll be the dancing-est gal at the party in your fuchsia and black dress-up crepe by Darna Lee of St. Louis. The diamond shaped insets are outlined in winking black sequins, and see the tiny effective touch of color in the piping on the swirling side-draped skirt. Price: About $23.00.

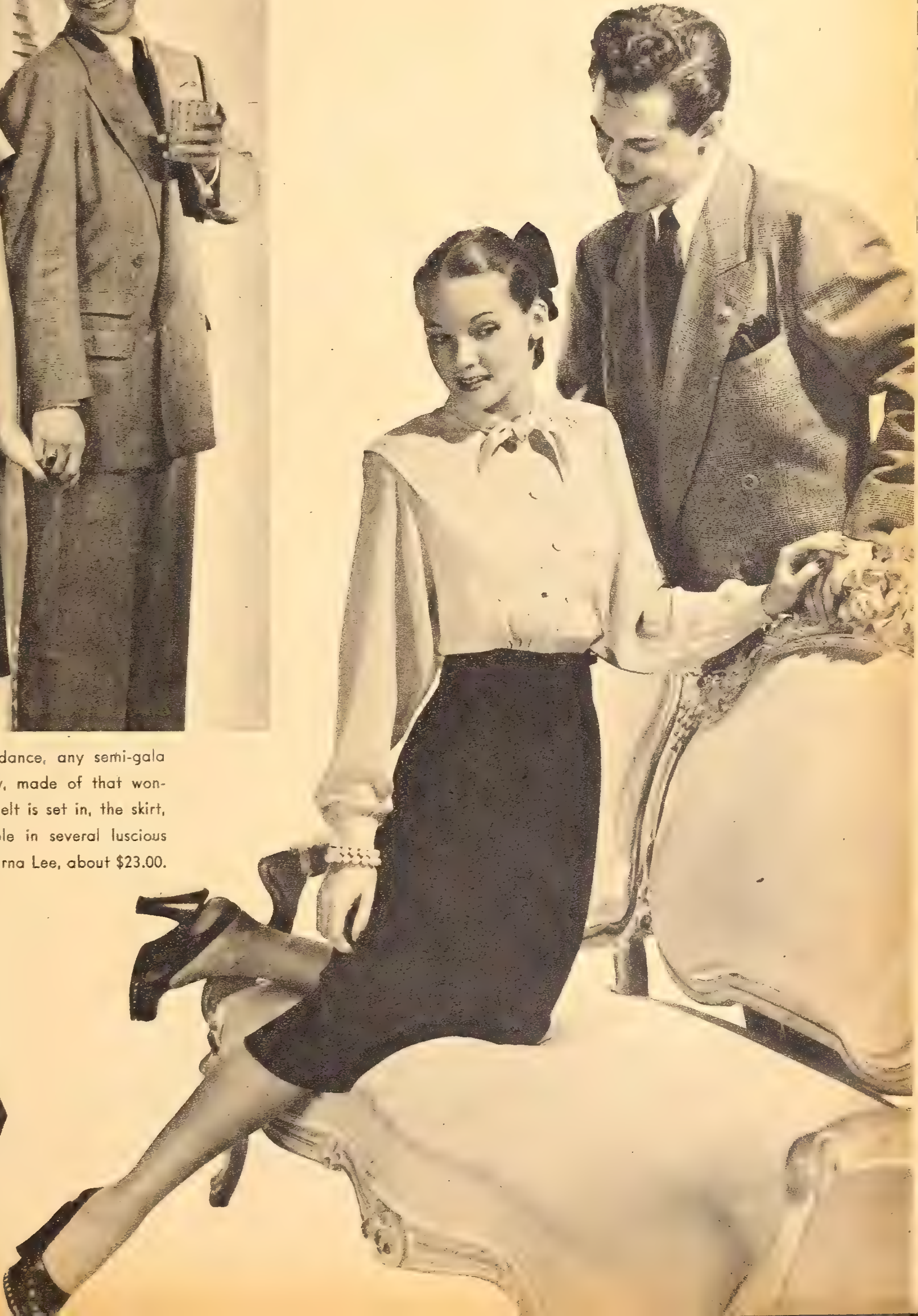
Harlequin Colors

Party date-bait



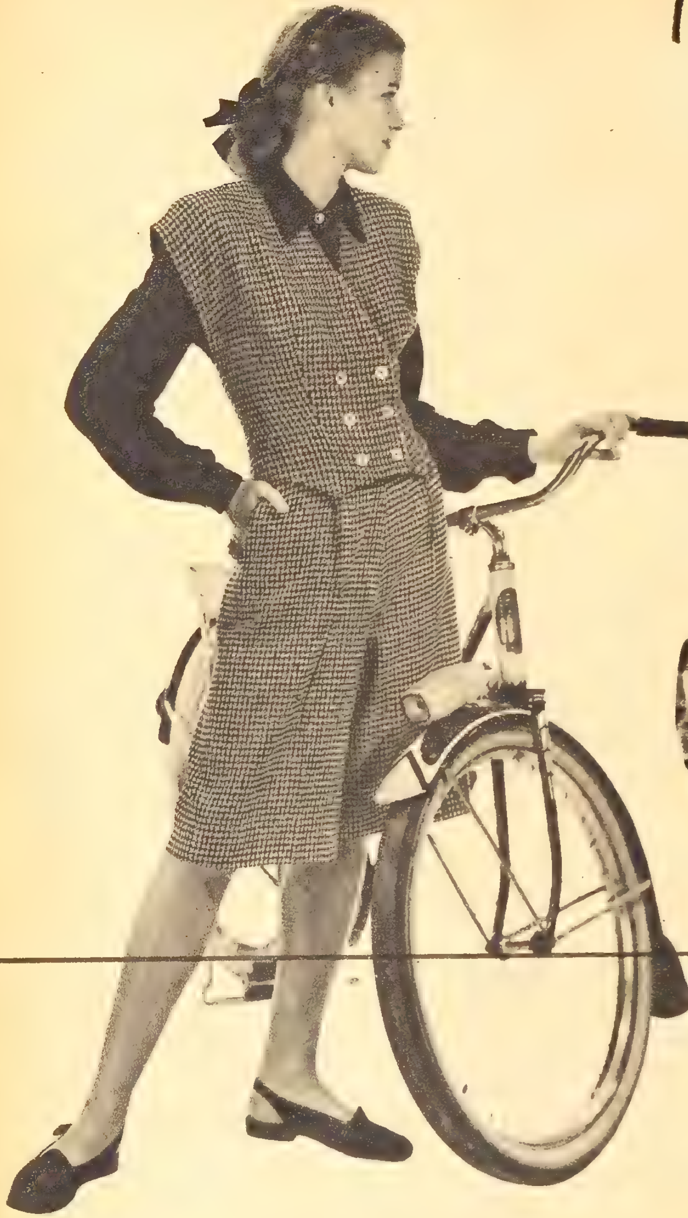
Perfect for a coke-date, a school dance, any semi-gala occasion is this color-contrast lovely, made of that wonderful crepe-that-feels-like-silk. The belt is set in, the skirt, softly gathered all around. Available in several luscious color combinations, this is another Darna Lee, about $23.00.

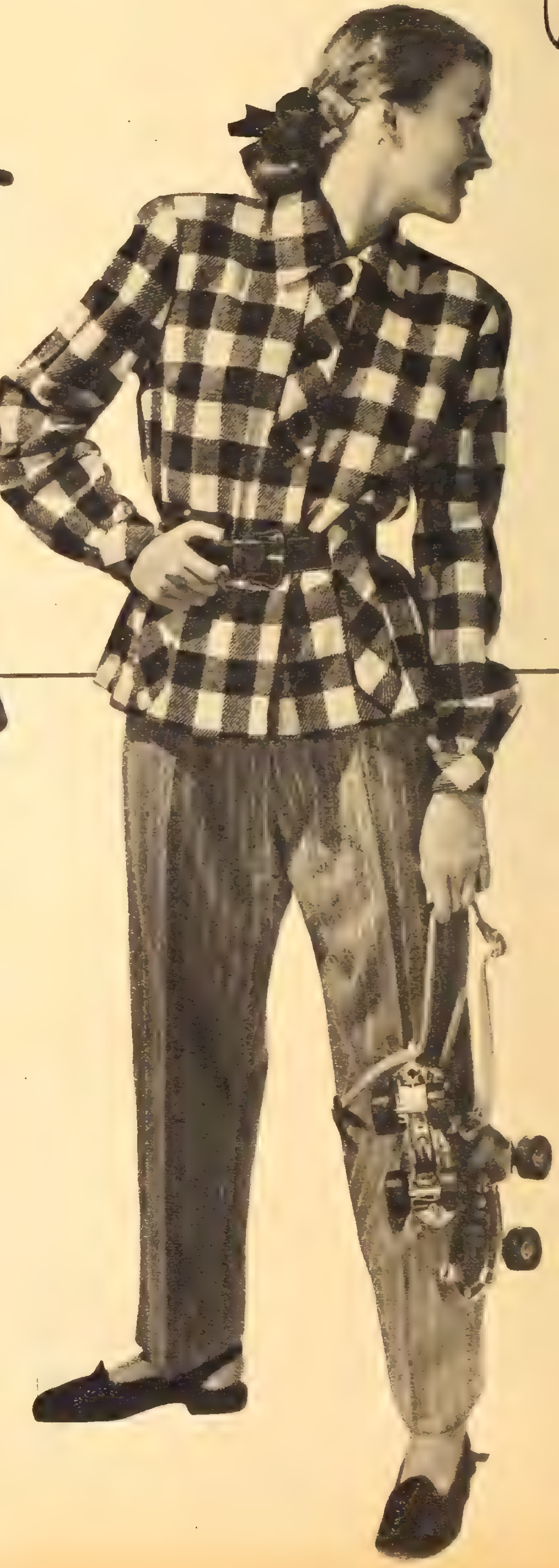
Romantic and feminine is the way you'll look in this exquisite crepe dress by Debutante Frocks. The top is palest blue, the embroidery—silver snow flakes. The black skirt is plain as plain can be. See the charm of the tied neckline, the soft, full sleeves. All this glamor for $25.00.



juniors

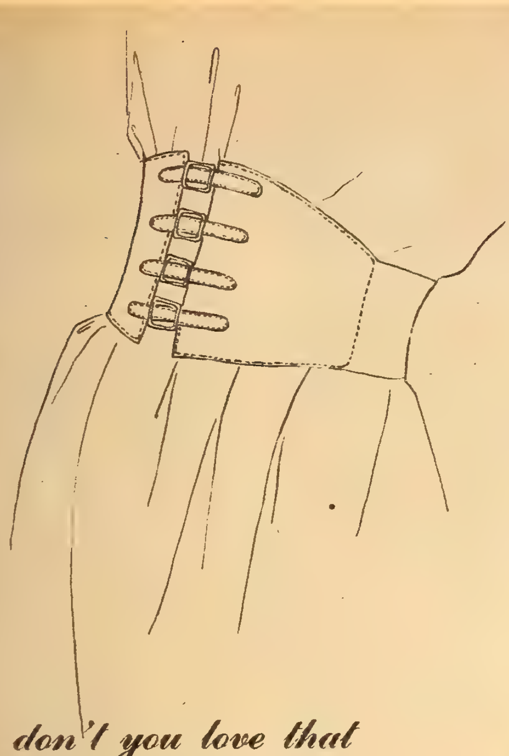
Wild 'n Wooly





Above: Boreva Sportswear gives you more for your money than anyone we know in these terrific play clothes. Superbly cut, beautifully made; each piece—the black jersey shirt, the checked pedal pushers, the double-breasted vest—is only $6.00.

Right: Expensive looking sport jacket in big, BIG black and white checks with a real leather belt, goes over grey and white striped slacks. Enough of checked jackets over *plain* slacks, say the men we know! Still Boreva, still only $6.00 for each.



don't you love that

wide-belt-little-waist look?

here it is in a Laura Lee of wool jersey . . . one of those marvelously simple anywhere-and-everywhere dresses that take jam-packed autumn days in stride. Under fifteen dollars.

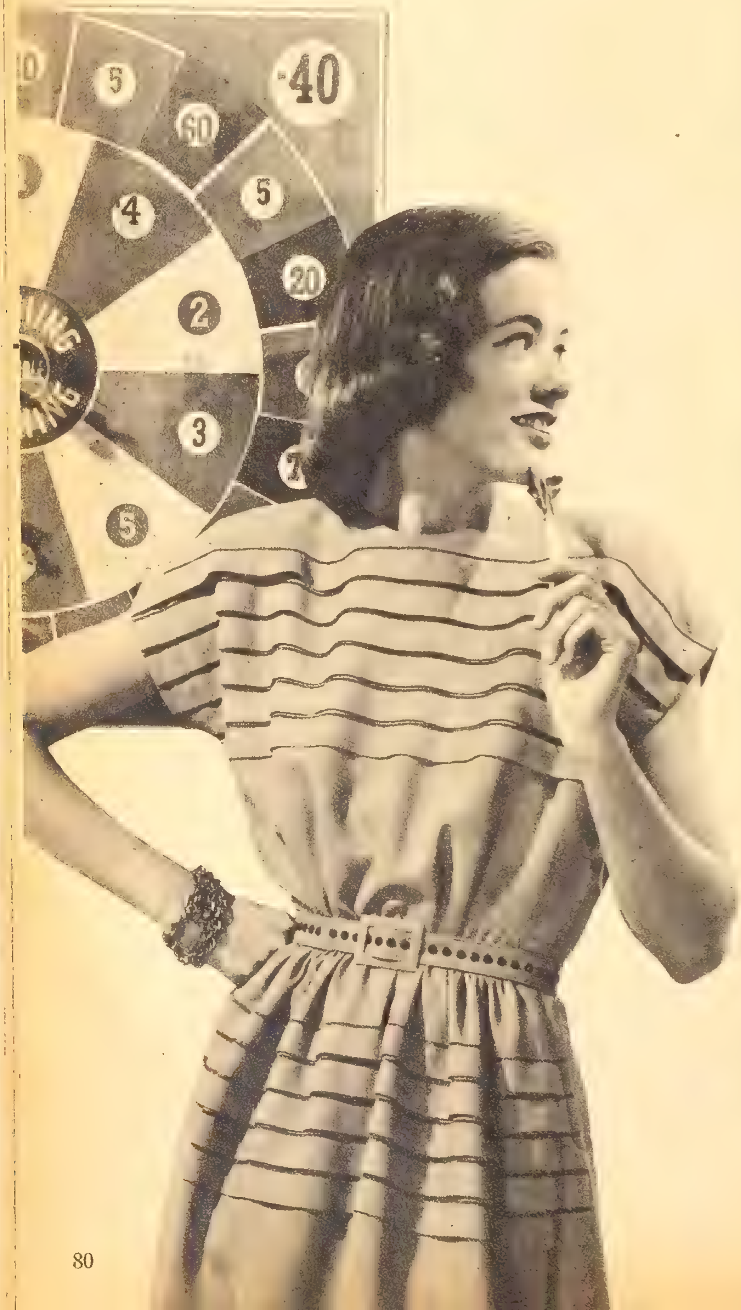
it's a Laura Lee original

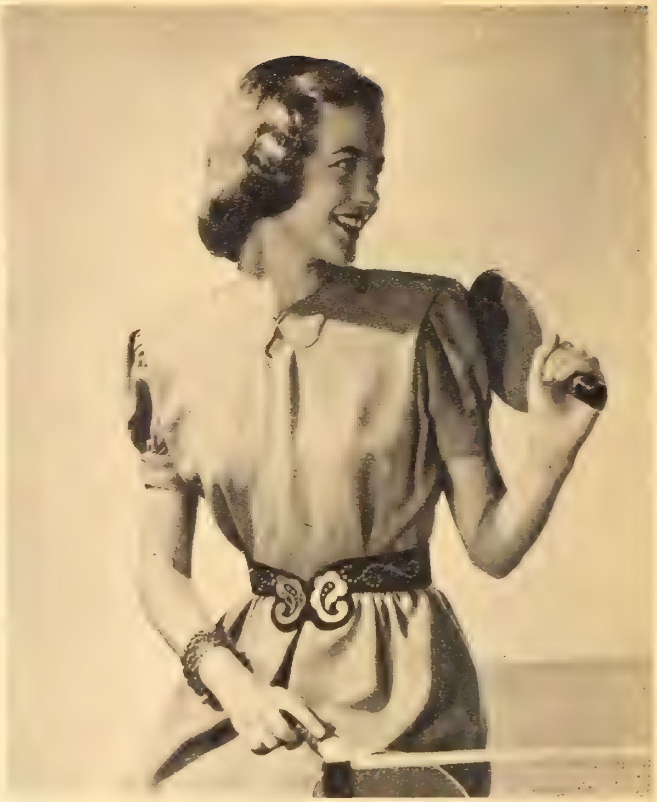
FABRIC BY PRINCETON KNITTING MILLS

Featured in America's finest junior departments. Where exactly? Write to Laura Lee Frocks, Inc., 1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis.

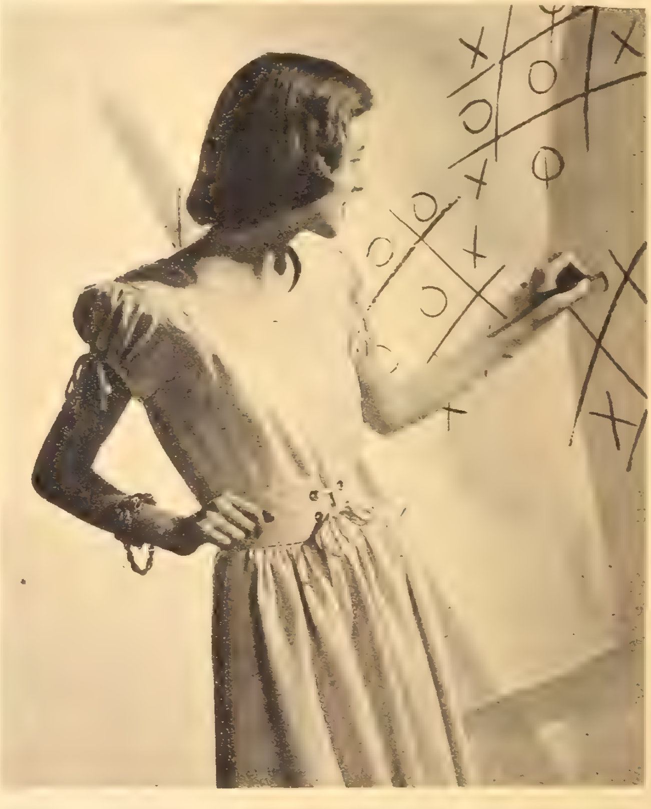
HEART-WARMERS

Dressmaker touches—deep tucks and fagotting give grown-up glamor to this sheer wool party dress. In melting pastel shades, its price, about $18.00.





Sleeve news—the tiny puff, making your sheer wool a thing of utter charm. Note the magnificent gold kid-trimmed, nailhead studded belt. Material—sheer wool that takes color beautifully. About $18.00.



Neckline drama—the scooped-out neckline trimmed in silver-embroidered scallops gives you that fairy-tale princess look. Dresses on this page are by Minx Modes. This one is about $18.00.

Boreva
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you wear them!

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- **for business**
- **for school**
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- **for travel**

A. Wool jersey shirt, wool bright-buttoned poncho vest, wool jersey easy-fitting dirndl skirt.
Each about $6.00

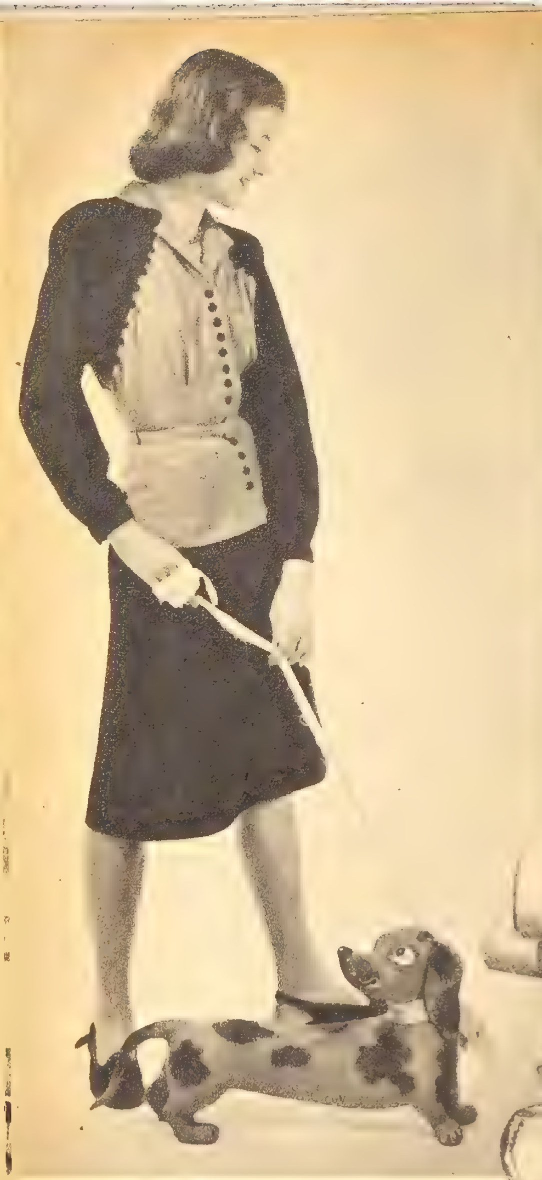
B. Wool jersey shirt, wool poncho vest with cap sleeves, corduroy pedal-pushers.
Each about $6.00

C. Wool mess jacket.
About $8.00
Wool jersey dirndl skirt.
About $6.00

Write for name of store nearest you selling these Boreva Matchables

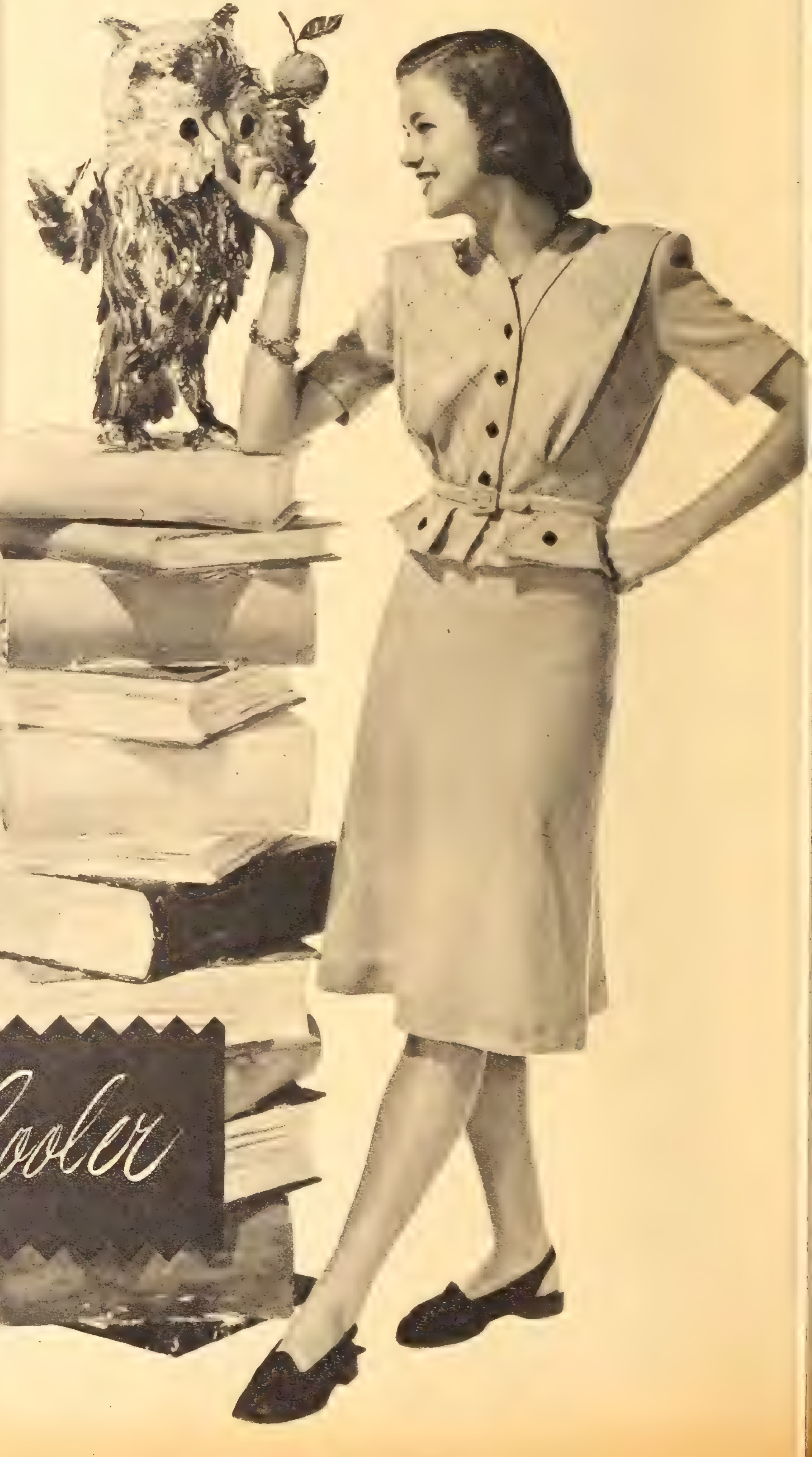
BOREVA SPORTSWEAR COMPANY
Sales dept., 318 West Adams, Chicago 6, Ill.

B

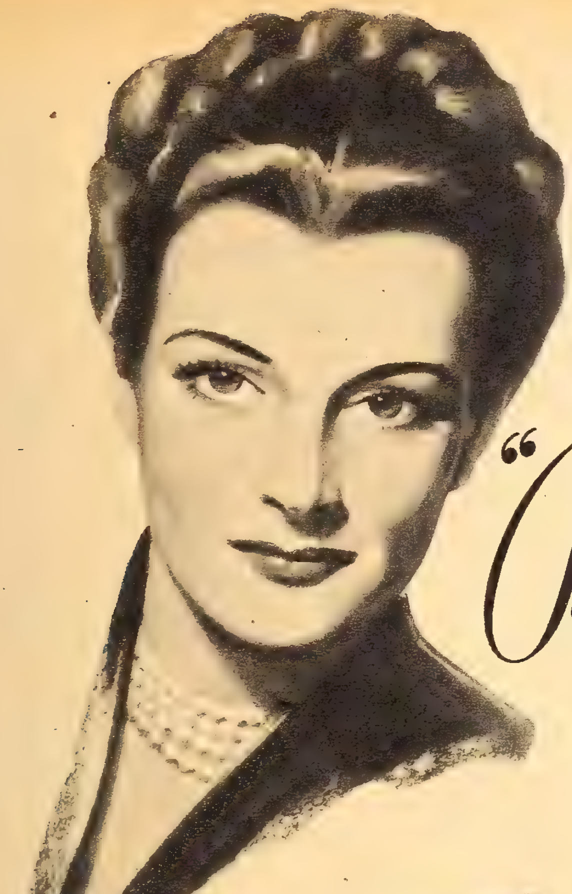


Above: · Wearable, soft, comfy as can be is this rabbit's hair two piecer from Juniors by Janie. In bright colors with black—and see the dolman sleeves! Price: About $20.00.

Below: Here's a soft rabbit's hair suit that's simple enough for school or business, dressed up enough for dates. The jacket is short as can be, the buttons are shiny jet, the stitched front has a hand-done look. Juniors by Janie; about $20.00.



Fair and Cooler



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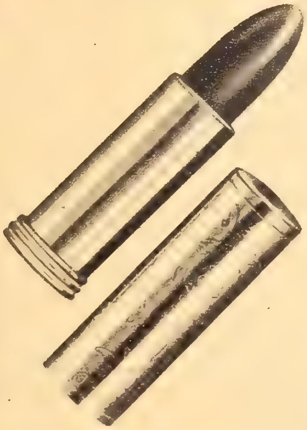
We know cake make-up can be perfect—because we've made one that's one hundred percent right! Its name is Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up, and it's ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—makes a perfect powder base—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect your skin—and does *not* make you look as if you were wearing a mask.



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SHAMPOOS

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS • BUYING GUIDE

DORSA ORIGINALS (page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Snellenburg's
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.
Denver, Colo.—Neusteter's
Shreveport, La.—Peyton's
Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen
Cleveland, O.—May Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Harry Gordon
St. Louis, Mo.—Kline's
Baltimore, Md.—The Hub
Los Angeles, Cal.—Betty Blanc
Boston, Mass.—Kennedy's
Des Moines, Ia.—Taylor's
Fort Worth, Tex.—Washer Bros.

OR WRITE TO DORSA ORIGINALS—1009 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEBUTANTE FROCKS (pages 76 and 77)

Fort Worth, Tex.—Norman's
Seattle, Wash.—Rhodes
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon
Shreveport, La.—Rubenstein's
Omaha, Nebr.—Herzberg's
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
Knoxville, Tenn.—Miller's
Chicago, Ill.—The Hub
Milwaukee, Wisc.—The Grand

OR WRITE TO DEBUTANTE FROCKS, 230 SOUTH MARKET STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

DARNA LEE JUNIORS (pages 76 and 77)

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—Kempner's
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown Duncan
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske's
Dayton, Ohio—Sonenfeld's
New York—Oppenheim Collins
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche

OR WRITE TO DARNELL GARMENT CO., 817 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

BOREVA SPORTSWEAR (page 78)

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske's
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kauffman's
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
Akron, O.—Polsky's
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Cleveland, O.—Higbee Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
California—Hale Stores

OR WRITE TO BOREVA SPORTSWEAR, 318 WEST ADAMS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

MINX MODES (page 80)

Milwaukee, Wisc.—Chapman's
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffatt
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Cincinnati, O.—Rollman's
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's
Des Moines, Ia.—Younker Bros.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
New York City—Saks-34 St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhodes

OR WRITE TO THE R. LOWENBAUM MFG. CO., 2225 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

JUNIORS BY JANIE (page 82)

St. Louis, Mo.—Sonnenfeld's
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Harry Katz
Newark, N. J.—Meyer's
Memphis, Tenn.—A. Goldsmith & Sons
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Lamson's
Buffalo, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards

OR WRITE TO JUNIORS BY JANIE, 817 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

KISSED THE GIRLS . . .

(*Continued from page 74*)

about this! I want to go with you, and spend Easter with mother up in Kingston."

So Al went to the powers-that-be at the studio and talked fast and long. He came back, grinning widely. "Okay, you're set."

Bob was exultant. "We'll have a hell of a trip, Al. We'll start having fun the minute we leave Pasadena."

They did. A Paramount executive, Sol Siegel, was on the train, and they collected a fourth in the person of a furniture manufacturer whom they encountered in the diner. It was queer about that guy. He'd lived in Glendale all his life, and never been inside a picture studio. Yet all three of them took an instant fancy to him, and by the time they got to New York they were all such pals that they agreed to take the same train back.

Bob is one guy with a grand sense of humor. He has a delightful one, which lets him even laugh at himself. One night when he first started dating Lana Turner, he took her to the Bublichki for dinner. Very Russian is the Bublichki. There were tall candles on the table, and vodka in slim glasses, and a gypsy violinist who strolled from table to table, playing plaintive melodies. Bob remembered a nice, romantic number. He called the man over.

"Would you play the 'Turkish Street Song?' "

Opposite him, beautiful Lana almost choked on her vodka. But it was weeks before Bob found out why. When he did, he sat down and laughed at himself for half an hour. It seemed that the "Turkish Street Song" had been practically a theme song for Turhan Bey.

One night Bob and Lana had been to the beach and decided to stop at Ciro's on the way back. They were in sports clothes, but ordinarily that wouldn't have made any difference. However, on this particular night, there was a very formal party going on. The headwaiter was regretful. Perhaps Miss Turner and Mr. Hutton would like to come back later.

"But I'm *hungry!*" Lana said plaintively. "I'm hungry *now*. I want some fried chicken and a big salad and ice cream."

Bob had an idea. "Look," he said to the headwaiter, "Suppose we sit out in the car in the parking lot. Will you send dinner out to us? Come on—Ciro's Drive-In."

The headwaiter had a sense of humor. He laughed and agreed. Bob and Lana consumed an enormous dinner, parked happily in Bob's car. They waved to all their various friends, who, dressed to the teeth, went into Ciro's. A lot of girls wouldn't have been very pleased with that situation. But Lana was amused. And fed. Besides, she never worries about anything.

June Haver isn't a worrier, either. But Bob worries about everything. He starts as soon as he gets up in the morning. While he's shaving, he eyes himself gloomily and wonders how long it will be before Warner Brothers realize he's not their type.

"I'll end up with ulcers and white hair by the time I'm forty," he prophesies. "Unless I stop worrying."

Maybe he *will* stop soon. Maybe soon he'll be mowing the lawn and taking a beautiful, shiny new wife out riding, and won't have any time left to worry. As far as Bob's concerned, the sooner the better.

a winning hand

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

That easy-as-pie quiz on page 62 will give you some clues to pretty handwork, but to have fingertips as dainty as, say, June Allyson's, you must treat them to a weekly manicure. Let this be your routine:

First, asemble all the necessary items on a convenient nearby table so that you won't have to get up, halfway through the manicure, to retrieve the cuticle remover. Begin by smoothing away old polish with a cotton pad saturated in oily polish remover. Oily, remember. That way you prevent brittle nails.

File and shape nails with an emery board. Be careful not to dig too deeply into the corners. Try for graceful ovals . . . claw-like nails are taboo. Too, medium length fingernails are less likely to break.

Now, using either the new fountain pen type gadget that holds a supply of oily cuticle remover, or with a cotton-tipped orangewood stick moistened with remover, gently but firmly push back the cuticle. This helps to remove dead skin around the base of the nails, keeps them trim and neat. Cut cuticle only if you want to encourage infection!

If you leave your nail tips bare of polish, it is at this point that you apply nail white under the edges of the nails. Next, dip your fingertips into a bowl of sudsy water which you've stationed on that ever-convenient table. Scrub your fingers and wipe them dry. As you do, you'll be removing the last shreds of dead skin loosened by the cuticle removed.

Now an application of a smooth base prepares the way for your polish. Incidentally, there's a new "twincote" which magically acts as polish coat and later can be used as "top coat" and quick-dryer. A gay, exciting shade of nail enamel goes on over the colorless coating. Quick, downward strokes of the brush are easiest to apply. And you'll prevent "bleeding" of the polish onto your cuticle, if you are careful not to overload the brush with polish. For a happy ending to your manicure, top your polish with one of those "speed dryers" that also bring a gleaming finish to your nails.

Wondering just *which* is the right polish for you? Well, reach for the rainbow! You can find shades of true red, blue-red, or russet-toned red in all the popular lines of polish. These are the basic shades . . . you'll need at least one bottle of each so that fingertips always team happily with your costume. And *you* will be happy with two "winning hands!"

* * *

Like your complexion? If the answer is "yes," then you should learn how to keep it pretty always. If it's a sad "no," you need some knowing advice. Both "yes" and "no-ers" will profit by reading the special free booklet which the Beauty Department has for you. It is written by a leading American authority on skin care. She tells how you, too, can have a petal-smooth complexion! Write for it today.

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of the booklet on skin care. I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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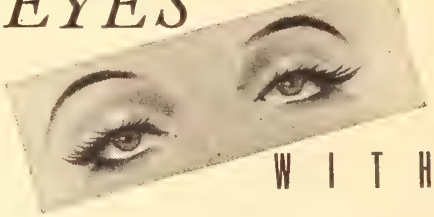

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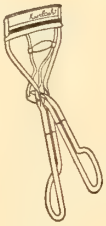

RADIO GOSSIP BY BEN GROSS

(*Continued from page 73*)

tummy needs constant exercise, just like your muscles. Otherwise, it gets weak and you feel faint when you're hungry." (Medical journals, please don't copy!).

Margaret Whiting, star of NBC's cigaret sponsored "Follies," has a wise business head. She has invested the tremendous royalties from her best selling record, "It Might As Well Be Spring," in Hollywood property. Peg will build an apartment house for the exclusive tenancy of war veterans . . . Stuart Erwin, star of NBC's "Phone Again, Finnegan," appeared in more than 35 pictures before he entered radio . . . Kate Smith still prides herself on never having visited a night club . . . Judy Canova says she is too busy to be vacationing this year. In addition to her camera chores, the hillbilly comedienne is devoting her time to her husband and a rapidly growing daughter, at her North Hollywood home . . . According to many fashion experts, Connie Bennett qualifies for the title of "the best dressed" annual West Coast visitor to Radio City.

The Letters They Get . . . Some of the stars receive the darndest fan mail. Especially from those good folk who take literally everything they hear on the air. For example, the purely fictional "Father Danny O'Neill," the lovable priest character in the ABC serial, "The O'Neills," has evidently convinced many listeners that he is a real person. So it is not surprising that a woman in Iowa recently wrote:

"Dear Father O'Neill: I love the way you talk on the radio. Would it be possible for you to come out here and perform a marriage ceremony for my daughter?"

Some time ago, after Jack Benny had literally lost his pants on the Fred Allen show, a gentleman from the Bronx sent this missive to Fred:

"Please send me the pants you took from Benny. I want to display them in the window of Sam's drug store."

And it wasn't so many moons ago, when Amos confided to his partner Andy that he was suffering from a cold. For weeks thereafter, Uncle Sam's postmen were freighted down with homemade remedies. Among these was a formula compounded by a Louisiana voodoo worshipper, a dainty concoction adeptly mixed of stones, herbs and a dried lizard's tail!

Gags of the Month . . . "Why is it that most radio jokes are funnier when you hear them on the air than when you read them in print?" a fan asked me recently. The answer is that microphone comedy is written for the ear—and not for the eye. It is the timing, the personality of the comedian, that turns many a weak gag into the belly laugh that is known in the profession as a "Boff."

Costello: You know, Abbott, my Uncle was the world's greatest tight rope walker—until he broke his neck.

Abbott: How did he break his neck?

Costello: One night he got up to walk the rope. He was tight and the rope wasn't.

* * *

Rudy Vallee: Women are the last thing I think of.

Pinky Lee: What's the first thing?

Rudy: How fast I can get to the last thing.

* * *

1st Cantor Stooge: If I was a producer, I'd put Eddie Cantor in "The Saratoga Trunk."

2nd Cantor Stooge: You would?

1st Stooge: Yeah . . . And once he was in it, I'd slam the lid down and padlock it.

Bob Hope: Alan, have you ever tried being a comedian?

Alan Ladd: We—ell, I told some of my jokes to an agent last week and he didn't think they were funny.

Bob Hope: Why don't you ask him why he didn't think they were funny?

Alan Ladd: I would—but it's too much trouble chipping him out of that barrel of concrete.

* * *

Cass Daley: They put a plaque on the door of the house I was born in . . . and now hundreds of people pass it every day.

Larry: What does the plaque say?

Cass: No vacancy!

* * *

Edgar Bergen: Mortimer, why do you always show your stupidity?

Mortimer: Well, what's the good of having it, if you can't show it?

* * *

The Program Book . . . With the return of the stars to the airlanes from their Summer vacations, you'll find that there have been some changes made. For example, Eddie Cantor tranfers from Wednesday nights on NBC to Fridays on CBS . . . NBC's comic, Great Gildersleeve, moves to the spot formerly held by Hildegarde on Wednesdays . . . And in Gildersleeve's old Sunday niche, you will tune in on Bob Burns, the Arkansas philosopher.

The theme melody of the CBS "Blondie" series, which has opened every broadcast since it went on the air in 1939, was written by composer-conductor Billy Artz in only 20 minutes . . . And speaking of series, Ann Sothern has become so identified with "Maisie," the girl from Brooklyn, that most of her fans believe she actually came from the home of the Dodgers. Not so, however. Ann was born in Valley City, North Dakota, and grew up in Minneapolis.

Many big names of the air began their climb on NBC's "Cavalcade of America" program. Among them, Kenny Delmar, the explosive "Senator Claghorn," of the Fred Allen show, and Agnes Moorehead, one of radio's ace dramatic actresses. The "Cavalcade" period is the winner of many prizes and also has the distinction of maintaining the only regular repertory or stock company in radio . . . Those who win the regular $25 award on that wacky quiz show, "It Pays To Be Ignorant," had better bring a suitcase to carry home the loot. It seems that emcee Tom Howard pays off his guests in 2,500 pennies!

So, to put down in your little notebook, here are the return dates of some of your favorite radio divertissements: Red Skelton, Sept. 10; Bergen and McCarthy, Sept. 1; "Duffy's Tavern," Sept. 20; Bob Hope, Sept. 24; Jack Benny, Sept 29.

Letter of the Month . . . "Will you please tell me how to get tickets for radio broadcasts both in New York and in other cities? None of my friends seem to know anything about it, and I'm just dying to attend a performance in a studio."—Rose Marie Davidson Philadelphia, Pa.

Answer: If you wish to attend a broadcast in New York, Chicago or Hollywood, where most of the network programs originate, write either to the sponsors of the programs or to the stations in those communities in which the performers face the microphones. But I must warn you that your request for tickets may not be granted, or you may have to wait for a long time before receiving those precious ducats. That's not because radio folk are inhospitable; it's just that the demand for admissions is ten or twenty times greater than the seating capacity of the studios. In almost every city or town, however, there are local stations which welcome visitors. Try these and the chances are you won't be disappointed.

GUY MADISON LIFE STORY

(*Continued from page 51*)

Back then in Bakersfield, such a fate for Baby Bob was incredibly fantastic. Bob's family were plain people, sturdy Scotch-Irish-English pioneer stock, the kind of restless Americans who built the West. No actors had ever dangled from their family trees. His parents were both from the Ozark Mountain country of Missouri originally. They had met and married in New Mexico, where Bob's dad had trekked as a boy in a covered wagon, carrying his own sick father in search of health. He'd worked at lumbering, then tried homesteading—and failed as a stock rancher. He'd moved on to California then, with the inner urge of the pioneer, but not before he had met Mary Jane Helder on her dad's ranch and taken her along as his wife. The natural place for Ben Mosely to settle was in the rich San Joaquin Valley farming belt.

Robert Ozell Mosely couldn't have picked a better place to grow up in if he'd tried.

It was a country striped by the broad irrigation canals that made the cotton, alfalfa, corn, potatoes and beans grow. High grass grew along the banks, crowded with rabbits and muskrats, pheasants and nesting quail. Doves swooped over the alfalfa fields. Wild ducks settled on the river marshes. Fox, coyotes, squirrels, skunk, 'possum, wildcats roamed the river banks, and up in the mountains there were deer and bear. Rich farm fields spread in every direction, dotted with dairy farms and cattle ranches. On the low hills that flanked the city, already the oil derricks were sprouting which would make Bakersfield one of the richest towns in California.

Bob Mosely's family didn't share in the wealth. His dad was a working man, with a big family; already there was Bob's older brother, David, and his sister, Rosemary, and after Bob, Wayne and Harold were to come along. Money was scarce. In Bob's early babyhood, his dad quit the ranch job to work for the Santa Fe Railroad in the big roundhouse at Bakersfield as a machinist.

Bob grew up in a four-room adobe house his dad and David built with their own hands on a little plot out on Brundage Lane, south of town. It was the first 'dobe in Bakersfield, and it's still home to Guy Madison's family. A couple of rooms have been added by now, but the whitewashed mud brick house, cozy and homelike, is where Guy likes to go the minute he gets off work in Hollywood.

Bob's boyhood theme was action, with a big "A." He couldn't keep an extra pound on his skinny body as a kid, because he couldn't keep still from the time he was born. He burned up energy like a furnace. With his kiddie pals, Elmer, the next door boy, and Burr, down the lane, Bob raced around perpetually, playing cowboys and Indians, digging pirate caves along the banks of the canal, fighting battles with stick swords and washtub tops, hunting game with rubber slingshots, raiding the blackberry farm of the Chinese farmer, Henry Mong, across the street, stealing watermelons, climbing all over the new houses that were always springing up.

It was this super-charged vitality of Bob's that got him into trouble his first year in Roosevelt Grade School, three blocks down the lane. He burned the meat off his growing bones with perpetual

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motion and when the school doctors weighed and measured him they shook their heads.

"Underweight," they pronounced. "A case for the Preventorium."

That was the county health law. Children attending public schools who didn't weigh enough for their height and age were packed off to the county health camp, up at Keene, in the Tehachapi mountains, as a precaution against incipient tuberculosis. You probably couldn't have given Bob Mosely t.b. with an inoculation at that point, but just the same, the law was the law. He was underweight, so off he went to the mountain camp, to breathe mountain air, fatten up with forced feeding and ward off any threat of the White Plague. Bob was just seven then and the sentence was tragic. He didn't want to go away from home. When they told him they were doing it to save his health he was all the more puzzled. He felt swell. What was wrong with his health?

a blessing in disguise . . .

Actually, the mountain Preventorium was a boyhood break for Bob Mosely, just as a shore liberty visit to Hollywood later on was a break for the grown up Guy Madison. The nurses took his clothes off and put him in shorts, right out in the snow. They slept him in open air screened cabins, soaked him with sun baths, fed him up like a prize steer. That was the worst part, the forced feeding. Bob was naturally a bad eater. He liked high energy foods. In the first grade at school, he'd spend his lunch dime for a root beer and a bar of candy instead of a meal at the cafeteria. They snapped him out of that bad habit pronto, but it was impossible then for Bob to eat three meals a day—four helpings a meal.

The Preventorium did a lot for seven-year-old Bob Mosely besides toughen his body and set his character. There he learned to swim in the big outdoor pool. He almost drowned once when a big kid dove off the high board and landed smack on his back, sending him down to the bottom, unconscious. But a lifeguard had him out in a wink. Bob learned organized games, woodcraft, sports. He got his first lesson in scientific care of his body, which was to become one of the guiding religions of his young manhood. Bob didn't gain many pounds, because he still burned calories up as fast as he could feed his active body, but he acquired a respect for physical culture which has never left him.

He inherited a battered-up .22 rifle from his brother and would come back almost every afternoon with rabbits slung over his shoulder and dump them proudly on his mother's kitchen table. Finally, the Mosely icebox was so stacked with cottontails that his mother had to call a halt. "If you'll stop bringing home rabbits, Bobby," she'd sigh, "I'll cook you some fried chicken." But even that lure of his favorite dish couldn't keep Bob from hunting. It was in his blood.

He got the reputation among his pals for being a dead-eye shot. Once his chum, Dan Shaw, was playing at Bob's house when a big chicken hawk swooped down over the hen roost and then circled lazily over the house. Bob ran inside to the room he shared with his brother David and grabbed his funny little .22. "I'm gonna get him," he announced. "He'll eat all our chickens." Danny had to laugh. "You don't shoot birds with any ole twenty-two," he scoffed. "You use a shotgun."

Bob didn't say anything. But the next time the marauder circled low he pointed his rifle into the air and pulled the trigger. The big hawk flopped in midair and plummeted to the back yard, dead as a doornail. Bob had drilled him clean through the neck in one shot.

Bob was a shining light in the cub Boy Scouts. He passed the tests like pie because any kind of woodcraft was a breeze for him. When he was eleven, a big event happened in Bob's life. He went for his first trip on a train alone, and more exciting that that, to a real ranch in New Mexico to visit his aunt and uncle. It took him three days on a hot, dusty coach, riding on his dad's Santa Fe pass, because he couldn't afford to travel Pullman, but Bob didn't mind. His head danced with visions of real cowboys and of the wild broncos he'd ride. He'd filled up on cowboy yarns behind his school books and Indians, of course, were the most dashing characters he could imagine.

Well, the ranch was just a modest New Mexico farm and the horses there were about the same type as those at home. Bob stayed a month helping with the farm chores and getting his lungs full of desert air, his tummy full of ranch food and his head crammed with pioneer tales of the West. But the only bucking bronco he tamed was a rickety calf—and Bobby didn't do such a job of that.

Bob just had to ride something, so one day he hopped on the calf, which promptly bawled and cavorted around, tossing Bob right on his seat into a bunch of needle-point cactus. But he climbed back on and this time squeezed so tight with his legs that the calf collapsed, and dumped him again!

Bob didn't brag much about that Wild West adventure when he got back to Bakersfield, but he was pretty proud of the real Indian bow and arrow he had bought at the Santa Fe depot in Albuquerque. The touristy little bow started Bob on one of the real sports loves of his life, archery. It still persists and he has passed it on to both his younger brothers, Wayne and Harold. All three are expert hunters with man-sized bows now as a result of their early training.

That he was so expert was lucky for Bob and all the Mosely family, the way things turned out. Because along about that time, the rabbits and birds and squirrels Bob used to plague his mother with became pretty important items at the dinner table. Bob can still remember the hard times of the Great Depression. Raising five husky children made a railroad machinist's check look pretty sick even in good times, but when the economic blight hit California and the Santa Fe started "retrenching," it was grim news for the little white adobe on Brundage Lane.

MODERN SCREEN
Ralph Newman

"Did I tell you Clark Gable wears the same size shirt I do?"

The layoff program dropped Bob's dad back down to machinist's helper and to the wage of $4 a day, just four days one week and three the next. Sixty dollars a month wasn't much. Bob and all his brothers had to hustle. He still remembers the eternal diet of pinto beans that cropped up as the table staple. Their relatives shipped them over from New Mexico and they were cheap. Mary Mosely was a good manager, though, and a miraculous cook, and she eked out the slim fare with garden vegetables, the chickens and the cow. But a lot of David's pet pigeons went to glory for the good of the platter, and no one sniffed at the frog legs Bob brought back from Kern Island canal or the fish he yanked from the river.

But that lean spell of poverty couldn't stop the husky body Bob Mosely had been building up ever since his skinny Preventorium days. He was never sick a day in his life, except for a few minor kid's illnesses. It did make him busier than ever before, though. He bagged a paper route to earn a few coins and sometimes with his brothers, his mother and idle dad, too, he picked fruits on the farms that surrounded them, cashing in on the rotating harvests like the migrant "Okie" workers who crowded the country and moved on with the crops.

Bob was a good worker. His dad could trust him with any chore and know he'd do it right, whether it was hoeing the corn or fixing a fence. When he helped Bob get a job around the neighborhood he could say, "Here's my boy, Bob, he'll do you a good job," and never had to apologize. Bob was stubborn, too, about getting what he went after. Hard times spoiled his fun. With money as scarce as hen's teeth, he managed to work a deal when he wanted something, like the first racing bike he owned. A bicycle at that point was about as far out of reach of the family pocketbook as a Rolls-Royce. But Bob had his heart set on one, so he worked nights after school shafting arrows, sewing a fancy quiver and cutting a sleek, polished bow, and then traded the archery equipment for a second hand racer. That was the way he operated. Poor boy or not, he got what he wanted.

Bob inherited a lot of David's hand-me-downs in those hungry days. Sometimes he got a new pair of corduroys and a T-shirt of his very own, although for a long time he trotted off to school without shoes. David's outgrown clothes came in handy on Sundays when the whole Mosely family, dressed up, piled in the family car and went to Sunday School and church.

the lord's day . . .

Bob's grandfathers, on both sides, had been Baptist ministers and religious faith was deeply planted in the family. Bob grew up with his spiritual side well taken care of. His ninety-year-old Grandma Holder still says grace before every meal at his house and chides him when he confesses he misses church now and then down in Hollywood. Nobody worked on Sunday around the Mosely place in Bob's boyhood, no matter how much the corn needed tending.

Don Breitinger, who has chummed with Bob all his life and still does on Guy Madison's regular trips home, remembers the time he moved into the Brundage Lane neighborhood. First day he was trudging down the lane and passed the white Mosely adobe, Bob stepped out from behind a bush and blocked his path.

"Hello," he said. "You want to fight?"

Don shook his head. "No, I don't want to fight."

"Well," pressed Bob, "what *do* you want to do?" This new kid must have some talent. "Want to race?"

"Okay," nodded Don. So off they dashed up the road and Don dropped the sack of apples his mother had sent him for. Bob was just a nose ahead but he wheeled back and helped pick up the bruised fruit. From then on they were great pals. But the friendship was formed in action.

His three closest friends were and still are Dan Shaw, Si Santiago and Eldon Setterholm. All three today, like Guy Madison, are magnificent Greek god physical specimens, the kind you see in physical culture magazines. All of them look as if they could toss a bull for a loss. They called themselves the "Big Four" in school and they spent every spare hour developing their physiques. It was Dan Shaw, "Danny Boy" as Bob and the kids called him, a natural born acrobat and athlete, who got Bob interested in tumbling and gymnastics, the sports that helped develop him into the solid, steel-muscled man he is today.

Bob developed his other specialty, swimming, in the river, and later on, at the Union Avenue plunge. Si Santiago and Danny Boy were lifeguards there every summer. After whatever job he was doing, Bob would hustle over in the warm San Joaquin Valley evenings to knife through the water, dive and do acrobatics with those two plunge powerhouse friends. He got as good as they were and it not only streamlined his muscles and turned his light skin a golden brown, but it prepared him for the Navy lifeguard job he had to handle later.

Bob could take his disappointments in stride. He was steady and level-headed. He wasn't brilliant in school, but he never flunked a subject. He was especially good at math, just fair in everything else. But behind his quiet, handsome eyes, Bob was sensitive, too.

Once the history teacher assigned his class an exercise—a theme to write on William of Orange. She had Bob read his before the class. Then she took him and his paper to pieces. Bob burned in silence as she laid him out. She mocked the words he mispronounced, the grammatical mistakes he had made. She ridiculed him in front of the class. "Obviously," she said, "you didn't even try." That was what got Bob. He *had* tried. Maybe he'd made mistakes, but he resented injustice.

kindness gets results . . .

Teachers who handled him in a straightforward, sympathetic manner got better results. Bob didn't mind criticism, even punishment, if he rated it and got a frank appraisal of his effort. His forge teacher, "Pep," in the blacksmith class, had the reputation of being tough as a beet—and Pop was. He had a swat system of grading. If pupils got a D or an F, they got so many swats with a big paddle and Pop wasn't exactly weak. The kids all feared him, but they liked him, too. Bob came up for his swats once, but when he was through Pop proclaimed to the class, "Now there's a fellow with a great personality. All he has to do is develop it." Then he grinned and Bob grinned back. There was only one baffling department in his young life. That was girls.

Bob wasn't a ladies man. It wasn't because he was scared of them particularly, but because he was too wrapped up in his own interests to pay them any mind.

As he grew older, it was just a case of not having any time for gals, and being with outdoor guys all the time, Bob felt awkward and out of place when he was around feminine charmers. He'd actually duck them for fear Si or Dan or some of the gang would razz him. Because it was becoming more and more obvious, as Bob grew up, that he was one good looking

(Continued on page 92)

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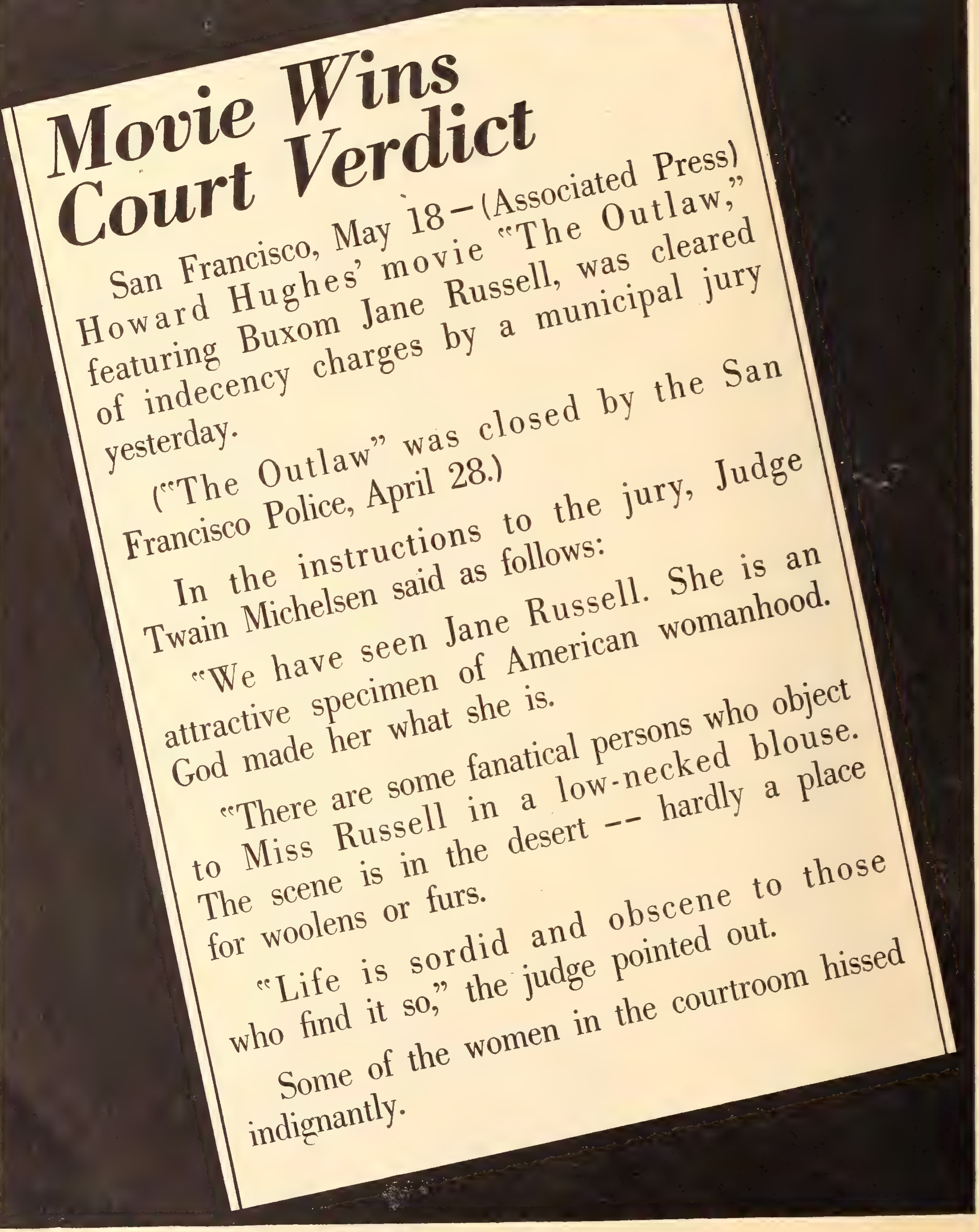

Movie Wins Court Verdict

San Francisco, May 18—(Associated Press) Howard Hughes' movie "The Outlaw," featuring Buxom Jane Russell, was cleared of indecency charges by a municipal jury yesterday.

("The Outlaw" was closed by the San Francisco Police, April 28.)

In the instructions to the jury, Judge Twain Michelsen said as follows:

"We have seen Jane Russell. She is an attractive specimen of American womanhood. God made her what she is.

"There are some fanatical persons who object to Miss Russell in a low-necked blouse. The scene is in the desert -- hardly a place for woolens or furs.

"Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," the judge pointed out.

Some of the women in the courtroom hissed indignantly.

like it...
but the Public does!

In its first week, "The Outlaw" has broken every attendance record ever established by any motion picture or theatrical production ever shown in any theatre in the history of San Francisco!

"The Outlaw" has exceeded all previous records by the astounding margin of 51,193 persons!

young animal. In his swim shorts Bob was, in fact, a young Apollo—tall and beautifully muscled, usually sunburned to a golden brown. The features that were to become famous as Guy Madison were forming—wide, white smile, deceptively soft eyes and long lashes, firm jaw and the gold-brown unruly mop of curls that flopped forever over his eyes. Si and Dan on their life guard roosts at the Union Avenue pool would watch the girls eye Bob and then sort of edge over to where he sat.

But Bob was almost as indifferent as L'il Abner, because the way he looked at it, girls took dough, clothes, a car. He didn't have any of these luxuries. So he stayed clear. But in high school there was Betty.

a natural . . .

Like all the girls Guy Madison has shown an interest in, Betty was a natural beauty. His tastes in girls ran true to form. He admired men who were naturally strong and girls who were naturally knockouts. No war paint, lipstick, powder, perfume or feminine artifices worked on Bob. He was looking for the real article. Betty was one of those, but Betty had a steady beau.

Just the same Bob started dating her up. The competition was pretty fierce, because Al, Betty's boy friend, was a blond, good looking buy with money and a shiny new car to ride her around in. To make matters worse, Bob liked Al and Al liked him, but that couldn't keep them from getting into a peach of a fight over Betty.

Another fight Bob had is still talked about in Bakersfield. Guy Madison would never give out the story in a million years, but Si Santiago was in on it from start to finish and Si has a vivid memory.

This time Bob's battle started outside La Granada, the dance place where all the high school crowd went. Bob was no fairy-footer on the dance floor, but Betty took pains to teach him the Balboa and he worked a deal for an old jalop chassis which he revamped with Don Breitinger in Don's father's garage. So he was expanding his social life somewhat the night he and Si and another buddy took in the Saturday night dance. That's when five huskies from Shafter, a nearby town, ganged them, as they stepped outside the hall. Si and his buddy took care of their bullies and an extra one to boot, but two hopped Bob. While he was fighting off one, another clipped him from the rear and knocked him down. Bob got up, boiling, and had them both on the run when the crowd stopped it.

That was Bob's senior year at Bakersfield High. He was seventeen when he graduated, in 1939. Typically, he didn't make much of the occasion. Danny Boy and some of the other guys met him after the exercises. "Come on, R. O." they said. "This is a big night. Let's stay around town and have some fun." Bob yawned. "No," he said, "I think I'll go on home to bed." And that's where he went! There's a funny item too, in the high school year book, considering what happened not long after that. Bob didn't even get around to having his picture taken, so in his spot they just printed his name, "Robert Ozell Mosely" tagging him "one of the camera-shy seniors."

Bob was booked to go on to Bakersfield Junior College in the fall but he needed money, as usual, and he went after a man's job. As usual too, he wanted to work outdoors, so he bid for a job with the California State Forestry Division. The law said you had to be eighteen to qualify but Bob told another white lie and got by. He was big, strong and what he didn't know about mountains and woods you could put in your eye. They assigned him to a group down south in Orange County. All that summer Bob was lost in the kind of labor he liked best, hiking over the dry California hills fighting forest fires, sometimes by day and sometimes staying up all night, his eyes red-rimmed with smoke, his hair singed and skin blistered. He was always at his best when there was danger, natural danger to combat. He mixed concrete for check dams, cut brush, cleared trails, packed supplies and he was happy. The other Forestry service men were all a lot older than Bob and sometimes they would spot his boyish face and tag him for a sucker on good natured gags. The cook, particularly, liked to rag Bob with ancient stumpers.

One night he came in the room with an egg and a dishpan. "Mose," he said, flashing two bills, "Here's two bucks says I can put this egg on the floor and you can't smash it with this dishpan."

It was one of those ridiculously easy feats, but Bob knew there was a hitch somewhere. He figured it out before he replied. "Okay, you're on."

The cookie grinned and winked at the gang of foresters. Then he walked to a corner of the room, placed the egg snugly in the angle and handed Bob the round pan. "Your move." Bob knew what to do. The corner was square; the dishpan was round; the egg nestled in the tiny angle, out of reach. Lazily Bob took the big pan and squeezed it across his knee, bent it into a pointed roll. Then he walked over and speared the egg to smithereens. The gang roared, including the crossed up cookie, who had to fork over the wager.

That summer was such a swell stretch in Bob Mosely's memory that when he came back to Bakersfield to enter J. C., he thought seriously of taking up forestry as a profession, going on to a Western college and studying scientific conservation and making it a career. The other bug in his bonnet was physical culture. He had never had time for organized sports in school, but he knew them from A to Z. He'd like to be a coach or a recreation director, something manly, active and out-of-doors. But when J.C. was through and Bob had graduated in '41, his generation was too jittery to consider college. The flame of war in Europe was licking toward America and Bob Mosely couldn't settle down to any more books and studies. He was plenty grown for his age by then, around twenty years old. He owned a '36 black coupe he'd bought for $365 cash with his job savings, he had a new girl, Ann, another natural brown haired beauty, he was paying his own way at home and—well—it all added up to no more schooldays. Bob took off a month, lazing around the Union Avenue plunge, getting mahogany brown again and talking over life and the future with Si and Danny. They still were the lifeguards. And the girls still edged over to the side of the pool where Bob Mosely sprawled in the sun. But he still paid them very little mind. He had eyes only for Ann and that was just now and then. He never had settled down to going "steady." Bob was still happiest when he was with a bunch of he-men. So when he'd had his month of vacation he tied into another rugged job, while he waited, along with all the other youths in America, for what was going to happen. He grabbed a job as a telephone lineman.

OCTOBER ISSUE

Tyrone's the Power that'll make you hurry to your newsstand on September 13 for your October MODERN SCREEN—'cause we've got quite a story coming up on Annabella's fella!

Again Bob had to convince his employers. They told him, "Sure, we need men. But this isn't kid stuff. It's rough and tough and plenty of grown men have conked out."

They sent him to the line school in Sacramento. If he passed that, okay, if not, no job. It was a two week test and Bob can still remember every day of it because every day was torture. It was summer, and Sacramento is one of the hottest towns in all California. He worked from dawn to dusk in the broiling sun at 120 degrees. He strapped on spikes and climbed poles hand over hand. He fastened his belt to the top and hauled up heavy cross arms. He packed spools of lead-heavy coiled copper wire. He got himself punctured with slivers when his climbing spikes hit a knot or a soft spot in the pole. He "burned the pole" more than once and dropped to the ground a bloody mess from his calves to his forearms.

That was a year Guy Madison looks back on today with a rosy memory. After he was broken in, he enjoyed every minute of it.

Bob took his fun that year hopping in his car and tearing down south on the weekends to join Si and Danny. They had rented a shack in Long Beach to laze away a few weeks on the sands before joining up, because by then the handwriting was on the wall. As if the rigors of his job weren't enough, Bob made the long haul down over the Ridge Route to the beach, surf-boarded and spear fished all day Saturday and Sunday, and tumbled on the beach with his old acrobatic partners. Then he'd hot foot it back to Bakersfield and strap on his climbing gear Monday morning. But when the rest of the Big Four joined the Navy, Bob began to find it pretty restless business stringing wire. He wanted to get into a uniform, too.

So one day he said "So long" to Danny and Si and the swabbie gang. "I'm going back and try for the Air Corps," he told them. "It looks like the best deal for me."

He came home and took the tests, passed like a breeze. He was 20-20 in everything. He went to bed that night practically with wings on his blouse, humming "the wide blue yonder." He'd hardly dozed off before there was a pounding at the door. "Western Union."

It was from Danny Boy and it said, "Hold everything. Got the word straight from headquarters that we can all go to boot camp together in Long Beach if you join up pronto. How about the Big Four taking over this man's Navy?"

Bob read the wire again and grinned. Why sure! It was clear as crystal. The thing to do was fight this war with his pals, the pals he'd had all through school days and always would have. "Mom," he said, "I'm leaving tomorrow. I'm going down to San Pedro and join the Navy."

hollywood? where's that? . . .

As he roared over the ridge to the Coast and shot down the long Los Angeles boulevard that leads to the sea, Bob Mosely rolled unheeding past a neighborhoo known all over the world as Hollywood the movie capital of the globe. It mean absolutely nothing to him then, and if anyone had told him that this decision h had made from Danny Boy's wire woul start a chain of fantastic events to lan him there as a motion picture star name Guy Madison, Bob Mosely would hav tossed back his curly mop and roare louder than his racing motor.

But that's just what Fate had up he tricky sleeve for that good looking gob-to-be.

(Guy Madison's life story will be con cluded in the October issue of MODER SCREEN.)

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

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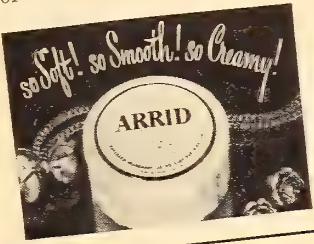
SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

To protect your precious clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the new, improved Postwar Arrid! Careful laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is far superior in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes. Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards your clothes against perspiration. Prevents embarrassing odor. You'll adore the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

STUNNING NEW COLOR COMBINATION! Wool jersey dress in steel grey with pale beige yoke. Fine quality jersey, with real body! But remember that wool jersey, or any other woolen, encourages underarm perspiration. Use Arrid . . . the deodorant that gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety to your clothes and skin! Use Arrid daily.

Fall Fashion News

There's a trim, clean-cut, uncluttered look about the smartest daytime clothes! You'll find it in dresses, as well as suits. And this Fall you'll find quality woolens again. Remember, underarm perspiration ruins woolens . . . stains them. Odor clings to them. Rely on Arrid for protection. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!



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5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

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● AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
Just try this *System* on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that can capture Love and Romance for you.
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when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get *longer and much more beautiful*. Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if Juelene's tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—*in just one short week* helps your hair gain its normal beauty. Mail the coupon.
● Thrilling Results!
Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this *Fully Guaranteed* Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.
JUEL COMPANY, 1930 Irving Park Rd., Chicago 13, Ill.
IF YOU DO WANT LONGER HAIR
Mail This INTRODUCTORY COUPON!
JUEL COMPANY, Dept. R-603,
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Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.
☐ I am enclosing $1.00.
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NAME..
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CITY.............................STATE..............
☞ Our Customers Participate in Gifts ☜

WATCH LARRY PARKS!

(Continued from page 45)

guy was working hard—but I wondered.

"I've got a question, Al," I said. "Doesn't it make you sort of itchy to see someone else trying to be you? You know, there's only one Al Jolson."

"That's a couple too many," came back Al. "But I'll tell you something, Hedda. This Larry Parks can play me better than I can play myself!"

Now that's no idle acting tribute—coming from a Mister Show Business man like Al Jolson. I scribbled "Larry Parks" at the top of my private future book and waited until he came out from behind the burnt cork so I could take a peek. It's been quite a wait—eight months Larry worked, and not a week off.

dark dream boat . . .

With the shoe blacking rubbed off, Larry's a dream boat. He's tall. He's lean and whip muscled. He's got wavy black hair and brows and black agate eyes. He's got a low, quiet voice that packs authority, poise and maturity. Thirty, maybe. Nobody's fool. The boy's smooth. He even poured me tea in his swanky star's dressing room. And I impress so easy, darn it.

"Hey," I challenged. "Where have *you* been all my life?"

Larry's teeth flashed mischievously. "Right here practically in the shade of your hat, Hedda, a lot of the time," he cracked. "One of those Hollywood cellar gang guys, that's me—Keeper of the B's. I've made more than thirty pictures, before the 'Jolson Story.'"

Larry's home town is Joliet, Illinois, where they have a big penitentiary, and he's getting a little tired of people cracking "When did you get out?" even though that's the way he feels about his Hollywood career. He's really of Jayhawker pioneer stock, because he was born in Olathe, Kansas, (Buddy Rogers' old home town) and back in the Jesse James-Quantrill days his grandpappy was a sheriff who toted two persuasive six-shooters around. Larry's half German, half Irish by extraction and the combination still churns him around inside like a cement mixer. One minute he's Teutonic as the dickens—methodical and practical—and the next he's doing something completely insane, like any Celtic eccentric. That's how he got on this acting merry-go-round in the first place.

Larry was plugging along patiently toward an M.D. degree at the University of Illinois until his Irish nipped him in his senior year. Until then, Lawrence Parks was a sold citizen supreme, making good marks in his majors—chemistry and physics—running the financial budget for his S.A.E. fraternity house, working his way through school as a campus fireman and generally adding up to an averge Joe College of the 1930's.

But he took a course in the School of Speech to balance his weighty scientific schedule, acted in some school plays, and one spring day right after graduation and a B.S. degree when he should have been gloating over the scholarship he'd won in medical school, Larry found himself writing a flock of job-hunting letters to summer stock theaters he'd picked out of the Theater Arts Monthly. He wrote fifty letters; he got twenty answers; he got six offers of jobs! He took the one that looked best, with the Manhattan Players at Lake Whalon, Massachusetts, for $35 a week. He thought it would be fun for the summer and pile him up a stake to start medical school with. Since that first summer show Larry Parks hasn't sniffed ether or cracked an anatomy text.

He started out in style in New York, all right. A lady in the stock company had a husband who owned a membership in the Lambs' Club, the ancient and honorable association of actors. Larry found himself staked to two weeks there with Broadway Big Names on all sides of him. He had eighty bucks. He didn't know anyone. That was in 1937 and the Depression was still a hangover around town. I won't go into the sad tale of Larry's buffets with Broadway—but it was the old story. "Sorry—goodbye now." In no time and six-tenths Larry Parks called a tiny room around 53rd and 10th Avenue home, at $2.50 a week, with plenty of garbage trucks, neon lights, and six flights of stairs thrown in.

The nice thing about Larry Parks today is that he thinks all that time wasn't wasted at all. In fact, Larry hasn't a regret in his bones to give him a twinge when he considers his past. He's even grateful to the Hollywood B-hive he buzzed around in for years. He's a little Pollyanna-ish that way, and he explains it like this, "After all, Hedda, the more things you do the more things you know."

After odd jobs of ushering, Larry joined the Group Theater studio—a training school for ambitious actors with talent. You got training with the very best stars, but that was it—period. No dough. Larry knew he was lucky to get in on the lectures, classes and rehearsals at the Group, but he had to eat, so he put on another uniform, this time in Rockefeller Center, and guided goggle-eyed tourists through the wonders of that Temple, at $1.50 an hour. Another nobody who had to eat in those days was doing the same thing at the same place at the same time. One of Larry's successors was Gregory Peck. Chances are, Larry would have carried on, as Greg Peck later did, at the World's Fair, which was a godsend in those days to all penniless New York actors and actresses, but just about the time the exhibition opened, Larry's Broadway career closed. His Dad had died and he thought with a pang of conscience that he'd ought to turn respectable and carry on back home. Larry should have known that once you sniff greasepaint you're a gone goose.

stagestruck . . .

He stuck it out at his late Dad's advertising agency for six months and got unhappier and unhappier, until he just had to get away. The New York Central Railroad was the answer and guess what Larry was next—a dining car inspector! It paid him well, Larry recalls, for all he did was ride the NYC's diners on the six-day swing and make reports on food and service. Finally he got so unhappy and jittery that he'd have flown to the ends of the earth to ease the monotony. So where he flew to was—Hollywood.

The whole thing was John Garfield's idea. Larry knew John around the Group Theater when John was making a name for himself in "Golden Boy." Hollywood had grabbed Garfield like a pop fly and Warner Brothers were cooking up his first movie. Just about then Larry wrote John a note and one came back. "Come out to Hollywood. There's a place in the picture for you." You should have seen Larry Parks quit that dining car job! He was on the bus with no money, as usual, but all the hopes in the world—and they almost came true.

John Garfield had the part sitting and waiting for Larry, all right, in "Mama Ravioli." He was to play John's brother and the casting director had okayed him and all was ducky. The picture was to start on a Monday. But on the Saturday before, it got cancelled by one of those studio caprices. That left Larry high and dry. Luckily, he knew a couple of kids from Illinois U, who were living in Hollywood. He bunked in with them and that started the great housing project and financial wizardry which kept Larry Parks from starving while he cracked his knuckles in vain against the stony studio gates.

You'd never suspect Parks of putting over a project like he did, but I said he was a promoter—ever since the days he worked high collegiate finance in the Sig Alph house at Urbana.

This time he turned building contractor. One of the Illinois pals was a would-be set designer, the other hoped to be a director. They lived in a bungalow court owned by a wealthy old lady. Larry was handy with tools and all three had strong backs. California, as usual, was having a real estate boom. It all buzzed around in Larry's brain and added up to a promoting project. His draftsman pal drew plans for a house, Larry fast-talked a loan of four hundred bucks from his landlady. They picked out a lot near Lockheed airplane factory, looked up a building loan company and plunged into shoestring financial operations. I can't remember all the details myself as Larry outlined them, but they're still fresh in his brain, and all I know is that out of the four hundred dollar loan, by some pretty agile fanagling, they built a twenty-four hundred dollar house which they sold for thirty-four hundred and made themselves a thousand dollars, which in those days was good for months and months of cakes and coffee and cigarettes.

master builder . . .

For all I know, Larry might have been president of the California Chamber of Commerce by now if his agent hadn't finally come to life, after the Garfield fiasco, and taken him to see Max Arnow at Columbia. That was almost five years ago and Max's headache was to cast actors in one of those spooky comedies, "Here Comes Mister Jordan." Larry played Robert Montgomery's part in his test, trying out actors for another part, the one Jimmy Gleason finally played. Well, Larry didn't win any parts in the picture, but they signed him to a stock contract, and from then on Larry seldom got a chance to twiddle his thumbs. He's made all of those thirty-odd pictures right at Columbia in the past four years—Blondies, Bill Elliott Westerns, mysteries, whodunits, B musicals—the gamut from A to Z. When he rattles off all the leading ladies he's had, Larry sounds like a Turk in a harem—Nan Wynn, Ann Miller, Janet Blair, Jane Frazee, Lynn Merrick. Everybody got famous—except Larry Parks. He didn't have time. He was too busy bicycling from one stage to another.

There's always a red letter picture in every new star's past, however, and the one that made Larry think he was getting somewhere was "Counterattack." It starred Paul Muni but Parks had a meaty acting job to do and worked at it for months. Then most of it was cut out. But the picture's still a big event to him because he showed himself as well as everyone else at Columbia what he could do. And then, too, that's when he got married.

Betty Parks is Betty Garrett on the Broadway stage and if you're at all up on your New York hit shows you'll recognize the name at once. She's the star of "Call Me Mister," the Broadway postwar GI show that is wowing the customers. Betty's a lithe, pretty blonde, a singing come-

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

With her soft cloud of blonde hair and wide, amber eyes, Mrs. Whitney has the delicately poised beauty of a gold-and-russet orchid. To keep her exquisite complexion always looking fresh and soft, this young Long Island society favorite counts on her Pond's 1-Minute Mask. "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream makes my skin feel smoother—look clearer and brighter, right away!" she says.

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"My beauty pick-up... so quick!"

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney loves the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream

"Re-style" your skin to clearer, softer beauty!

Mask for glamour! Cloak your face in cool, white Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth the Cream lavishly over all but your eyes.

The "keratolytic" action of the Cream goes swiftly to work. It loosens tiny imbedded dirt particles and scaly bits of dead skin. Dissolves them!

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Smooth, clinging powder base . . .

Mrs. Whitney says, "I use Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on lightly, for powder base!" Non-greasy. Keeps make-up fresh all evening!

POND'S
VANISHING CREAM

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

dienne and the toast of the gayer Broadway showgoers. But when Larry first spied her, at a New York party, she was taking her acting seriously, just like himself, only studying at the Neighborhood Studio, instead of the Group. The two student gangs got together often to discuss Life And Art and compare notes. Something clicked inside Larrys heart the first time he saw Betty but he wasn't what you'd call an eligible young man at that point with no money nor job.

But it was Larry's old yen to express himself seriously—and Betty Garrett's, too—that got them together after months and months out in Hollywood. Larry's on the board of the Actor's Lab, the group of serious, professional artistic players who stage their own plays and put on the finest dramatic productions on the West Coast. He's had his B's for bread and butter, but for his soul, Larry aspires to higher things, always has.

Well, once he was staging a Lab Sunday night sketch and he needed a gal for a part. The author of the skit had an idea. "Betty Garrett's out here on a vacation. She did the sketch in New York. Let's see if we can locate her."

"*What* Betty Garrett?" Larry asked.

that certain feeling . . .

There was only one, said the writer, the Broadway Betty Garrett. She'd been in four or five big shows. Everybody knew about her. Everybody but Larry. He'd been away too long, but he remembered the funny feeling a certain Betty Garrett had handed him back in the hunger days. So he tracked her down— He found out through the Actor's Lab that Betty was vacationing in Hollywood and her talents were being sought by that group. To make a long story short, Betty got the Actor's Lab sketch job—and she got Larry Parks. Or Larry got her. Anyway, somebody worked pretty fast, because Betty was due back in New York for a show in a couple of weeks but when she went back she was Mrs. Lawrence Parks. They were married at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church on Hollywood Boulevard. Larry wore a beard from his "Counterattack" part, but they gave him a week off for a beach honeymoon, and ever since then Betty and Larry Parks have carried on a long distance marriage. Her career—so far—is on Broadway, his is in Hollywood.

So half the time you'll find Larry Parks up at the house he bought in Nichols Canyon, above Hollywood Boulevard, living with his mother, who came out from Joliet when he married Betty. Betty's mother came down from Seattle, her home town, at the same time, so the real family interests are all in Hollywood, and I know for a fact that one day pretty soon Betty will be out here for keeps with Larry, because since "Call Me Mister" she almost has to stand off the Hollywood contract signers with shot guns.

That will be a case of, Oh Happy Day, for Larry Parks when Betty and he can settle down to some home life. Because, as a lone man-about-town he's a perfect flop. Larry doesn't play cards; when he gets suckered into a game of poker someone has to write out the hands for him; he can't keep score in gin rummy. He doesn't even know how to bet on a horse race and while he can dance he'd a lot rather not. His only spectacular sport weaknesses are motorcycle and midget auto races because he's nutty about motors.

Larry likes all domestic pursuits best, though. He likes to sleep—fourteen hours if possible. He likes to cook and he's good, especially at beef à la Stroganoff. He's a symphony record nut and a late night reader. He likes to tinker with the piano and pick out tunes and go to the movies.

Larry especially enjoyed making "The Jolson Story"—for eight months—with plenty of work to keep him happy. He had twenty Jolson numbers to stage, and he knew Al sang each one as if it was the song to end all songs. In short, Al knocked himself out, so Larry decided he'd have to do the same thing, or he'd be a poor man's Jolson instead of the real thing.

He was rehearsing for the "Swanee" number with Al himself on the sidelines and tossing himself around pretty strenuously when Al interrupted.

"No, no, no!" objected the Mammy Maestro. "That's not it at all. You're too 'busy.' You're trying to do too much. Relax. Here, let me show you how *I'd* do it."

That was up in Larry Parks' dressing room and when Al went into his own version of "Swanee" the chandelier danced and the chairs skittered around the room like ten-pins. Al sang the song as if it was the last song ever to be sung on this earth. When he got through, Larry's room was a shambles. But Al turned to him, bright-eyed and happy.

"You see?" he said. "I never moved a muscle!"

forever jolson . . .

Larry Parks may never be any perpetual ball of fire like my old friend Al Jolson—but then, as Al says, maybe one Al Jolson is a couple too many. But after all, Larry Parks is just playing the story of Al's life—he doesn't have to be Jolson forever after. And when it comes to acting and looks and personality and charm—well—as I buckled the gold Gruen award watch on Larry's wrist I couldn't help humming that cute Irving Berlin ditty.

I think Larry won't have much trouble cinching his new found fame if he just keeps doin' what comes natcherly!

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"

"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's SWEET!"

"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts," says Barbara Stanwyck. "A daily Lux Soap beauty bath is a wonderful way to make *sure*. The creamy Active lather swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You step out refreshed—sure your skin is really fresh and sweet. You'll love the delicate clinging fragrance this Lux Soap beauty bath leaves on your skin!"

Barbara Stanwyck

Starring in the Paramount Picture "The Bride Wore Boots"

FIGHT WASTE
Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

THE LEGEND OF INGRID BERGMAN

(*Continued from page 37*)

girl, she was tall, she was fair and she weighed 150 pounds." To the world in general Ingrid Bergman is a great beauty; but to herself she is just a girl of a certain size and coloring. She accepts compliments on her loveliness gracefully enough, but doesn't pay them much attention.

The only time Bergman ever put on a prima donna act in Hollywood was when a hairdresser tried to make her into a glamor-puss. This hairdresser—one of the best on the lot, too—insisted upon giving the star one of those up-combed, lacquered-down jobs so familiar on magazine covers and cigarette posters. Miss Bergman weakly protested the first day this stickup job was done, but the hairdresser went ahead anyway. The next time the actress protested some more. "I'm not that type," she said. "I shouldn't be fancy." But the gal with the comb and the paste went right on, with a mother-knows-best grip on her tools.

So Miss Bergman put on her one and only act. She marched out of her own dressing room on the studio stage to the main dressing room on the lot and announced to all her bosses that she wouldn't move out of there until that girl was taken off the picture.

The hairdresser was removed—but not injured except in feelings. Since she really was good at her job they switched her to another picture.

genius of the generation . . .

Another reason for Miss Bergman's projected return to the stage involves discipline. She believes that any screen player should act before audiences at every opportunity, if she wants to learn things and advance as an artist. Here, again, she has a very straight-eyed view of herself which is less extravagant than the opinions that were expressed of her at a New York party in her honor.

Nina Koshetz, the singer, burbled, "She's the Sarah Bernhardt of this generation." To which Louis B. Mayer objected, "No. Bernhardt acted with her head. Miss Bergman is the Eleanora Duse of this generation, because Duse acted with her *heart.*"

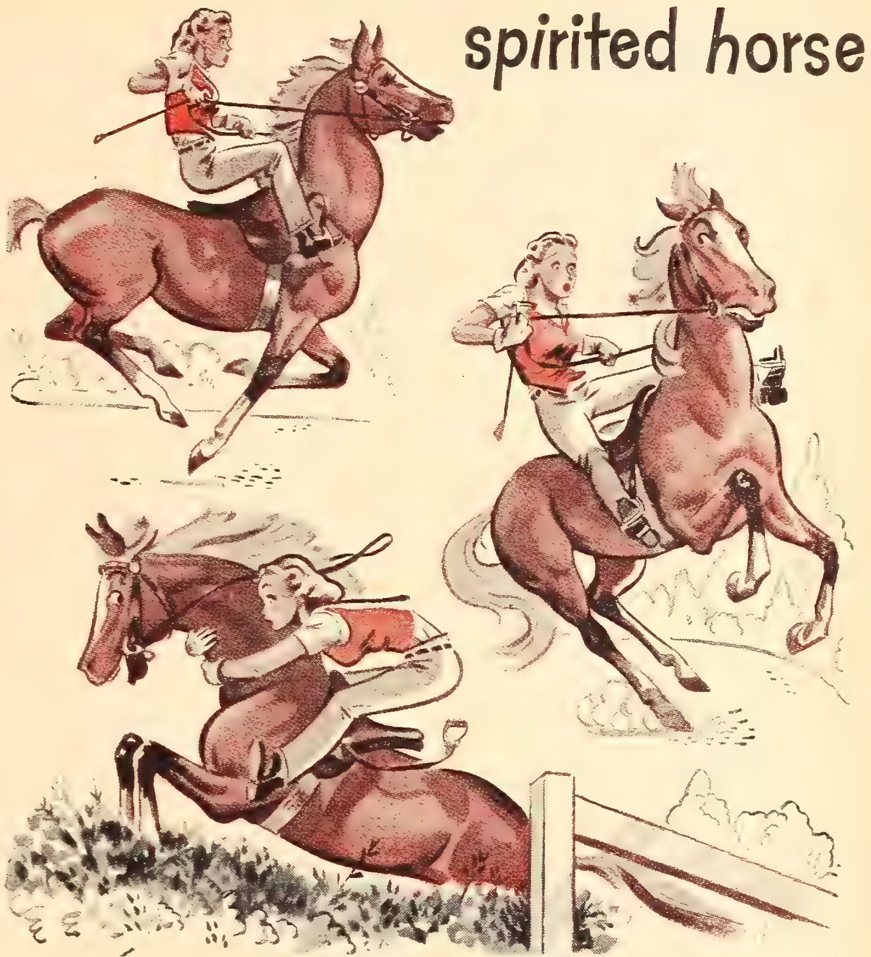
Miss Bergman was much more impressed by a remark made on another occasion by Jean Renoir, the director. Said the Frenchman, "She has not yet been scratched. She has yet to play her great part." Informed of this rosy opinion, she declared, "I'm glad if I can get better."

The drama about Joan of Arc is a play within a play; it is about an actress cast as St. Joan who differs with her director on how the role should be played. Differences with directors are meat and potatoes to the amiable Swedish star, for they sharpen the mind, clear the air and improve the picture. Her differences with Alfred Hitchcock have been many, although never personal, and she says that Hitchcock's line, "Fake the pie," has been of immense help to her career.

They had come to varying opinions about a scene. Miss Bergman said she couldn't play it the way Hitchcock wanted her to do it. Hitch then told her an anecdote about an actor who was supposed to eat a pie. The actor objected that there wasn't any pie *to* eat.

"Fake it," said the director.

A great many times, when Miss Bergman believes one thing and Hitchcock another, he will end the stalemate by saying "Fake it" and she gives in. Not always, though, although Hitch has plotted every



Rita rode off on a spirited horse

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"I'm not embarrassed any more"

It's a great day for lots of girls when they discover *Tampax*—that internally-worn protection for monthly sanitary use. . . . This one feature (its internal use) immediately reduces their feeling of embarrassment on "those days" because there is no possible bulking or wrinkling to suggest an edge-line under the clothing. With Tampax no belts or pins are required—and no external pads.

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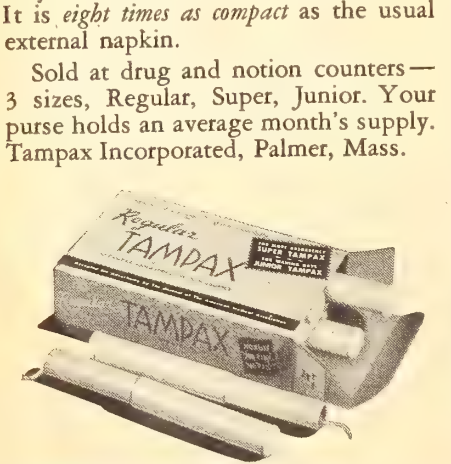

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

slightest move in a picture long before shooting begins, he occasionally will give in to a well-made point.

The Bergman-Hitchcock team is a merry, joking one, for all its directorial discipline. Equally enjoyable to the lady is the Bergman-McCarey team, and Leo McCarey's method is almost the reverse of Hitchcock's. "Leo," says she, "almost wants you to make up your own dialogue as you go along." McCarey and Bergman did all right by this method in "Bells of St. Mary's."

flesh and fantasy . . .

I first met the star from Stockholm a day or so after she arrived in this country seven years ago. I was writing a newspaper column and a David Selznick press agent said he thought I ought to meet a very hot number. We met in a New York hotel suite and had a very prim dish of tea. She was pleasant, remarkably beautiful—and a little scared; scared of New York, scared of America and scared of newspapermen.

I ran into her again many times on the Hollywood stages, and saw her do a creditable performance of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" in Santa Barbara. At each successive meeting one could sense an increase of assurance—yet not the least trace of arrogance.

Our most recent meeting was in New York this Summer, where Miss Bergman had come to be outfitted for clothes for Erich Maria Remarque's "Arch of Triumph"—and to spend a lot of her own money on duds for herself. Again we met at a hotel—but not in a suite this time; the date was in the cocktail lounge and we had cocktails. She now had complete assurance—sureness of herself, her work and of the American language.

Herself usually mobbed by autograph seeking fans, Miss Bergman is quite a fan herself. After she saw "The Glass Menagerie" she went backstage to see Laurette Taylor with all the awe and admiration an autograph hound should show—but frequently doesn't.

"Well meaning fans often talk aloud about me as if I were dead," she observed. This led to a development of the theme. Perhaps, she agreed, people do talk about screen players in their presence as though they were dead because, to them, movie folk *are* dead. They are just pictures. You can talk about them, or at them, on a screen and they can't hear. The public never gets used to seeing "round" film stars.

During her New York visit, Miss Bergman, who waits to see her pictures until they get into the neighborhood houses, thought she would like to see herself in "Spellbound" in a Greenwich Village theater. But autograph hounds got on her trail, ignored her pleas to be left alone and forced her to give up the expedition.

There is always a twinkle in the Bergman eyes and a smile on the luscious mouth, yet the lady insists that, being Swedish, she is serious-minded. Could be, too, although she has caught the swift uptake of American humor. She is serious about herself and a sobersided, thorough workman.

When she hit the American screens with the Selznick version of "Intermezzo," it was predicted in Hollywood that she would be the top movie actress within five years. What with an Oscar and pictures coming out right and left, the prediction was not far from being right. "Intermezzo" gave Vinton Freedley, a New York theater producer, an idea. He would make a revival of "Liliom," with Burgess Meredith in the title role and Bergman as Julie, the girl who can be hit without its hurting. Freedley sent Miss Bergman the script. She read it and refused it. The role of Julie's friend, Marie, was not quite her physical type, she regretted to say.

Freedley registered astonishment. "But I want you for the leading role—Julie," he objected. Miss Bergman did not, as you may think, immediately change her mind. She took the play home and read it again, this time with Julie in mind, and finally said okay. The play was produced on Broadway in March, 1940. "Last night," wrote Critic Burns Mantle, "it seemed to me that Ingrid Bergman, pretty Swedish motion picture actress making her American stage debut, was the warmest and most satisfying of all the Julies."

Bergman has never posed for a cheesecake picture, either at a studio or for press photographers. On her last trip to New York, she had a group interview and was sitting on a sofa with her feet doubled under her. A cameraman asked her to put her feet on the floor to show a little leg. She wouldn't.

"You ashamed of them?" taunted the lensman.

"No—but what have legs got to do with acting?" she queried.

Study is what Miss Bergman believes has to do with acting. She is easy going and quiet, but thorough. She learns not merely the words of a role—which come quickly—but also its background. She is reading everything available on Joan of Arc. Movies in particular, she thinks, require deep study because of the skitter-scatter way they are shot in unrelated takes.

In films, the two actors' actors—the ones whom fellows in their craft ungrudgingly admire—are Spencer Tracy and Miss Bergman. They worked together once in the new version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." I hung around the studio quite a bit during that period. Tracy, blunt and truthful, was rather ashamed of himself for what he was doing. "The star," he told me, "is Bergman. She really is an actress."

Another example of the lady's thoroughness is the way she investigates a male star who has been suggested for a role opposite her. She'd make a good FBI agent. She runs all available pictures the proposed star has made before saying yes or no, and she prefers big guys like Peck and Cooper and Grant because she is 5 feet, eight-and-one-half (spotting Joan of Arc an inch and a half) and it is not convenient to have leading men standing on boxes all the time. Humphrey Bogart and Charles Boyer stood on boxes.

Now that she is a free agent and no longer under contract to David O. Selznick, Miss Bergman may become slightly wealthy. This is pleasing to her in a serious way. Which brings up her husband.

real achievements . . .

When she was a noted star in Sweden she married Peter Lindstrom, a dentist. Fine big wedding, lots of publicity. When she came here to make "Intermezzo," she didn't think she would stay—and indeed did go back home. But before the war broke out she was back again with her husband and their daughter, Pia, now 7.

Lindstrom decided to chuck dentistry and go in for medicine. He enrolled at the University of Rochester and began the slow grind of becoming a doctor. He is still in the slow grind, but is going ahead faster now. Having gone through internship, he is now a brain surgeon at Los Angeles General Hospital—and from all reports a brilliant one. But hospital work is mostly charity work and really a continuation of study and training.

Not long ago Dr. Lindstrom saved the life of a seven-year-old girl who had been in an automobile accident which drove a car door handle right into her head. His operation was widely admired.

"Isn't it wonderful," said Miss Bergman "that Peter can do things like this withou worrying about money."

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(*Continued from page 73*)

Madison Square Garden war benefits. Always I was impressed by the orderliness of his mind. He mapped out his Garden shows as carefully as Eisenhower mapped out his wars, and that is not exaggeration. He'd select his numbers with the utmost care, he'd double-check rehearsal time and at the split-second, Waring would arrive with 100 to 200 men and run through their rehearsal with the snap and precision of West Point cadets.

If I dwell upon the orderliness of Waring's mind, it is because most musicians can be classified safely as screwballs, victims of the occupational hazard of slap-happy irresponsibility. In fact, it follows that anyone who comes into contact with musicians, inevitably becomes a little tetched in the head, and starts dwelling in a world all his own. Waring never succumbed to the infection of such unusual spirits as songwriter Solly Violinsky.

On one occasion, musicians were debating the importance or the handicap of long song titles. "There are some titles that couldn't be shortened and still tell the story," argued one Tin Pan Alley veteran. "Take one song, for instance, 'I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier.' You can't subtract a single word from that."

Violinsky contradicted: "You can tell it in two words: 'Don't Go.' " On another occasion, the parent body of songwriters, The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, sent Violinsky a handsome gold pin which is worn in the lapel by all members. Violinsky was on the Coast, not doing too well. So he wired ASCAP: "Received emblem. Now please airmail me a coat, so I will have necessary buttonhole."

The impact of such mad characters turned other musicians into Grade A screwballs. But collegian Waring moved into their ranks and never was affected, and yet he was completely one of them. Like the teetotaler who pals around with heavy drinkers, never touches a drop and yet never arouses the ire of drunken pals, Waring never became a musical screwball, and yet never was considered a flat-note or a clinker. At rehearsals, he is a meticulous taskmaster. Nothing shoddy gets by him, and he is a rigid disciplinarian, but musicians take it from him: "He's a good gee," they tell you. "He knows what the hell he's doing, and when he bawls you out, he's doing it for your own good. He doesn't carry grudges, and he's fair."

The same precision is reflected in Waring's offices. Most musicians have their offices in a strait jacket. Waring's office is as big and orderly as U. S. Steel. Secretaries move in and out noiselessly, take dictation, vanish to outer desks. Filing clerks return instantly with required music. Waring sits calmly in the midst of his musical empire, discusses things sanely, accepts or rejects, presses a battery of desk buttons that get the organization moving swiftly and efficiently. In the vast majority of New York skyscrapers, if you wish a drink or a sandwich, you send out the office boy or secretary to the drugstore. If you make the same request in Waring's office, he presses a button and his own chef appears with anything from a bowl of chicken salad to a mint julep.

Because of all these qualities, because of what he has contributed to the country's enjoyment and to his own profession, this month, the Modern Screen-Ed Sullivan gold plaque is awarded to the youngster from Tyrone, Pa., who made good in the big leagues of entertainment, Penn State's Fred Waring.

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SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE

(*Continued from page 43*)

how it happened at all. Not that they didn't want to get married. You don't see somebody every day for a year and then miss them when they leave you for five minutes, and figure you're not in love. Any fool would know that much. It's just that getting married is such an ordeal. It's simple enough if you whip off to Las Vegas to a justice of the peace, but Barbara and Bill didn't want it that way.

Back in Rockford, Illinois, when Barbara was still bantam size, she owned and operated a small business which consisted of drawing and cutting out paper dolls, available to any small Rockfordians possessed of a nickel. One day she dreamed up on paper an entire wedding party, dominated by two dozen bridesmaids and a bride. The bride, of course, was a small, fat Miss Hale, who preceded miles of gossamer veil. It would be, she imagined, in a huge stone church. There would be a thousand guests, all of whom would love her very much. They would also all be children, inasmuch as kids never got to do anything, and she intended to give them a break.

just like leap year . . .

In Hollywood, years later, the dream of the big wedding, although somewhat modified, still persisted. But it takes two to make a wedding, and so far no suitable male had put in his appearance. In fact, hardly anybody had put in an appearance. Luckily for her, she had bumped into Harold Soldinger, whom she knew when she was modelling in Chicago, and who was now a cutter at her studio. He and his wife, Annette, became her fast friends. Annette's dinners, deftly turned out in a one-room apartment, became highlights in Barbara's week.

She began to bring Bill Williams with her. Bill wasn't anybody special, in any romantic way, that is. He was just one of the kids on the lot, and different only in that he seemed to know what she was going to say before she said it. Nice and comfortable to be around. She'd never marry him, she wrote her mother. Then she went to Rockford for a visit.

Arriving back in Hollywood, she walked down the long ramp of the railroad depot. Bill was there, glowing at her, and something inside Barbara did a flip-flop.

"It was just the look on his face," she says. "I've never seen anybody radiate like that."

Nobody said anything about a wedding. Bill still teases her, claiming that she asked him.

"I did not!" she says.

The idea just grew, like Topsy, and pretty soon they found themselves discussing plans. Annette and Harold had bought a house in the Valley and Barbara had gone to live with them. Then she bought a house of her own, a mile away. A week later, Bill was a victim of the housing shortage, and he moved in with Annette and Harold.

Both houses remained empty. Barbara and Annette, both planning French Provincial decor, went shopping together once. Simultaneously, they spied a cupboard.

"Oh," said Barbara.

"Oh, look," said Annette.

Barbara hedged. "I don't really like it. You buy it, Annette."

"Now you're just saying that. I don't want it—really I don't."

So nobody bought the cupboard.

"If you two don't get over this 'You-first-Alphonse' routine," Bill told Barbara, "we'll be sitting on orange crates when we're eighty."

One night the men got sidetracked into a baby shop, as Annette was expecting a baby. Considering the diaper shortage, Harold strode bravely to the counter.

"Any diapers?"

"Yes. Limit of two dozen to a customer."

"I'll take two dozen," said Harold, frantically signalling to Bill, who immediately reddened. Trying to look nonchalant, he sidled over to Harold.

"I'll—give me some, too. Uh . . . two dozen."

On the way out of the shop, Bill handed his package to Harold and ran his finger inside his collar.

"Ye gods," he said. "That woman will think I'm married, or something."

An average male, Bill was aghast at Barbara's obsession for children.

"Maybe we'll have one," he used to say.

"We'll have four or five," said Barbara, and firmly.

When Annette donated a baby girl to the world, Bill was one of the first to press his nose against the glass partition displaying the hospital's smallest tenant.

Then walking down the hospital corridor, he turned to Harold.

"You know, I can't wait until we have a kid now. Just to see what it looks like, you know."

In March, Mom and Pop Hale hove into Hollywood from Illinois for a few weeks to see their daughter and, incidentally, to meet this Bill who, in Barbara's correspondence had grown from a mere pal to the most wonderful guy in the world.

Solid citizens of the mid-west, Mr. and Mrs. Hale are easy company, but Bill is painfully shy when meeting new people. He suffered tortures during the first days of their visit, afraid they'd think he wasn't good enough for Barbara. Bill was in the workshop the third day, trying to make up for Barbara's ineffective shopping by creating a kitchen chair. Reaching for a tool, he toppled a can of grease which spilled over his shirt. He tossed the sopped shirt on a bench and forgot about it until hours later, when he walked into the kitchen and saw it, washed and ironed, on the table. Mrs. Hale was washing dishes.

"What's this?" said Bill.

"What's what?" said Mrs. Hale, reaching for another pan.

"My shirt! It's . . ." He was embarrassed. "Well—it looks clean."

"Certainly," she said, still not turning. "I found it out near the shop—looking as though it needed a dousing."

strong arm methods . . .

"Oh," said Bill. He picked up the shirt uncertainly, then tiptoed across the floor and planted a bashful kiss on the cheek of his future mother-in-law.

That started the split in the ice. It was completely broken later on, when Harold sought to liven conversation with the tale of the time he and Bill had driven thirty miles to pick up a stove and a refrigerator for Barbara. It seemed the two men had considerable difficulty loading the things into their small trailer. They had rolled into the driveway to find Barbara at the back door.

"Just bring them in here," she said.

The boys tackled the refrigerator, which even for two Atlases would have been a chore and, bent under its weight, shuffled to where Barbara stood.

"Now, really, boys, if you'll just shift it so it will come in the other way. . . ."

They set it down simultaneously and glared at Barbara.

"YOU do it!" they had howled as with one voice.

The story was too much for Mr. Hale. Hysterical tears rolled down his face as he rocked back and forth on his wooden crate. In his mirth he slapped the back of his wife, who lost her balance and slid to the floor. Bill leapt to the rescue while the rest of them went into hysterics.

"Gee, Mrs. Hale—Mom—Mrs. Hale! Are you all right?"

Then he giggled in spite of himself. Mrs. Hale giggled back, and it was decided all around that the future would be fun.

In May, they began to talk of a June wedding. In her mind, Barbara recalled the little stone church in Rockton, fifteen miles from her old homestead. Several of her friends had been married there and it was small and cozy, covered with ivy, and all in all, what she considered a bride's church to look like. That was it. But she had to be married by Reverend Allen, the Baptist minister in Rockford. She put in a long distance call to Rockford.

"Mom? Listen, Mom, I'm standing on my head. . . . Yes, it'll be June twenty-second, we think. Can you be an angel and make arrangements for that little stone church in Rockton? . . . and do you think Reverend Allen could marry us there? Would you ask him . . . ? Oh, Mom, I'm so excited! . . . Make it about four o'clock, I guess. . . . Yes, I'm having it made at the studio, a long, white gown with a train a mile long. . . ."

As all prospective brides know, the dress is the next most important thing to the groom, so Barbara went to Renie, designer at RKO.

"I want to look young," said Barbara. "I want to look sort of white all over. And as though I were on a cloud."

Renie obliged with a wedding dress that will stand the test of time as one of the most charming ever to grace a bride.

white lace and dreams . . .

Adapted from the 1860 hoopskirt, it's made of white mousseline, and sprouts four tiers of ruffles over a moderate hoopskirt, which is shirred in back to give a slight bustle effect. The neckline is bordered by a ruffle and just the tips of the shoulders show under pouf sleeves. Appliqued in white lace at the tight waist and on the full skirt are sprays of flowers and leaves, sprinkled with tiny seed pearls. Renie dreamed up short mitts of the same white lace, tied at the wrists with white ribbons. The shoes are white faille ballet slippers, embroidered with seed pearls.

"What'll you wear?" Barbara asked Bill.

"Me? A blue suit, I guess. White shirt and a blue tie. What's a guy supposed to wear at weddings?"

Barbara slid an arm around his waist, smiled brightly up at him.

"I wonder what an all-white wedding would be like?"

"My blue suit, no matter what," he said, "and don't use any wiles. Any more of this familiarity and we won't get married."

There was the question of the wedding party. Barbara chose her sister, Juanita, to be matron of honor, and Susie Kehe, her close friend since art school, as bridesmaid.

Bill dug back into his first days of show business for his best man. Bill had been a professional swimmer when he was approached one day by an agent who asked him if he wanted to be in show business.

"Sixty dollars a week," said the man.

"Okay," said Bill, and was promptly taken to watch an adagio act, consisting of two men and a girl. One of the men was Stuart Morgan, who later not only worked with Bill, but came to regard himself as a father to the blond kid.

"Stuart's working with the act at the Empire Room," Bill told Barbara. "He can make it up to Rockton for the wedding.

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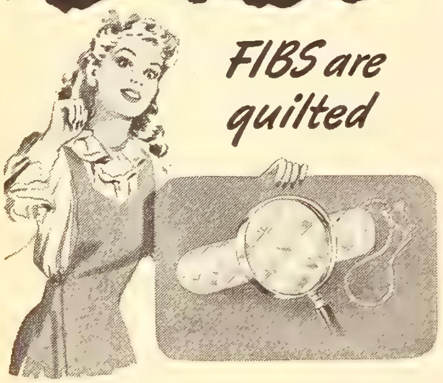

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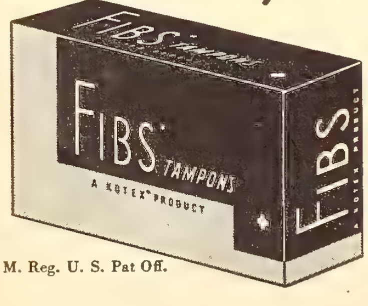

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat Off.

And say," a sudden thought, "let's whip down to Chicago that night and watch Stu in the act. It's still the same, except that I'm not in it."

Meanwhile, the wedding was growing to stupendous proportions, but if Barbara wanted it that way, that was the way Bill wanted it. His part, he figured, would be only to concentrate on the wedding rings.

They planned to leave Hollywood on Friday, June 7th. Barbara was to go straight to Rockford and Bill on to Chicago to visit his old gang while Barbara got straightened around home. Both claim they weren't nervous, but the records give them away.

hysteria . . .

Barbara went shopping the last day of May, bought a batch of Father's Day cards and airmailed them to her father.

"Maybe he'll forgive me for being late because I sent him more than one," she told Bill later.

He laughed. "That's a hot one. You said you're not nervous."

"I'm not."

"Father's Day, darling, isn't until two weeks!"

Then he went to the doctor on Monday.

"Glad to see you, Bill," said the doctor, "but your appointment isn't until tomorrow."

Driving to the studio on Thursday, Barbara put a lighted cigarette in her eye, and howled with pain. Bill gripped the wheel and stepped on the accelerator.

"Hold on, honey, don't be nervous. I'll get you to the studio doctor right away."

He waited anxiously until Barbara came out with a patch over her eye.

"It's not so bad," she grinned a little sadly. "I only have to wear it for five days."

Friday, the day of departure, was the Great Trial. With reservations set for the 11:30 night plane, they decided that they would be calm, make their rounds to pick up last minute necessities and separate after dinner to pack in a casual manner. In the morning, Barbara went with Bill when he made a radio transcription for the government in the cause of recruiting. They picked up the rings from Meyer and went to the studio for Barbara's fitting.

At four o'clock, they stopped in at the tailor's to pick up Bill's two new suits which weren't ready. Bill gave instructions for them to be mailed and just then the phone rang. Harold Soldinger was on the other end of the wire.

"Bill! I've been trying to get you for an hour. Your flight's been cancelled! . . . Listen, Bill, you and Barbara had better do your packing. Just in case."

Ten minutes later, a frantic Harold was again trying to reach them. The flight had been re-scheduled at 7:15. Barbara has no phone, neither has the Soldinger home. Then the flight was changed to six o'clock. Barbara had sold her car that day, Bill had loaned his jaloppy to a friend, and they had borrowed Harold's car. Harold grabbed Fred MacDowell, a friend at the studio, and in Fred's car they careened through traffic to pick up the plane tickets at the airline office. Then they sped to Harold's home. Bill wasn't there. They turned around and fairly flew the mile to Barbara's house. Harold spied his car leaving the house in the opposite direction.

"That's Bill," he said to Fred. "Catch him!"

They pulled Bill over to the curb, explained to him that he had exactly forty-five minutes to go home, pack, and be at the airport. Before going with Bill, Harold directed Fred to give Barbara the news. Back at the Soldinger home, Bill hauled out the luggage Barbara had given him for his birthday, laid it on the floor and opened it. While he kept muttering, "We'll never make it," they pulled drawers out of the chiffonier and emptied them pell-mell into the luggage. In three minutes they were out the front door.

They rocketed back to Barbara's. Fred had barely had chance to impart the shock to Barbara, who was leisurely soaking up sun in a playsuit when he arrived.

She had got as far as the living room and was standing there, a little dazed, when Bill and Harold shot through the front door. Bill looked at her aghast.

"Barbie!" his voice was pitched two notches higher in excitement. "Hurry!"

Barbara leaned against the mantel.

"Be calm," she said. "Be calm in emergencies. Give me a cigarette, somebody." Then she came to—she thought. "Bill, go into the den and get my slacks. Fred, go clean up the kitchen. Harold, you get my brown suede purse out of the top drawer of that chest."

The three men flew in opposite directions and Barbara disappeared to dress. Thirty seconds later, the trio stood outside her door, howling frantically.

"What slacks?" said Bill. "There aren't any slacks there, and besides, what do you want slacks for?"

"The kitchen," said Fred, "is spotless. You haven't been in it all day, you know."

"What brown bag?" said Harold. "I didn't know you *had* a brown bag."

Barbara was zipping her dress. "Be calm," she said. "I've made a mistake." The dress zipped, she admitted the men. They took everything off hangers, she emptied drawers, and at 5:25 they left the house, slightly disarranged, but properly locked.

They also left, stacked neatly on a table by the front door, two small packages. One contained the earrings, Bill's gift to Barbara, and the other one was her gift to him, a gold ball and chain to be used as a key chain, and a gold key to the house. She remembered the packages the minute they had all piled into the car. Harold was sent to retrieve them. Off again, and two blocks away, Barbara groaned,

"I forgot all my coats," she said. "We'll have to go back."

to be continued . . .

The car kicked up dust as it spun in a U-turn. Harold, looking years older, tore into the house and brought out the coats.

They skidded to a stop in front of the airport, ten minutes before flight time. Bill and Barbara walked into the airport lobby, right into a barrage of flashbulbs. That was the beginning of a great, confused whirl, out of which they had to cull pieces and fit them together to make a picture. There had been Barbara's reunion with old friends in Rockford; Bill's old home week in Chicago. There had been a wedding, a beautiful event in a church filled with people. There had been the reception at the Wagon Wheel in Rockton, with Mom and Dad and Stu and Juanita and Susie and everybody crying and laughing.

Now they were in the Chicago hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Williams, and they'd both gotten through it without having a stroke.

A roll of drums announced the floor show. The spotlight threw a circle of blue light on two men and a girl, doing an adagio dance. One of the men glanced sideways, over the cigarette between his lips, and winked at Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Stuart Morgan, ex-best man, currently engaged in show business, backed nonchalantly over to their table.

"Hey, kids," he hissed, "beat it. Stop in and see me after the honeymoon."

He had to move fast to get back into position for his routine. He caught the girl lightly in his arms. Then he grinned.

"Finis," he said to himself.

MADE IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 39)

her years and doubly wise to the ways of Hollywood, she resolved from the first to keep her hands strictly off Jack's career. That belonged to him. If he wanted to share it with her, fine.

The whole thing started in David O. Selznick's mind at the wedding reception, when he got his first good look at John Agar—tall, bronzed and blue-eyed—strength in the well-cut features, warmth in the sudden smile. Might be a picture bet, mused Mr. Selznick, whose musings are generally translated into swift action.

They didn't stay away for the full ten days of Jack's furlough. It was Shirley's thoughtful suggestion that they spend the last three or four days in Hollywood, because Jack's mother hadn't seen him in such a long time. Mr. Selznick gave them a party, and in the course of the evening, mentioned his idea. Shirley thought it was wonderful. Jack hardly knew what to think.

He'd probably have gone into his father's meat packing business, had his father lived. As it was, he hadn't thought much about his post-war career. Time for that when he got out. There was no economic pressure and, whatever he hit on, he knew his mother would be for him.

Henry Willson, Selznick's young assistant, had him in for a talk. Did he think he'd be interested?

"I don't know," said Jack. "I'll have to mull it over. My dad used to say, *what* you do doesn't matter, as long as you do it well. That's what I believe too. But how can I tell if I've got any flair for this?"

He returned to camp, and they sent him on option contract, which called for a test within sixty days after he left the service. By an odd coincidence, this arrived while Shirley and her parents were visiting Jack. But if the studio counted on them to talk him into signing, they counted wrong. The Temples bent over backward to keep from influencing him—

assets vs. liabilities . . .

"I'll give you all the pitfalls I know of," said Shirley, and proceeded to do so with such conscientiousness that her mother was moved to remark dryly: "In passing, let me point out a couple of advantages—"

What they did was to draw up a kind of balance sheet, assets against liabilities, and leave Jack to reach his own conclusions. Having reached them, he phoned Shirley: "Maybe I'll take a crack at it—"

They didn't, however, expect it to happen so soon. Jack had been alerted to go overseas. They'd said their goodbyes and, like the good wife she is, Shirley'd kept smiling with maybe a couple of sniffles in between—but only a couple. Then all of a sudden, points were lowered to a level that made Jack eligible for discharge. At home Shirley was going crazy, not knowing where to reach him—and at a west coast P.O.E. Jack was doing the same because he couldn't get to a phone. . . .

He was discharged on January 29th, having served just four days short of three years.

They tested him in a scene from "Katie for Congress." He wasn't terribly nervous. If he flopped, it really wouldn't matter.

Next day he went with Henry Willson to see the test run. Cliff Austin, another young contract player, went along. "No cracks, boys," said Henry, "or we won't be able to hear the dialogue—"

Jack couldn't suppress an astonished grunt, though, when his image flashed on. "Did you like it?" asked Henry.

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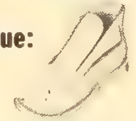

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"I wouldn't know," he replied in all candor. "Was it any good?"

Shirley saw it and liked it. Selznick saw it and said: "He's green and needs training. But he's got something that reminds me of young Joel McCrea."

Jack was pleased when they signed him, but took it quietly, as is his wont. Any tendency on the lot to regard him as Shirley Temple's husband soon died of malnutrition. Jack fought it—if at all—merely by being his pleasant young self—modest but self-possessed, reserved but friendly.

It's funny to think back to the time when Shirley was nothing to him but a kid in the movies. His folks were crazy about her, especially Dad and Grandmother. Mom too, for that matter, in her own quiet way. Mom's idea of a perfect picture was "The Littlest Rebel." They took Joyce to that one and, being just a year or so older than Shirley, she thought it was heaven. Jack, on the other hand, was seven years older. You could hardly expect him to *like* a Temple picture.

After Dad's death, there was nothing special to hold them in Lake Forest. Mom always loved California, and in '43 she moved the family out. Joyce was 16 then, Jimmy 11, Kippy 10. Jack was about to transfer from the Navy to the Army Air Corps, and that summer he came out on furlough.

Through a friend of his mother's, he met Ann Gallery, Zasu Pitts' daughter, who lived next door to Shirley. "Like to go over and meet her?" Ann asked one Sunday.

"Sure. I used to see her in the movies."

no love at first sight . . .

As always on Sundays, a flock of kids cavorted in and around the Temple pool. Ann introduced Jack, the two stuck around for a couple of minutes and left. It definitely wasn't love at first sight. Shirley was interested in about three other boys at the time. Jack thought she was a lovely child but, being 22, he couldn't take a 15-year old very seriously.

A week later they met at a tea, and though she was still fifteen, Jack asked her for a date. They made it a foursome with Ann and another boy. Before Jack left for Texas, they'd gone out together a number of times—to the movies or dancing at the Grove—but it didn't mean a thing.

Meantime she'd met Jack's sister. Ann drove up to the Agar house one night when Shirley was with her, and Joyce came out to the car. She couldn't decide between Westlake and another school. Ann was a Westlake graduate and Shirley was about to start her junior year there, and the way they felt about Westlake, they wanted every girl they met to go there. Joyce would probably have gone anyway. All they did was give her the final shove.

This was sheer altruism, and had nothing to do with Jack. In fact, for a while Shirley's friendships with Jack and Joyce ran independently of each other.

Most of the time he was away at camp. If he'd been home more, Shirley thinks she'd probably have fallen in love sooner. She's not very good about letters and, though he wrote fairly often, she didn't answer more than once a month, which annoyed him a little. (After the engagement, *she* wrote more often, so it came out even.) When he did get home, they'd go out together, but it wasn't till well along in '44 that Shirley began to realize this was different. After a brief furlough, he was sent to Ephrata, Washington, and suddenly he seemed very far away, and there was an emptiness which flirting with other boys didn't do much to fill.

Jack discovered that some people at sixteen have more sense and poise and maturity than others twice that old. He discovered that the child of a year ago had become the girl he loved and wanted to marry. Toward the end of the year he was transferred to March Field, and could get home weekends.

"Mom," said Jack one day. "I don't have time to check the jewelry stores. Will you pick out a few good looking engagement rings, so next time I come up, I'll have some to choose from?"

She'd known, of course—despite the fact that he'd kept his own counsel and she'd asked no questions. When a guy takes the same girl out every night he's home on a pass, his mother has to have an idea.

Down in Palm Springs, Shirley had a hunch, too. She and Joyce were spending the Easter holidays there with her folks, and Jack was supposed to join them for a weekend. Things were pretty well settled between them—all but the official engagement, which Shirley'd sort of left hanging. That's where the ring came in. Once he got the ring on her finger, Jack figured, the rest would follow, so he planned to take it down to Palm Springs. Only fate was against him. Within two weeks he sprained two different ankles. The best he could do was phone from camp—

"Be sure you eat a lot of carrots," he said.

Shirley pricked up her ears. That sounded like a code word. He certainly didn't care how many carrots she ate. Carrots—carats—! A light broke—

He said it again just before ringing off—"Don't forget about those carrots—" which made it practically certain. So she proceeded to go out every chance she got. "On account of this hunch that I'd be tied down pretty soon—"

There's a spot on Sunset Boulevard between Engle's Drugstore and another shop that Mrs. John Agar may point out to her children some day. "That's where your dad gave me the ring—" Jack pulled up to the curb and drew the box from his pocket. A square-cut diamond, mounted with exquisite simplicity, winked up at Shirley. What happened next they've never told and never will.

The wedding was another matter. In spite of Shirley's pet joke, she had every intention of sticking to her word that she wouldn't marry before her eighteenth birthday. The pet joke was on Mom. "My mother thinks 21's a good age to get married. My mother got married at 17—"

But when it looked as if Jack would be sent overseas, Mom released her from her word.

the lovely turmoil . . .

So the date was set and all the lovely turmoil started. Joyce was to be a bridesmaid, and Jimmy, who's large for his fourteen years, one of the ushers. Mrs. Agar and Joyce went with the Temples to do a lot of shopping, and they all grew very close. That's when Jack's mother really came to know Shirley—

Mrs. Agar gave the children their flat silver. For a special reason, Shirley chose the King Richard pattern. Long ago a pair of newlyweds who, like millions of others, had fallen in love with Little Miss Marker, came out to California on their honeymoon and managed to meet her. Every year since then, they've sent her a few pieces of silver in the King Richard pattern—

"I still like it best," Shirley explained. "And besides, it'll always have more meaning, because those people were so sweet."

Jack, of course, was at camp, missing all the fun. To make up, Shirley'd write him a play-by-play account of what went on.

"Fine thing!" he wrote back. "Why can't I have a shower too?"

So she called his bluff—went down to Santa Monica with Phoebe Hearst and raided every dime store in the place for hideous ties and snakes coming out of bottles, and assorted horrors.

The night before the wedding, Mrs. Agar gave a bridal dinner. They had champagne outdoors, and all this junk was piled up on the table, beautifully wrapped. The funniest thing was the look on Jack's face, when he opened his gifts.

According to Jack, he was perfectly calm next day, only he couldn't seem to find a thing. He was perfectly calm at the wedding too, but all he remembers is Shirley coming down the aisle.

They have an income—Jack's income—and they live within it. Last Christmas—their first as Mr. and Mrs.—their gifts were the kind any boy and girl might have given each other. Jack had heard Shirley admire a certain bag, so he went out and bought it for her. She knew he needed a fountain pen, so that's what she gave him.

Despite the fact that she's been working in RKO's "Honeymoon," Shirley does her own cooking. After all that camp food, Jack's entitled to eat at home. He gets the groceries, and he won't pay fancy prices—

Shirley agrees. As a rule, she whips up something simple—like steak and baked potatoes or ham or fried chicken—and counts herself a fair cook "because Jack's never got sick on it—" He doesn't take her cooking for granted, but he doesn't keep tossing bouquets every minute either—

"He just eats it," says Shirley, "and that's praise enough for me—"

By now Jack's mother is Mom to Shirley, and the Temples are Mom and Dad to Jack. Nobody forced anything. They waited till it came naturally, and it started coming naturally soon after their marriage.

As soon as they can get a fence, they're getting a collie. Ching, Shirley's Peke, was left at her Mom's house. *Not* by request of Jack, who's a tolerant guy, and thinks Pekes have a right to live too, but the farther they live from him, the better he likes it, and Shirley can take a hint—

"That's fine," he said when she told him. "Ching's better off with Mom. At our place she'd be alone all day—"

"Poor collie," murmured Shirley. "Now *he'll* be alone all day—"

"I'll see that he isn't—"

She burst out laughing. "Don't I *know* it! But I can't say that I blame you. You'd look silly walking along with a Peke."

Regarding the collie, there's only one real point of difference between them. Shirley wants him sent to school to be trained. Jack thinks he can do as good a job himself—

"But meantime he might ruin a rug or something—"

"Honey, don't you trust me—?"

"Yes, darling, but couldn't you send him to school just the same? We could frame his diploma—"

marriage comes first . . .

You smile at their nonsense, and think how wonderful to be young and in love, with life all ahead. You feel that their problems will be those of any young couple, not the special Hollywood brand. Though Jack's in the movies now and Shirley always has been, they're both typical of wholesome young Americans everywhere. When she was 12, going to a regular school with a bunch of regular girls was more important of Shirley than being in pictures. Marriage and all it involves is far more important. Movies are a job she enjoys, not a ball and chain, as Mr. Selznick will testify—

It was no secret that he didn't light any bonfires to celebrate her engagement. But after the marriage he changed:

"Shirley," he said one day, "don't let anything interfere with your happiness. Have as many children as you want."

"Golly, thanks, Mr. Selznick." The brown eyes lit up with mirth. "You know, that's exactly what we were planning to do—"

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 71*)

attend.

The other afternoon, Ronnie came home and told his father that he had a confession to make.

"Daddy," said the little boy, "Gary Crosby asked me today who was the best male singer in the country."

"What did you say?" asked Perry, barely able to hide his smile.

"I said 'Bing Crosby'," said the junior Como, "but you and I KNOW better!"

* * *

The longest red roses in the biggest silver urns I have ever seen were the decorative motif all over the house at the farewell-to-Jeanette MacDonald party tossed by Helen Ferguson.

Helen has a small house, but with that floral background and the beautiful gals floating around through the living room and out into the moon-drenched garden, it was like a miniature setting for a Noel Coward play.

Jeanette, herself, wore a beige dinner gown just one shade lighter than her red gold hair which, incidentally, was cut very short and perky. Everybody liked it but the man in her life, Gene Raymond. How can women follow the fashion books when the boy friends insist on that long bob look of ten years ago?

Barbara Stanwyck was also in beige (must be something new in dinner gowns) and looked very smart with an overskirt of black chiffon starting at the jeweled belt.

Had a long talk with Bob Taylor who is just a little bit flabbergasted by conditions here at home now he's out of the Navy. Bob has always been a serious minded person but I think he is even more so now. It isn't easy for him to relax and enjoy himself—but that will come in time.

Another one of the Very Serious Young Men is Lew Ayres who was my escort and with whom I had another long talk. "People are happiest," he said, "when they are completely absorbed in what they are doing. It doesn't make any difference where you are—or who you are. For instance, I was completely happy in the South Pacific because I didn't have the time to discover I wasn't happy. People say, 'Oh, I could never be happy living anywhere but California, or Maine or Texas' or wherever they are located. The thing to remember is that happiness is something you take with you. You don't travel to find it."

It is certainly obvious that Lew has found some inner peace, though I do not believe that he will go into the ministry. I also noticed that he drank nothing, smoked an old pipe once or twice during the evening and had a wonderful time seeing old friends.

Of all the returned "vets," Robert Stack seemed the youngest, the gayest and the least changed. And he dances as slickly as he ever did, gals.

* * *

Lana Turner, so sunburned it makes you wince to look at her, says "Never again." Lana doesn't turn tan, she just burns and peels and peels and peels. With her white-blonde hair and that orange complexion, she's no candidate for Technicolor.

"I'm just not a summer girl," says Lana, shrugging her tender shoulders—and she isn't. The Turner is a winter girl of luxurious fur coats and soft lights over cocktail tables or the girl in the decollete dancing with the best looking man in the room.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT VAN JOHNSON

BY A FAMOUS WRITER: DON EDDY

(*Continued from page 33*)

back at work. In ten months he was being acclaimed a new screen idol. Today he is a star.

Fate? Luck? Whatever it is, it poses an intriguing question:

Why should one red-haired kid from an old fashioned street in an old fashioned New England town, a kid from a broken home with two strikes on him from the start, be led safely through heartbreak and hunger and horror to become fabulously famous and as rich as his government will permit him to be, while millions of other kids with far greater potentialities, far vaster opportunities, live out humdrum lives in workaday obscurity?

Strange, isn't it? Let's look back along Van Johnson's life and see if we can find an answer . . .

A summer squall was rattling the windows of an old three-story frame house on Ayrault Street, near Kay, in Newport, R. I., when Van Johnson was born there just before one o'clock on the morning of August 25, 1916. His mother, Loretta, a proud, handsome woman, had a difficult time. His father, tall, gaunt, red-haired, close-mouthed Charlie Johnson, the journeyman plumber, had been pacing the downstairs rainswept piazza since dark.

Charlie Johnson, who still lives in the same house, although now retired from the plumbing business, is a New England Swede, native of Apponaug, up Narragansett Bay. When they called him into the bedroom at last and he smelled the raw strong stench of the anesthetics and saw his wife there, wan and tired as she whispered, with the baby cradled on her arm "Isn't he lovely?" all Charlie Johnson could do was clear his throat and croak "I guess so." Then, because a man should not be seen in tears, he stumbled out.

The Johnsons separated three years later. Van stayed with his father. His grandmother Johnson, a tiny, shy, mousy silent, apple-cheeked old lady in embroidered peasant blouses, voluminous petticoats and sparse white hair forever covered with a prim white cap, came to keep house for them. Van called her "Moomoo" because he couldn't say Grandma, and loved her even if he never understand her.

To be truthful, he never understood any

of his family very well, though he is devoted to his father, and proud of him. He has copied his father's way unconsciously and even today, although he makes a good show of being an extrovert, it is difficult for him to be demonstrative about anything that touches him deeply.

His greatest fear, when he was a little boy, was being thought unmanly. When he was hurt and had to cry, he ran into the dark cellar and hid behind the coal bin. Nobody ever sought him out to comfort him, for the grown-ups understood him no better than he understood them. When, usually in spring, he was so full of happiness he had to let some of it out, he lay on the sweet-smelling grass beside the barn, on the far side of the lilac bush in the back yard so Moomoo couldn't see him from the rear windows, and smiled up at the sky and hummed little wordless tunes that bubbled out of him. When the black and terrible moods of the Swedes possessed him, he surged blindly near the picket fence of the back yard, kicking the boards until his feet hurt, or stood fiercely straddle-legged inside the gloomy barn and screamed horrible, meaningless things at the million and one odds and ends his father stored there. He never told anyone about these times, and people said he was a fine, manly little fellow, although curiously unemotional.

The first woman he ever loved was the landlady, Mrs. Crosby, who still lives on the upper two floors of the house. She sat at the upstairs windows a great deal. Once when Van was lying under the lilac bush she called down, "What are you doing, boy?" Van said hastily, "Nothing." She said, "Come up and see me." He went up and she gave him three sugar cookies and a glass of milk and after that he went up often and they became friends. Through Mrs. Crosby he met the woman who exerted the most influence on his life, and might, except for fate, have changed it altogether. She was a friend of Mrs. Crosby's. She was Miss Bessie Boone.

motherly comfort . . .

Miss Bessie was a spinster lady, a comfortable soul who laughed a great deal, but perhaps it was the intrinsic loneliness of her life, so much like Van's, that drew them together. At any rate, something fine and strong in her reached out and touched his boyish heart, and suddenly his reserve dropped away magically and he felt warm and tingly inside; he felt complete. He could tell Miss Bessie things he never had been able to tell anyone else.

Sundays, his father usually took Van to the beach. Now Miss Bessie began to accompany them. Proud as a peacock, eager to show off, he sometimes condescended to let little Betty Meikle, the girl across the street, go along. And when the circus was coming to Providence and his father, shining the Model T, announced they would all go—Miss Bessie, Van and Betty—he could hardly contain himself.

That, indeed, was a day to remember. He was asleep when they got home to Newport in the deep dark, but he remembers that Miss Bessie carried him into the house; he remembers especially the soft mother feel of her and the cradling gentleness of her arms.

So here you have the working of fate. If it had not been for Miss Bessie, his father probably would never have thought of the circus. If it had not been for the circus, Van might never have thought of becoming an actor, a restless ambition born in him that day which never left him thereafter. Yet if his secret half-formed romantic dreams for Miss Bessie and his father had materialized, and a complete home had been set up, he might have been entirely too contented to ever leave Newport.

Nothing came of it, as nothing so often comes of things we want so much. Van

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doesn't know why. The years passed, and Van was growing up, and the relationship of his father and Miss Bessie remained good friendship, nothing more.

Lois Sanborn was a tall, red-haired, good looking Smith College girl who sort of managed The Barnacle, a fried clam joint which used to be at Two-Mile Corner, just out of Newport, where the filling station is now. Van worked there summers while attending Rogers high school in town. He got $15 a week for polishing silver, scrubbing the floor, sometimes frying clams. He liked the job and he liked Lois.

small time impresario . . .

He was at the teetering age when almost anything could have pushed him one way or another; he didn't know what he wanted to do with his life and didn't especially care, although he knew he had to do something pretty soon. It was his last school year.

The theater was the only thing he really cared about. Long ago, he and Betty Meikle had rigged up a trapeze and perfected a gymnastics routine, and when they were in Calvert grammar school they sometimes put on shows in Mrs. Clifford's garage, just up the street. They could use Mrs. Faerber's garage around the corner, but they preferred Mrs. Clifford's because she would let them take chairs out of her house for the audience. They used other kids in the shows, and charged as much as fifteen cents admission, and once they cleared $9.65. That was the time they put on a circus and used Faerber's pony, Yankee, to carry customers for a dime a ride.

He sang a lot as he worked in the clam joint, and talked a lot with Lois Sanborn. She was continually needling him about his future. She'd say: "What're you going to do, work here all your life frying clams?" So when it came down to graduation, his schooling ended, he started looking for something better than clams. One day he found it, a stenographic job with the WPA, $22.50 a week, start in ten days. He went out to tell Lois.

They had quite a scene. "You're crazy, Van!" the good looking redhead exclaimed exasperatedly. "You don't belong in a town like this, in a musty old office. Why don't you to go to New York and try to amount to something?"

"And pass up $22.50 a week?"

"Certainly, pass it up!" Lois flared. "You take that job and you'll never get away from here, never!"

Saturday night he took Christine Burbidge to the senior class dance at the Viking Hotel. His father let him have the new Model A, and he wore his brown single-breasted suit with two-tone shoes, a striped shirt with polka dot tie, a stiff straw hat. He thought he was hot stuff until he was ushered into the Burbidge's beautiful home on Bush street, and looked around at the expensive graciousness of it, the candles and silver and rich drapes, and all at once he knew he wanted something like this; he didn't want to live in an old frame house and eat his meals at the oilcloth-covered table. And he thought: I'll never get a place like this by working for the WPA.

They went to the dance. Christine was a class belle and the boys rushed her. She saved him the first and last, but in between he did a lot of thinking. He thought: Gosh, I like this fancy stuff. It's swell. But if I stay in this town I'll be a second-rate jerk in a third-rate job all my life. Good gosh! I've got to get out of here and amount to something! It was like a panic.

Sunday he and his father went to the Appelgrens'. They were homey Swedish folk, old friends, and the women—Ebba, Sigrid, Virginia, Doris—were like his own family might have been. They all went to Trinity Episcopal church in the morning and back to the Appelgrens' for dinner. They were just sitting down when the sink stopped up and Charlie Johnson went to fix it, leaving the door open. The others started eating and Ebba asked: "What are you going to do this summer, Van?"

If he had stopped to think, he might never have had the courage to say it, but fate was working and the words were blurted out too quickly. He said: "I want to go on the stage."

It was like an electric shock. As though on strings, heads came up all around the table, eyes focused on him. Nobody spoke. In the pantry, a wrench crashed to the floor and his father was standing in the doorway, half angry and half amused. He said ironically, breaking a tight silence, "The only stage you'll ever go on is a painter's stage," and laughed at his joke. He meant the catwalks painters hang outside buildings. Van didn't answer.

But the die was cast. Driving home in the early dusk, Van groped frantically for a way to revive the matter with his father. "Dad—I meant it! I want to go to New York." His father said nothing until they were swinging into the driveway. Then he said heavily: "I won't stop you." He seemed suddenly old and very tired . . .

Beth Thompson and Ann Garrett were working when they could in Broadway shows and lived at the Rehearsal Club on Fifty-third Street, New York. Van had known Beth in Newport. As soon as he reported to his mother, now living in Brooklyn, he telephoned Beth. She said gaily: "Good! You can take Ann and me to lunch. Come over to the club." Van had arrived in the city with less than $5 and was vastly relieved to find that a plate lunch at the club cost seventeen cents.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Frank Sinatra was appearing in Boston, I attended the first show of the week. I got a seat right in the second row of the orchestra, and tried to get a really good look at him through my opera glasses. Frank was singing "Pistol Packin' Mama." Seeing me standing there with my glasses focussed directly on him, he made a face, and without missing a beat, sang, "Lay those glasses down, babe, lay those glasses down!" Was my face red!

Lois Fae Schwartz
Revere, Massachusetts

Beth and Ann showed him the ropes. Day after day, you went the rounds of certain theatrical casting agencies specializing in little people. Any agent would see you. The first question always was: "What have you done?" With his two-pants brown suit and polka dot tie broadcasting his greenness, Van lied valiantly but vainly. He got no job. His money vanished.

After dark one night he left the girls at the club and started for the Brooklyn subway. Something made him glance up and he noticed a light in the office of Murray Phillips, an agent. Impulsively, he went up, finding Phillips alone. Van said: "Anything open?" Phillips said. "What can you do?" Van said: "I can sing and I can dance." Phillips said impassively: "Can you be here at nine tomorrow morning?" Van grinned widely. "What do you think?"

at long last . . .

It was a little specialty part in a revue at the venerable Cherry Lane theater, a production called "Entre Nous." Van was supposed to get $15 a week. He got it the first week only. The show closed in three weeks. But he had broken the ice and other small jobs came along. Some paid $9 a week. Some paid $12. Van took anything, partly because he wanted experience but mostly because he wanted to eat. Sometimes he didn't eat. There was one lean stretch when he lived on a hot dog a day. After almost a week of it he wrote his father for money, a hard thing to do. It came by return mail—no letter, just a beautiful $20 bill in a post office envelope.

He thought the great day had come when Warner Brothers gave him a contract at $300 a week and a compartment to Hollywood. His hands were perspiring as the train pulled into Los Angeles. They'd have a welcoming committee, of course, and there would be a mob of screaming fans. What should he tell the reporters? Trembling with anticipation, he got off the train—and nobody was there to meet him.

For five months he wandered around town like a lost soul, waiting to be called for work. Nobody called. He went to the studio and protested, and they dyed his red hair black, covered his freckles with makeup and put him in an epic with Faye Emerson. At the end of six months they dropped his contract.

Lucille Ball was a girl he had known on Broadway when he understudied her husband, Desi Arnaz. He had met them again in Hollywood. After he packed his bags and bought his ticket to New York, he forced himself to call them to say goodbye. Lucille, a determined young lady, demanded reprovingly: "What do you mean, 'goodbye?' You're having dinner with us tonight. Chasen's, at eight."

The party was glum. Van was in black despair and couldn't pretend, but Lucille, always perky, seemed extraordinarily bubbly, as though she had a secret. Finally, she left the table and returned with a small, dapper, briskly businesslike man whom Van recognized as Billy Grady, veteran talent scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They had talked once in New York and Grady had thrown out a few feelers which Van ignored. Now, Grady was coldly casual.

He said: "You wouldn't listen to me before, would you?"

Van said: "I guess it's just as well."

Grady said: "Probably is. I want you in my office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Think you can play an Irish soldier?"

Stunned, incredulous, Van was still fumbling for words when Grady walked away.

Irene Dunne is the beloved grand lady of the film colony, a woman of pronounced ideas. She didn't want Van Johnson in "A Guy Named Joe" because she felt he lacked experience. Executives overruled her and gave him the part.

Filming had barely begun on that fateful night of March 31, 1943, and it stopped on the morning of April 1. They could have found another actor for Van Johnson's part, but Miss Dunne was adamant. No one, she insisted, could do as well. When it was finally determined that Van would live, but it still was doubtful whether his fractured skull and horribly mangled face would permit him to act again, Miss Dunne called on him at the hospital. She could see only his eyes through the bandages swathing his head and she read the misery in them. She sat by the bed and took his hand.

"Van," she said softly, "I've come to tell you something. We've stopped work on the picture until you are well. We'll wait for you, no matter how long."

The doctors say that is probably why his recovery was so incredibly rapid. If you like, you may call it fate.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

A mad sendoff with JOHN LUND of "To Each His Own," who was born Feb. 6, 1913, in Rochester, N.Y. He's a six-footer with blonde hair and blue eyes and is married to Marie Charton. Write to him at Paramount, where his latest is "The Perils of Pauline." Jane Cook, 1470 Wesley Ave., Pasadena, California, has his fan club.

NANCY GUILD (who rhymes with wild) was born in Los Angeles, Oct. 11. She has brown hair and blue eyes and is 5′ 7″ tall. She's unmarried and "Somewhere in the Night" is her first picture. Mail reaches her at 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.

JOHNNY DESMOND'S from Detroit, born there Nov. 14, 1912. Is 5′ 9″ in height, and weighs 145 lbs. His eyes are brown . . . hair, black. Married to Ruth Keddington, he just became a poppa. N.B.C., New York, is his address. Fan club prexy is: Shirley Guberman, 457 Georgia Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Barry Broth, B'klyn . . . Margie Clay, 548 Danberry Dr., Toledo, Ohio, has the VAN JOHNSON Club. Gloria Montalto, 223 W. 10th St., N. Y., has CORNEL WILDE's.

R.P., Iowa . . . PAT PHALEN was the boy from China in "Miss Susie Slagle's." He was born in Long Beach, and is in his mid-twenties. His brown hair and blue eyes point up the Irish in him, and he's unmarried. Write him at Paramount. Thirty-three-year-old LLOYD BRIDGES was Silas in that pic. He's 6′ 1″ tall, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is married to Dorothy Simpson. He's at Universal.

S. Prestini, N. Y. . . . "There Are Two Sides to Every Girl," "Firechief's Daughter," "Down By The Ocean," "After the Show," "G'wan Home Your Mudder's Callin'," "Nellie Martin," "Valse Lent" (from "Lohengrin"), an opera sequence from Liszt melodies and opera sequences from Mendelssohn were the musical pieces played in "Two Sisters From Boston."

That does it for now. But for lots of answers to any questions, write to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

P.S.—See the fashion page for photos of Bob Turner who was featured here in July.

KID BROTHER

(*Continued from page 55*)

his place in the Walker household with a minimum of fanfare.

The three senior Walkers, Walt, aged 12, Wayne, 10, and Dick, 2, were pretty average kids. No angels, to be sure, but not too fiend-like, and for a while it seemed as if Bob were going to be a good kid, too. There were small boy scrapes, of course. The inevitable broken windows, stray dogs and cats brought home to be fed on the grounds that they were "starrrving," that sort of thing. It wasn't until he was between ten and twelve years old—around the time the family moved from Salt Lake City to Ogden—that the Walkers discovered that in son No. 4 they had a handful.

There was the time Mrs. Walker took Dick and Bob to Washington, D. C. to visit Walter, who was at George Washington University. Walter knew from his mother's letters that Bob was giving them a bit of trouble, but he hadn't bargained for anything like this. How did it start exactly? Bob wanted to go to see the Capitol early one morning. The others weren't dressed yet, so Mrs. W. said it would be better if he'd wait a little while. His hair trigger temper went into action.

temper! . . .

"I don't want to wait," he stormed. "I'm going right now."

"But you're not," his mother said firmly.

"I am," Bob asserted. His mother shook her head decidedly.

"Okay," he told her. "Then I'll jump out the window." They were on the fifth floor of the hotel, and in a split second he had vaulted over to the window and stood poised to leap. The family stood in shocked silence, until—just as suddenly as he'd hopped on the window ledge—he turned and came back into the room.

"What makes you do a thing like that?" Walter asked him when they were alone.

"I just felt like it," Bob scowled. What he felt like doing, he did. He was a holy terror.

Sitting now in their quiet apartment, the boys remembered that, and Dick said, "The landlord won't like it. Why, that kid could hire out as a professional lease-breaker."

Once, after he'd been punished for some misdemeanor, he hopped a freight for points west. His family didn't know where he had gone, and they were frantic. From Las Vegas, Nevada, he telephoned to say he was all right, and the next day he came home, bearing a couple of chocolate bars as a peace offering. That was the funny thing about Bob when he was going through this phase. The endearing thing that made his flare-ups bearable. He would follow up a tantrum or a piece of flagrant disobedience with some self-imposed penance or a small present. Once when he'd all but broken his mother's heart with a series of "I will not's," he tried to make amends by doing dinner dishes for a week.

During these trying years, Bob's mother kept in close touch with her sister, Hortense Odlum, retired head of Bonwit Teller's. Aunt Tenny, unbelievably wise, and herself the mother of two boys, never lost confidence in him. "Bob's not bad," she would write, "He is just mixed up. He hasn't found himself." His mother and dad took him to doctors and to psychiatrists to no avail. And then, like a double miracle, two things happened that changed his whole life.

Bob had had from his early years very poor vision. Each year it seemed to get a little worse, and his eye doctor finally admitted there was nothing he could do about it. He was afraid Bob would ultimately be blind. His mother couldn't and wouldn't believe it. She scouted around until she learned of a specialist in San Francisco who'd be able to help him if anybody could. They trekked west, and after a series of examinations, the doctor said he could arrest the condition, although he couldn't promise to improve it. It was like a reprieve for Bob.

Shortly thereafter, at Aunt Tenny's suggestion, Bob was sent off to the school in San Diego. Not many people went to see him off but there was, however, one friend on hand: Alice West, the drama critic on the Examiner, who had praised Bob's work in a couple of plays at Madison Grade School. She patted his thin shoulders and whispered in his ear. "You show 'em out there, mister. You've got the makings of a darn fine actor." The words warmed him all the way out there, and sustained him through the first lonely weeks. He rebelled against the regimentation, did miserably in his lessons, was even too apathetic to seek out the dramatic club. So—as you well know, if you know your Walker—the mountain came to Mohammed. Virginia Atkinson, the school's dramatic teacher, who knew youngsters' hearts so well, approached Bob and interested him in the play tryouts. You all know how brilliantly successful he was in his first play, and how—subsequently—he did well in his studies, in athletics, in his relations with other people. He wrote to Walt, 18-year-old cockiness mixed in with a bit of awe over the whole business: "I guess I'm pretty good at this stuff."

Aunt Tenny had offered to stake him to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, so he was coming East. And, considering his past, it was not too odd that Walt—now practising law in New York, and Dick—studying accounting at Columbia—should have had some misgivings.

"Who'll go meet him—you?" Dick said.

Walt grinned. "Sure," he said. And so it was Walt who was waiting at the head of the ramp when Bob's train came in. Walt's handshake that said, "Welcome," that first day in the big town. Both of them knew, smiling at each other a little shyly that first day in the big town.

the joint started jumping . . .

Oh, there were some changes made at the apartment, all right, but they were nice changes. Bob prevailed upon their maid, who never ("positively *never*, Mr. Walker") appeared before nine or ten, to come in and get them their breakfast every day. Not reluctantly, mind you. She actually suggested it herself. "Young Mr. Walker" became her pet, and choice morsels were invariably earmarked for him. Of an evening, whereas the apartment had once harbored fairly quiet groups of people, it now jumped with life.

It was one night quite a while after he came to New York that Dick and Walt first discovered he had talent. Another of their mother's sisters, Mrs. Boyd Hatch, had a dinner party, and the Walkers were invited. Afterwards, when everyone was sitting around in the living room, Aunt Tenny said, "Bob, are they teaching you anything over at that place?"

Bob said, "Heck yes. I can throw my voice and—"

"Let's hear you throw it. Do something you've learned."

"Here?" Bob screwed up his face the way he does when he's embarrassed.

(*Continued on page 114*)

GIRLS! Want quick curls?

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JANIE

COOKS DINNER

But first, today's bride has to track down the necessary ingredients!

BY NANCY WOOD

■ SINCE THE first Neanderthal bride burnt the brontosaurus chops, there have been corny jokes about brides learning to cook! We wish to rise in defense of current brides (or, for that matter, the matron heading for her 25th anniversary) because today, before she can even start to do any cooking, she has to find the groceries. This is a task requiring much patient sleuthing!

So, if you're a beginner cook or quite experienced, we think you'll find these recipes of use, because we've chosen ones using lots of available fresh fruit and vegetables and a minimum of sugar, shortening and wheat products. They're good, too!

SQUAW CORN

6 strips bacon
¼ cup diced green pepper
2 tablespoons minced onion
2½ cups freshly cut kernel corn
⅔ pound liverwurst, thickly sliced*
⅔ pound bologna, thickly sliced*
3 tablespoons bacon fat
Salt, pepper and paprika to taste

Cook bacon to delicate brown in heavy frying pan. Remove from fat and cut 3 strips in small pieces. Pour off half the fat; add green pepper and onion and cook over low heat until pepper and onion are tender. Add drained corn and diced bacon; reheat. Have liverwurst and bologna cut into thick slices. Heat bacon fat in frying pan, cook liverwurst and bologna until delicate

Jewel-tone fruits in an orange-gold setting—an 18-carat dessert for a hot weather meal is this jellied fruit cup! Ever so easy to make.

Photograph courtesy Knox Gelatine

Photograph Amer. Meat Institute

When sweet corn's in season and butter is a collector's item, make Squaw Corn flavored with crisp bacon bits, onion and green pepper.

Janie cooks dinner—a very logical sequel to "Janie Gets Married!" Joan Leslie, whom you've been seeing as Janie, is a good little cook and loves to putter in the kitchen.

brown. To serve, place corn in center of platter and arrange sausage and remaining bacon strips around the corn. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

* Or, omit liverwurst and bologna and add ½ cup sliced Brazil nuts to corn.

EGG PLANT BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 medium onions, minced
1 clove garlic, minced
4 or 5 ripe, or 2 cups canned, tomatoes
½ green pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon brown sugar
Few grains cayenne
1 dash allspice
½ bay leaf, crumbled
1 medium egg plant, sliced
Salt and pepper
Grated American cheese

Make a regular tomato sauce as follows: Brown onion in melted fat over low heat. Add minced garlic, tomatoes, green pepper and brown sugar. Simmer gently, covered, about 15 minutes. Remove cover and continue simmering until sauce is thick and rich. About 10 minutes before sauce is done, add salt, cayenne, allspice and crumbled bayleaf. In the meantime, slice egg plant about ½ inch thick. Either boil about 10 minutes in salted water, or sprinkle with salt and pepper and sauté slowly in fat until tender. Place layer of egg plant in greased baking dish. Spread with part of tomato sauce. Add another layer of egg plant and sauce until used. Sprinkle top with grated American cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes or until brown. Serves 4 to 6.

GOLDEN FRUIT CUP

1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup orange juice
½ cup orange sections*
½ cup red grapes (halved and seeded)*
⅓ cup chopped nut meats

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add sugar and lemon juice and cool. Add orange juice, and chill until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in fruit and nuts. Pour into a large bowl or mold, rinsed out in cold water first, and chill until firm. When ready to serve, heap into sherbet glasses and serve either plain or with a custard sauce. Serves 6.

* Other combinations of fruit may be used.

APPELICIOUS

¼ pound oatmeal or graham crackers
3 large firm apples, peeled and sliced*
½ teaspoon cinnamon, optional
1⅓ cups sweetened condensed milk
½ cup water

Butter a baking dish and line with oatmeal crackers which have been coarsely crumbled. Cover with layer of apples. Sprinkle with cinnamon, if desired. Repeat until crackers and apples are all used. Blend sweetened condensed milk and water. Pour over crackers and apples. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Uncover and bake 10 minutes longer. Serve warm with lemon sauce or thin cream. Serves 8.

* Other fresh fruit such as peaches, plums or halved seeded grapes may be used instead.

"Dear Diary" Let's pretend that you still keep a diary—even though you *are* a 'settled', married woman. And then let's pretend today was washday

Would you write something like this . . . ?

Dear Diary: *Not too much to write this time. Did the usual huge, hot-weather wash today—it's a wonder I'm not worn to a frazzle. But between you and me, Diary, with Fels-Naptha Soap on hand to help, washday's almost a pleasure.*

We know a lot of women who could write this—and a great deal more about the satisfaction of washing with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap. And—*they wouldn't be pretending!*

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—*says Edith McCormick*

Lost: 34 pounds
Height (After) 5′ 4¾″
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Wife and mother regains slim figure and new vitality—at home.

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"Why not?" asked Aunt Tenny briskly. So he did a monologue called "The Jew," and did it so magnificently, so sensitively, that his audience scarcely breathed while he spoke. When it was over, Aunt Anne and Aunt Tenny were frankly bawling, and Dick and Walt were stunned.

Bob had been at the Academy just a short while when he met a gal. Obviously. Always a sort of casual dresser, he began to take endless pains with his tie, he started laboring over his hair.

"Who is she?" Walt asked him one morning, waiting for a turn at the mirror.

"Who? Oh, her?" Bob swivelled around, blushing. "Name's Phyllis Isely." And that was Jennifer. For weeks his brothers listened to Bob eulogize her acting.

"What does she look like?" they'd ask, envisoning something very blond and vaguely hussy-ish.

"She's beautiful," he'd say. "Eyes like—I don't know. You can't describe Phyl."

She lived in Oklahoma and during Christmas vacation she went home for a visit. Bob was lost for two weeks, feverish on the day she was due back. "Take it easy," Walt said. "She can't be that good." Accompanied by Walter and his mom—who was in town for the holidays—Bob met her train.

here's my gal . . .

"There she is," he yelled, and he ran to meet her. "Mom, this is Phyl," he said when he could get his breath, and he was so proud of her he could hardly stand it. Mrs. Walker, who had been prepared for mascara and black lace stockings, looked at the sweet heart-shaped face, the gentle brown eyes.

"Why, hello, dear," she said, and she took her arm and walked up the ramp. A pace or two behind them, Bob turned to Walt, and they exchanged a wink that was the equivalent of a long, low whistle.

"Say, she's all right," Walt whispered.

The family definitely approved, and just about a year later, when they were eighteen and nineteen respectively, Phyl and Bob were married. They were working in radio in Tulsa (Phyl's hometown) and they were married quietly at her home. When it was over, they called Walt.

"Hey, Walt," Bob shouted, rice and confetti in his voice, "someone wants to talk to you."

"Mrs. Walker. Mrs. *Bob* Walker. We just got married."

Eighteen and nineteen—a couple of infants, Walt thought. But they were really in love.

By the time they came back to New York, via an unsuccessful go at Hollywood, Dick was working in San Francisco and Wayne was still in Washington. The kids sort of clung to Walt. He was always there with the moral support, and as often as not a ten-spot to help them through their unemployment crises. "Look," Bob would say every once in a while. "Supposing I *never* get an acting job. I'm going to get a job at Macy's or some place."

"Don't be a dope," Walt would tell him. "You're not some dime-a-dozen ham. You're *good*." It was Walt who'd periodically restored their faith in themselves, who'd stake them to steak when they looked kind of lean and hungry, who thought it was swell, not grim, when they told him he was going to be a godfather. When Bob got his first real break in radio, you'd have thought it had happened to Walter, he was so happy. He couldn't listen to him on the morning soap operas, but his maid did, and she'd regale him with a blow by blow account at dinner.

"It was like this in 'John's Other Wife' today, Mr. Walker," she'd say. Or, " 'Stella Dallas' was terribly sad this afternoon. I almost hate to tell you . . ." In the evening, Walt would arrange his dates so that he could keep up with "Maudie's Diary."

Things were picking up for the young Walkers about then, and they moved from their $16-a-month flat in the Village to a place in the country.

Now and then they'd lure Walt down. Some vital course of the Sunday dinner invariably burned; he had to share the couch with Inky, the cocker. Why, he'd sometimes ask himself, would he leave his comfortable apartment for a deal like that? The answer was, of course that he was fond of the Bob Walkers, kind of nuts about their little Bobby.

As their prosperity increased, they moved first to Garden City, where Michael was born, then to Sands Point. At that juncture, Bob was doing very well, and they were able to have a nurse for the youngsters. Phyl began going into the city job-hunting and—if you'll forgive a twice-told tale—that was when one of Selznick's talent scouts saw her. She went to Hollywood to test for "Keys to the Kingdom," telephoned Bob to say she'd landed "Bernadette."

She took the children with her, and Bob, with a dozen radio commitments, stayed home. Finally, sick with loneliness, he persuaded his agent to wangle him a screen test at M-G-M, and he and Walt closed the house in Sands Point. Walter went to the train with him, and when they said goodbye that time, it was for more than three long years. Those were eventful years. For the world generally. And for the Walkers particularly. When Walt came back from the ETO this spring, they had a lot of catching up to do.

He was discharged from Camp Kilmer, and right afterwards he got a plane West to spend two weeks with his kid brother. Only he wasn't his kid brother any more.

"You look fat."

"Sure. I live right." Bob told him.

"You mean you're actually eating now?"

"Three times a day." Maybe oftener, as it turned out. Bob's a snack man now. An avacado here, a hamburger there. It was a revelation to his brother. They walked into Bob's apartment and Walt was floored.

"It's so neat . . ." Walker was never like this. There were other surprises. He saves his money now, he's developed a fabulous business head, he's crazy about music—knows something about it.

no more nerves . . .

They were a wonderful two weeks, with a lot of serious talk, but with a lot of fun too. There was the night Miss Photoflash of 1945 from Chicago appeared in Hollywood. She was to have a screen test and a date with her favorite movie star—Bob Walker. They made it a foursome (Hedda Hopper went along with Walt) and it was a gay, gay business. There were so-called quiet evenings at home when Pete Lawford would drop in and play every record Bob owned, with the volume pushed up high. There was the exciting day on the set of "Watch the Clouds Roll By" when Walt saw Bob doing Jerome Kern at seventy, complete with paunch and grey hair; saw him do a scene over five times without getting edgy or self-conscious about it.

"How come?" Walt asked him, remembering the old days. "What did you do with your nerves?"

Bob grinned, the slow one that starts in his eyes and works down. "I'm a big boy now."

The day he was leaving, Walt smacked him on the shoulders. "Hate to see you go, kid." Bob looked at him, and looking, remembered a lot of things. Sentimental, corny, heart-warming things. He stuck out his hand.

"Give the lady your ninety-nine cents," he said. "You can see me any time."

And, speaking as a Walker fan, for our dough that's the nice part of it.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT VAN JOHNSON

HIS FRIENDS

(*Continued from page 31*)

hell breaking loose outside. The manager slipped Van out by the freight elevator. He tried to hail a cab but the word was out. The sidewalk crowd hemmed Van like a skirt. There was an awful ruckus before he finally shook loose and roared off to the station. He was still sweating when the train, which he'd just made, pulled out. "Gosh!" heaved Van, "what a surprise!"

"Are you kidding?" panted the p.a. But the funny part is—Van wasn't—not at all.

Sometimes Van's friends are inclined to think he's not right bright. "That guy!" they explode. "Been a star for three years and he still doesn't know what bit him—the lovable, wonderful goof!" That naivete may be tough on press agents, at times, but it also adds up to the rarest charm Van Johnson as a person holds for all his friends. He may be the brightest young star in the Hollywood heavens, but Van himself hasn't changed a bit.

He's still friendly as a pup, wide-eyed with the wonder of it all, happy as a lark, eager as a beaver about everything that happens, and busting to pay back the whole world for what it's done for him.

something for the boys . . .

Van was traveling across the country once with his pal, Keenan Wynn, when the train came to a halt beside a troop train pulled up on the siding. Van has a habit of swinging off every time his train stops. This time Van roamed up and down the troop train shooting the breeze with a bunch of sailors, because it turned out to be a Navy hospital section returning Pacific veterans to their homes. To Keenan he confessed he was a little worried how these wounded vets would feel about a wartime Hollywood glamor boy. It looked like he had something there, too, when a bandaged sailor yelled, "Van Johnson! Boy, have we been waiting to see you!"

"Nuts," beamed Van. "I'm not such a much."

"Oh, yes you *are!*" chorused a bunch of swabbies. "You're *wonderful!*" Van felt his neck turn red and his heart flopped. This was what he'd been worrying about. "Look, Van," piped up a sailor. "When we're in port we never miss one of your pictures—not one!"

"Go on, you guys," protested Van miserably, walking right into it. "You're kidding. I'm not that good an actor."

"We wouldn't know about the acting," cracked the sailor. "But when we take in one of your shows it's a cinch to pick up a dame!"

Van has cards to most of the private beach clubs around Hollywood, but he's the type who tosses his shorts into his Ford and rolls down to the public beach in Santa Monica. One day, blissfully thinking nobody knew him from Adam, Van barged into a volley ball game on the public sands. "Mind if I play?" he grinned. "Come on," said the busy ball boppers without looking twice. Then right in the middle of the fray, one of the girls suddenly froze and screamed, "Van—Van *JOHNSON!*" The game was over right then. Pete Lawford hauled the innocent ringer back to his car and roared him away, but by that time the whole beach was boiling.

The pair was rambling around town one Saturday afternoon when a gang of UCLA fraternity boys passed. They spotted

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Pete, who used to take tickets at the Westwood Village Theater and rates as a home town boy. One enterprising promoter hailed them and asked Pete and Van to a dance the frat was tossing that night. Pete demurred. He didn't want to spend his Saturday night in a free-for-all, but Van beat him to the "No."

"I haven't got a thing to do," he blurted. "That's a swell idea." Pete was horrified as he visualized the riot—but he swallowed and said "Thanks." He thought Van was just giving the boys a nice brush-off. He found he was wrong. The big bunny was actually all steamed up about going, hustled to Pete's house, shaved and showered, and they rolled up to the collegiate clambake. It was a big success, of course.

puppy-friendly . . .

As any friend of Van's learns sooner or later, he isn't putting on an act about liking people—all people. That's because a large part of his life he's been lonesome, as a motherless boy in Newport and as a struggling nobody around New York. Hollywood is Van's first real chance to indulge the warm heartedness that's the core of his makeup and he loves it. When, on the other hand, he thinks he's not wanted, he shrivels up like a persimmon and is very, very unhappy. Esther Williams found that out when she married Ben Gage.

Esther's first job before a movie camera was a bit dancing with Van in "A Guy Named Joe." Van had a big part; the dance floor scene was all that it was for Esther, but oh, what it seemed to be. She was as nervous as a witch and practically paralyzed until Van calmed her down so she could move her feet. They made "Thrill of a Romance" after that and "Easy to Wed" and Esther got to know Van well enough to tell him off about the onion sandwiches which he adores and always manages to eat right before a love scene.

After months of movie association with Van, Esther feels like a sister to him, so when she married Ben, Van was right at the top of her invitation list.

Day before Esther's wedding, Van was playing tennis with Gene Kelly and Peter Lawford. They talked about Esther's nuptials on the next day, but Van didn't say a thing, just swatted balls solemnly. 'You're going, aren't you, Van?" they asked.

"Uh-uh," said Van slamming a forehand out of the court, "I wasn't asked."

"Don't be silly," they said. "You know Esther wants you. We'll pick you up."

"No," said Van, "I'm not invited."

It never occurred to the big dope that Esther's invitation had got buried under the stack of fan mail which swamps Van every day and has to be answered as he gets around to it. Esther's wedding came and went. Van didn't go. Esther was hurt. She called him up next day and asked why he didn't show up. She said he was one of the first friends she'd invited by mail.

"Gee," heaved Van happily. "I'm sure glad you called. I thought you didn't want me. So I stayed home all that Sunday singing the blues!"

Van has the warm faculty of making friends with everyone he ever works with. He understudied Gene Kelly back in his New York struggle days in "Pal Joey" and they've been great pals ever since. One of Van's most precious possessions is a wrist watch Gene gave him. It's the first watch Van ever owned and Van prized it above almost everything. When a crowd of fans mobbed him in Washington last winter, the watch got lost in the crush. Van was sick with disappointment, but the happy ending to the tragedy was worth the few hours of anxiety. A fan turned up at Van's hotel with the watch. "I saw on the back where Gene Kelly gave you this," he explained. "I knew you'd be worrying so I hustled over." Nobody can knock fans to Van after that. They're his favorite people.

Sometimes it's intimate experiences that weld sentimental Van to his friends for keeps, but just a mere part in a picture can make him feel almost the same way.

Phyllis Thaxter played Van's wife in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Then she married a real life husband and took a vacation from pictures to have her baby girl, Susan. Phyllis hadn't seen Van for over a year. She was lying in a hospital in Evanston, Illinois, where she'd gone to have her baby, because it was her husband's home town. One day orchids arrived, the card signed with just a big scrawly "VAN." The only "Van" Phyllis knew was Van Johnson, but she couldn't believe it was he. Van was in Hollywood, he didn't even know she was in Evanston. But it was the Van she knew, all right. He proved it a few minutes later by barging in with more flowers and a big grin and making Phyllis' hospital chart do dipsy-doos as he regaled her with all the latest news from M-G-M. He was passing through Chicago and ran out to Evanston just to see her. How he knew she was there Phyllis never found out. But that's typical Johnson; he never forgets a friend.

Van's current passion is tennis. On weekends, Van teams up at Gary Cooper's with a Hollywood tennis set who know their stuff—racquet experts like Joe Cotten, Walter Pidgeon, and Peter Lawford. Van's naturally on the awkward side physically anyway and at tennis he's just a pigeon compared to those court killers. But they like to play with him because he's got no false pride or temperament and he takes his regular lickings as happily as if he'd won, which is practically never. The other day Van felt he was pretty sharp, at last, so he challenged Pete Lawford to a match. The whole Hollywood Sunday tennis set was there with their wives and girl friends, so he had an audience. Pete turned on the heat and Van got creamed in two sets —6-0, 6-1. Instead of being crushed and embarrassed, Van beamed at the crowd.

"See me win that last game?" he crowed

amateur's prediction . . .

His friends have discovered that the big lug can take a ribbing on anything—the screaming Argyle socks he loves and washes tenderly himself, the flaming red bathrobe he races around the M-G-M lot in, the nightclub milk binges he's subject to now and then, the telephoneitis that almost wears out M-G-M's wires between camera takes. Van can laugh off being tagged the "worst dressed star in Hollywood." He's not even sore when fans sneak by his hotel room, and catch him padding around in nothing but shorts. In short, Van owns a disposition made in Heaven, and he couldn't be jealous if he tried.

One morning, not long ago, Van was taking a hike in Bel-Air when a car pulled up beside him and an officious lady leaned out. "You're Van Johnson, aren't you?"

"Yes," admitted Van.

"Good!" nodded the lady. "Well, how would you like to come to the spring dance at the Westlake School for Girls?" She was a teacher there, she said, and she thought Van Johnson would add something to the affair.

Van asked when it was, but on that date he was busy and he said so regretfully. The excuse didn't register with the lady.

"Mister Johnson," she said severely. "Last year Peter Lawford came to our dance. Now," she lectured, "you wouldn't want Peter Lawford to get ahead of you would you?"

Van stifled a grin and put on his most resigned, lugubrious expression.

"Let's face it," sighed Van gloomily. "That's bound to happen sooner or later!"

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT VAN JOHNSON

HIS CO-WORKERS

(Continued from page 31)

Conway came on the set to meet his cast and start his picture he stopped cold when he passed the camera. Pasted on the side was the Lampoon's blast at Jack's stars—whom he'd never heard about. Soon as he read it, out of their dressing rooms popped Van and June.

"Congratulations, Mr. Conway," they chorused. "Lucky you—look who *you've* got!"

No star in Hollywood has more fun kidding his fantastic fame and, at the same time, no star has more fun booting it along than Van Johnson. If they held a popularity contest at M-G-M tomorrow, Van Johnson would win it hands down.

Grips, cameramen, directors, messenger girls, producers, publicity men, stars—you can't knock Van to them. Mention his name to people like Van's favorite photographer, Milt Brown, and they'll all say: "Johnson? I've worked with them all from Garbo on up and down—and for my dough Van is absolutely tops!" You can get that answer again from all directions, wherever you ask. "Johnson? Swell guy—the best!"

easy to handle . . .

It's a maxim around any Hollywood studio that the bigger the star gets, the harder he is to handle. Not Van. The other day M-G-M's publicity gang was holding a huddle on "High Barbaree." By accident Van happened to barge in on the meeting. He found out what was going on. "Hey—" he protested in a slighted tone. "I didn't know you guys had these things. Why doesn't someone tell me what gives around here? Here're some ideas I have." From then on Van took over the meeting. Turned out he did have some ideas—and goodies, too. One, typically Johnson, was that kids from local high school and college papers who want to interview him get that chance regularly, once a week at the studio. "I'll invite 'em myself," offered Van. "Gosh—it was kids who made me!"

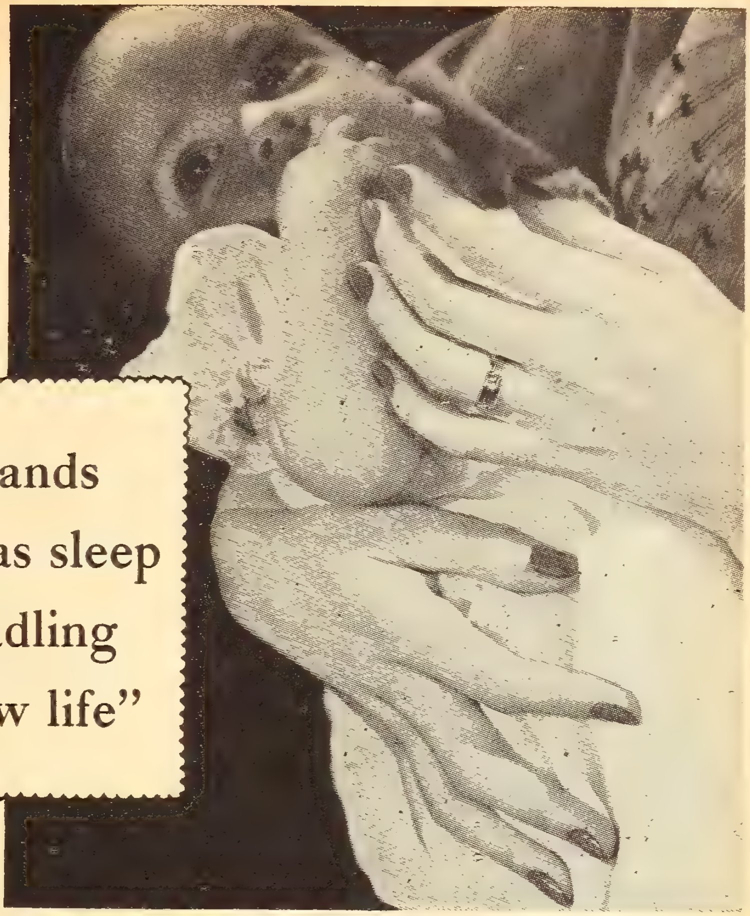
Most big stars duck chores like that. They duck picture sittings, too, and reasonably so, because it's work and they're camera silly after as many movies as a star like Van Johnson makes. But again—not Johnson. He even comes up with suggestions. Otto Dyar, who shoots the still pictures on "High Barbaree," doesn't have to haunt Van, chase, tackle and hog-tie him to get a shot. On the contrary, Van bombards Otto with ideas. He gave up his noon hour the other day to shoot a medical laboratory layout, a Johnson inspiration, because Van plays a Harvard medical student in the film. Once Milt Brown had a layout request from a magazine. Van had knocked off two pictures in a row and was making added scenes. The minute he finished he was set to leave for the East. He didn't have an hour to spare anytime in the day. But the layout meant a lot to Milt. He'd promoted it, worked it up and now Van didn't have time. Nuts. He mentioned it regretfully to Van.

always obliging . . .

"Can you do it tonight?" Van asked.

"Sure I can, but what about you?"

"It would be fun for me," said Van, speaking the truth. "But it's work for you." The Alphonse-Gaston routine went on until finally Milt asked, "What time?" and Van told him. They worked until midnight and then Van finally got around to having some supper. It's not that Van's a publicity hound or a lens louse. He needs pictures and publicity like he needs a hole in his



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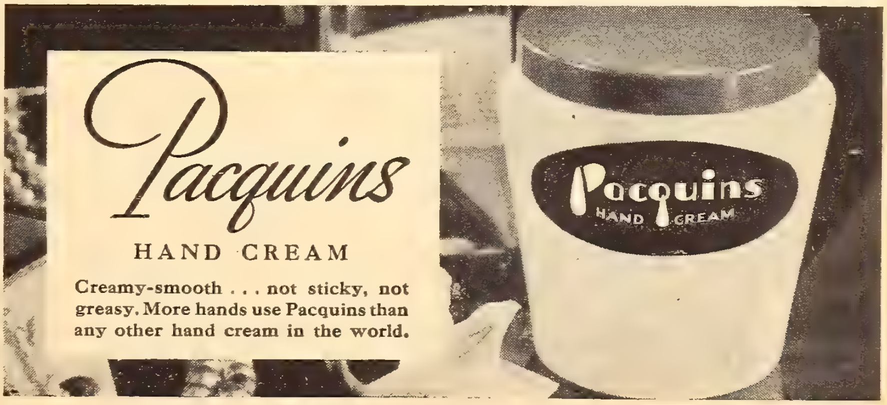

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tow head. It's just that to Van Johnson nothing connected with a studio can honestly be called work.

On his trip back home to Newport last year, Van slept in his old room in the bed he was born in. As he sank into the old familiar mattress, Van happened to let his eyes rest on the wall. Tacked there was a picture of Joan Crawford, signed with the familiar "Sincerely yours." Van's mind raced back to the days, not too far back, when he was a loyal member of the Joan Crawford Fan Club in good standing. "Gosh!" he yelped, leaping out of the hay and snatching it off the wall. "I've got to show her this." The edges were curled and yellowed, but Van packed the ancient still in his bag and the first thing he did when he got to Hollywood was take it over to Joan and show her. Joan is one of his best friends in Hollywood but at that Van couldn't help blurting, "I can't believe I really know you!"

Another idol of Van's who gets him ga-ga is Katharine Hepburn. She's making a picture at M-G-M now, "Sea of Grass," and Van gets dizzy as a bobby-soxer every time he sees her. So far Katie hasn't deigned to notice him or even nod when they pass. "If she'd only say, 'Hello there, Johnson,' or something," he sighs, "I'd be happy!"

he's sincere . . .

Any one less icy than Hepburn, however, can't help melting at Van's admiration. It's the most potent form of flattery, because unlike designing flattery, it's sincere.

Van has a way of being a fan of all the people he works with, and he has a natural talent for tagging them right on their soft spots, which doesn't exactly make them mad. In his dressing room, for instance, Van has framed a couple of pictures, both attesting to his natural instinct for unconscious flattery. One's a caricature of Van by Xavier Cugat, the other an etching by Lionel Barrymore. Cartooning is Cugat's real weakness and etching is Barrymore's hobby. They'd both rather be great at these efforts than at rhumba bands or emoting. Van's sincere admiration of their favorite talents inspired both gifts, both intimate. Cugat's Johnson cartoon burlesques Van's frank, uppish nose and the cowlick that always sticks out behind his ears and Lionel Barrymore's print is inscribed, "To Van Johnson—with affection and envy of his lousy youth. I hope he lives to be a dirty old man." They're both Johnson rooters, and no wonder. But then almost everyone is at M-G-M, and not because Johnson's necessarily bursting with blarney. He can dig a gag himself, too, and get by with it.

Jack Conway is pretty proud of being a Hollywood old timer and he never lets Van forget that he was directing pictures before Van was born. Van heard that crack for the hundredth time or so, then he acted. He went to the prop department, picked out the creakiest old rocking chair he could find, dolled it up with a red ribbon and one morning lugged it on the set and placed it before Jack. "Here, grandpop," Van offered. Then he draped a shawl around Jack's shoulders and put a cane in his hand. Jack chucked the shawl and cane but he still uses the rocker.

Van lives at the Bel-Air Hotel and his Hollywood fans soon got hep to that. They started waiting on the corners Van was bound to pass until they got to be "regulars" and by now Van wouldn't miss his morning chats for the world. The girls park themselves strategically along the route to the studio. If they just wave, Van waves, too, but if they crook their fingers he pulls in to the curb. That means they've got something to tell him. It always takes a good half hour to make the zig-zag tour before Van can break away for M-G-M, where the last stand of "regulars" always waits right near the gate. That's a "must" stop every day, because Van simply can't breeze on in with his head in the air. Memories are too fresh in that head about when he was one of those kids himself.

That may be why Van eats up another activity that's a bore to most stars. He likes to handle all his own mail personally. He's got his set dressing room chronically jammed with letters, and between camera takes he hustles over, signs his pictures, addresses the envelopes and slips them in for mailing. June Allyson noted this during "High Barbaree" and sat down and started to help Van—but just once. "Hey—*no!*" he yelped. "You might put one in the wrong envelope!"

Van also keeps a typewriter on his dressing table. It's an old portable he blew himself to when he got his first Hollywood contract at Warner Brothers, the one that didn't pan out, years ago. Owning a typewriter to Van then, symbolized affluence, and, as he is about all things, Van's still sentimental about that rickety keyboard. He pecks out personal answers to fan letters that appeal to him, full of dots and dashes and crossed out, uneven words, via the hunt and peck system. Van's a demon correspondent. When he goes on a trip everybody at the studio from the janitor to Louis B. Mayer gets "Wish you were here" postcards. Les Peterson, an M-G-M executive, who took Van back to the President's birthday ball last year, came upon him one day in the hotel room swamped with cards. He'd begged every last picture postcard the Shoreham Hotel had and they were all over the bedspread and carpet drying. Van had packed along his private address book on the trip and gone right through it, scrawling the address and a huge "V A N" on the message side. Everybody he knew in the studio got one.

Van heard about a studio secretary who had lost her job. A little messenger girl friend of his told him. She was so-and-so's—a big shot's—typist and she had liked her job. She was very, very sad. The messenger girl hinted that maybe Van could do something about it. She didn't have to hint very loud. Van rushed right over to the producer's office. He didn't know the girl, but he put in a plug just as if he knew her and the producer started grinning.

"You know why I fired her?" he asked.

"Of course not," said Van. "I can't see why in the world you did—that's the point."

"Because," chuckled the big shot. "She wasn't here half the time. You know where she was?"

a favor? . . .

"No."

"On a set," he said, "sighing over a guy named Van Johnson! Keep her off your set and she can have her job back."

Van promised and the girl got her job back, but the triumph was bitter-sweet. Van did a good deed but he lost a worshipping fan.

People who work closest to Van are always his most rabid boosters. Don Anderson has been Van's stand-in for a couple of years now. Van always promotes Don a part, too, in all his pictures. In spite of Van's dizzy rise to fame, Don's as easy and relaxed with him as he would be with a roommate. One of Van's daily chores is to pick up Don on the way to the studio. Van's always on time—Don's usually late. But instead of honking his horn impatiently, yelling or raising a fuss, Van curls up behind the wheel, unfolds his morning newspaper and catches up on Dick Tracy while Don's throwing on his clothes or slupping an extra cup of coffee. He's never seen Van sore about anything yet.

It was Don, too, who inadvertently started Johnson off on his private 'tea'

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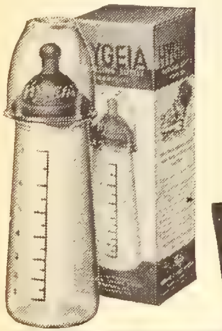

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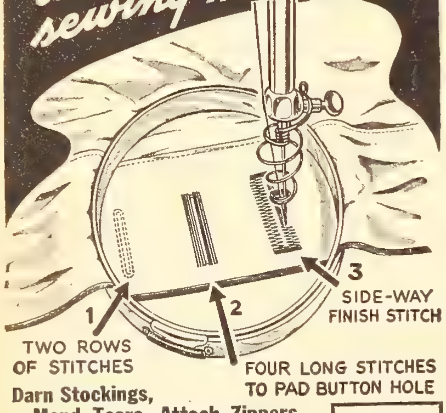

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program. One afternoon at low-ebb time, Don happened to say, "Boy, a doughnut and coffee would sure taste swell."

"You like doughnuts?" asked Van. "Listen, I know where they make the best doughnuts in California. Hey, that's an idea."

Next afternoon a delivery truck rolled in the M-G-M gates loaded with crullers and big pots of coffee for Van's whole picture company. It's a custom by now. It's always Van's party and everyone's invited. He calls it "Johnson teatime." Don't ask me why, when it's coffee.

Van's coffee happy—he keeps a thermos on his dressing table and gulps it all day long—but that's not the reason for his daily treat. He just likes to do something for everyone who does anything for him; it's almost a complex and it comes from his gratitude for his luck in this world.

Van gets a terrific kick out of giving presents. For years when he was busted, he couldn't; so now he's having fun making up. He had a new car delivered to his Dad back in Newport the other day. June Allyson gets flowers for every sequence they finish in "High Barbaree." Susan Peters can't eat all the candy Van sends her regularly since she's had her spell in bed. Any of Van's friends unwise enough to mention needing anything finds it delivered pronto. Evie Wynn—Keenan's wife—casually mentioned she needed a lamp on the piano at her house. One came over from Van, bigger than the piano, practically.

he can't forget . . .

Everyone at M-G-M and around Hollywood, too, stars and nobodys, were so swell to Van during his accident that he can't forget. Today let anyone on the M-G-M lot have a bad health break and Van's the first one over with sickbed cheer. He's been a loyal caller at Susan Peters' house since her hunting accident. He stayed away from work three days to camp at Keenan Wynn's bedside when his pal lay unconscious from a motorcycle smashup. Photographer Milt Brown had a serious siege of illness recently and Van scurried daily on a twenty-mile trip, after a full day on the set, to keep him cheered up. It's got to be such a habit with Van that by now he doesn't even have to know the patient. Milt mentioned a tragic case at the Hollywood hospital, a man who'd been paralyzed for fourteen years. Van went up, introduced himself and included him in his daily rounds. Last winter in Washington, Van made an appearance at the Soldiers' Hospital while little Margaret O'Brien visited the Children's Hospital. They were both cabbing to the railroad station when Maggie mentioned a little girl who had Van's picture on the wall by her bed. "I've got to see her!" cried Van. He had the driver go the fifteen miles back to the hospital so he could shake her hand.

When he can't find someone to visit, Van walks in unannounced at the Pasadena Regional and Birmingham General, two veterans' hospitals near Hollywood. Bedridden GIs have got used to him now, so he makes it every week. He got pretty worked up recently about the sad state of veterans' benefits from these visits, so the other day Van sat down and wrote a letter to President Truman all about that.

The truth is, the bigger Van Johnson's career grows, the bigger his heart expands and the bigger his basic gratitude swells for the way the world has treated him. He never lets himself forget that. He can still remember every rung on the ladder up. If he ever goes back down again—he'll find friends all along the way.

Van and Les Peterson, the M-G-M exec who used to handle Mickey Rooney's career, were rattling on the train towards Washington one night last February. They shared a drawing room and Les, in the

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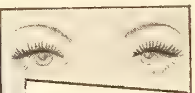

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upper, heard Van tossing and turning down below. He stood it until around three a.m. when he said, "Hey, aren't you asleep yet?"

"Nope," came back Van. "Not a wink. I've been thinking," he explained. "Four years ago you brought Mickey Rooney to the Capitol Theater in Washington during the President's Birthday Ball, didn't you?" That was right, Les said.

"I saw you and Mickey," Van went on, "I was in a vaudeville act called 'Eight Boys From Manhattan.' Song and dance. I was playing the Capitol that week. You don't remember me, do you?" Les said no.

"Then," continued Van, talking in the dark, "the next year you brought back Mickey again for the Ball. I was at the Capitol that week, too. I was Buster West's straight man. Remember the act?"

"No," admitted Les.

"I didn't think so," sighed Van. "I made seventy-five a week then and I thought I was plenty lucky." That's what had been keeping Van Johnson awake as the train highballed through the night, headed for the Birthday Ball of the President of the United States. He'd been reeling his memory backwards. He hadn't forgotten a thing.

"And now," Van was saying wonderingly, "here I am on a train headed for Washington in the same spot Mickey was—a Hollywood star invited to the White House. Golly!" Les didn't say anything. What was there to say? But Van said it.

"Now I ask you," sighed Van. "How come?"

Maybe Van Johnson will never get the answer to that. But until he does, he's not going to take himself too seriously or stop giving thanks.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

(Continued from page 57)

have been funny—when it would have taken far less indeed to make me howl with tears instead of laughter. I remember a certain necktie, for instance. Stan forgot I'd given it to him. "Here's a tie I don't like," he said, and gave it to his dad. That was the first year we were married, and I never expected to recover from the blow.

But the advantage of being married twelve years instead of one is that your perspective's improved. You've learned what matters and what doesn't. I thought back to the night before. Stan had helped me put the children to bed. We'd taken a walk through the moonlit hills after dinner, then come home to read. We'd been happy and together. I don't know a better way to celebrate your wedding anniversary.

Of course we laughed about it that night and decided that, since we'd both forgotten, neither of us could be mad at the other. Just the same, I came out winner in the end and that's another story. . . .

Last summer we moved to the La Cañada hills. Our daughter Kristin had been suffering from a sinus condition, and the doctor recommended altitude. Naturally it hadn't been easy to find a house. The one we finally found had been built by a lover of Italian architecture, and the dining room is especially vast. Our old furniture looked silly in it—

"Stan," I said, "maybe we could buy Charlie Arnt's dining room set—"

He looked up from his book, a little startled. "You mean right out from under him—?"

"I mean the one that's been in his family for years. Right now it's gathering dust in a Pasadena warehouse—"

love at first sight . . .

So Stan said why didn't I go over and take a look at it—which I promptly did, and fell in love with it at sight. Ever since, I'd been trying to get Stan to go over. He kept putting it off and, knowing how men are about such things, I'd resigned myself to a good long wait. So it was music to my ears when he said that night: "Just because we forgot our anniversary, honey, we'll go to Pasadena tomorrow and, if I like the stuff half as well as you do, we'll buy it on the spot—"

Well, it's in our dining room now and—thanks to Charlie Arnt's father—we feel it belongs to us in a rather special way. Stan and I decided we'd like to mark the occasion by giving a dinner party for the Arnts. The old gentleman's 83, but so spry and wonderful, and I think neither of us will ever forget his face when he walked in and saw the furniture that was tied up for him with the memories of fifty years. Tears came to his eyes, but next moment he was smiling at us—

"This is where it belongs," he said. "In just such a home, with just such a family—"

Stan said later: "I didn't feel it was really ours till then. Now it's almost like an heirloom—"

It's also possible that we started a family legend of our own that night. Maybe one day our children will tell their grandchildren: "I remember the night that set was first used. Our daddy had to leave the table to come up and spank us—"

morgan's gold . . .

It's a rule of the house that, when we have dinner guests, the children are not to peek over the bannisters nor make themselves in any way conspicuous. But on this particular night they were full of the dickens—overstimulated, I believe the psychologists call it. Had they stopped at peeking or giggling, Stan might have postponed action, if only to avoid a scene. But before we knew it, there they were in their nightclothes practically at the foot of the stairs. Stan pushed back his chair and asked to be excused. Out of the corner of my eye, I glimpsed these two small white figures scrambling upward as fast as they could go, followed by their dignified father in his tux. A door closed on the sequel, and five minutes later Stan was back.

But when our guests had left and I went to see if the children were properly covered, he followed me in—and it didn't surprise me to hear him whisper: "Maybe I was too hard on them—" Nor did it surprise me when he came home next day with a toy telescope for Stan Jr. and a sweet little pin for Kristin's coat. And least of all did it surprise me when the children told Clare, our nursemaid: "You know, we don't really mind if Daddy punishes us, because he always brings us a present afterwards—"

In all fairness to my husband, however, I must set down that he doesn't have to bribe his way to a child's heart. They just naturally take to him, boys and girls alike. You can hear his sister Dorothy's little boy calling "Gunkle Sta-a-nley" long before he's inside the house. And at home they have to play "Gunkle Stanley's record" for him at least three times a day. Our own Jimmy calls himself "Daddy's pal." When Stan gets home early enough to play ball with our eldest, Jimmy's right in there too, chasing the ball around. Little Stan doesn't think that's such a hot idea, but it's fine with Daddy.

If any of the three has inherited his dad's singing voice, it's Jimmy. We discovered it when he was fifteen months old. Stan, who was making "Desert Song," would go round the house doing the Riff Call, and one day we heard this same unmistakable melody coming from the direction of Jimmy's playpen. It was very funny. We both happened to be in the kitchen and, as by one impulse, we lifted our heads, stood staring for a minute, then streaked outdoors. Stan got there first—

"Do it again," he said, and Jimmy did it again. Tossed it off, right on key, much as to say, think nothing of it, and went on banging two pot lids together. No parent needs to be told what a high moment that was. Right now Jimmy's going technical on us. He lies in bed mornings, and sings up and down the scales.

But little Stan's our real musician. We sometimes wish he felt a shade less intensely about it. Good music excites him so that he practically runs a temperature. After hearing "Rhapsody in Blue" just once, he sat down at the piano and played the whole first part. Kristin, who worships him anyway, thinks it's pretty white of him to be willing to play duets with her. "I know I'll never have the talent Stan does," she says. "But I try awfully hard—"

strict audience . . .

It's Little Stan who tells me when I'm off key, and it's also Little Stan who gets nervous when his father sings in church. Kris listens big eyed, but the boy sits tense and unrelaxed till the anthem's over. . . .

"Why?" Stan asked him once.

"I'm afraid you might make a mistake—"

To my husband's credit, he kept his face straight till our young music-lover was out of sight.

Sunday's a big day at our house and starts early—because we attend the 9:30 service and because our help is off. When we have help, that is. Up here in the hills, it's been something of a problem.

In any case, we're on our own Sundays. I'm up at 7, getting the breakfast started and the children out of bed. Jimmy's the least trouble, Stan the most. At 3, our Jimmy's clothes conscious and keeps wanting a wave in his hair, which is straight as a stick. Stan, on the other hand, wants to play, and whatever Stan wants, Kristin wants too. Since it takes me a good ten minutes to braid her hair, I generally have to get cross before they stop their nonsense. Meantime Big Stan's trying to sleep, though he ought to know better. Every Sunday he thinks maybe this time he can snatch that extra half hour, but I don't remember that he's ever succeeded. Out of our room his voice comes rumbling. "You kids'll never amount to anything. When I was your age—"

Neither takes that routine seriously—they're not intended to—but I'm always amused because their reactions are so different. Little Stan gets this bored look. Kristin, who's very feminine, plays right up to her daddy. And don't think she doesn't get away with it. Even when he scolds her, Stan's tone isn't quite so cross as when he scolds her brothers. He knows it, too. . . .

"Maybe I *am* softer with her," he says. "But they're boys, and I guess I expect more of them—"

I guess he does, but that's not the whole of it. Most men keep a special feeling for their daughters, especially when she's an only daughter. And no girl's too young to try her wiles on a man. I love to hear Kris on the phone with her father. She has a sweet speaking voice anyway, but with him there's this special melting quality —"Oh, *daddy!*" She's jealous, too. Since she watched Stan do a love scene with Alexis Smith, we can hardly get her to be civil to Alexis. . . .

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"You've seen movies," we tell her. "You know it's make-believe—"

"I know," says Kris, "but it still doesn't seem right—"

Those are the times when I think it might be nice to have sixteen children.

After breakfast, they get their Bibles and collection money together, and we're off. What they give to the collection is up to them. Kristin's very generous, Stan's more economical. Not long ago the church took up a special collection for the famine areas abroad, and Kris said she wanted to give two dollars—a fair percentage of her income.

"You're sure you realize how much that is?" I asked her.

"Yes, but I want to give it—"

"And you, Stan?"

"Twenty-five cents—"

So that's what each gave. Later, we talked it over, big Stan and I. "The whole point of an allowance," he said, "is to let them handle it their own way. If the kid has a saving streak, that's nothing to make him feel ashamed of. But maybe when the chance comes, we could show him how good it feels to give—"

The chance came sooner than we'd expected. One day my mother and I drove into town to pick up our laundress, and little Stan came along. "Let's get a cold drink," he said. I happened not to have any money with me, and I know he always has some—

"That's a good idea, honey. You can treat Grandma and Helen and me—"

who, me? . . .

For a moment it threw him. "Do you mean I have to pay?"

"Well, of course you don't *have* to, but I think it would be awfully nice—"

I don't mind saying that I felt like a gold-digger. But we all made a fuss about how much we'd enjoyed the drink and how fortunate we'd been to have him along—and the next time I went out with my son, he treated me of his own accord.

Of course they don't get their $1.25 allowance for free, as they frequently point out. In return for it, there are certain duties to perform. Both make their own beds—I might add that, though she's three years younger, Kristin's bed is by far the neater of the two. Now and then they help me with the dishes. When the nursemaid is busy, it's their job to watch Jimmy, who can fall into three fishponds in as many minutes and will start for the hills to hunt coyotes the minute your back is turned. Little Stan's supposed to take complete responsibility for feeding Bruce, our big Labrador retriever. He does too, only if he can delay the process till bedtime, that gives him another good five minutes to stay up. So we get this comedy—

"Bedtime, children—"

They say their goodnights and head dutifully for the stairs. Midway, little Stan snaps his fingers. "Golly, I forgot to feed Bruce. Poor Bruce—"

His daddy bends one of those glances at him. "Poor Bruce this time. Next time it just *might* be poor Stan—"

Sunday follows a kind of pattern at our house. Home for lunch after church, and the older children watch Jimmy, while I make sandwiches and Stan fixes the salad. Then the boys play catch—or football, if it's the season, with Kris chasing the ball for them. Or Stan goes over to the court for a couple of games of tennis with Don Philip, who went to college with us and used to be champ.

After a while people start dropping in. Everybody sort of entertains himself, and if they stay for supper, they help with the dishes. I usually have a ham baked up—when I can get a ham—and serve it with one hot vegetable and potato chips, and a cake for dessert. We help ourselves at the breakfast nook table and, if the weather's nice, eat out on the porch.

Then it's bedtime for the older children—Jimmy's been fed and put to bed before we have our supper. Stan and Kris are supposed to get themselves all ready, and call down to us after they've brushed their teeth—but theory and practice sometimes vary. When I hear a commotion, it's a hundred to one they're not tending to business, so I go up and do my own supervising.

Meantime Bruce stands waiting patiently for *his* pat on the head, after which he trots out to the sleeping porch and takes up his watch outside the children's door. It was Stan who trained him. "Now, Bruce," he'd say, putting him out on the porch, "your job is to watch the children—" In no time at all Bruce got the idea. Any noise sets him barking in his deep Chaliapin bass. He can nose the door open to go in or out, and sometimes at night we'll hear him lumbering down to investigate a strange sound. Once I let the children stay overnight with my mother, who lives in our guesthouse, and next morning I missed Bruce. "Didn't you know?" asked Mother. "He slept right outside the children's door all night—"

Our parties are scarcely different from what they'd have been in Michigan. Informal get-togethers like these Sunday nights. Or we'll ask another couple over for dinner and bridge. Stan and I both like the game, and have an infallible rule for avoiding post-mortems. We're never partners. The boys play opposite the girls—and usually win. Not that they're better players, if they'll excuse my saying so. Just better bluffers. . . .

I was asked to write a family story, and I have. But like any well-balanced adults—which I like to think we are—Stan and I *do* have a life apart from the children. What I most look forward to is our hunting trip each fall. Bonnie and Frank come over to look after the children, and off we go in the station wagon to Oregon or Nevada. I don't hunt myself, don't even carry a gun. Not that I have any feeling against it, but Stan's a crack marksman, and I'm afraid I might spoil some good shots for him. I love the outdoors, and the sight and smell of the woods, but the best part is being off by ourselves together. So I'm satisfied just to walk along beside Stan.

just for nuthin' . . .

Stan remembers occasions better than I do—yes, in spite of that forgotten anniversary. So I like to make up by bringing home little surprises for no occasion—pajamas or a couple of handkerchiefs or a necktie (times have changed—he likes my taste in neckties now). Another reason I do it is, he makes such a beautiful fuss. Once I was lucky enough to find four shirts in his size, and no four crown jewels could have made a greater sensation. But I think what gave me most satisfaction was his den. I had it fixed up last summer while Stan was on tour, entertaining soldiers in hospitals. Green and red are his favorite colors (except on me—he likes to see me in blue)—so there's a green couch and a red chair and another chair covered in a hunting print that matches the drapes. I was in something of a stew, because the furniture didn't arrive till the very day before he got home. But one of my pleasantest memories will always be the way my husband looked as he stood in the doorway of that room and took it in. . . .

He looked the way I felt when I got my mink coat. To understand how I felt, you've got to be told that I'm the girl who didn't want a mink coat, who told myself it was foolish to own a mink coat and really thought I meant it

Well, last Christmas I was in bed with the flu. Just around suppertime, in walked Stan, lugging this huge box, and the children tagging behind him. Something about the size and shape of the box, something about their excited faces, made me think right away "fur coat." But the thought of mink truly never entered my head—

Of what happened next, all I remember is getting the box open somehow, and holding that wonderful softness to my cheek, and hugging Stan (I was past the infectious stage) and feeling kind of light-headed. Especially when he said: "Look, you can do just anything with it. Drop it on the floor and step on it even—"

"Stan, don't do it—" I shrieked.

"I'm just showing you you can't hurt it, honey—don't have to save it or keep it hanging in the closet—that's what the man said—"

Till I was better, I slept with my mink coat on the foot of my bed.

As I write this, Stan's away, making "Cheyenne." I'm waiting for him to call, and my mind goes back to those first calls of our highschool days. We were so very young when we started going together, and my folks were strict, and we weren't allowed to have dates except on weekends. So after Stan got through rehearsing at church, he'd call. I'd pick up the phone and, instead of hello, I'd hear his voice singing "Always" to me. What a thrill that was I'll leave you to imagine. But my father was a doctor, and it was rather essential that his line be kept open. When people began complaining that they couldn't reach the house for forty-five minutes at a time, he put a stop to the serenades.

Later, though, they became part of our courtship and marriage. When the occasion arose and there was enough privacy, Stan would sing to me over the phone. I was ill and in the hospital for four and a half months before Jimmy was born. Stan was making "Desert Song" then. He had a piano in his dressing room, and Mario Silva would come in and play for him. At the hospital my phone would ring. I'd pick it up and, instead of hello, I'd hear Stan's voice singing "Long Live the Night." It was even sweeter than in our kid days. . . .

I doubt whether Stan will sing when he calls tonight. Arizona's a long way off, and there'll probably be plenty of people around. To tell you the truth, it doesn't matter at all. Just hello from Stan sounds to me like a serenade.

WHERE THE HEART IS . . .

(*Continued from page 47*)

because there was so much to say and no way of saying it, they looked away again and began to talk quickly, lightly, of anything that came into their heads.

Presently, Ernst told Helmut that the wire he had sent his parents from Paris had been delayed. They had received it only a short while before, had quickly gotten in touch with Ernst, who was stationed near the airport, and begged him to go to meet him.

They walked out to the street and got into Ernst's jeep, and rode along the broad avenue that took them into Vienna. It was so completely changed. It put a lump in your throat as big as blockbuster. Churches, the opera house, beloved streets—all gone. Bombed out of existence. They came to a familiar corner, and Helmut's heart was hammering. "Here," he said. "Here." But Ernst didn't turn.

"Not any more," he said. "You live down here." And then they were in front of a row of flats, and there was a little woman flying down the steps.

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"Helmut," she said. "Little one." He got out and took her in his arms.

"Mutti," he said. "Dearest Mutti." He turned then to say a word to Ernst, but he—remembering his own homecoming not so long ago—had driven away. Helmut took his mother's arm, and they went up the steps to the apartment. It was a very simple place with not much furniture, without rugs or pictures or luxuries of any kind.

"Forgive us," his mother said in her soft, dignified way. "It is quite plain." Helmut looked at her in the faded blue dress he remembered eight years ago, her sweet face so thin and her eyes streaming, and he hugged her again.

"It is good to be here," he said.

"I am so happy," his mother said. "So very, very happy." It was four o'clock then, and they had a little visit to themselves before Helmut's brother Walter (aged 25) and Mr. Dantine, who is Director of Austrian Railways, came home.

"Tell me from the beginning," his mother said, and Helmut told her the story of the seven fabulous years. Of the escape from prison and the four-week journey to America in 1938 with $2.10 in his pocket, all the way to that marvelous day in the summer of 1945, shortly after V-E Day, when he found out that he'd be going back to Vienna again.

wrapped in red tape . . .

It was sort of a miracle, this homecoming. Everyone in America with loved ones overseas wanted to go to Europe after V-E Day, but there was so much red tape to it—priorities, interviews with the War Department and all that—that Helmut had small hope of getting over for many, many months. Then, when he was appearing at the Strand Theater in New York, a wonderful thing happened. One of the editors of a national magazine who knew Dantine's background, knew that he had studied for a diplomatic career in Vienna, that he spoke many languages, and was keenly interested and well versed in European politics, offered him a job as a foreign correspondent. He'd have to remain overseas about ten weeks. Where? Mostly around Vienna. Could he arrange his plans? Oh, boy, could he!

He obtained his release from Warners' and set the wheels in motion, but it was agonizingly slow going. There were trips to Washington, then trips back to the Coast; East again, then West again. At length, in the early spring of 1946, he was ready to go. He was actually aboard the Constellation and 28 hours later he was in Vienna.

"You are home," his mother said. "This is the most wonderful thing in the world." Around six, Helmut's father and brother—Walter came in. There was some wine that Helmut had brought, and tears, and more laughter than the little flat had ever known.

Helmut dug into his bag. "I almost forgot," he said. "I brought you some little things. . . ." He took out some movie magazines, nylons and dresses for his mother, shirts, chocolate, cigarettes, a fountain pen for his dad, a watch, a dozen five-and-ten lipsticks to help Walter charm the gals. They thanked him over and over. They couldn't stop thanking him, and he wanted to weep, they were so humbly grateful and still so—so proud, if that was the right word. The cigarettes were the most wonderful gift of all. It seems that in Europe they are practically legal tender. For half a package of cigarettes you can get someone to work an eight hour day for you.

"I will take two of these packages and a piece of leather I have saved down to the shoemaker," Helmut's father said in a dreaming voice, "and I will get a new pair of shoes." It was a wonderful thing.

Later on there was supper. Not very much, of course, but the family had saved their coupons so it would be at least a small celebration. There was soup, fish, beans and some of Helmut's chocolate for dessert.

"Has it been very bad?" Helmut asked them, quietly, when they had all eaten and the dishes were done.

His mother's hands were busy with some sewing. His brother went on luxuriously lighting a cigarette. It was as if he hadn't spoken, and that is how he learned how really bad it was. It was something one didn't talk about.

No ten weeks ever flew the way those did. Helmut obtained permission to sleep at his home, but most of his days were spent traveling through Austria, witnessing historic events like the Nuremberg trials, meeting Russian General Lebedenko, Austrian President Renner, American General Mark Clark, taking a memorable ride in what they called "the chap's car"—Hitler's super-fortified limousine. When he had a free day he would visit some of his old buddies or the families of old friends who'd been lost in the war.

Everywhere he went, his old friends fell on his neck. They would all make pathetic attempts at hospitality, no matter how little they had, and listen enthralled while Helmut spoke of America.

"You mean there are many newspapers all contradicting one another?" they would gasp. And Helmut would patiently tell them about PM and the New York Herald Tribune, the Journal American and the Post, the Brooklyn Tablet and the Daily Worker. He told them about soapbox orators and the various rallies in Madison Square Garden and the variety of views we hear broadcast over our networks.

"This is unbelievable," they would say. "This is good," and they could hardly bear to let him go, so starved were they for this sort of news.

pilgrimage . . .

One nice spring Saturday, Mrs. Dantine said, "Today let us make a little pilgrimage." It was something Helmut had longed for ever since the first day, something he had not dared suggest. They went back to the lovely wide street where the trees were old and beautiful, and they stood before the ruins of a fine old house. "We were sitting in the living room," his father said matter-of-factly, "And the bomb tore through the other side of the house."

"It is a good thing we were not eating dinner," Walter said. "We would all be hamburger."

"What about furniture? Where did you get it?" Helmut asked.

"It is funny," his mother said slowly. "When people have very little, they are very generous. Everyone we know gave us something. That is why our place looks perhaps a little strange. A green lamp, a red chair. . . ."

They meandered along the familia streets, and now and then a ragged chil would approach Helmut.

"Please, mister, cigarette?" He woul pronounce his three English words carefully and hold out his hand. Helmut woul bewilder him by answering in German and hand him four cigarettes and a chocolate bar. After a while they came to th Hotel Kranz. It had been one of the bes of all Viennese restaurants, and it had bee the Dantines' favorite. They stopped an looked in. All the old atmosphere wa there; the gilt-framed paintings, the bril liant chandeliers, the well-dressed waiter —some of them the same ones Helmu remembered—the fine linen and silve

"This hasn't changed," Helmut said in credulously, and it was like finding some thing solid and indestructible at last. "Let go in." The waiter gave them an excelle table, helped Mrs. Dantine into her chair, and it was like old times. Except that there was no elegant menu. One simply ate what there was, and it was so little.

It was a very moving day, and when it was over Helmut felt like an old man. Fortunately, it was followed by a festive party at the Mark Clarks', and there is a little story behind that.

On one of Helmut's trips to Washington, he met Ann Clark, the general's cute young daughter, and she asked Helmut to do her a favor. Seems when her father had last seen her she'd had long, long hair, and now she was very sophisticated with it "upped." "When you get to Vienna," she asked him, "will you give daddy this snapshot of me with my new hair-do?" He said of course he would. "And when *I* get to Vienna," she went on, "will you waltz with me to 'Tales From the Vienna Woods?'" Helmut said of course, again, and they both laughed, never dreaming that they'd be there at the same time. Helmut had even forgotten the incident when he walked into the Clark's that evening. Then the orchestra played "Tales From the Vienna Woods," and he remembered. Ann was dancing with a young lieutenant when he cut in.

"Remember?" he grinned. "We made a date for this waltz 3,000 miles away and at least six months ago." And it was a very light-hearted waltz and Helmut went home feeling young again.

come to california . . .

The days went faster, and now it was May. People were busy in their gardens, the first gardens in so long. There were concerts in the park and operas every night.

"Vienna is a beautiful city," Mrs. Dantine said.

"Yes," Helmut answered. He put an arm around her thin shoulders. "Could I ever lure you away from it for a little while? Will you come and visit me in California?" Helmut would like them to make their home in this country, but he understands that when you grow older you are not so easily transplanted. He is very tactful.

"Visit," Mutti said cautiously, "Well, I *might* visit."

The day Helmut left Austria, he took his mother and father to the Hotel Bristol (where the correspondents stayed and had their meals). Once a week during his stay he had been allowed two guests, and he had always taken his mother and dad.

"Take care of yourself, now, darling. Are you warm enough so high in that Constellation?"

"Warm enough, Mutti."

"Take care just the same."

"Yes."

They picked up Walter and went by military bus to the airport. Helmut showed them inside the huge DC-3 that would take him to Paris.

"And the Constellation is even bigger?" Mrs. Dantine's eyes were wide.

"Much bigger."

"Be very careful," she said again, and he grinned at her. Then his family had to get off, and the parting was hurried.

"See you in California."

"Good trip, dear—"

"Thank you, Mutti."

"Goodbye. Goodbye."

The plane taxi-ed down the runway, and Helmut waved from the window and then he couldn't see them any more.

"Lousy saying goodbye," the man in the next seat said. Helmut considered that. He thought of the other goodbyes, terror-ridden and hideous, he thought of the fact that now only twenty-eight air hours separated him from his family, of their next reunion in his beloved California. At last he turned to the man.

"Not always, sir," he said. And he picked up a two-month old copy of The New Yorker and settled back in his seat.

"A Growing Gap Between Us . . ."

How terribly heartsick I was—reaching out in vain toward my husband across an ever widening distance! Puzzled, too, at its cause. But I should have realized that *I* had spoiled our happiness . . . knowing about feminine hygiene but risking *haphazard* care. My doctor set me right. He said feminine hygiene is *important* to a happy marriage . . . recommended "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

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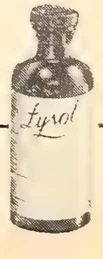

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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

business as rapidly as they came in.

BEST POPULAR

BABY, BABY ALL THE TIME—Buddy Rich (Mercury)—You'd think a guy who could drum like Buddy Rich and went around with girls like Lana Turner and were dark and handsome would let it go at that. But here he is singing a very pretty tune, and it's his first serious attempt at singing, and what's more, he's done a very nice job.

ON THE ALAMO—Benny Goodman (Columbia)—This number is sung by Art Lund, the popular Goodman vocalist, now out of the Navy and back with Benny. He's six feet three inches tall, and he weighs 220 pounds, has green eyes and reddish hair, and a two-and-a-half year old daughter. What else?

STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET—Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Jordan (Decca)—This is a delightful thing, all done in authentic Calypso style, complete with Trinidad accents, telling how Ella's "hahsbahn" (Louis Jordan, on the record) came home wan night from dreenking and beat her. So she keeled heem, de creemeenal, and he's stone dead in de market. I heard Ella sing it up at the Apollo, and she took both her own and Louis' part, and was sensational. So's the record.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BACK O' TOWN BLUES—Louis Armstrong (Victor)—Here's the number for which Louis became famous when he sang it at the All-American jazz concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. This is his first important record with his own band on his new recording contract. Louis is celebrating his 30th anniversary in the music business this month, and there's some talk of a concert tour to commemorate it.

SANDSTORM—Ray McKinley (Majestic)—This is the band Benny Goodman picked as "most promising" recently, when I had a talk with him at the 400 Club. Benny was disagreeing with me violently because I liked modern, progressive outfits like Boyd Raeburn's and Woody Herman's, but he was very much in favor of the McKinley orchestra. "Sandstorm" is an example of what's best about this band.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Piano Solo Album (Disc)—This album includes a piano solo of "How High The Moon." (The new Hazel Scott album on Signature *also* includes a record of "How High The Moon.") All I have to say is, if radar becomes really successful and they ever find out how high the darn moon is, what then? But we digress. Mary Lou's album is her fourth in two years, which is some kind of a record, and what's more, all her work is good. The new album includes "Blue Skies," "Foolish Things," "The Man I Love." All fine.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BOB HOPE ALBUM—I Never Left Home—(Capitol)—Here's a unique album of considerable historical value. It's transcriptions of actual broadcasts Bob Hope made at service camps—Army, Navy, Coast Guard, Marine—and includes speeches, funny material, just about everything.

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS—Strange Love—Elliott Lawrence (Columbia)—Every issue, we seem to have a boy wonder to talk about, and this month is no exception. So listen. His name is Elliot Lawrence, and he's barely twenty-two years old. He had a radio house band in Philadelphia, and a lot of his broadcasts went out on the network, and Columbia signed him and gave him a terrific build-up. He's just opened at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, which is very unusual for an unknown. He plays piano himself, uses French horn and oboe in the band. The band's style is very similar to that of Claude Thornhill. This is Lawrence's first record, so you've got a chance to latch on to a probable collector's item.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

**Selected
(from the month's 1,487,586 records)**

by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

BABY, BABY ALL THE TIME—Buddy Rich (Mercury)
CYNTHIA'S IN LOVE—Frankie Carle (Columbia), Bob Eberly (Decca), Eddy Howard (Majestic)
I GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING—Artie Shaw (Musicraft), Buddy Morrow (Mercury), Leo Reisman (Decca)
JUST THE OTHER DAY—Kitty Kallen (Musicraft)
LINGER IN MY ARMS A LITTLE LONGER—Louis Armstrong (Victor), Peggy Lee (Capitol), Woody Herman (Columbia)
ON THE ALAMO—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
ROUTE 66—King Cole Trio (Capitol), Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters (Decca)
STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET—Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Jordan (Decca)
SALUTE TO GLENN MILLER—Modernaires with Paula Kelly (Columbia)
WHATTA YA GONNA DO?—Louis Armstrong (Victor), Billy Butterfield (Capitol), Bobby Byrne (Cosmo), Louis Prima (Majestic)

BEST HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—Back O' Town Blues (Victor)
HARRY CARNEY — Jamaica Rumble (H.R.S.)
J. C. HEARD—The Walk (Continental)
EDDIE HEYWOOD—Carry Me Back To Old Virginny (Commodore)
RAY McKINLEY—Sandstorm (Majestic)
CHARLIE PARKER—Ornithology (Dial)
FLIP PHILLIPS—Sweet and Lovely (Signature)
RAYMOND SCOTT—Magic Garden (Sonora)
COOTIE WILLIAMS—Echoes of Harlem (Capitol)
MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Piano Solo Album (Disc)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION—I Don't Know Why—Tony Martin (Decca), Andrews Sisters (Decca), Skinnay Ennis (Signature), Eddie Heywood (Decca)
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD—Title Song—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
BOB HOPE ALBUM—I Never Left Home—(Capitol)
MAKE MINE MUSIC—Without You, Two Silhouettes—ChuChu Martinez (ARA)
NEVER SAY GOODBYE—Remember Me—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Pied Pipers (Capitol)
NIGHT AND DAY—Title Song—Bing Crosby (Decca)
POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—She's Funny That Way—Billie Holiday-Eddie Heywood (Commodore)
SPELLBOUND — Miklos Rozsa Album (ARA)
STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS—Strange Love—Elliot Lawrence (Columbia)
TO EACH HIS OWN—Title Song—Tony Martin (Mercury), Eddie Howard (Majestic)
TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON—Lauritz Melchior Album (Victor)

HIGH ON A WINDY HILL

(*Continued from page 41*)

polish. Her roles have always been such that bright lacquer would have been all wrong. Immediately after she had finished work in "Margie," she bought a bottle of vivid American Beauty polish and painstakingly applied it. For hours she flitted around the house feeling like a Balinese dancer whose every gesture was dramatic. Then Paul came home. "What have you done to your pretty hands!" he demanded. "Take it off. I don't like it. A girl with nails as lovely as yours shouldn't hide them."

Paul had one other suggestion to make: He wanted Jeanne to add some tailored suits to her wardrobe.

Jeanne has always liked peasant clothes. She owns dozens of blouse and skirt combinations, one of her favorites being a navy blue cotton blouse made with an off-shoulder neckline, beneath which are four rows of ruffles edged with white rickrack, combined with a navy blue cotton skirt, very full, and finished with matching ruffles around the hem.

One afternoon Paul said mysteriously, "Come with me. I have an idea," and whisked her down to his tailor. Before they left, Paul had ordered four suits for Jeanne: One beige, one pale blue, one avocado green, and one navy.

In other ways, too, Paul is a devoted husband. He is still remembering each monthly anniversary of his marriage—or as nearly as the calendar will permit. On January 31, Jeanne came flying in from the kitchen with a casserole, set it down beside her plate preparatory to serving, and found a neat, tissue-wrapped parcel at her place. It was a miniature photograph album for her wedding pictures.

love tokens . . .

On March 1, Jeanne found an album of Leonardo da Vinci reproductions propped against her pillow.

On March 31, Paul came in—the epitome of nonchalance—and said, "I found a new album of recordings that I thought you'd like. Listen."

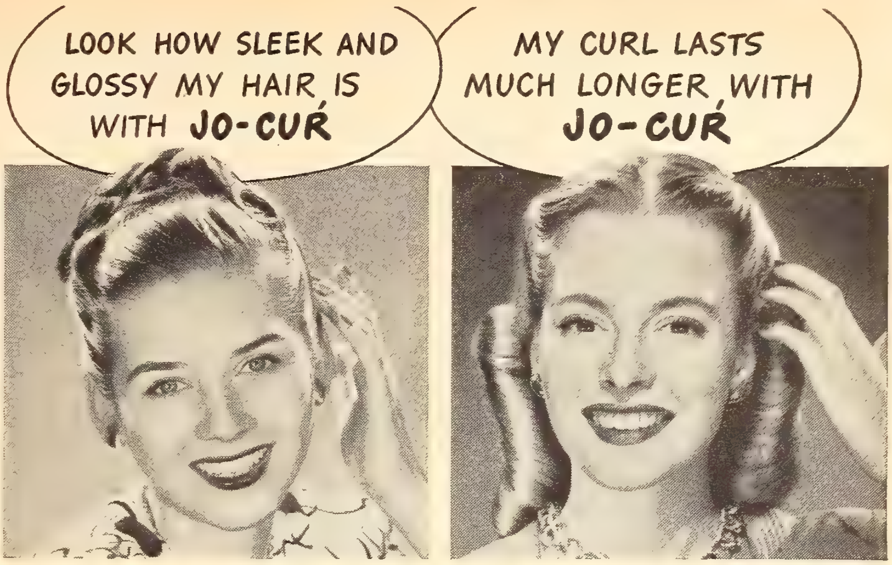
As the record revolved and the introductory music swirled into the room, the melody seemed vaguely familiar to Jeanne, but she didn't realize what Paul had done until she heard her own voice, delivering the opening lines of the script for "Seventh Heaven," the radio show she had done with Tyrone Power.

Through his radio connections, Paul had secured complete transcriptions of the show Jeanne had returned from her honeymoon to do ("Seventh Heaven") and also of "Home In Indiana" which she did with Lon McCallister.

Said Paul, "You were so good over the air that I wanted a permanent record of your performance."

On May 1, Jeanne received a white plastic purse, and on May 31, she received a combination five-month anniversary present and birthday gift (Jeanne was twenty-one on May 25). Paul had been very mysterious about his plans for Jeanne's birthday and, on the twenty-fifth, he gave her a note saying, "I am having your present made to order."

Several nights later, Jeanne returned from the studio to find Paul waiting for her outside the apartment. She was ushered upstairs, told to close her eyes, then propelled into the room where she would have sworn—had she not known the dimensions of the house—that a full symphony orchestra was playing. Paul's gift was a 1946 radio-phonograph with FM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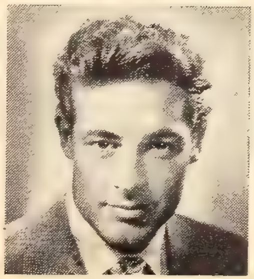

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and all other modern conveniences.

Another recent gift to Jeanne from Paul was a bound volume containing all her still pictures from "Margie." "Margie" is an important picture to Jeanne, because it is the first film that she has appeared in as the top star. Always before, she has been surrounded by stars much more experienced than herself.

Indications are, however, that "Margie" will be a milestone in Jeanne's steady progress. Mr. Spyros Skouras, 20th Century-Fox executive, was shown a rough cut of the picture on one of his trips to Hollywood and was so enthusiastic about it that he carried this working negative to New York to show other executives. That meant that no work could be done on the film until Mr. Skouras returned it, an event that proved to be a boon to Jeanne because it gave her an extra week's vacation in Chicago.

It all came about in this way: Paul had to attend a radio manufacturer's convention, and since Jeanne had finished "Margie" and couldn't do the additional dubbing until the rough cut of the picture was returned, she knew that she could accompany her husband.

"i belong to you . . ."

She had never flown, so, when she boarded the plane, she said to Paul, "You're so much more experienced at traveling by air than I am that I hope you won't be annoyed if I'm airsick."

"You won't be," said Paul. "Just don't look down. Look out at the horizon."

Excellent advice, and very difficult to take. Jeanne looked out at the horizon with determination, but repeatedly she couldn't resist the temptation to watch the slow unfolding of the landscape beneath the plane's great wing. Meadows of velvet divided by the neat pencil lines of roads along which scampered the infant black ants that are cars seen from ten thousand feet, were so fascinating that Jeanne could not lift her eyes from the panorama.

When the stewardess brought Jeanne's dinner tray, Mrs. Brinkman eyed the luscious morsels, then shook her head. "I really feel fine," she assured Paul. "It's just that . . . well, I suppose I'm too excited . . . or something. Anyway, I'm not hungry." Afterward, she turned a determined attention on the horizon so that nothing should spoil Paul's dinner. He hurried through the food and returned the tray so that Jeanne's problem could be made as simple as possible.

The first thing that happened at the Convention was the pinning of a badge on Jeanne. "Mrs. Paul Brinkman" it said. Jeanne looked at her beaming husband. "It's the first time I've been labeled; it's the first time I've had anything tangible—except our marriage certificate—that said I belong to you," she admitted softly. "I'll save this forever."

Paul spent most of the first two days in meetings, so Jeanne took wifely advantage of these business conferences to go shopping. The first day she dressed just as she would in Hollywood and entered one of the world's largest department stores. Seventeen seconds later she was surrounded by people who recognized her and wanted her autograph.

The next time she was more resourceful. She donned a black blouse, black suit, coal scuttle hat that hid her face, and a pair of flat heeled walking shoes. Studying her reflection in the mirror, Jeanne decided that she was as inconspicuous as it was possible to be. She slipped into the store and went to the second floor where she selected seven outfits and had them set aside for Paul's final decision.

Then she bought two hand painted blouses for her sister, Rita, and a dozen

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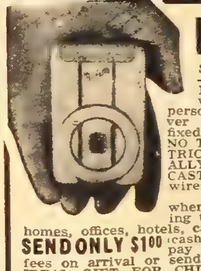

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Irish linen, hand embroidered and hand hemstitched handkerchiefs for her mother. Next, she proceeded to the glove department where she bought two pairs of hand crocheted gloves.

She was glancing happily around in search of new departments to investigate when she saw a charming little man, clad in striped trousers and morning coat, approaching in great strides. He was supporting a guest register, and he made a little speech. He said that the store had been honored in the past by visits of the famed, the beautiful, the royal, and the socially elect. All had signed the store's roster. It would be incomplete, he said, without the signature of Miss Jeanne Crain.

Naturally, this little speech attracted the attention of every store patron for fifty aisles. Jeanne, blushing a sunset magenta, signed the store register, then was beset by autograph seekers. She signed and she signed and she signed. The cluster grew to a gang, and the gang to a mob. Finally two store detectives had to extricate Jeanne.

That ended the day's shopping expedition, sadly enough. The next day Paul returned with Jeanne (getting to the second floor via the freight elevator) and reviewed her tentative purchases of the previous day.

sweet reprieve . . .

Huntington Hartford (in whose Hollywood house Paul and Jeanne spent their honeymoon) telephoned from New York to invite the Brinkmans to Gotham for as much time as they could spend. He knew that Jeanne had never seen New York, so he suggested that she and Paul take over the Hartford penthouse—since hotel reservations were so scarce—and explore the town. Jeanne, her eyes like blue saucers, breathed, "Wouldn't it be wonderful, Paul? I'd love to do it."

"The day the convention is over, we'll fly to New York," said Mr. Brinkman, not knowing that in twenty minutes a telegram from Hollywood was to be delivered asking Jeanne to return to the studio at once so that the rest of the dubbing for "Margie" could be done. So the New York junket will have to wait.

The following morning, the Brinkmans took delivery on a new 1946 sedan, and started out along the curving highway leading to California.

The first night they stayed in a motel in Des Moines. The second night they took lodgings in a hotel in Sinclair, Wyoming. The next morning, Paul couldn't start the car. He checked the gas, oil, distributor points, battery, and half a dozen other possible causes of the trouble and decided that he had a vapor lock.

While Jeanne was standing in the filling station in this small town on the vast Wyoming prairie, she noticed a school child eyeing her. Jeanne smiled, thought nothing of it. Ten minutes later, from every direction, the youngsters began to congregate like ants at a picnic. The scout had recognized Jeanne, and had called the clan. Whereas signing autographs when it interfered with her shopping rather discomfited Jeanne, signing autographs in a filling station in Wyoming was fun and a big thrill. Finally the school bus came along and collected the kids, each of whom had an autograph by that time. As they drove down the road, they leaned out of the windows and called, "Goodbye, Jeanne, have a nice trip. Thanks, Jeanne. You're wonderful, Jeanne."

And Miss Crain, her smile a little shaky, stood at the side of the road and waved until the bus was swallowed up in a billowing cloud of dust.

Fame was sweet, Jeanne decided. Almost as sweet as being Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

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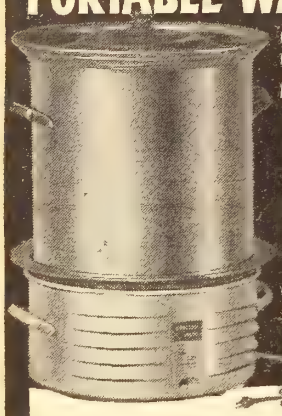

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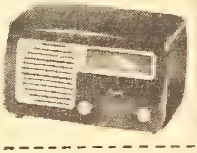

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SATURDAY OFF

(*Continued from page 59*)

arm outstretched, the other clutching a pillow over her head. He put the tray on the bedside table, and then went softly over to the windows, which were open at the top but locked at the bottom—Standard Operating Procedure wherever Betty sleeps, although she hasn't walked in her sleep nor been found straddling a window sill for five years now. He raised the windows. He came to the bed and touched his wife lightly on the shoulder.

He ducked. The pillow sailed past where his head had been, described a small arc, and fell on the chaise longue; but by the time it landed, Harry was already streaking through the door to safety.

Grinning, he stood for a moment listening to the mutter and clatter Betty was making, and feeling as always a pang of gratitude to her mother who, as soon as she could after the wedding, had instructed him in the only method of Getting Betty Up without bloodshed. The worst was over, he felt. Their first Saturday off together in two months was on its way with a good start. . . .

By the time, ten minutes later, Betty showed her face at the window, Harry and little Vicki, who is two-and-a-half now, were already splashing in the pool in the garden below.

a new grable fan . . .

When she came down, she found Harry churning the pool from one end to the other, and Vicki puttering docilely around in a play pen.

"What are your plans for the day, Mrs. James?" Harry asked.

"Well, there's breakfast at mama's—"

"Good lord, her birthday! The party at the Beverly Club's tonight, then."

"I'll have to wear a hat. That means shopping this afternoon."

"You've got at least forty hats, and you never wear any of them," he reminded her, as men exasperatingly will on such occasions.

"They're all hideous."

"We'll have to go to the ranch. The new mare came in last night and I want to see her."

"I thought you wanted to claim back a horse at Hollywood Park this afternoon, if he wins or places."

"You don't think we'd miss the *races?*"

"But my shopping!"

"If you'd ever get ready," Harry said kindly, "we could manage everything."

For a moment she spluttered helplessly. Then she put one slim booted foot on his head and shoved it far under water. He caught her just inside the house, and paid her off with a dripping hug and a kiss.

Lillian Grable's Filipino boy served them breakfast on the terrace of Lillian's house, which is smaller than Betty's and about a mile farther up the Canyon. "You will never guess," said Lillian, "what your daughter and I did yesterday afternoon."

"We'll buy it," Harry said.

"She saw her first movie, sitting on my lap. 'The Dolly Sisters,' naturally."

"What was her considered judgment of her ma's professional abilities?" Betty asked.

"Well, when you first came on she said, in a voice that must have been clearly audible in Santa Barbara, 'Mommy!' A little later she said, 'Mommy sings and dances!' and that was no whisper, either. Half the house turned around and shushed us. Finally, when you have the accident, and there was that deep sympathetic silence that goes with the hospital scene,

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she announced, 'Poor Mommy, have to go to bed and cry—' And when the thing ended she called simply, 'More Mommy!' "

"She's learning fast," Harry said. "A few more years and she can lead a claque at my shows."

Lillian stuck a cigarette in a holder and held it for Harry to light. "The ranch now, is that it?"

"Yes, that new horse just flew in—"

"Pegasus, I presume?"

"In a plane, darling. From San Diego."

"Oh really," Lillian said, "he could have *walked* down from there. Such coddling."

"*She,* Mama. And in her condition . . ."

The sun was high and very hot over the Valley by the time their fire-engine red convertible turned at the Calabasas store into the winding dirt road that led to The Baby J. They had driven the thirty miles in one of those companionable silences that only people very intimately in love can achieve.

Now Betty said, "You were very sweet about this morning—the orange juice and all."

"I figured you might be a little touchy because you threw your bedside lamp at the wall again last night. About three a.m., I think it was. Those animals still chasing you?"

"I guess they are. I don't remember last night. But do you know a funny thing?" She looked up sheepishly at him, from the corner of her eye. "Remember you asked me why I'd had my nails shortened after I'd cultivated long ones so carefully all spring?"

"I like 'em short."

"That's not the point. I just woke up the other morning and there on the bed table were a pair of manicure scissors and all ten nails, neatly arranged in a pattern around the ash-tray."

alone together . . .

They had braked in front of the farmhouse by then, anyhow, in a little cloud of dust. Mr. Grable came out onto the veranda, looking more than ever like a jolly King Cole in levis and Western boots. "That mare's had her colt," he briskly told them.

"Already?"

"A fine little stallion—born early this morning."

Betty and Harry had already piled out of the car and were trotting toward the stables, with Mr. Grable close on their heels. A moment later they stood looking over the side of a capacious stall at the two newest residents of The Baby J. As they stood there, the little fellow seemed to unfold, and with jerky, uncertain movements stood suddenly erect on knobby stilts, like a Disney drawing.

The several superbly fenced and graded exercise rings each contained a pony, now: Billy Thunder, Baby Vicki, Peanuts and the two Paints. A number of bantam cocks strutted about among their prize flocks. A calf grazed in the meadow. The gently rounded knoll on which one day soon the James' new house would rise waited, green and tranquil in the sun.

"Let's walk up there and just sit for awhile," Betty said. "We can pretend the house is there and the whole ranch is finished." If there was such a thing as the Hollywood motion picture industry, at that moment, she had forgotten it.

"Harry?" she murmured.

"Um?"

"D'you realize this is the first Saturday—a whole Saturday—we've had together in *weeks?"*

"Enjoying it, baby?"

"You know I am. But the point is—" She paused. Then: "You don't mind talking shop for just a moment or two?"

"Shop, it is."

"Someone mentioned over the phone

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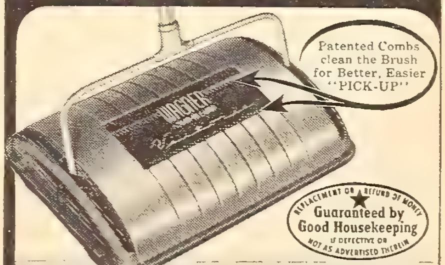
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yesterday that he'd heard you had a super-colossal record deal coming up for next year."

"Yeah."

"You know how wonderful I think that is."

He touched her hand lightly, where it rested on his knee. "Me, too."

She took a last drag from her cigarette. "I was five months on 'The Shocking Miss Pilgrim.' Then you made 'If I'm Lucky.' Now you've got five weeks coming up on tour this summer. After last year in New York, I don't know about taking Vicki along—"

"I've been thinking about that," he said. "It's out of the question, your coming this time. Vicki could probably take the heat, but why do that to a defenseless youngster? Anyway, this time it's a matter of week-long engagements in different cities, and then a week of one-night stands. It's out of the question," he repeated. "I'll just have to go alone."

four-week paradise . . .

They considered that, for a long moment. Betty's eyes were suddenly very noncommital, and her voice, when she spoke, was entirely without emotion. "We seem to be doing a lot of things alone, these days."

Harry gave her a quick, startled glance, and then the corners of his mouth quirked into the beginning of a grin. "So the vegetable peddler said to the producer, 'You slave all day over a hot movie, and what do you get for it?' And the producer said, 'An awful lot of lettuce.' "

She hooted with laughter. "Okay. That does it. Now where were we?"

"We were doing a lot of things alone, these days."

"Yes. Well, so I stay home with Vicki. But that's almost two months off. Meanwhile, I don't have a picture, and you're free for a while. Any brilliant ideas?"

He groaned. "You can't keep any kind of a secret from a woman. Always wanting to know about things. Very well, Grable. Do you know where Del Mar is?"

"There's a race track there."

"Yes."

"And I hear tell they've got a terrific great wonderful new hotel just opening for the season there."

"Yes."

"And—"

"You have now guessed it."

"Harry, *no!*" Her voice held disbelief. "You mean we could really—"

"For a whole month," he said happily. "The first vacation we've ever had together in our lives." He was chattering eagerly now, like a school boy planning a weekend with the boy scouts. "The suite's already reserved, and nobody'll know we're there, so no phones ringing, and we can have Vicki when we want, and the races every day, and we'll run our own horses, and we'll take a record changer and a million records, and you can buy a lot of new clothes, or just stay in slacks, whichever you want, and we'll sleep till noon every day. And," he concluded, "the first person who mentions the word Hollywood I will personally murder."

"With your little ball bat," said Betty. She was smack in the middle of the seat by this time, with her head on his shoulder, so that to the two hoboes hoofing it along Ventura Boulevard it probably looked as if the screaming red convertible were being driven by a somewhat bulky, two-headed figure.

John Frederics has a tiny shop on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills with hats that transform women into something men stare at and other women studiously ignore.

Here, on this sultry Saturday afternoon, quite late, Betty James and her patient husband sat, their faces dry and red from

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the sun, their eyes radiant with the perfect afternoon just spent at the track. Still dressed in the superbly tailored Western outfit she had worn to the ranch—they had skipped changing, after all—Betty perched a pom-pom in swooning pink, cluttered by starched black lace, on her platinum curls.

"What d'ya think?" she asked, twisting around on the stool to face Harry.

He put one hand to his brow, and cast aggrieved eyes floorward.

"But try to picture the thing with me all dressed up," she said.

From the depths, Harry said, "Even so." Betty tried on another hat, a little twist of black and white froth that wrought magic when she put it on. "Mmm," said Harry, judiciously. And that was it.

"Time?" asked Betty, as they left the shop.

"Late."

They were very business-like, then, until, at precisely eight o'clock, dressed to the ears and with Lillian between them, they drove up to the entrance of the Beverly Hills Club. Across Lillian's gaily coiffed head their eyes met, sharing a small triumph. They had missed nothing, that day, and they had made it after all, though without a minute to spare.

The full moon had just moved smoothly into the sky above the hills, which attested the lateness of the hour, and Betty and Harry had locked the garage behind them and were headed for their front door. The grounds were etched sharply in the multiple flood lights which were always kept on from dusk to dawn because of Vicki. From the large shadow of a tree a smaller shadow detached itself and came up to them: The night watchman.

"Everything okay, Mr. James?" he asked.

Betty and Harry answered him simultaneously, in one breath. "Everything's *fine*," they said.

And they appeared to speak from the heart.

HE NEVER LEFT HOME . . .

(Continued from page 35)

dig up parts for him just because he'd been in the Army and they thought they ought to. He didn't, in fact, want any favors from anybody.

He had called Ray Sperry, his particular pal, from the airport. When the bus stopped at Sunset and Cahuenga, Lon swung off and found Ray waiting for him in front of their favorite drive-in.

For a crazy moment, Lon was afraid the lump in his throat wouldn't let his voice get past. It was so damned good to be with Ray again and know that here was someone who would always be his friend.

"Swell to be back, Ray," he said quietly. "How about some breakfast?"

They walked to the counter of the drive-in and ordered quantities of scrambled eggs and bacon, enormous piles of toast, and two cups of coffee apiece. Then they began to talk.

Lon told Ray his plans for the future. "I'm going to forget about pictures," he said definitely, "because I'm sure they will have forgotten about me. Ever since I've been in Hollywood, I've heard how fickle the public is."

"You can't believe everything you hear," Ray said, laughing, "particularly in Hollywood."

"I know. And if I was a really great actor, it would be different. But let's face it, Ray, I've never done any real acting. I've just played Lon McCallister."

"Is that bad? Gary Cooper has done pretty well playing Gary Cooper over and over. Besides, I think you *can* act, Lon,

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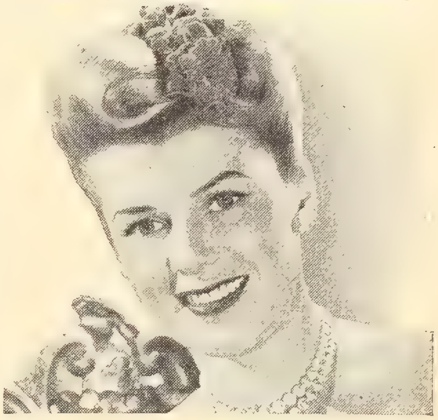

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and I believe the studio thinks so too."

But Lon's mood of depression went too deep. "I'll go back to school instead," he said doggedly.

"Okay, fella, have it your way. Meanwhile, here you just got to town and haven't seen your family yet. Won't they be wondering where you are?"

"I didn't tell them just when I'd be in. I wanted to talk things over with you first and get sort of settled in my mind. Besides, you know I like to surprise people. I'll call 'em up now, though, and tell 'em I'll be over in five minutes." He grinned impishly. "I don't want them to be *too* surprised."

bud's home . . .

On the way, Lon said seriously, "I've got the most wonderful family. I'm a lucky guy that way—we all have so much fun together. Watch this now. When I ring the bell, Granny will answer. She'll throw up her hands all surprised when she sees me, in spite of my having just called up. She'll act like she was expecting the Fuller Brush man or somebody. And then she'll say, 'Why, it's Bud!'"

Ray let Lon out at the door, and watched with a sympathetic smile while the kid took the steps two at a time. Granny opened the door, as prophesied, gave a laugh of astonishment, and said over her shoulder, "Why, it's Bud!"

Lon grinned and hugged her. Until Mac came out to see what gave. Mac, you remember, is Lon's Great Dane. Mac put his head on one side incredulously, and studied the newcomer. Then he yelped delighted recognition, and leaped on all four legs straight into the air. He charged at Lon, who fortunately had his back to the wall. There was a wild melee of reunion for a moment, from which Mac emerged to race into the living-room and bark in the clearest possible Great Danish, "Why, it's Bud!"

No, things hadn't changed in the McCallister household. But what about Hollywood Boulevard? Lon took himself a sentimental journey down the main stem.

Later that evening, Lon realized what it was that had been nagging at the edges of his subconscious mind ever since that long afternoon walk. The length of Hollywood Boulevard and back, and not one soul had recognized him. Of course he'd had on dark glasses, but gee, everyone in Hollywood wore dark glasses and that never kept them from being recognized.

"Movie star, huh?" Lon said scornfully to himself. "You're through with that, bud, because it's through with you. Forget it once and for all, and go back to school and get an education."

So he went over to Chapman and talked with the dean and his ex-professors. Everyone was very kind and very cooperative. But cooperative or not, it just wasn't possible to line up the course of study Lon wanted. He went home and called Ray and told him.

"Tough going," Ray said. "Well, kid, what now?"

Lon took a deep breath. Up until that moment he hadn't known what now. All of a sudden he did. "Now I'm going to relax and stop worrying and do over the beach house," he said. "This is the chance I've been looking for ever since I bought the place. Time on my hands, and plenty of ideas. You're going to help me, and we'll really do a job on it. Meet me tomorrow, chum, and bring a stepladder!"

They went to work with a revolutionary passion. When they finished, that beach house would have been a credit to the fanciest decorator in town, and it had cost Lon practically nothing. It was wonderful to have his very own place, where he could have guests or be alone, just as he pleased. Being alone has become very important to Lon since he came back. Oh, he loves people, and wants them around a lot of the time, but it is vital to him now to have hours by himself each day.

Lon hasn't done very much dating since he got home. But he met Ann Blyth at a picnic and found out he had fun talking to her.

"I remember you from 1940," he told her, grinning.

"1940! But I wasn't even in California then!"

"I know. You were a kid with long curls down your back, and you were playing in 'Watch on the Rhine.' I saw it in New York."

That gave them a good start, and Lon asked her to go out with him and Ray the next night. He soon discovered they had something else in common—a mad passion for food. Not fancy stuff, you understand. Just the plain, hamburger school of thought for them, but the quantity's the thing. That first evening, all three of them ate a six course dinner, with strawberry shortcake for the sixth course. As the last bite of shortcake disappeared, they stared at each other hungrily.

"Waiter," said Lon, "three more shortcakes, please." He smiled at Ann. "You're quite a good eater—for a girl," he said approvingly.

The picture they went to see was a revival of "Wuthering Heights." Lon has gone all out for revivals lately. He lures his friends into driving around to some very weird spots to catch them. Speaking of driving, his grandmother used his old car while he was away. Lon pointed out a few new dents in the fenders to her when he got back.

teacher talks back . . .

"Listen, young man," she said, "I taught *you* to drive, remember? Let's not have any silly talk about fenders." Just the same, the dents are there!

One of the girls he occasionally takes driving in the old, beat-up car is Peggy Ann Garner. She's a cute kid, and Lon gets annoyed with people who giggle at his taking out such a *very* Junior Miss.

"Listen, Peggy Ann has more brains than plenty of gals in their twenties," he says. "We go to all the sneak previews together—Peggy Ann digs around till she finds out when there's going to be one and calls me, and we're off."

Lon is intensely loyal to all his friends. Take Henry, for instance. Henry is a Negro, which doesn't seem to Lon to have anything to do with anything. Henry's helping him clean the beach house, and occasionally goes to pictures with Lon, and they're good friends. Henry is a cosmopolite, and I'm not kidding. He was born on a ship halfway between here and Africa, where his parents had gone on a trip. They were *always* going on trips, with the result that Henry has lived all over the world.

Lon, who would rather travel than anything, envies Henry's background. "It would be marvelous to land in a strange city, live there long enough so you'd get to know it and love it, then move on somewhere else and do the same thing."

One day he was saying something like this to Ray, and added, "Gee, wouldn't it be fun to make a picture in every country in Europe!" As he said it, he knew a sudden homesick longing that he thought he had buried deep within him. A longing to *act*, to get back on a set again. It was, he told himself firmly, ridiculous to feel that way. But even as he was telling himself he was walking across the room to the telephone. He dialed the number of Twentieth Century-Fox and asked for an executive he used to know pretty well. In the moment before the man answered, Lon almost hung up. The whole thing was just an impulse and maybe a bad one. He started to replace the receiver, but then there was a familiar voice in his ear.

"Lon McCallister!" it said. "When did you get out of the Army?"

"Oh, I got out quite a while ago," Lon said diffidently. "I just thought I'd give you a ring, and see what was new."

"Do you mean you've been right here in Hollywood and never let us know?" The voice at the other end was incredulous. Actors didn't *do* those things.

"I've been busy," Lon said. "Fixing up the beach house, and stuff."

"You're fixing up houses while we need you like crazy in pictures!" the voice howled.

"You—need me?" Lon swallowed hard.

"Sure, we need you. Listen, you got more fan mail while you were away than half our stars do who are right here. You're still number nine on the MODERN SCREEN poll, and—well, don't waste time talking. Get right over here!"

Lon got! He found that the studio had three pictures lined up for him. Three pictures, and he had thought they wouldn't have any parts at all for him!

"You'll do 'No Trespassing' for Sol Lesser first," they told him. "Then 'Bob, Son of Battle' for us, and back to Lesser for 'Scudahee, Scudahaye.'"

"For *what?*"

"'Scudahee, Scudahaye.' It's about mule skinning."

Lon wouldn't have cared if it had been about saber-toothed tigers at that point. It would be so swell to be working again. He could hardly wait to tell his family the news.

"Aren't you surprised?" he demanded, when they didn't seem excited enough.

"Surprised? Of course not," his mother said serenely. "We haven't mentioned pictures to you because we didn't know what you wanted to do, and we didn't want to try and influence you. But we knew they'd be awfully glad to have you back if you decided to go."

"Maybe you're a little prejudiced," Lon told her with an affectionate grin. But he felt good about it all the same.

Soon it was time to go to Sonora, California, on location for "No Trespassing." It's a funny thing about Lon's pictures. Every one of them has been made on location. "Stage Door Canteen" in New York. "Home in Indiana" in Ohio and Kentucky, "Winged Victory" in various AAF camps, and ahead of him are "No Trespassing" in Sonora, "Bob, Son of Battle" in Utah, and "Scudahee" at some indeterminate point where there are plenty of mules!

One day at Sonora, a police car rolled up and a fat officer got out, puffing. He tapped Lon, who was nearest, on the shoulder. "Hey, is there a guy named McCallister working here?"

Lon did a quick mental review of his past, which hadn't, to the best of his recollection, included murder, arson or theft. "I'm Lon McCallister," he admitted.

"You are huh? Well, there's abou twenty High School girls making for this joint. They claim they won't go back to school till they get your autograph. Give 'em a little lecture on the value of education when they show up, will you, son?"

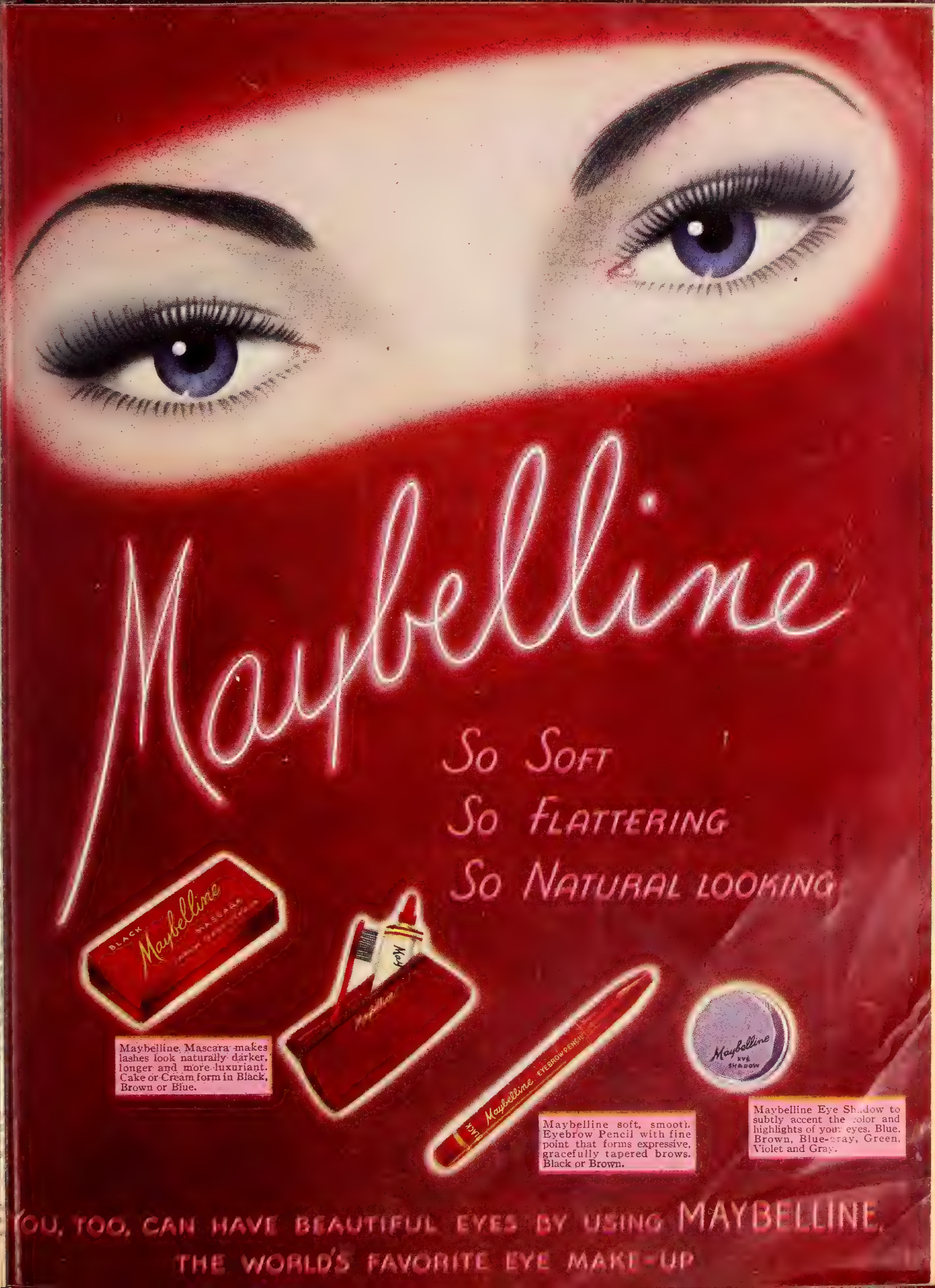
"Sure will."

new world a-comin' . . .

He did, too, and was very sincere abou it because he believes in it so firmly. "I'm going to take some extension courses myself," he told them. "I don't want to be gypped out of a complete education."

"Not even to be a movie star?" one gir asked incredulously.

Lon smiled at her. "That won't las forever. And I want to be prepared fo whatever happens next. This is a new world. Let's make the most of it!"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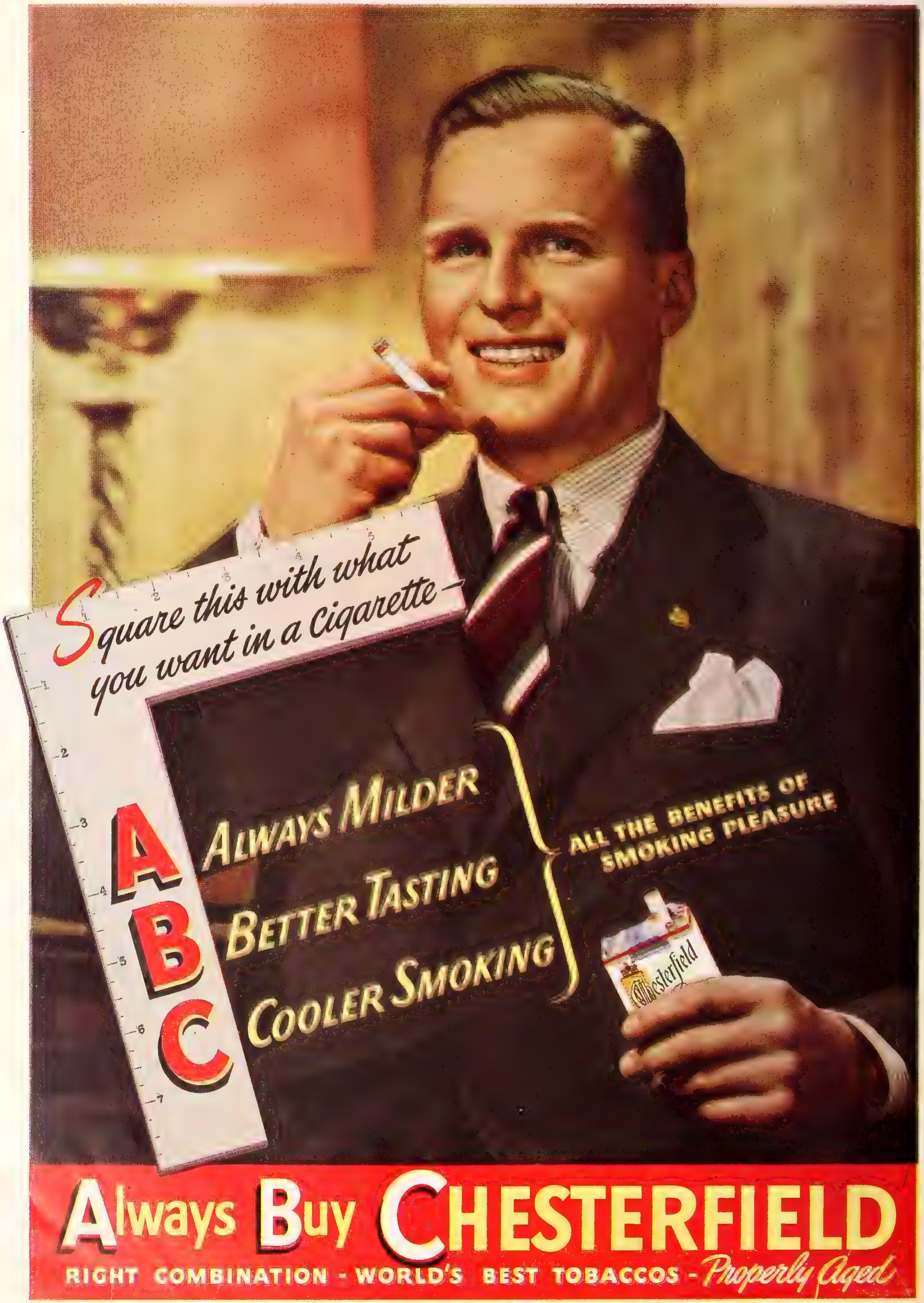
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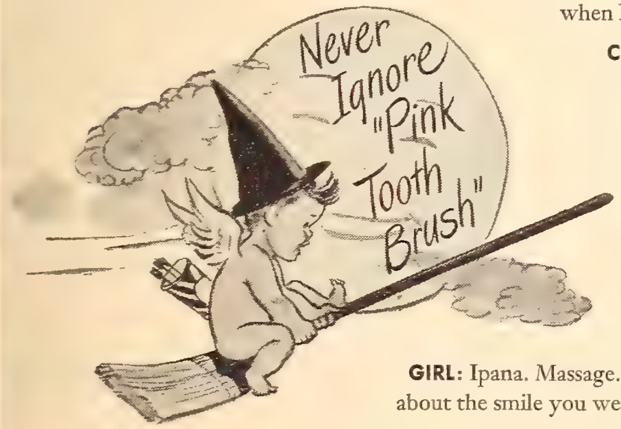
GIRL: Sure. *If* she's got a sparkling smile. But what happens to me, when I brush my teeth, is a smile full of *no* smile.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CUPID: And "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: So?

CUPID: Listen, my airy friend, that "pink" happens to be an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* Let him decide whether it's serious or whether it's simply a case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may very well recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ipana. Massage. Dentist. So what's about the smile you were talking about?

CUPID: *Precisely* why I am here. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. Let your dentist decide whether you need this famous dental routine—gentle massage with Ipana after you brush your teeth. Check on it, Cinderella . . . and start on a smile that'll have you "man-haunting" come Hallowe'en!

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're overflowing with excitement about "Undercurrent". It's several days since we previewed it—and we still haven't shaken off the spell of this amazing new M-G-M romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

And it baffles us to find words that convey to you the moods, the lights and shadows, the unusualness that make "Undercurrent" such a rare and exciting motion picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But let's try. We'll begin with Katharine Hepburn. She plays a girl of innocent and haunting beauty—her acting is dramatic quicksilver; one moment completely gay, the next serene in her love, then filled with terror at the unknown threat that hovers over her life.

And forgive this irrelevancy—she wears *such* attractive clothes with *such* wonderful grace that we predict untold millions of envious sighs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, of course, there's handsome Robert Taylor and anything we could say about his performance in "Undercurrent" would be an understatement.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Undercurrent" is not only the best possible vehicle for Taylor's return to the screen, but it is also the picture in which he creates—believe us—one of the most sensational male roles in film history.

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't tell you exactly why we think so—it would spoil the suspense of the picture—but we know you'll agree with us when you see Bob as the brilliant young tycoon whose life is haunted by a strange and disturbing dread.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Mitchum and all the cast have been chosen with rare dramatic judgment to give "Undercurrent" its startling quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

A special commendation goes to Edward Chodorov for his powerful and imaginative script, based on a story by Thelma Strabel.

★ ★ ★ ★

And to Pandro S. Berman who produced it, and Vincente Minnelli who directed it, go our thanks for a truly daring and memorable film.

★ ★

Yes, we were swept away by "Undercurrent". You'll be, too.

—*Leo*

modern screen

OCTOBER, 1946

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THE COVER PORTRAIT OF TYRONE POWER IS BY NICKOLAS MURAY. COLOR PORTRAITS OF BETTY HUTTON AND JUNE HAVER BY WILLINGER.

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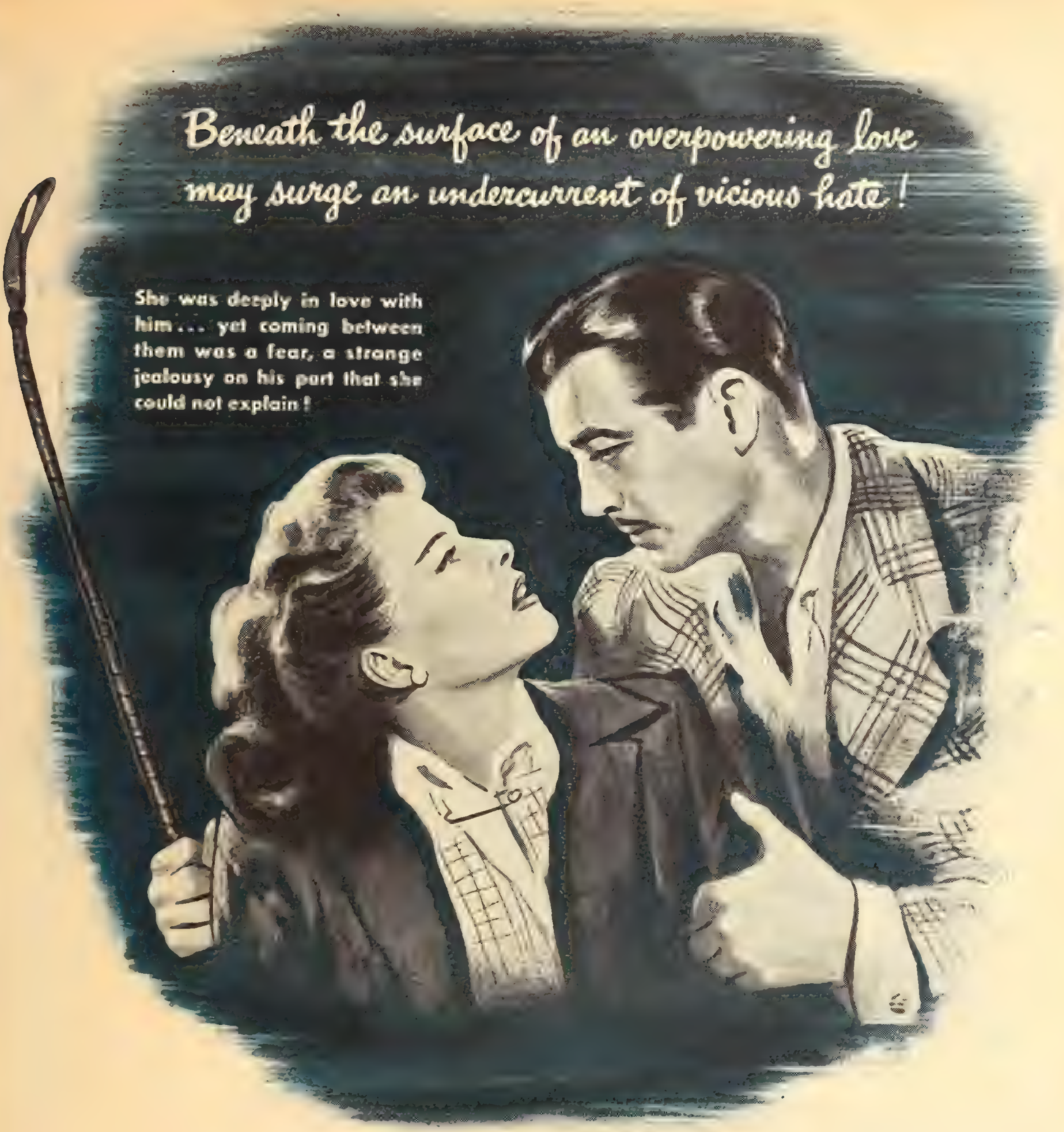

Beneath the surface of an overpowering love may surge an undercurrent of vicious hate!

She was deeply in love with him . . . yet coming between them was a fear, a strange jealousy on his part that she could not explain!

M-G-M presents a daring and unusual romance . . .

KATHARINE HEPBURN · ROBERT TAYLOR

ROBERT MITCHUM

UNDERCURRENT

Screenplay by EDWARD CHODOROV • Based on a story by THELMA STRABEL
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Henry V (Laurence Olivier), a wise and generous conqueror, goes to war with the battle cry of "God for Harry, England and St. George!"

PICTURE of the MONTH

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "HENRY THE FIFTH"

■ Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," produced and directed by Laurence Olivier, proves conclusively that Hollywood must hold tight to its hat with the laurel band on it.

Comparisons are odious, but Hollywood, which can fall low, and which has inversely earned its right to high eminence, must now face the somewhat incredible fact that England has come magnificently of motion picture age.

"Henry the Fifth," made, mind you, during the war, and in Ireland, under practically every kind of pressure and stress handicap, is more than a *tour de force*. It is a bright and beautiful maturity in picture making. The know-how is there!

In Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and now in "Henry the Fifth," England has to her credit two rather paunchy, heavy going, historical dramas which, from inception, must have been immense production and direction headaches. But overcoming heavy going and structural and story (*Continued on page 8*)

THEY'RE SHAPING THEIR OWN DESTINIES!

They're all set to love
and it's all set to music!
The glorious story of three
Cinderellas who find
their fellas in romantic,
enchantic Atlantic City!

Songs

TO TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR HEART!

Lyrics by MACK GORDON · Music by JOSEF MYROW

"YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO YOUNG"
"SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT"
"ON THE BOARDWALK" (in Atlantic City)
"ALWAYS A LADY"
"THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE"
and others

"THIS IS ALWAYS"
Music by HARRY WARREN

Three Little Girls in Blue

. . . They're all in
TECHNICOLOR, *too!*

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CELESTE HOLM · VERA-ELLEN · FRANK LATIMORE

DIRECTED BY BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · PRODUCED BY MACK GORDON

Screen Play by Valentine Davies · Adapted by Brown Holmes, Lynn Starling and Robert Ellis and Helen Logan
From a Play by Stephen Powys · Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

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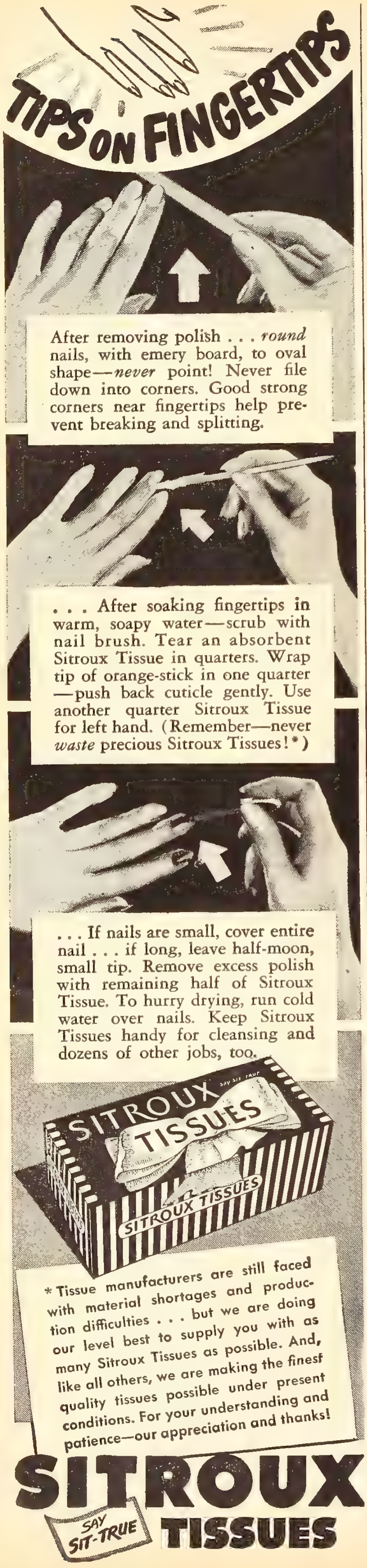

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. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, too.

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SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
TISSUES

handicaps, both have been electrified from "chronicles" into screen story vehicles of the highest validity.

Despite its obvious spectacular possibilities, "Henry the Fifth" can scarcely be regarded as one of those stories which cries for screen adaptation. But Laurence Olivier, casting himself, directing himself, and highlighting himself, (as he richly deserves), in the title role, seemed to have the ear for its call in the night.

Keeping what might otherwise have proved to be an undisciplined chronicle skillfully in hand by the device of playing the earlier sequences within the storied walls of the Globe Theater in Elizabethan London, he flares out beyond those walls with poetic license and soaring imagination into the pomp and circumstance of medieval life and death, yet keeping the drama and himself as rhythmic as if it were being played to the beat of a giant metronome.

To be sure, the play has been changed, but chiefly by the pleasant sin of omission. All of the plotting and counter-plotting of the traitors, for instance, and the crisscrossing of the sub-plots of Shakespeare's version, have gone by the board. Now the story swings solely on the axis of Henry's progression into France, and his colorful advance toward the climax at Agincourt.

The screen tapestry also weaves tightly into the plot the conspiracies of the Bishops as, in order to conserve their own holdings, they urge Henry's aggression against France. It develops at some length his masterly domination of his men. It not only retains the participation of Falstaff, but introduces his death scene which, though written in, is wonderfully moving. Likewise retained are the arrogant and effete French leaders; the Welsh, Irish and Scotch factions in the English army and, of course, "Ancient Pistol," portrayed by Robert Newton with the delicate, accurate strokes of a fine-line drawing.

The tapestry, in fact, is jam packed with actors of universal, first-rate stature. To enumerate one is to enumerate all.

Renee Asherson, as Katherine, is shyly lovely, Leslie Banks, playing the chorus, succeeds in carrying forward a cumbersome load as if it were neither cumbersome nor a load. Max Adrian plays the Dauphin for all the role is worth; so does Harcourt Williams, cast as the senile King of France. The remainder of the players come under the umbrella of: "Bravo."

To be sure, one could wish that out of the largesse of his good taste, Mr. Olivier had found it in his heart to give us less Shakespearean humor, which we find hard to take because so much of it is local to its period.

And now, the King! The progression of Olivier through this saga of his productive, directional and acting genius, is perhaps more kingly than the real character of "Harry" would seem to warrant. That may be partially because the majesty of Olivier's general conception of the picture inevitably finds its way into his bearing.

Whether Mr. Olivier plays his role against painted backdrops within the Globe Theater, or fans out into the magnificent reaches of the realty of battlefields, he walks hand-in-glove with Shakespeare—his faithful, dedicated and inspired mouthpiece.

"With winged heels, like English Mercuries," the beauty of the Olivier version of "Henry the Fifth" soars to what comes close to perfect achievement.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Just because you're sweltering in the heat of Indian Summer, is it too early to give a thought to Christmas? How'd you like to nominate MODERN SCREEN as your personal Santa Claus right this minute? Here's how: Simply fill in the Questionnaire below as carefully as you can and send it in to us AT ONCE! If you're among the first 500 to reply, you'll receive the November, December and January issues of M.S. as a FREE HOLIDAY GIFT!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- *The Heart Plays Tricks . . . (Tyrone Power)* .... ☐
- *Unsophisticated Lady (Betty Hutton)* .... ☐
- *Watch James Mason! by Hedda Hopper* .... ☐
- *Guy Madison (Life story, concluded)* .... ☐
- MODERN SCREEN *Goes To Cape Cod (Gregory Peck)* .... ☐
- *Tales Out of School (Tufts-Stanwyck-Mitchum-Reynolds)* ...... ☐
- *Oh, To Be in England . . . ! (Lizabeth Scott)* .... ☐
- *The Shirt Off His Back (Frank Sinatra)* .... ☐
- *Easy Ace (Bing Crosby)* ...... ☐
- *I Knew Him When, by Howard Sharpe (Gene Kelly)* .... ☐
- *Honey Ball (Lucille Ball)* .... ☐
- *She Didn't Say No (Diana Lynn)* .. ☐
- *The Bride Wore White (Hodiak-Baxter)* .... ☐
- *Cheerful Little Earful (June Haver)* .... ☐
- *Good News by Louella Parsons* ... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference..

....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference..

....

My name is..

My address is.................... City.............. Zone...... State........

I am .... years old.

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149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

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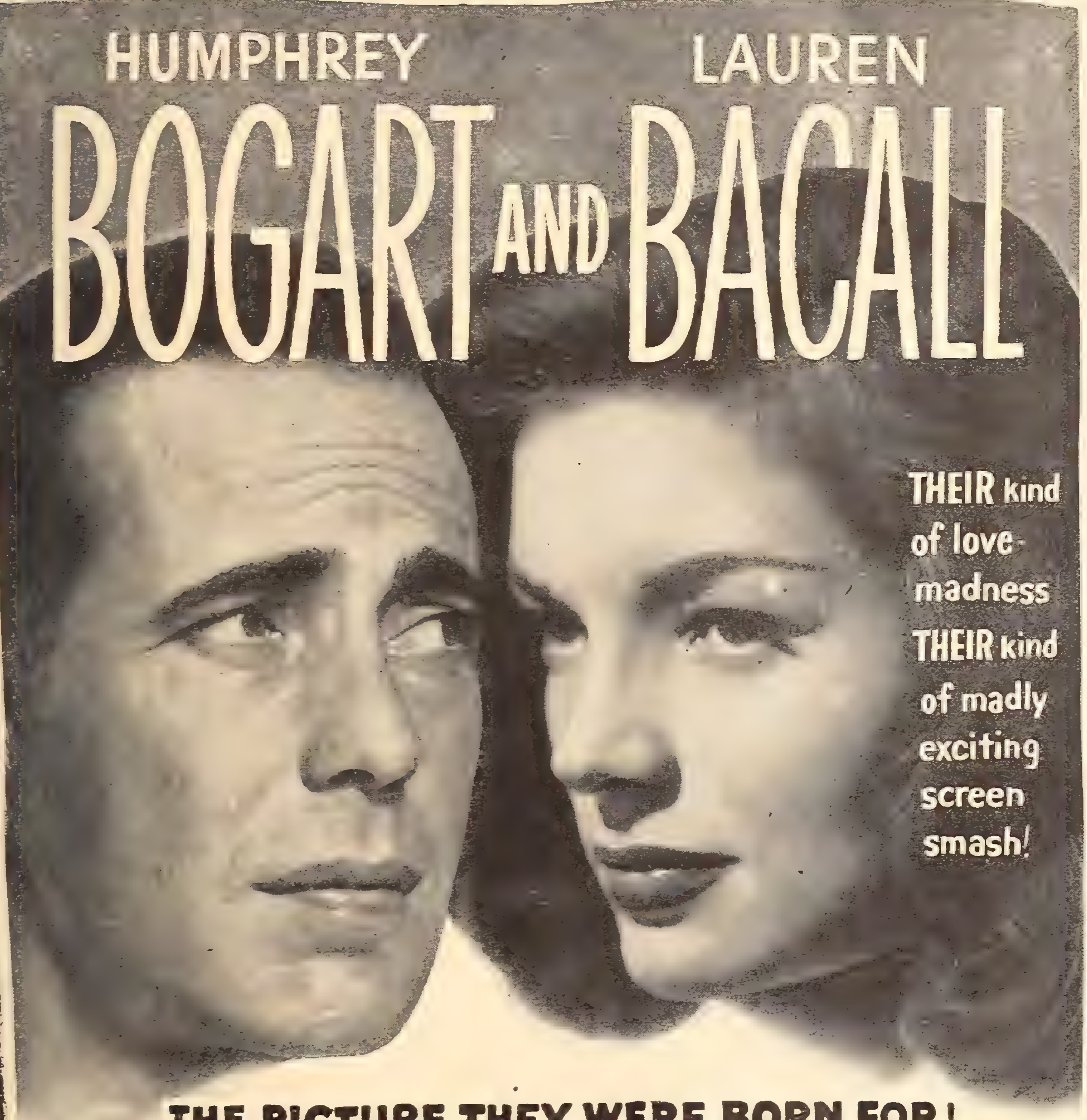
HUMPHREY
BOGART AND BACALL
LAUREN



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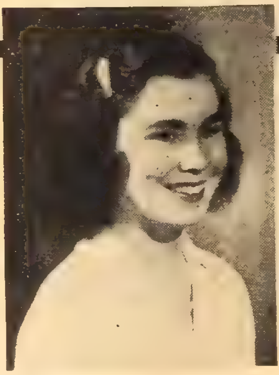
CO-ED

You may be wearing your hair like an old smoothie, but how long is it since your soul's been upswept? Glamor isn't just the way you look—it's the kind of girl you are!

You're back at school again, with your pockets full of dreams and your throat full of heart. Gosh, this year you want to be a B. W. O. C.* Belle of the junior prom and star of the class play and maybe secretary of the Student Council. Not only that, you want to be All Things to All Men. That is very fancy wishing, and we're all for it. The higher you aim, the closer to the stars you'll get. Maybe you've got all the angles figured, but just in case you need a bit of help, lookit here.

The Way You Look: This, unfortunately, is a very important item. You've all heard of gals who lost fifty pounds and turned from Things (ugh) into Things (umm!). And babes who cut out banana splits and got complexions like French vanilla—and got guys like crazy. It doesn't seem right that the outside of us should count for so much, but we're being realistic today, and we know that it does. So, let's do something about it. If you're chubby, deflate a bit. If you're the family skeleton, start eating. If you hair is strictly Mouse, convert it t Sable via daily brushing, the weekl shampoo. Choose your clothes wit care and keep 'em absolutely band boxish. (Turn page for the char that'll put you on the road to all thi zing.) If you have a more difficul problem, say, a cast in your eye, scar or birthmark, really bad teeth o a physical deformity, take it to a doc tor. Get the very best advice you ca afford, and then somehow or othe improve the condition or learn t camouflage it. There are such won derful clinics now, dental, mental, an every other kind, that you can get hel if you can just learn where to go. Ge rid of the notion that you're a perma nent sad sack, that for you there no hope, and do something abou it today. Something active and co structive and (*Continued on page 26*

* *Big Woman On Campus*



JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTER BOX

My father drinks, and I really am ashamed to bring kids home with me or to have boys call for me when he's around. Still I don't want them to think I'm anti-social. What solution can you suggest?
J. B., Oil City, Pa.

To get at the real root of the matter, could you get your family doctor to take your dad in hand and try to get him to stop drinking? Or you might try your minister. If he's an actual problem drinker, he needs help, and they will know best where he can get it. In the meantime, try not to have your friends at home when your father is there. Couldn't you check with your mother before bringing them over? As for dates: Be all ready when the boys call for you. Introduce them to your mother quickly, then be off. After you've gotten to know them a bit, you can explain the whole thing to them as briefly and as loyally as you can. Don't blame or belittle your father, because his weakness is very likely not his fault at all.

(*Continued on page* 26)

The Wedding Gown that Waited....

Tucked away in a cedar chest for half a lifetime by a courageous nurse who wanted desperately to wear it . . . but wanted even more to help children walk again.

One of the world's great stories of love, sacrifice and conflict...now a magnificent motion picture.

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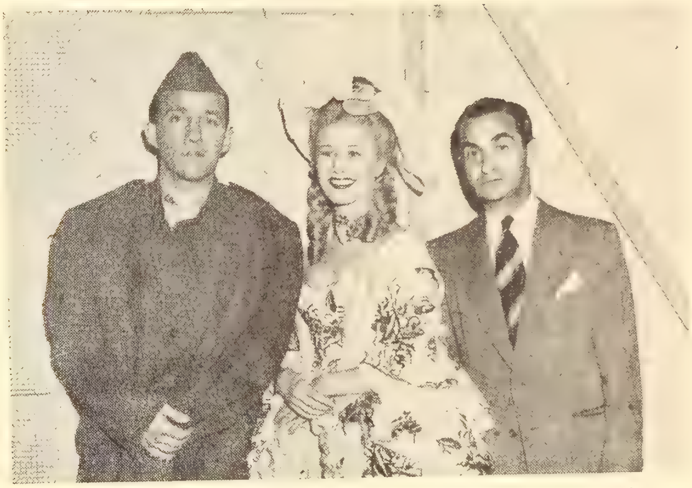
with **DEAN JAGGER**

PHILIP MERIVALE · BEULAH BONDI · CHARLES DINGLE

Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS • Screen Play by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Sweet and Hot



Irving Berlin, whose great song hits are sprinkled throughout the pic, visited the "Blue Skies" set to chat with Crosby and Joan Caulfield.

Make theirs music . . . Leonard Feather swaps shop talk with Art Ford, WNEW's all-night disc jockey, and Monica Lewis, recording song artist.

■ This month, record-reviewer Feather sneers at his rut, and turns around and reviews a movie! "Blue Skies," to be specific. I went to a special, private screening in the Paramount projection room, all prepared to see the life and times of Irving Berlin pass before my eyes.

And I was wrong. The picture has nothing whatever to do with Berlin's career, and he's only very briefly mentioned at all. Also, many of his best tunes—"Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Cheek to Cheek," "All Alone," "Say It Isn't So"—are either fluffed off with a few bars, or else unsung. (Though not unwept or unhonored, by me.) Still, the picture's perfectly pleasant, and plenty of good Berlin music does make the score, and it's got Bing, and you'll probably love it. Me, I'm holding out for the story of Irving Berlin himself. Now *that* could be a heck of a picture.

As for the best records of the month, take Woody Herman's "Mabel, Mabel," on the popular end, and the Page Cavanaugh Trio's ARA record on the hot jazz.

BEST POPULAR

FIVE MINUTES MORE—Tex Beneke (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bob Crosby (Decca)—Here's the Tex Beneke band, originally led by the late Major Glenn Miller, and the strange stories about Miller continue to crop up. Only the other day, I had a wire from the editor of *The Melody Maker*, a musical weekly in London. It read: "Strong rumors emanating Miami and Detroit that Glenn Miller alive but ill Florida nursing home. Can you check and cable any information, however slight." The fact is, there isn't a word of truth in any such stories, and yet they keep right on coming.

MABEL, MABEL!—Woody Herman (Columbia), Les Elgart (Musicraft)—The Woody Herman (*Continued on page* 102)

By LEONARD FEATHER

It's Cole Porter!

It's by Dave Rose!

IT'S AN ALBUM YOU'LL LOVE!

As romantic as your first formal is the *Cole Porter Review,* recorded by Dave Rose and his famous orchestra. It's a new album of hits from the Warner Bros. film success "Night and Day." You'll be humming and dancing to smooth Rose arrangements of *Begin the Beguine, Night and Day, What Is This Thing Called Love?,* five other favorites. Ask for Album P-158, $2.75.

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For some slick vocalizing, get the Allan Jones album of eight *Cole Porter Show Hits,* including *Why Shouldn't I?, Rosalie, Easy to Love.* Red Seal Album M-1033, $4.85.

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TO KEEP YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

BLUE SKIES

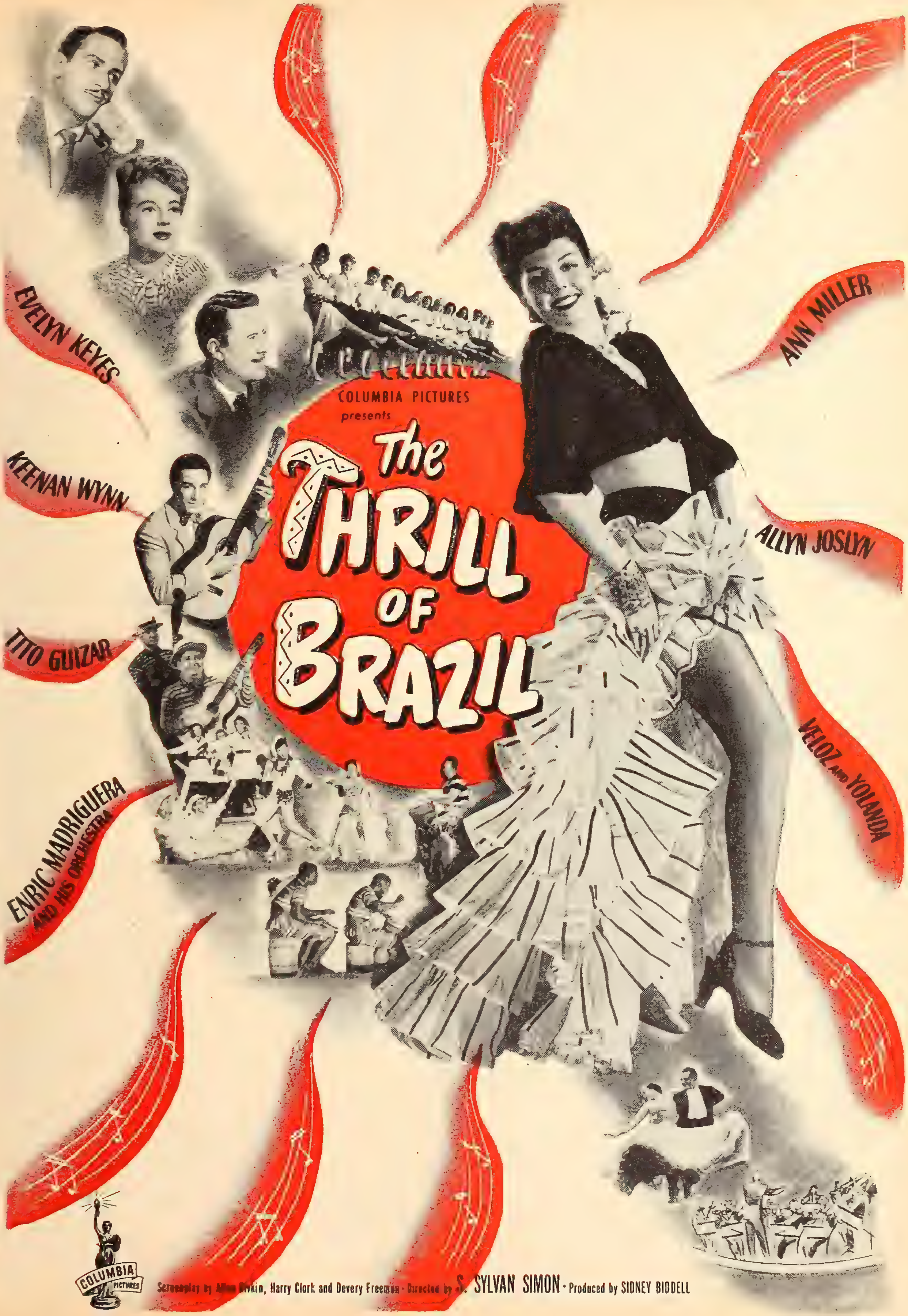
■ "Blue skies, smiling at me . . ." The picture, like the song, combines nostalgia and happiness in the best Irving Berlin manner. Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Joan Caulfield take you on a merry merry-go-round of Berlin music, with a Technicolor romance on the side. It begins in a little flower shop on a side street in New York, where Mary O'Hara is listening to a radio broadcast.

Only, of course, it doesn't *really* begin there at all. It starts 'way back in the early twenties, with a musical show that features a song called "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody." The show also features Jed Potter (Fred Astaire) as dancing star, and his partner, the pretty girl, Mary O'Hara (Joan Caulfield). Jed is a gay young man about town, and he spends most of his time trying to persuade Mary to be gay with him. Tonight she accepts an invitation from him for the first time. They go to a small night club run by an old friend of Jed's, Johnny Adams (Bing Crosby). It's a funny little place where the musicians double as waiters, and the headwaiter (Billy De Wolfe) doubles as comedian. (Incidentally, he has a couple of scenes that almost steal the picture!)

Johnny and Mary get along together from the start, but she doesn't realize what a rolling stone he is. Johnny likes to open a night club, work it up to a success, then sell it and move on. Probably it wouldn't have made any difference if she *had* known all that. Nothing makes any difference when you're falling in love. Mary soon opens in a new show, and is Jed's partner in the hit number, "Puttin' On The Ritz." Johnny doesn't even come to the opening —he's too busy selling his night club and buying a new one in St. Louis!

He drifts around the country, loving Mary but not doing anything about it. Then they open a club together called The Songbook, and feature all Irving Berlin tunes. Maybe it's hearing "Always" and "Remember" night after night that does it, but anyway, they get married. Which would be fine, only Johnny just can't stay in one place long enough to act like a (*Continued on page 16*)

Jed (Fred Astaire) takes Mary (Joan Caulfield) to Johnny's (Bing Crosby) nightclub.



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ANN MILLER

ALLYN JOSLYN

VELOZ AND YOLANDA

Screenplay by Allen Rivkin, Harry Clork and Devery Freeman · Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON · Produced by SIDNEY BIDDELL husband. They separate, unhappily for them both, and it's a good many years later that Mary listens to a radio broadcast which brings them together again.—*Par.*

CLAUDIA AND DAVID

You know Claudia and David. By now you probably feel as if you lived in the same town with them. You know their rambling old farmhouse as if it were your own, and their problems the same way. Claudia (Dorothy McGuire) and David (Robert Young) *do* have problems, like any young married couple. There's Claudia's driving, for instance. She just can't see why, when there's a lovely long space to park in, the fact that the sign says "Bus Stop" should make any difference. When she gets a summons, she says blandly, "They can't put me in jail. I'm a mother."

She's taking this mother business very seriously these days. *Too* seriously, David thinks. Sure, it's wonderful to have a son four years old, but a husband likes to have some attention, too. Here David is scheduled to go to Los Angeles to an architects' convention in a couple of weeks, and Claudia won't go along because she doesn't want to leave Bobby. Neither does she want David to go alone. Unreasonable? Well, a little.

Claudia gets a new argument when they go to a dinner given by her sister-in-law, Julia (Gail Patrick). There's a mental telepathist there named O'Toole (Jerome Cowan), and he prophesies that if David takes a trip he will have a bad accident. David isn't much interested in O'Toole or his prophecies. He's too busy talking to Elizabeth Van Doren (Mary Astor) about a house she wants him to design for her. Elizabeth is a very attractive widow, and Claudia isn't pleased at the amount of time David devotes to her. On the other hand, David is inclined to be jealous of handsome Phil Dexter (John Sutton), who drives Claudia home from the party in his car. She wants to leave early so as to be sure Bobby is all right.

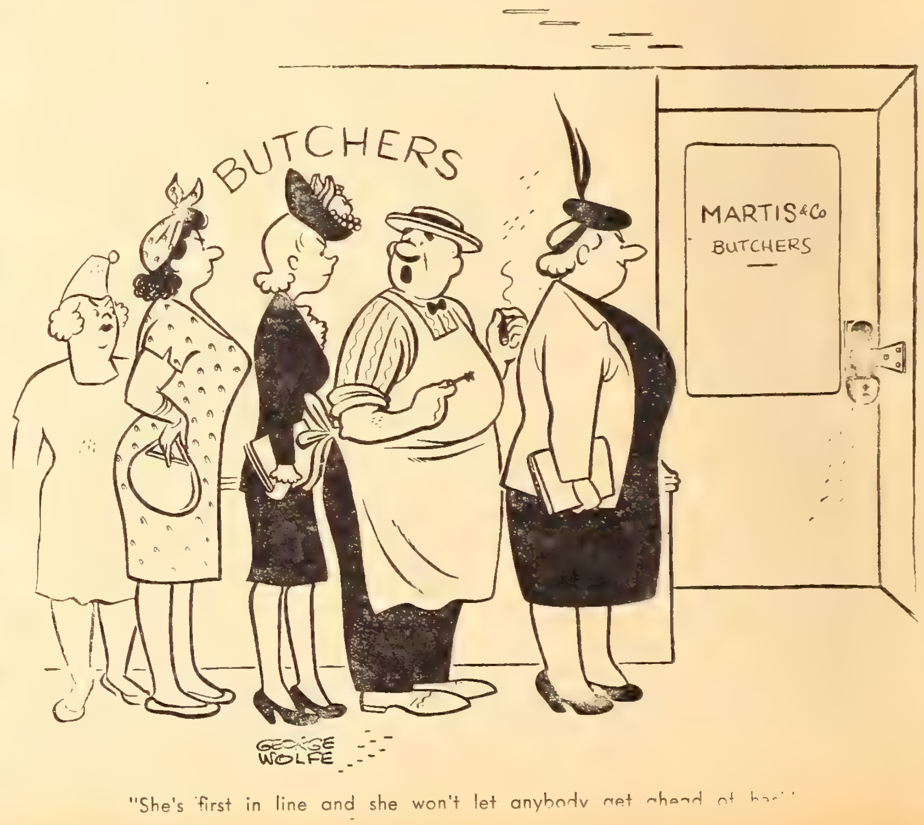
Bobby is *not* all right. He has measles. So Claudia has to stay home with him while David spends his days with Elizabeth—strictly business, of course. Claudia gets very difficult about it, and David is condescending. Trouble brews, but when it comes, it is of a far different kind than they expected.—*20th-Fox*

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO

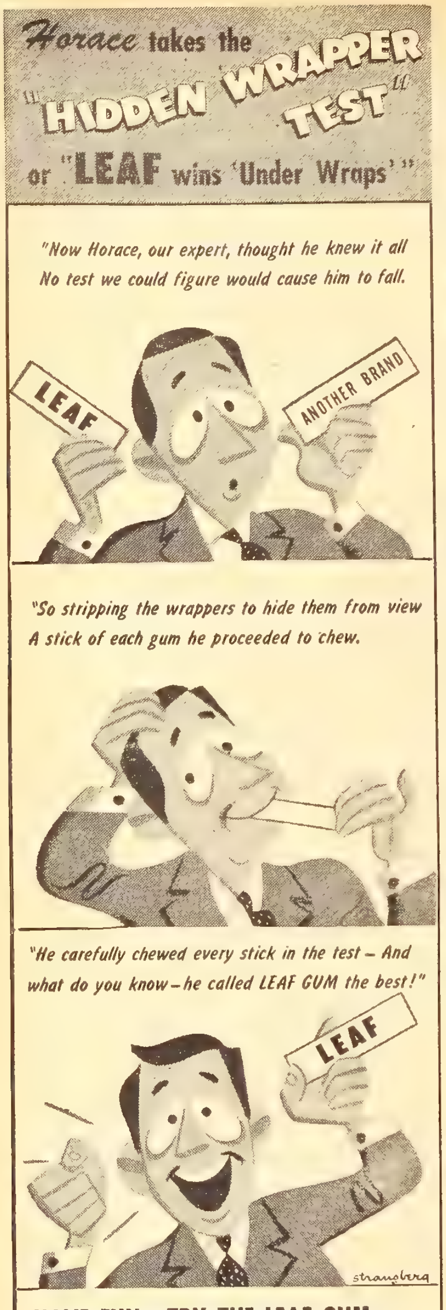
How could there be any place more glamorous for a holiday than Mexico City? Still, if you live there, as Christine Owen (Jane Powell) does, you would probably rather have your holiday somewhere else. Christine has picked Vermont, and is looking forward to a vacation there with her father, who is too busy here at the Embassy to have much time off. Once they get to Vermont they will be very gay together. Also, she will get away from Stanley (Roddy McDowall), who is just her age, sixteen, but seems to Chris much younger.

Happily, she makes plans for a big farewell party at the Embassy. She goes to see Jose Iturbi, who promises to come and play the piano. Then with Stanley's help, she lines up Xavier Cugat's band. "The band and I will be charmed to appear," the maestro tells her, "but my singer, Toni, does not go to private parties." Toni (Ilona Massey) is the sensation of Mexico City, and Chris feels the party wouldn't be complete without her. Being sixteen, and direct, she goes to Toni and tells her so. "My father, Ambassador Owen, (Walter Pidgeon) would be so glad if you would come." Toni's blue eyes sparkle with laughter, but she accepts. How is Chris to know that her father and Toni had a romance years ago in Hungary?

That romance rekindles at the party, to Chris' intense disgust. She feels more and more hurt and neglected as the days go by and the trip to Vermont is indefinitely postponed. She sulks around the house, snubbing poor Stanley, and feeling sorry for herself, until in sheer desperation she decides she is in love with Jose Iturbi.



"She's first in line and she won't let anybody get ahead of her!"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CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

This, at least, takes her mind off her other troubles, and suppose he *is* a lot older, what difference does it make? When Mr. Iturbi finds out about her infatuation, it scares him half out of his wits. He and Jane's father get together and plot a necessary disillusionment.

Music and fun and laughter mingle in this Technicolor holiday. Jane Powell is quite a discovery, and Roddy McDowall plays a comedy role effectively. Walter Pidgeon strolls through the picture, looking handsome and so well-dressed. But it's really Jose Iturbi who steals the show.—*M-G-M*

THEY WERE SISTERS

You've known men like Geoffrey (James Mason) who are charming to their business acquaintances and casual friends, but in their own home are brutes and tyrants. But perhaps you've never known one who carried it quite to the point Geoffrey does. . . .

It starts when he first meets the three sisters, Lucy (Phyllis Calvert), Vera (Anne Crawford) and Charlotte (Dulcie Grey). Vera, who is beautiful and spoiled, snubs him, and he never forgives her. He marries sweet, simple Charlotte who asks only to adore him and be given a kind word now and then. But she never gets a kind word from Geoffrey. Only abuse, criticism and a cold withdrawal which eventually drives her to brandy for consolation. They have three children. The oldest, Margaret (Pamela Kellino), is seventeen when Charlotte sees her sisters again. The three of them have a reunion at the home of Lucy and her husband. Vera has married, too, a dull but wealthy man named Brian (Barrie Livesee), and carries on her flirtations just as before.

Lucy and Vera are shocked at the change in Charlotte. They knew that Geoffrey was a bully, but they had not realized the extent of their sister's fear of him. Lucy goes home with Charlotte and finds the situation there unbelievable. The youngest child, Judith, is too wise for her years and deeply unhappy. The boy, Steve, hates his father and with good reason. Only Geoffrey's favorite, Margaret, has any fondness for the man, and that is because he is careful to show her his best side. She knows he is cruel to her mother, but he manages to make it look as if it were Charlotte's own fault.

Eventually, however, even Margaret suffers from Geoffrey's vindictive egotism. Because he resents her interest in a young man she meets, he breaks up the romance with his usual cruelty. He drives Charlotte completely out of her mind at last, and makes Steve run away from home to escape his petty brutality.

Sooner or later, life has a way of catching up with people like Geoffrey. Unfortunately, so many others are entwined in the web by that time, that even his punishment causes unhappiness.—*Univ.*

TWO SMART PEOPLE

One of the smart people is Ace Connors (John Hodiak), poised and confident, with a cynical sense of humor. His interest in culinary achievements is only slightly less than his delight in talking other people out of their money. A crook? Sure. But a charming one. The other smart character is Ricki Woodner (Lucille Ball), beautiful adventuress who's all for the same easy road to success. She meets Ace in a Beverly Hills hotel where they are both trying to swindle a soft drink baron: Ace with an oil deal, Ricki with phony art masterpieces. Then Ricki gets interested in Ace and the half million in bonds, loot of a

(*Continued on page 20*)

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

We have a scoop in introducing Joe Pasternak's latest and loveliest discovery for M-G-M, EDNA SKINNER. Born in Washington, D. C., on May 23, Edna stands 5' 8½", and has hazel eyes and brown hair. Scored on B'way as Ado Annie in "Oklahoma." Goes for James Mason and fishing, and is dying to own loads of spirited horses. You can send them and your request for a pic to her at M-G-M, Culver City, Calif.

DOUGLAS DICK (Sam in "Searching Wind") was born in Charleston, W. Va., on Nov. 20, 1920. He is 6' tall, 148 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is unmarried. You can write to him at Paramount Pictures, where his next film is "Most Likely to Succeed." No club.

HARRY LEWIS was sweet as Candy in "Her Kind of Man," and he was born April 1, 1920 in Hollywood. Is 6' tall, and has brown eyes and hair. Is unmarried, and just out of the AAF. Appeared in "Winged Victory." Write to him at Warners, Burbank, California.

Pearl J., Chicago: Dick Dickerson was the sailor in "Without Reservations." He's at RKO. Bev Davis, 2937 W. 31 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has the Larry Parks Club. Lillian Brounstein, 1751 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. has one for Glenn Langan. Gwen Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne Dr., L. A., Calif. has June Allyson's.

Sue Huff, Calif.: Richard Conte was born in N. J. on Mar. 24. Is 5' 10½" tall, and has brown eyes and hair. Married to Ruth Strohm. Write him at 20th-Fox. No club. John Ireland, who was Windy in "Walk in the Sun" hails from Victoria, B. C., date being Jan. 30, 1914. Is 6' 2" tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Elaine Sheldon. Is also at Fox. Robert Lowery was born in Kansas City, Oct. 30. Has hazel eyes and brown hair and is 6' 1" tall. Unwed. Write him at Paramount, where his latest role is opposite Jane Withers in "Danger Street."

P. R., Denver: Of those "Winged Victory" boys, Don Taylor and Mark Daniels still haven't found the right role. Barry Nelson is making "Beginning or the End," and Lon McCallister's next is "Bob, Son of Battle."

Come on now . . . with school starting, why worry your head with those movie questions? Send them on to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, 16, N. Y.

She Had to Decide

BETWEEN A LOVELESS MARRIAGE AND A LAWLESS LOVE!

THIS SIDE of INNOCENCE
Taylor Caldwell

AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this ravishing, fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love *him.*

His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage — and security, or a lawless love — and disgrace?

"This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell, is a brilliant, swiftly-moving, and intensely alive story that will stand with the great dramatic novels of the decade. Says the *Philadelphia Inquirer:* "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . 500 pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end." Here is a novel that reached the very top of Best-Seller lists within a month after publication! Price, in the publisher's edition, $3.00, but now offered FREE to new members of the Literary Guild Book Club as explained below.

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A love story that takes its place among the romantic classics of all time. By the author of "Rebecca," "Hungry Hill," etc. First printing, 825,000 copies. Publisher's price, $2.75.

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Weary indifference and bitterness possessed this beautiful, wealthy woman—until a strange man came to show her love's power. Publisher's price, $2.75.

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just completed maneuver, which he carries in a cookbook.

They queer each other's schemes in a spirit of friendly competition. But a New York detective, Simms (Lloyd Nolan), shows up to take Ace back to tell a judge about those bonds. It's a long way to New York, and Ace persuades the detective that a few miles farther wouldn't matter. So they return via stops in Texas and New Orleans where he can garner pleasant memories of food to ease the prospect of his inescapable jail sentence. Ricki turns up on the train, determined to save those bonds the long trip back to their owners.

Simms nervously discovers the stop in Texas is just far enough across the Mexican border to put Ace out of reach of the U. S. law. The copper is no dope himself, and he tricks Ace back into the U. S. to continue on to New Orleans. In the gaiety of the Mardi Gras, Ace and Rick get *really* smart for the first time and find they're more interested in each other than in the bonds. But Felletti (Elisha Cooke, Jr.), a murderer, shows up to threaten Ricki with an old jail sentence if she doesn't grab Ace's bonds and split with him.

There's a scene of wild pursuit through the revelry of the Mardi Gras which will really give you the shivers. Fast thinking, faster gun play and some startling story twists work out the future to everyone's satisfaction except one or two corpses. Lucille Ball continues to be one of the screen's smoothest comediennes. It's exciting and good fun.—*M-G-M*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A very tall actor was being mobbed after a radio broadcast in Hollywood. He was trying to get into one of the studio offices so he could sign autographs more easily, but how could he get through the crowds? Well, he reached down and gently lifted up the girl nearest to him, and holding her high, he plowed right through the crowd! Then he took a deep breath, which expanded his huge chest even more, and wrote in the girl's album, "If you ever want to be picked up again, just look me up!" and signed it, "Bob Mitchum."

Jean Herdman
Tujunga, California

THE BIG SLEEP

Remember that long look Bacall gave Bogart in "To Have And Have Not?" You'll see it again in "The Big Sleep" because they're back together and worth waiting for. Bogart plays Phil Marlowe, private detective, who is retained by General Sternwood (Charles Waldron) to find out who is blackmailing his daughter, Carmen (Martha Vickers). The General has another daughter, Vivian (Lauren Bacall), who interests Marlowe more than her kid sister does. Carmen is just a crazy kid, who drinks too much, goes for anything male, and might be blackmailed by almost anyone. Vivian is spoiled and strong willed, but she's the kind of girl a man could never forget.

Marlowe finds that a man named Geiger is blackmailing Carmen—and immediately Geiger is killed. Carmen is in his house when he's shot, but she's full of alcohol and dope and doesn't remember a thing—she says. Marlowe isn't sure she's telling the truth, particularly in view of developments. That same night the Sternwood's chauffeur is found drowned. Accident? Suicide? Murder? Take your choice.

Someone else takes over Geiger's blackmail racket. Marlowe suspects a guy named Brody, and so does Carmen, who starts for him with a gun. Before you can say "Bang," Brody is dead. This time Marlowe knows who did it, and pursues the killer. He almost gets killed himself. Another figure crops up about this time. He is Eddie Mars (John Ridgely), gambler and promoter. He is, he says smoothly, a friend of Vivian's, and Marlowe begins to wonder just what part she plays in this set-up. By now he is enough in love with Vivian to have personal as well as business reasons for wondering.

If Harry Jones (Elisha Cooke, Jr.) hadn't come along, Marlowe might never have found out the answer. Harry is killed, but in dying he gives a clue to this tangle of murder, and avenges a lot of lives.

This picture will leave you slap-happy, it moves so fast. The cast is perfect all the way through from Bogie and Bacall to the most minor characters.—*War.*

YOU'RE FOR ME

Maybe you've never imagined Perry Como crooning his way through a political campaign for governor. But more than one man in office right now has done it, and Perry can really sing. Besides, he has Harry James, Carmen Miranda, Vivian Blaine and Phil Silvers to help him.

Earl Gordon (Harry James) and his band have spent their last nickel trying for a radio contract. They miss out on it because the band isn't a "big name." De-

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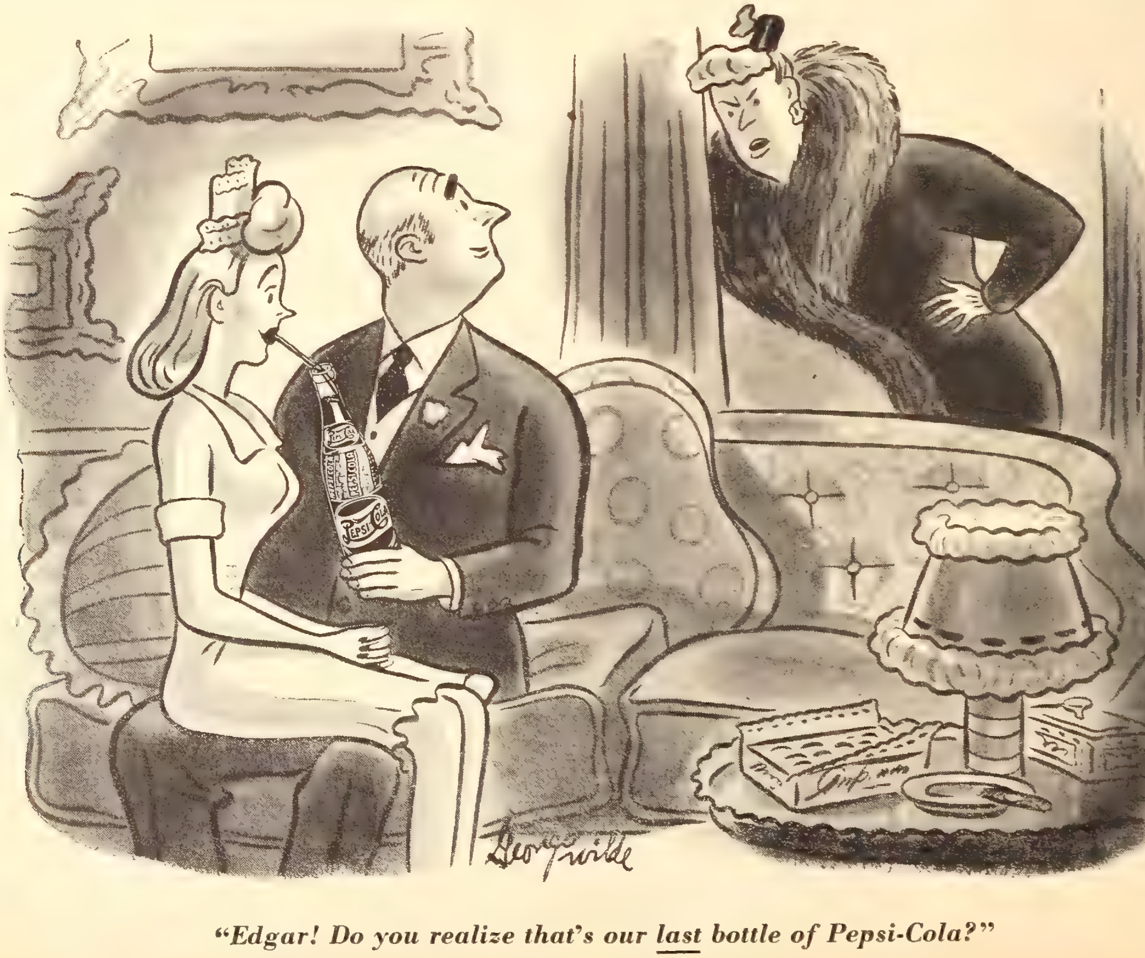

"Edgar! Do you realize that's our last bottle of Pepsi-Cola?"

jectedly, they wander into a political rally and help themselves to a free meal. When they see that their entrance has broken up the meeting, they play a number and lure the audience back. They're such a success that the political machine hires them. In their tour of the state with the candidate for governor, they pick up a country boy, Allen Clark (Perry Como), whose singing of his own song, "If I'm Lucky," doubles their popularity. Allen and Linda (Vivian Blaine), girl singer with the band, fall in love.

One night the candidate drinks himself into a fadeout, and Allen makes the speech of apology to the waiting crowd. Something about this gawky kid with the golden voice appeals to the voters. The political bosses realize this, and they substitute him for their alcoholic candidate. He agrees because it would mean more money for the band. His campaign catches on, and the band is deluged with radio offers. Allen wants to withdraw from the political race in favor of the radio, but the bosses scream to high heaven. They are convinced that with Allen they can win, and without him they're lost. They trick him into signing papers which would look as if he had sold appointments to state offices. "If you walk out on us, we'll show these to the public," they tell him.

Allen knows this will ruin the band if it comes out, so he leaves Lindy and the band, to keep from spoiling their chances. Eventually both good government and good music triumph, with Allen singing the hit songs, "Bet Your Bottom Dollar" and "Follow The Band."

There's plenty of comedy in "You're For Me," with most of it furnished by Phil Silvers, as the band's agent.—*20th-Fox*

GALLANT JOURNEY

"Johnny Montgomery's touched in the head," the neighbors whispered. "Thinks he can make a machine that'll fly like a bird." But one person is sure Johnny (Glenn Ford) is nothing of the kind. Regina (Janet Blair) has a shining faith in John and everything he does. She has felt that way about him ever since he was a dreamy-eyed kid sitting on the beach, watching the seagulls wheel overhead. "Why can't I make something that'll fly the way those seagulls do?" Johnny wants to know. He never stops trying.

His brother, Jim (Robert De Haven), helps all he can. They work away in a little shed back of the house, and at last they achieve a machine that flies a little—at least it *does* get off the ground, if only a few feet. But John is so absorbed in it that he sort of forgets about Regina. When the other guys are taking their girls walking in the park or down to the drugstore for a soda, John is poring over diagrams. Friends of his at Santa Clara College ask him to come there and continue his study of aeronautics. Regina, with her faith in his future, encourages him to accept.

A new complication develops when it is discovered that John has vertigo. "Stay on the ground or risk being killed," the doctor tells him bluntly. Regina won't let him be depressed by this. "You'll do the designing and we'll find someone else to do the actual flying," she says. A few days later, she turns up with Dan Mahoney (Jimmy Lloyd), a daredevil parachutist who jumps from a balloon at the county fair. He agrees to try to fly any machine John dreams up. It isn't long before they make a glider which is fastened to a balloon, taken up to four thousand feet, and untied. It makes a twenty minute flight, and the newspapers headline it.

John and Regina marry on the proceeds of another invention he has made—a gold separating machine, but his main interest

That blouse will catch more than the *eye*, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

Mum — better because it's Safe

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Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

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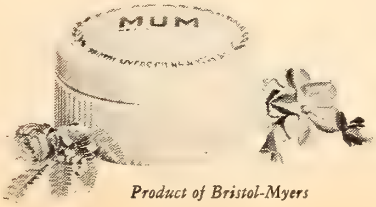

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***SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART — 1946-'47 (10c)—** A new, better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopaedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pix of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Send 10c and a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4½" x 9" envelope..... ☐

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THE FOLLOWING ARE NOT CHARTS:

INFORMATION DESK— Answers to every question that pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the movie you saw last night, see column on page 18 for details.

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE— Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cogey to be "hard to get"? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer your vital heart problems in a personal letter.

EXCLUSIVE CANDID SNAPS! These beautiful 4" x 5" glossy snapshots of your favorite stars were taken by MODERN SCREEN's own crack photographers, Gus Gale and Bob Beerman. Not obtainable elsewhere! NO POSTAGE REQUIRED! They're 10c each; 3 for 25c; 6 for 50c; 12 for $1.00, or the entire set of 20 for only $1.50.

I enclose $........... for the snaps checked below.

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City............... Zone...... State........

☐ Entire Set of 20

- ☐ Van Johnson
- ☐ Guy Madison
- ☐ Ingrid Bergman
- ☐ June Allyson
- ☐ Mark Stevens
- ☐ Bing Crosby
- ☐ Clark Gable
- ☐ Jeanne Crain
- ☐ Gene Kelly
- ☐ Lana Turner
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Cornel Wilde
- ☐ Gregory Peck
- ☐ Alan Ladd
- ☐ Peter Lawford
- ☐ Lon McCallister
- ☐ Glenn Ford
- ☐ Betty Grable
- ☐ Dana Andrews
- ☐ Danny Kaye

continues to be aircraft. He keeps on in spite of every imaginable difficulty, including an earthquake. When he has finally perfected a glider that is the machine he has always dreamed of, he flies it himself.—*Col.*

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

"This," said the stage hand at Carnegie Hall, "is something I gotta see. A beautiful dame tryin' to show the maestro who's boss."

The "dame" is Myra Hassman (Catherine McLeod). She has known the "maestro," Goronoff (Philip Dorn), the egocentric prince of the musical world, for three years. When he first met her, he was enormously impressed with her talent—and her beauty. He canceled a European tour to go to her Pennsylvania farm and work with her. He wins permission from her father (Felix Bressart), to take her abroad later, so he can perfect her talent. Fascinated by his personality, Myra goes with him, leaving behind her the boy, George (William Carter), who loves her.

Goronoff, his grandmother whom he calls Babushka (Maria Ouspenskaya), and Myra tour the world, as the maestro plays with increasing renown—and a growing collection of women. Myra, in love with him and the magic of his music, accepts his relentless instruction obediently and silently. At last, in Carnegie Hall, she makes her own debut. It is truly a battle of music between the conductor, who realizes suddenly that his pupil is better than he is, and Myra, who knows only that he is conducting now as if he would ruin her. After the concert, Goronoff orders the girl out of his life.

Myra returns to the farm and forsakes music. She marries George, although they both know that her thoughts are still with Goronoff. That shadow clouds their life even after they have a daughter. Goronoff, meanwhile, realizes his own love for Myra, but his grandmother forbids him to go to her and ruin her happiness. The strong-willed old lady knows that music is the only love to whom he could be faithful.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As Gene Kelly stepped out of a theater in New York, fans rushed to mob him. A few minutes later, a policeman came over and tried to extricate Gene from the throng of boys and girls. One young miss, who looked like a typical bobbysoxer, persisted in hanging on to Gene's arm. "Now see here, miss," yelled the policeman, "get along now and leave Mr. Kelly alone!" "You leave her alone!" cried Gene indignantly, "that's my wife!"

Barbara Bernstein
Lawrence, N. Y.

Myra's daughter, Pongy (Vaness Brown) grows up and studies piano, like her mother. She has great talent. Whether it is enough for Carnegie Hall is the question . . . a question that brings Myra and Goronoff face to face at last. Their meeting—again a duel of music as well as emotions—is to determine once and for all who is the master and where Myra's happiness lies.

The music is magnificent, with Technicolor to match.—*Rep.*

BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS

There are probably easier ways to find wealthy husbands or careers on the stage, but none quite so funny as this. Take these four ambitious girls—Terry (Ann Dvorak), Eileen (Gail Russell), Cynthia (Claire Trevor) and Marta (Jane Wyatt). All have dreams about getting the world on a silver (or preferably gold) platter. All work in a department store until they pool their pennies and rent a Long Island mansion to attract the right men.

They persuade Molly (Billie Burke), forgotten star of silent flickers, and Mr. Moody (Adolphe Menjou), elegant but hard-hearted floorwalker, so tight he cuts his own hair, to act as their parents. They lure their new next door neighbor in to cocktails. He notices an old tea service Molly received as a gift from fans years ago, but which she says belonged to her "aunt." He recognizes it as a relic of a celebrated Duchess, so the word gets around that the new family are social prizes. The girls are besieged by young eligibles with racy cars, fat allowances and wealthy families.

Terry auditions for a neighbor, who is a producer, intrigued by Moody's objection to his "daughter's" leanings toward the stage. Eileen falls in love with rich Bruce Farrington (John Whitney), Marta with Schuyler Johnson (Eugene List), a shipping clerk at the store who turns out to be the owner's son. But Cynthia wants Eileen's man, too, and tells the store Eileen has "borrowed" some clothes. The store threatens shoplifting charges. Eileen tries suicide and the plans of all of them threaten to disappear like bubbles.

"Father" Moody steps in, and shows he has a heart of gold, after all. He straightens out their troubles and makes a profit for himself in the bargain.—*UA*

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A DASH OF GALLIC

GOES INTO WHATEVER

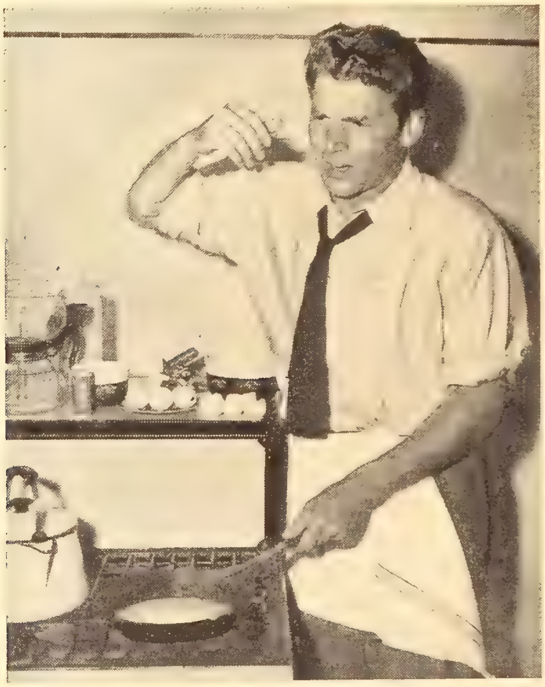
PIERRE AUMONT COOKS, FOR HE HAS

THAT INBORN FRENCH ABILITY

TO CREATE FINE FOOD

By Nancy Wood

No, no, Pierre hasn't burned his hand—he is just being very emphatic about the fine points of egg cookery!



■ We once read a story about a French cook who made a delicious ragout of a leather glove. Of course, it was a very fine glove, but the sauce, declared this chef, was the very best part of it! Pierre Aumont, M-G-M star, is as French as crêpes suzette. Born in Paris, he became a French stage star at an early age. His great-uncle was a star of the Comédie Française. Pierre was wounded fighting for France. With a fine French eye for feminine beauty, he wooed, wowed and wed the glamorous Maria Montez. He has a Frenchman's interest in good food and will readily confirm what we have just said about the French being wonderful cooks!

But, bless his heart, he is almost equally enthusiastic about traditional American dishes. So we have chosen Pierre's kind of main dishes for meatless meals and hope you'll find them useful at this time.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

4 tbsp. butter
4 tbsp. flour
1½ cups milk
½ to ¾ lb. sharp American cheese
1 tsp. salt
6 eggs, separated

A properly pneumatic soufflé, hot from the oven and delicious! For punctual guests, to be sure, for soufflés lose altitude rapidly.

Baked Stuffed Bluefish, done to a golden brown and filled with a piquant dressing. Serve it surrounded by favorite Fall vegetables.

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Remove from heat and blend in flour. Add milk gradually, stirring smooth. Replace over hot water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add salt and cheese which has been diced. Cook until cheese is melted. Add a little hot white sauce to beaten egg yolks and blend. Add mixture to rest of hot sauce and stir smooth. Cool. Beat egg whites until they are stiff enough to stand in peaks, but are still moist and glossy. Fold cooled cheese mixture into egg whites. Pour in lightly buttered casserole and set in larger pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 1 hour or until firm. Serves 4 to 6.

BAKED STUFFED BLUEFISH

1 5-pound bluefish
2 cups fresh bread crumbs
1 tablespoon capers
2 small sour pickles, chopped
½ teaspoon onion juice
1 tablespoon melted butter
1½ teaspoons chopped parsley
Hot water to moisten

Remove head from fish; clean and scale. Rub with salt inside and out. Make a stuffing of remaining ingredients and add just enough water to moisten slightly. Stuff fish and fasten with skewers. Brush fish with melted butter and place in a baking pan with a little water and a slice of onion. Baste every 10 minutes; cook 40 or 50 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) until fish is tender. Arrange fish on a platter with parsley potatoes at one end and grilled tomatoes at the other. Garnish fish with lemon slices.

HERRING SALAD

2 packages (6 oz.) cream cheese
¾ cup chopped pickled herring
1 cup chopped cooked potatoes
1 medium onion, minced
3 medium-sized sour pickles, chopped
⅔ cup chopped cooked beets
2 chopped hard-cooked eggs
2 or 3 tablespoons pickle vinegar

Allow cream cheese to soften at room temperature. Mix herring, potatoes, onion, pickles, beets and eggs. Blend cream cheese with pickle vinegar and beat smooth. Add to other ingredients and blend. Serves 6. This is delicious either as a luncheon salad, for supper, or, with ingredients finely minced, as a sandwich or canape spread.

RICH VEGETABLE SOUP

½ cup minced onions
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
4 cups chicken stock
4 cups milk
½ cup cooked, diced carrots
½ cup cooked diced celery
⅛ teaspoon soda
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ pound package American cheese
Parsley

Sauté onions in butter until tender and light brown. Add flour and cornstarch, blending well. Add stock and milk gradually, stirring until well blended. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add carrots, celery, soda, paprika and cheese. Cook over low heat until cheese is melted. Add salt if necessary. Serve hot with chopped parsley. Serves 8.

Save it with Soap!

Lucky girl . . . to start housekeeping with such a gorgeous table cover! You just can't bear to think of seeing something spilled on it, can you?

It's sure to happen, though, so be careful that it's always washed with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap. Remember that Fels-Naptha loosens dirt and stains so that they wash away easily and completely in the rich suds of mild Fels-Naptha Soap.

Someday, this lovely wedding gift should be an heirloom, admired and treasured by your children's children. Begin to save its beauty right away—with good, mild soap—and that means *Fels-Naptha Soap.*

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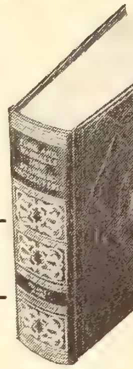

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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 10*)

drastic, so that by tomorrow you'll be on your way to being wheel-stuff.

The Way You Act: You can look like Turner in Technicolor, but—some guys want everything—if you don't have charm, you're still not With It. If you want the boys to mob you and the gals to think you're dandy, be fun to be with. Contribute something to your various twosomes and sixsomes. Warmth, gaiety, kindness, humor, sympathy. Have ideas about what to do and where to go. Know a couple of new little moron jokes. Have opinions about all the people the kids talk about—from Evelyn Knight to Rocky Graziano. Know what side of the fence you're on on big issues like labor, racial and religious tolerance, the control of atomic energy. And don't just talk through your hair or your heart; back up your opinions with all the facts you can get your hands on. Be the gal who has time for a shy guy, a smile for the teacher you pass in the hall, a phone call for the team mate who's benched with a sprained ankle. Know what is important and what isn't, so that you don't make an issue of every little thing, and don't wear yourself out bleeding for every cause. Does it sound like a large order? It is, but it might sound simpler if we boiled it down to this: Be the sort of babe you'd love to have for a friend, and you'll be a dozen other kids' dream-queen, too!

The Way You Are: This is more important than how you look or act, even if it doesn't show as much at first glance. Your real self shows through when you're angry or tired or afraid. Your family sees it, so does your truest buddy. That nice guy you'll marry some fine day will see it, too. So, how's for being strictly on the level; instead of just looking and acting like an angel-puss, how about *being* same? It'll take practice and a lot of character, but to grow tall in your soul is a fine thing, worth all the effort. Why not sit with your sister's kiddies some evening for free, cook Sunday dinner for mom every once in a while, take your kid brother and his inseparable chum to the movies of a rainy Saturday afternoon. And not because it'll make neat lookit-the-halo talk on your next date, but because it's fun to do things for people you love, because by so doing you'll be on your way to real unselfishness. Give up your minor vices like gossiping, but first make yourself see and feel their cruelty and malice. Then you'll not only be *acting* like a charitable gal, you'll *be* one. Believe in things like the simple rights of a human being, any human being, and you won't have to act tolerant or courteous or sympathetic. You'll just be that way. Look around you. Open your eyes to the old, the poor, the oppressed, the sick. Identify yourself with them. Really *care* about them. Then you'll never be able to be greedy or wasteful or mean or dissatisfied or self-centered. Maybe that's the whole secret—that caring business. Try it. See if your dad doesn't say, "Why, you're growing up, squirt." And That Man Murmur—kind of huskily—"Say, lovely, how about Saturday night?"

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(*Continued from page 10*)

I've gone around with Bill for five months, and he has never kissed me. He likes me a lot, I know, and I like him. Wouldn't you think he'd at least try? A. S., Mass.

Your Bill is apparently a very shy guy, and we'll bet you're a shy one yourself or you'd have maneuvered him into the moonlight before this. Next time you have a date with him, start weaving the romantic mood on the way home. Take his arm crossing streets, talk softly and dreamily. When you get to your front door, make a little ceremony of handing him the key, looking into his eyes as you do it. We think he'll get the idea.

I am seventeen and very much in love with a boy in town who is eighteen. We want to be married this fall, but his family thinks: (a) that we are too young; (b) that I am below him socially, and therefore not a good prospective wife. They have sent him away to college, promising that if we're still in love when he graduates we may be married. Should we elope, break up or what? E. K., Bordentown, N.J.

Why don't you let this ride for a little while? At the end of another year, you should know whether or not you're seriously in love, and that will be time enough to decide on a course of action. In the meantime, keep close to the boy via correspondence. Interest yourself in the things that seem important to him. If at the end of the year, you are still desperately in love, perhaps you could become engaged, and the following year, you could be married.

I have recently been blackballed for membership in a secret club at school and my friend tells me it was because of my religion. I am awfully hurt. How should I act toward the other club members? M. S., San Mateo, Calif.

It is too late to do anything about this particular club, but in the future, make it clear that you aren't interested in belonging to a club of that malicious kind. Blackball them, in other words, before they have a chance to blackball you. Act toward the members as if you don't know anything at all about the snub.

You've had lots of queries about dusting off an adhesive guy, but what I'd like to know is how you get rid of a gal you're no longer fond of. Sally pursues me constantly, possesses me until I could screech. What to do? P. O'N., B'lyn, N. Y.

Next time she calls, say something like, "Look, Sally, I've got a heavy date with Perry Como. Will you excuse me?" The next night it can be Mr. District Attorney, or your chem book. Let her know in a nice way that you're a busy gal. She'll taper off. If not, arrange to have somebody else to walk home with, somebody else to eat lunch with. When she asks you what's wrong, as she inevitably will, tell her the truth. That she was simply beginning to get in your hair and you decided you needed a change.

* * *

Watch that harvest moon, kiddies, it's dynamite! However, if you do go out in it, and you do get burned, we're the guys with the first aid concession. Stop moaning into your coke and write to: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.*

Very personally yours

You walk briskly . . . your ears ringing with the cheers and the songs. You feel the glow you've always felt, ever since you first tucked your saddle shoes in a stadium blanket . . . and the world became an exciting pattern of pennants and chrysanthemums . . . tea dances . . . football shoulders. A world very personally yours, of going places . . . of being *young!*

That was when you promised yourself you'd *stay* young, always. And you do. Because you never let life's aggravations slow you up; or get you down. On problem days, for instance, you choose Kotex—for its miracle-softness—unfailing softness that gives you the extra comfort you'd expect from this napkin made to stay soft while you wear it.

Yes, and you choose Kotex for its flat, tapered ends that prevent revealing outlines. For that exclusive safety center, assuring extra protection. For the deodorant in each Kotex napkin; to safeguard your daintiness. And because only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

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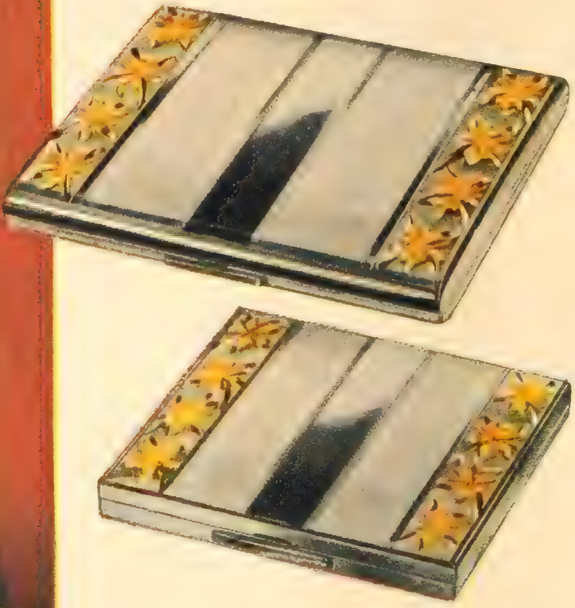

Above, sterling silver Garden Path set, $45. Sterling silver Criss-Cross set, left, $50.

Other twin compacts and cigarette cases in jeweler's metal, sterling silver, and solid gold, $10 to $750 the set.

Single compacts and cigarette cases, $5 to $500 each.

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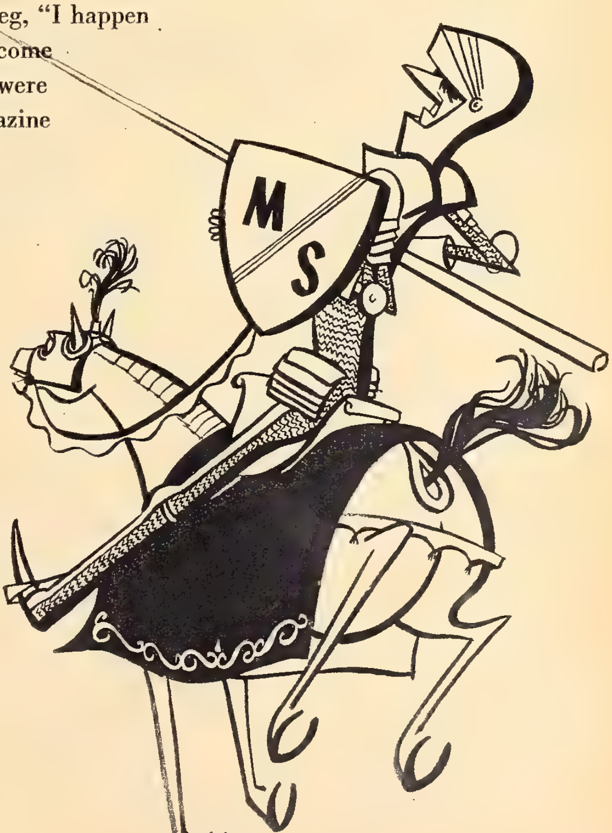
TO OUR READERS . . .

Being editor of MODERN SCREEN has its frightening side. People somehow suspect that I carry a little square of Hollywood's hallowed sod in my pocket. And if it came out that my socks were knitted from Lana's original sweater, no one would bat an eyelash. As for lowdown, I'm sure people think I'm the little man who feeds Louella and Hedda their scoops. Even my own family suspects me of hidden depths. That kind of unquestioning faith makes a man wonder about himself. For instance, thirty years from now, what am I going to tell my poor grandchildren? . . . Come to think of it, here's a charming slice of Hollywood inside they might go for. It concerns a tall actor called Gregory Peck and a photographer called Gus Gale. Peck is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer man. Gale is a MODERN SCREEN man. They're great friends, these two guys. Both pretty much in the same line of work. And people love to talk shop . . . Gus happens to be a Brooklyn boy—and come Dodger season each year, he invariably gets a yen for some of that steaming Brooklyn asphalt. He was swapping yarns with Greg, when a great idea socked the tall fellow right between the eyes: "Gus," said Greg, "I happen to be going your way soon. Flying out to Cape Cod. Why don't you come along as official photographer?" . . . So arrangements were made. Then a hitch developed. According to Metro, *Life* magazine wanted to cover Greg's trip to the Cape. With their terrific circulation, they'd make the Cape famous. Might even make Peck famous! In return, they wanted Peck and the Cape exclusive . . . Peck gave Metro that gorgeous, disarming "Father Chisholm" look. "Sorry," he said. "I appreciate the thought. But I'm booked." And that was that. Metro applied every pressure short of thumb screws. In all sincerity, Greg could have told Gus he had his orders. In fact, he should have. But to Gregory Peck, a promise is a promise . . . And that's the story I think my grandchildren ought to hear. As for you readers, 30 years is a long time to wait. So turn to pages 42-45, and there you'll see Gus's great pictures, complete with everything but the Brooklyn Dodgers!

Al Delacorte



the HEART PLAYS TRICKS...

HE WAS CAPTAIN POWER OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, WITH MOVIES WIPED CLEAN OFF THE SLATE—TYRONE THOUGHT. BUT THE HEART PLAYS TRICKS . . .

By George Benjamin

Whenever Ty Power and wife Annabella visit the photographer, they either leave or pick up some snaps of their house! Tyrone's playing the role of "Larry" in "The Razor's Edge," with Gene Tierney.

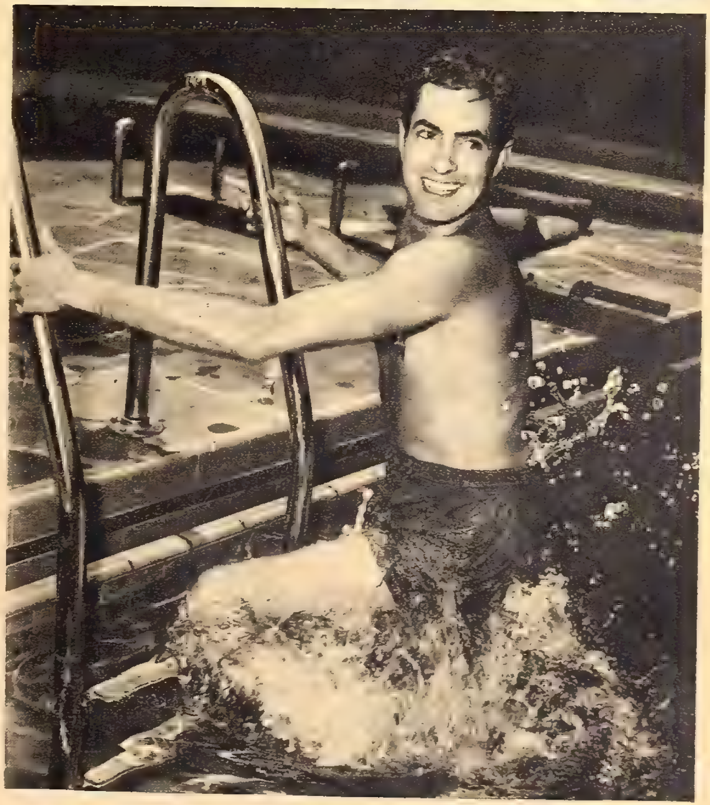
■ One morning Ty Power and his crew had an early take off from Peleliu and sat down at the field in Saipan. They had just a half hour to grab some breakfast while the C-46 was being refueled. Ty was bolting his eggs and coffee in the mess room when another flyer across the table introduced himself.

"I'm Lieutenant Brown," he said, "and I know you from somewhere."

"Lieutenant Power," Ty identified himself. The officer creased his brow.

"Can't place the name," he said, "But did you ever live in Kansas City?" Ty shook his head. "How about Seattle? Ever around there much?" Ty said, "No." "H-m-m-m," mused the baffled flyer. "Could it have been in St. Louis?" The groping search went on all through the meal as the aviator wracked his brain about Ty's familiar but elusive features. All Ty kept saying was, "No, I don't think so. Maybe you've got me mixed with someone else."

Time came for his crew to take off, so they tipped back from the table and hustled out the door, with the puzzled flyer still beating his memory fruitlessly. As they (*Continued on page 32*)



Since his discharge as a Marine captain, Tyrone's been so busy making movies, he's hardly had time to relax in his pool. Always interested in problems of returned vets, Ty's joined the American Veterans Committee.

THE HEART PLAYS TRICKS . . .

Between scenes of Annabella's newest picture, "13 Rue Madeleine," Director Henry Hathaway takes time out to light his star's cigarette and puff his own cigar. It's Annabella's first picture in three years.

Chatting with Richard Conte on set, Annabella told him about the time a trained war dog got into her dressing room on a USO tour, wouldn't let anyone leave or enter!

Lunchtime for the cast and crew of "13" was star-time, with Annabella, Director Hathaway, and Asst. Director Steinberg.

Sunday morning's the same everywhere: At the Powers', Tyrone and Annabella sleep late, have brunch, and then—the funnies!

climbed aboard, Lieutenant Jerry Lenz, Ty's co-pilot, said, "For Pete's sake, Ty, why didn't you let that poor guy off the hook? I was busting to tell him who you were, and where he'd seen you."

Ty grinned good naturedly. "But I *told* him who I was. I'm Lieutenant Power," he retorted. For that's the way Ty chose to regard himself. He had wiped the slate clean!

Not that he ever forgot Hollywood or the people there all the three years he wore a Marine Corps uniform. In fact, I know a story on Ty that even he doesn't know, and that anyway he'd never tell in a million years. I got it from a studio carpenter who used to work at Ty's lot, and then joined the Seabees and ended up on Guam.

This Seabee, naturally enough, was a marked man with his buddies because he'd worked intimately on sets with Hollywood stars. They pumped him for the inside on their favorite heroes and heroines and in the bull sessions—and well—maybe he expanded a bit and painted the lily. Betty Grable? Sure—he knew Betty well; they used to share a hamburger on the set. Alice Faye? Yep, Alice (that's what he always called her) was a regular gal. Never forget the time she tripped on a ladder in a scene and if he hadn't been there *(Continued on page 77)*

During the war, Betty averaged 4,000 letters a week for home and heartsick GIs—mostly proposals—but husband Ted Briskin, flattered, just grinned and winked, "Let 'em dream. I don't care, as long as I got there first!"

Before she was sure about the baby, toy dogs and dolls gave bouncy Betty something to squeal about. The wardrobe head was one of the first to know—none of B.'s clothes fit anymore.

Ted's mechanical minded, helped draw up plans for their lovely home. Tho' a near-millionaire, he's eyeing an acting career (against his parents' wishes)—wants to co-star with Betty (of "Perils of Pauline") in his first movie.

THERE'S A NEW GENTLENESS IN BETTY HUTTON'S WALK NOW AND HER TALK IS SWEET AND MELLOW, 'CAUSE BEING A NEW MOM IS SO SWELL • CYNTHIA MILLER

Unsophisticated Lady

While the Briskins were still on the honeymooning list, friends worried that Betty was ill. But 'tweren't health—Ted had insisted she tone down from being a perpetual "life of the party," and Betty had gone all out *à la* Sphinx!

■ Betty Hutton is not, by temperament, a nervous individual. However, when she awakened on a dim and starless night a few weeks ago and heard an unusual sound, she whispered to her husband, "Pssst! Psst! I think we have a burglar!" Ted Briskin, having a nature almost as sunny as his wife's, mumbled a few meaningless phrases.

"Well, maybe it *isn't* a burglar," said Betty, "but I'm going to find out what it is."

First she turned on all the lights in the bedroom, then she turned on all the lights in the hallway; illumination in the living room and the den followed. By this time there was no doubt at all that Betty had reason to be alarmed. In numbers that sounded like the stampeding of a herd of elephants, people began to cross the Briskin front yard and fall over the fence.

A silence descended; a silence interrupted only by the thunderous pounding of Betty's heart. By this time Ted had donned bathrobe and a belligerent expression and was ready to do battle with the marauders.

"It's all right," soothed Betty, "I frightened them away, dear."

The next morning it was discovered that the thieves had broken into the playroom near the swimming pool and had stripped the maple shelves of a (*Continued on page 83*)

That "man you love to hate," James Mason, loved his Hedda Hopper Gruen Watch Award, beamed, "How terribly nice of you and the American fans."

watch james mason!

Hedda Hopper selects one of England's most distinguished actors as her Star-of-the-Month for his brilliant acting and distinctive theatrical imagination.

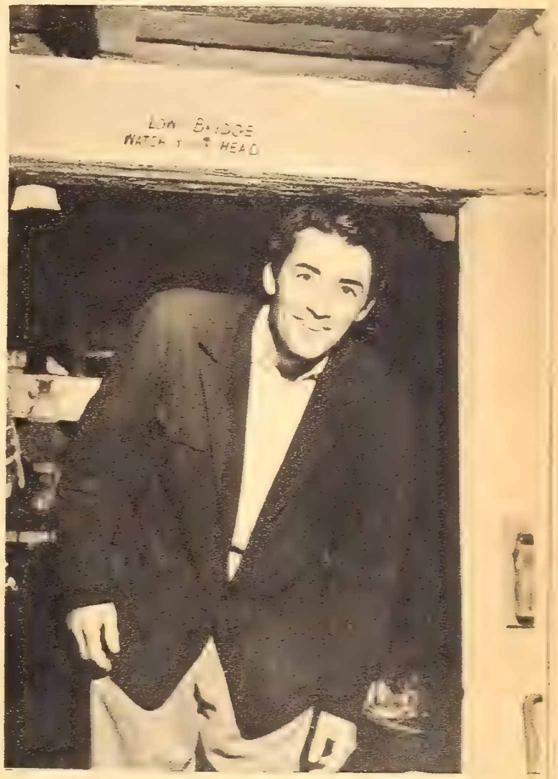
by

hedda hopper

Lady Rothmere (left) was the official donor of "Silver Star" trophies to Margaret Lockwood and James Mason, who, by vote of 500,000 film fans in the Daily Mail newspaper, were chosen top ranking stars in British films between 1939 and 1945.

Pert actress Penny Sack, full of enthusiasm and greasepaint freckles, whooped for joy when Greg agreed to hear her read lines backstage.

The proud pop scoured the Island for a "baby" gift for Greta, finally sent her huge crates of lobsters, hooked rugs and painted sea shells!



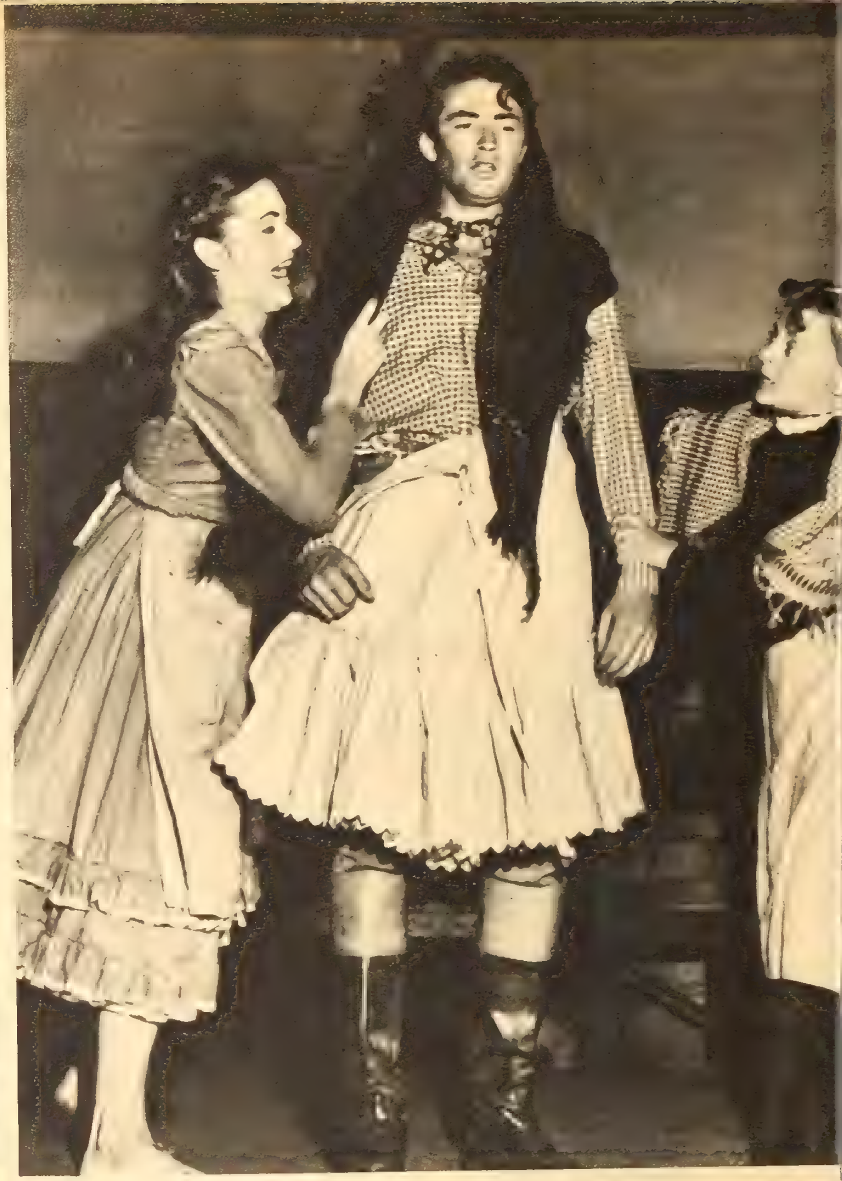
The success of "Playboy" assured, a huge party was held opening night, where eager apprentices mingled with New York critics. Here, Greg with Gladys Cooper, producer Richard Aldrich and wife, Gertie Lawrence.

MORE PICTURES →

Having just completed "The Yearling," "Duel in the Sun" and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Greg was exhausted, but good naturedly grinned through a 6-hour emergency stopover in Kansas City.

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO CAPE COD

The biggest laugh came as Sara (P. Sack) and the Widow Quinn (June Walker) tried to hide Christy (Greg) from lynchers by draping him in gay petticoats.



Greg was fascinated by the sculpturing of bayberry candles, had to be restrained from carting home a $5000 antique spinet his landlady had in her study.

To the sea-bred Cape kids, Greg was no star but a very capable skipper. Only a bobby sockers got out of hand: One cribbed his pic from the Playhouse poster, scrawl "You're so handsome, I just *have* to have this," signed it "Gorgeous," and left 5

Used to the presence of stars, Dennis kids behave well. So when Greg scolded one group for stalking him, they retorted, "But we're not from Dennis—we're Yarmouth children!"

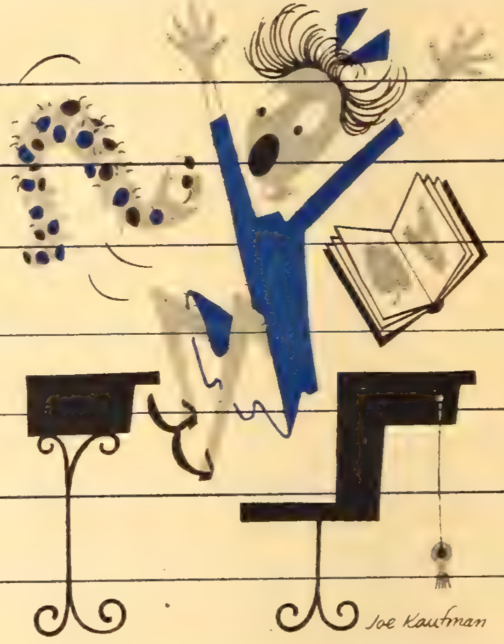
Four years ago, the unknown Greg appeared at the Playhouse under the direction of Arthur Sircom as the crazy ballet teacher in "You Can't Take It With You." This season, he "sold out" the house 3 months ahead.

"But you should've seen the one that got away!" Greg stole time to go fishing, brought his catch to the restaurant where waitresses were so thrilled, they couldn't serve the customers.

Willard Straight, Jr., son of Greg's co-star, Beatrice Straight, adopted Greg as his "summer daddy," cooed with joy at toys Greg bought for both his Jonny and wee Willie, too.

tales out of School

now that briefcase time is here again, let's peek into the stars'

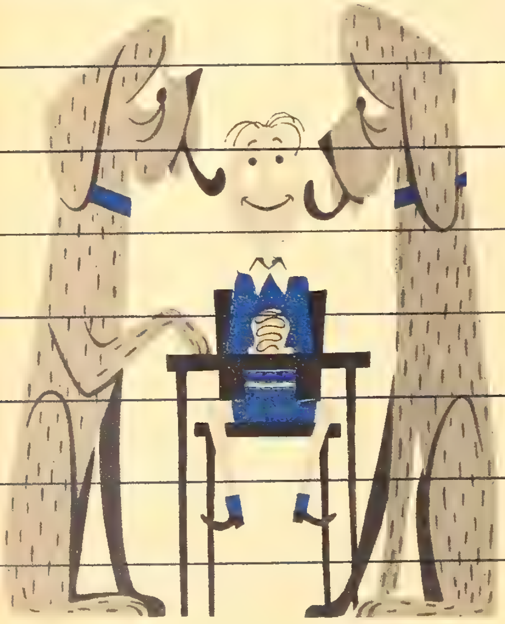


barbara Stanwyck was introduced to school, and love, on the same day. Education didn't get much of a rise out of her, but her first experience with romance scared her half to death. She learned about love from a small boy across the aisle. His name was Gerald, and she'll never forget him. Gerald spent the morning alternating between staring at her and peeping into a small match box which he kept surreptitiously hidden beneath his desk.

At recess, Gerald demonstrated his fondness by tripping her. Back at his desk, he leaned across the aisle and in a stage whisper asked, "Will you be my girl?" Barbara looked straight ahead and ignored both Gerald and her giggling classmates. Then Gerald pulled the age-old trick of masculinity demanding interest.

"Put out your hand," he said. "I want to give you something."

With true feminine instinct, Barbara couldn't resist and held out her hand. In it, Gerald placed his treasure – a large, squirmy, pop-eyed caterpillar.



duke and Prince were two St. Bernard dogs who had been trained since puppyhood to keep track of young Master Tufts. Sonny was constantly disappearing, but his parents had only to say, "Where's Sonny?" and the dogs would go off in a cloud of dust to bring back their charge.

One day when Sonny had started to school, his family harnessed the dogs to a goat cart and sent him on his way. After the boy had disappeared into the schoolhouse, the dogs picked a shady spot under a tree, just beneath the classroom's window, where they waited patiently till recess.

Inside, the teacher was droning off the roll call. Dreaming of better places, Sonny neglected to answer.

"Where is Sonny?" asked the teacher.

Duke and Prince knew nothing of convention. The classroom was thrown into panic when they bounded through the window, dragging the goat cart behind them. Mrs. Tufts had to come to school before the dogs could be persuaded to leave Sonny's side. And Mr. Tufts had to appear before the school board to persuade them not to expel his innocent son.

notebooks—and you'll see that schooldays haven't changed much!

marjorie Reynolds' first grade teacher obviously was not a moviegoer, or she would have recognized her new pupil that first day. Marjorie had been in films since infancy, and true to Hollywood tradition, arrived in class two hours late and slid hastily into her seat.

"Were you ill this morning?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, no, I was detained at a business conference."

"Really?" said the teacher, tongue in cheek. "I hope it proved profitable for you."

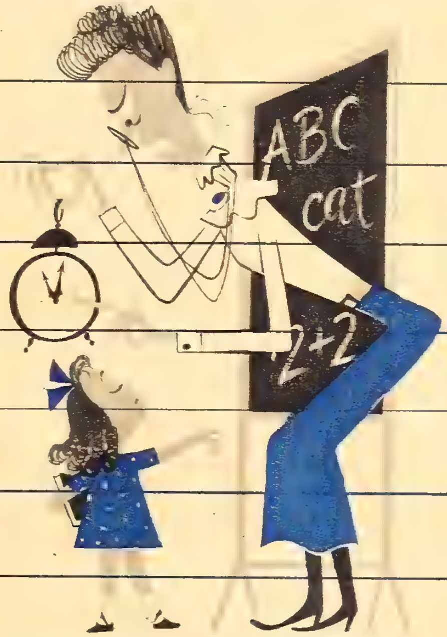
"Yes, it did," said the sprout. "I signed a contract to act with Ramon Navarro in 'Scaramouche.'"

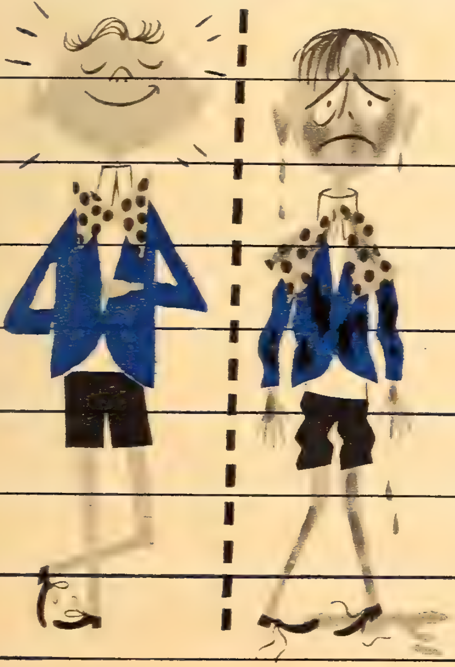
The teacher frowned. "Nice little girls don't tell fibs, Marjorie. Suppose I were to ask you to prove this?"

Marjorie started for the door. When stopped by the teacher, she said she was going after the proof, and that if she ran fast, she might make it.

"What proof can be out in the hall?"

"Mr. Navarro," said Miss Reynolds. "He brought me to school. Would you like to meet him?"





mrs. Mitchum, trusting soul, had determined that her son was to be a shining example of her spotless home when he first put in his appearance at school. She scrubbed him until he reflected light, then dressed him in his new suit bought for the occasion and added white socks and squeaky new shoes. She turned him around and surveyed him and was obviously pleased with the product.

"Now go along and don't be late," she said and pushed him out the door, sighing a little.

Bob had no intention of dawdling until he noticed something shiny in a ditch by the road. It was too much for him. He teetered over the edge, attempting a satisfactory inspection without stepping in the mud. He not only stepped in it but slid to the bottom of the ditch and landed in a sloshing pool of the gooey variety. He came up all mud, chocolate brown from head to toe.

Mrs. Mitchum aged five years the next day when the mailman brought a terse note from the teacher, asking that her boy hereafter be sent to school in a respectful condition!

On the "Sea of Grass" set, Katie Hepburn and S. Tracy take time to chat with Gene Kelly, of "Life's For The Loving."

Gene beamed for hours when he got back to his studio after his Navy hitch. Co-workers gifted him with a good luck wreath, even had his first civilian suit ordered from the wardrobe department.

It was heavenly for Gene to be measured for that not-too-conservative Glen plaid—even though he gained 15 pounds in the Navy! Gene's brother, Fred, is now testing at RKO.

A FAMOUS DANCE DIRECTOR, BOB ALTON, REMEMBERS

GENE KELLY AS THE PITTSBURGH KID, THE HAYFOOT, STRAWFOOT BOY WHO

WOULDN'T DANCE IN A SHOW UNLESS IT *MEANT* SOMETHING TO HIM!

by Howard Sharpe

"I knew him when..."

Betsy Blair, Gene's wife, thinks her husband's taste is fine, but prefers sports clothes herself. Betsy, last seen on Broadway in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People," is seeking a movie contract—but not at Gene's studio!

■ It had been a long rehearsal, and a wearing one, and when it was over Bob Alton, the dance director, stood alone on the echoing stage of the 42nd Street Theater lighting his twentieth cigarette since lunch. He was tired, he had a headache, and he could not decide whether to dine at 21 or go to that new place in the cellar on 47th Street. He was still considering this weighty problem when the stage door attendant walked up to him

"There's a young fellow and his mother outside, says his name's Kelly and you'll remember him. Wants to see you. Okay?"

"Don't know him from Adam," said Mr. Alton wearily, "but let 'em in." While he waited he reflected again on the reason for his headache. In this particular play there was a Russian ambassador who had five daughters, ranging in height from 5'2" to 5'7", in perfect steps like the side of a pyramid. There had to be five young men, dancers, to match them. He had the shortest and the tallest, and the two next to them, but the one in the middle had eluded him for weeks.

Now, as young Kelly and his mother came onto the stage, his eye automatically noted the fellow's height and he felt suddenly excited. It was exactly right. But he *(Continued on page 121)*

THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK

IF SOME SHINY-EYED PAL DIDN'T SPILL THE BEANS, YOU'D NEVER KNOW; THAT FRANKIE GIVES A LITTLE BIT OF HEART TO EVERY GUY HE CALLS A FRIEND.

■ It was 1939, and a couple of songwriters were strolling up Broadway in the warm spring sunshine.

"We've got to go to Jersey tonight, Sammy," the tall one announced.

"Jersey!" The short dark fellow looked at him as if he had said Alaska. "What would we go to Jersey for? You know I get lost anywhere west of Eighth Avenue!"

"Yeah, but I think it's a good idea. There's a skinny little guy singing at a joint called The Rustic Cabin and he's knocking the regulars dead. They love him. I want you to hear him."

Sammy Cohn groaned and looked at his partner, Jules Stein, reproachfully. "What's this character's name?"

"Frank Sinatra."

"Never heard of him."

Sammy wasn't alone in that. The number of people who had never heard of Frank at that point ran well into the millions.

It was quite a drive out to The Rustic Cabin, and when they got there, the place was jammed.

"What's the occasion?" Sammy demanded. "Is there a holiday or something I don't know about?"

"It's always like this when Sinatra's here!" Jules told him. They got a table and a drink. Pretty soon the lights dimmed and a match-thin guy with brown curly hair and *(Continued on page 96)*

Frankie's slated for a remake on an old Al Jolson hit, "The Jazz Singer," is also taking flying lessons, building a hotel—and rapidly losing his hair! (With Nancy S. at the "Green Years" premiere.)

At N. Y.'s Copa, Frankie, rave comedian Peter Lind Hayes and ork leader Desi Arnaz teamed up to chant "Happy Birthday" at Milton Berle. F. had the Copa chorines battling as to which was his protegee.

By **KAAREN PIECK**

East to do "It Happened in Brooklyn" (where he'll imitate J. Durante!) Frank attended the Louis-Conn fight. (Here, with Ben Grauer.)

During intermissions of the Kern Memorial Concert at he H'wood Bowl, Frank and Judy Garland swapped "baby talk," with emphasis on the coming Sinatra heir.

On a p.a. tour, Frank played 7 shows a day at a Chicago theater, where forty cops were needed to andle fans outside. (With P. Lawford at the Waldorf.)

Writer Barney Dean escorted Bing to location for "The Emperor Waltz." There, der Bingle pitched in with KP after meals, organized a cast and crew softball team that beat the town's All-Stars.

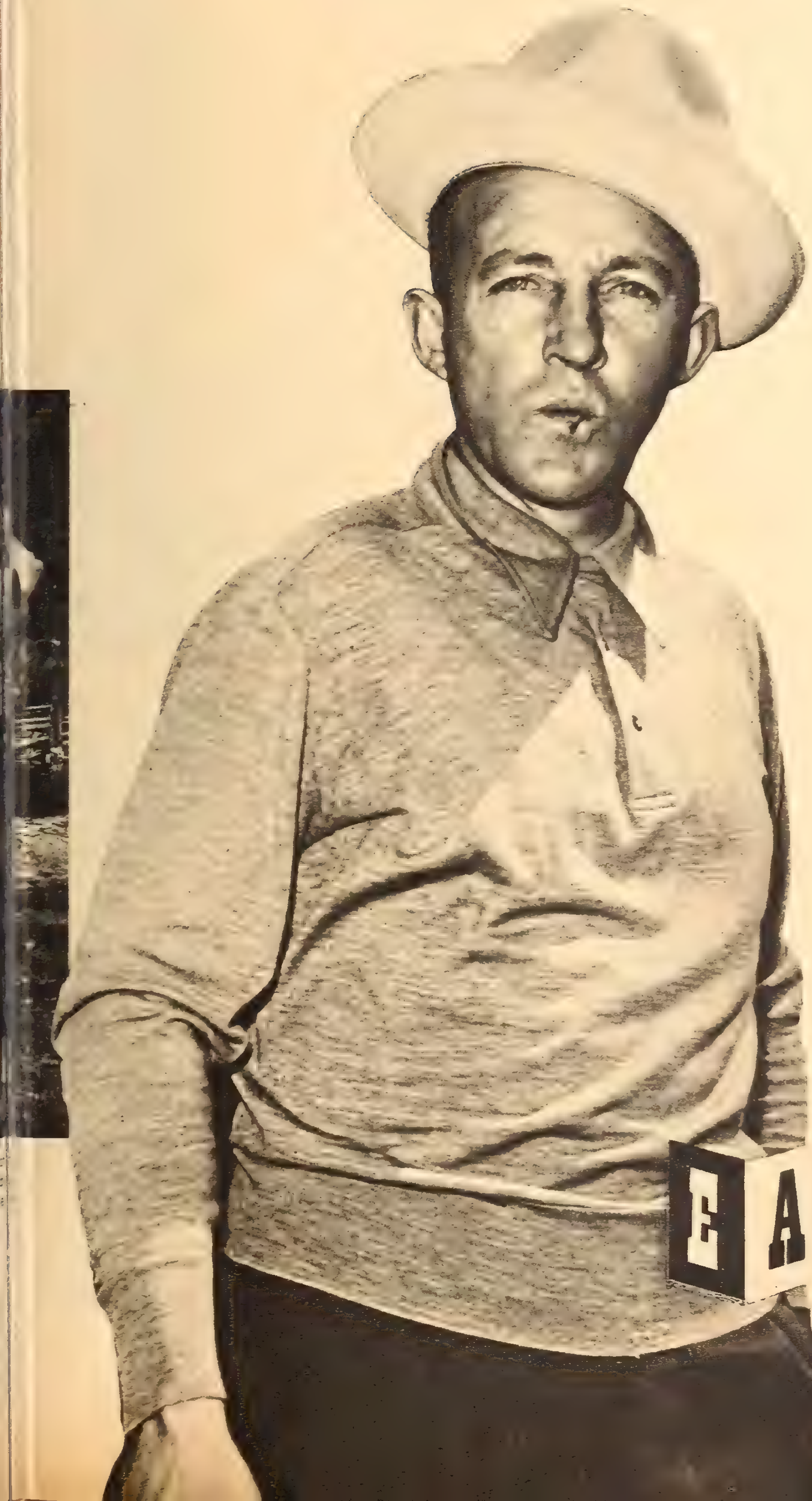
Bing, now in "Blue Skies," often deserted his pals to watch the bears that roamed the forests—but kept a club handy in case the bruins forgot they were supposed to be tame!

Three to make happy. Makeup expert Wally Westmore (left), Major Wood, Supt. of Jasper Park, and Bing, who was made honorary prexy of the Maligne Anglers Club, fishing for trout.

EASY ACE

IT'S LIKE WARM HONEY DRIPPING IN THE SUN, THE EFFORTLESS WAY BING CROSBY MAKES MUSIC—AND MILLIONS OF FRIENDS

By Nancy Winslow Squire



■ It was three o'clock in the morning in the sleepy town of Sand Point, Idaho. Outside a dingy building on the main street hung a round white globe which advertised dimly to the night that here was a hotel. A car stopped before the front door and two men climbed out. The man who had been driving picked up half the luggage and strode briskly into the lobby. The second man looked after him and shook his head.

"Hey, Bing," he said. "Wait for me."

Barney Dean, a Paramount writer, was already beginning to feel signs of exhaustion. He and Bing had left Spokane the preceding day, on their way to location in Canada for "The Emperor Waltz." Barney had been ready for bed at ten that night, like any normal man, but this Crosby, this guy who was reputed to be lazy, was determined to reach Sand Point. The mayor had wired him an invitation to go fishing the next day, and a fishing invitation to Bing is like the law.

Determined to reach bed in as short a time as possible, Barney labored up the steps under his share of luggage. Before he could set it down in the room, Bing was asleep. Barney shrugged and fell into his bed without further ado. At 4:30 a.m. the phone rang. Barney, being like unto a sack of dead mackerel, ignored the disturbance. Bing answered. It was the mayor, a genial soul who had never met Crosby, but a man who loved fishing and who had heard that *(Continued on page 128)*

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND . . . !

■ For days, people had been asking "Aren't you afraid, Lizabeth? Flying off to England all by yourself?" She had been truthful when she laughed and said, "No, of course not. What is there to be afraid of?" She wasn't afraid now, as the plane lifted easily from LaGuardia Field, and headed out over the bay, its powerful motors humming. But she did have a queer, lost little feeling inside, to be going so far from all her friends, to a strange country. She looked thankfully at the script that lay in her lap. She would read it and study it all the way, poring over each scene, dreaming of how she would say the lines. Because this was the script of the new Humphrey Bogart picture, and only yesterday they had told her that she, Lizabeth Scott, was to play the leading role opposite him. Just thinking about it made her breathless with excitement.

She was so lucky! Wasn't it great luck that England had wanted her for this good will tour, and then the premiere of her new picture in London? Wasn't it wonderful that those two influential Englishmen, over on business, had met her in Hollywood last year and liked her? *(Continued on page 112)*

A cocktail party was arranged for Lizabeth Scott when she arrived in England. Among the actors she met were (left to right) Guy Middleton, Michael Wilding, Albert Lieven (artist in "Seventh Veil") and Ian Hunter.

At the party with hostess, Mrs. Lipscomb, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lizabeth met representatives of the English National Press—reporters, to you! —and was very impressed with their politeness and varied local dialects.

◄ Before her television show, Lizabeth toured the grounds of Alexandra Palace. Liz is nicknamed "The Threat," will play opposite Humphrey Bogart; she reminds him of Lauren!

▲ Applying special television makeup, Liz chatted about new pic, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," with Joan Gilbert, editor of a television show. Subject? Acting techniques.

Lizabeth busily signed autographs for the many colonial troops who were in London for the Victory Parade. She had fun distinguishing the Sikh, New Zealand, Australian, Indian and Canadian uniforms, guessed most of them right.

THE PLANE SOARED UP AND LIZABETH SCOTT'S SPIRITS SANK DOWN. ENGLAND! WHY, SHE DIDN'T KNOW A SOUL THERE!

By Virginia Wilson

LUCILLE BALL AND HER FELLA ARE ALL SUGAR 'N SPICE, ALL LOVING HEART AND LATIN FIRE. WHICH, WHEN YOU COME DOWN TO IT, IS WHAT MAKES A MARRIAGE SUCH A HECK OF A LOT OF FUN!

By Jean Kinkead

Honey Ball

■ They were sitting around the big comfortable living room in Lucille Ball's ranch house. Lucille and her mom and her niece, Pamela. Pammy, aged two-and-one-half, was playing the piano. Fortissimo. And singing.

"Real talent there," Mrs. Ball said. "*That's* music."

"It really is," Lucille said seriously, and a minute later she was giggling. "Relatives!" she grinned. "They're wonderful. Imagine anything that small with talent."

Sweet faced Desiree Ball bristled. "You had it at three," she told her severely. Lucille fluffed out her lovely long red hair.

"Me," she said, in her make-believe conceited voice (actually there are few actresses less impressed with themselves), "that's different."

Aged three, so the story goes, Lucille was reciting nursery rhymes with gestures and great aplomb. She never had to be wheedled, and her memory was so prodigious that she could learn one in the wink of an eye and never, never forget it. That was the beginning.

In time there were school plays, and Lucille would be on a million committees. Props, makeup, costumes, scenery. After a while, (*Continued on page 132*)

Harriet, her long time friend and helper, came East with Lucille, brooded because L. wasn't getting enough rest after that nervous collapse in California. Lucy's hair has reached its final color: Dark, dark "pink!"

Desi Arnaz is a bit leery about wifie's plan to buy a helicopter and PT boat, grins he'll lock her up first "for the kid's own good."

She loves Bach; Desi, boogie-woogie, so they compromise on all night rhumba sessions. L. thinks the drunk scene in "Easy to Wed" was her "best ever," was scared censors would cut scene.

Frank S. and Lucille are "silly game" addicts, drove each other nuts while she waited for Desi to finish his ork leading each night at Ciro's. Save for a summer stock appearance, L. hasn't worked for 6 months, she needed "a breather."

They agree on music, but not on breakfasts: Henry was horrified to learn that his bride-to-be eats nothing but bran muffins and cottage cheese in the morning! He calls her Diana or Dolly, and she calls him Henry, though their friends say "Hank."

Henry's practical, Diana's a dreamer. She says, "He's so capable, I just sit back and relax. He can take care of any situation." (Diana's latest pic: "Easy Come, Easy Go.")

SHE THOUGHT SHE'D HAVE FUN DATING THE OTHER GUYS WHILE HENRY WAS AWAY. "BUT WHADDYA KNOW!" MUSED DIANA LYNN, "I MISS THAT MAN!"

by Jane Wilkie

she didn't say no—

Rory Calhoun visited the future Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willson, showed Diana how to fire his prize rifle. Scared to death, Diana finally pulled the trigger, and screamed. A blob of oil had landed in her eye, and for a moment, she'd thought she was shot!

■ Mrs. Louis Loehr, otherwise known as Diana Lynn's mother, reached for the clock on her bedside table. It was two a.m. and Diana wasn't home yet. This disregard of the established curfew was unusual. Diana had always observed the time limit set by her parents, even though she had managed to get it moved up from one to one-thirty, then finally to two. As Diana had explained, the Loehr home is a half hour's drive from the neighborhoods where Hollywood hums at night, and an actress in the business just can't leave in the middle of important functions. Besides, most things in Hollywood start about ten o'clock. Mrs. Loehr thought with a sigh of the days when she was a girl, when a young man called for a girl at six in the evening and brought her home by eleven.

The front door slammed and light footsteps ran up the stairs. Diana poked her head into the bedroom. She looked slightly hysterical. Mrs. Loehr pointed to the clock.

"Well?" she said.

"Oh, mother!" Diana flopped on the bed. "I'm sorry, but tonight was different! Henry proposed to me!"

"I assume you've had other proposals. What makes this one such an event?"

"But mother — Henry Willson! He's brilliant and successful and capable— (*Continued on page 80*)

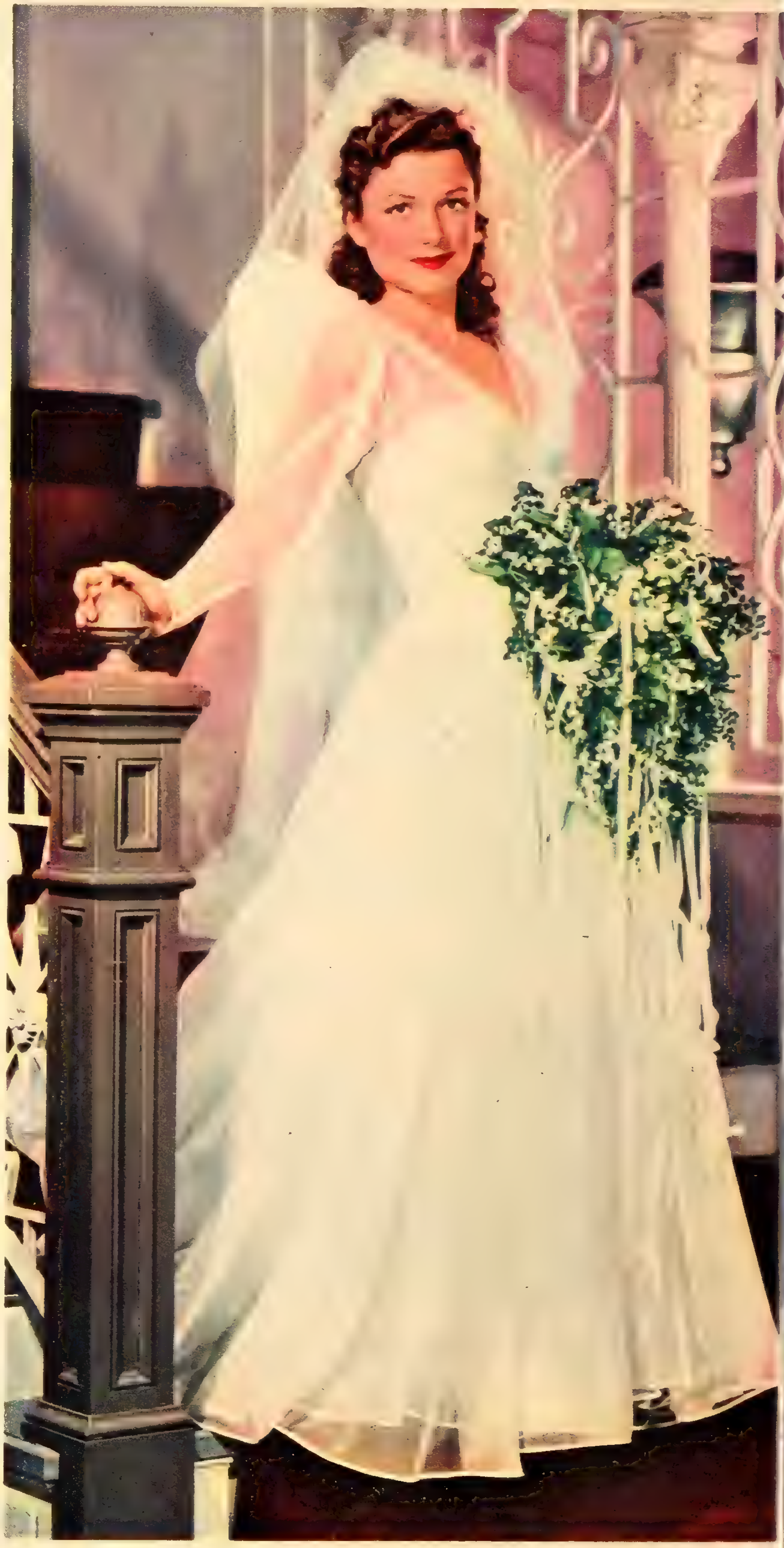
■ And so, in a garden in Burlingame, California, beneath the sunshine of a flower scented July afternoon, Anne Baxter became the wife of John Hodiak. Because she was superstitious about a groom seeing his bride before the ceremony, Anne hadn't seen John all day (for the first time in months) when she started down the garland-marked aisle of grass and caught sight of John standing before a flower banked altar.

Not until John turned to face his bride had he known what sort of dress Anne was going to wear. She had kept it a precious secret, tantalizing him with a suggestion that he wouldn't even recognize her! The skirt, yards and yards and yards of it, was of nylon net, gathered at the back to form a semi-bustle. The bodice was form fitting, and distinguished by the most beautiful neckline ever to be worn by a bride: Wide on the shoulders, and curving into a deep point at the apex of which Anne wore an antique hand painted brooch that had belonged to her great-great grandmother. That was her "something old," and her gown was "something new." "Something borrowed and something blue" was the pair of blue satin garters Anne had borrowed from one of her best friends.

In her white satin slipper was a dime for luck, given to Anne by her father just before they went into the garden.

And, unaccountably, she remembered the day she and John had applied for their marriage license in Santa Monica. When Anne gets nervous she is slapdash, gay and veddy, veddy glib. She marched up to the license clerk's desk, and—after John had mumbled his mission (which came as practically no surprise at all to the clerk)—started to fill in the form. Her pen flew. She ran over lines and under lines. In the space for "State in which born" she started to write "Michigan."

Wide-eyed, she gazed at John and blurted, (*Continued on page 125*)



Anne Baxter Hodiak's gown, ultra modern in fabric (made of nylon), was Victorian in design, with its basque waist, heartshaped neckline, leg o' mutton sleeves, and full, bustled skirt. Her veil was white tulle, her bouquet of bouvardia and white begonias.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MARRIAGES SO OBVIOUSLY MADE IN HEAVEN THAT NO ONE COULD GET DOWN TO EARTH— LEAST OF ALL JOHN HODIAK AND HIS BRIDE, ANNE BAXTER • BY FREDDA DUDLEY

the bride wore white

After the cake cutting and reception, Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak went to Colorado Springs for a honeymoon, lived in a trailer because there weren't any hotels! John's starring in "Two Smart People," and Anne's doing "Angel On My Shoulder."

e ties that bind were pronounced by Rev. Herbert Smith, ard by Anne's parents (left), best man Dick Steenberg, the ide and groom, and matron of honor Mrs. Charles Wendling.

CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL

Chatterbox, ray of sunshine and fickle as a feather, that's Junie Haver, who's bubbly as champagne and twice as intoxicating

By IDA ZEITLIN

Junie's a jr. Hopper when it comes to hats, goes spreeing for lids that "have to be pretty even before you put them on." She's strictly a white-for-formal, blue-for-daytime gal, just finished "3 Little Girls in Blue." That's Bob Stack doing the daisy snatching.

■ June was 20 on June 10th. Her mother gave her the most exquisite compact, with a little dancer at the bottom and a little Oscar at the top—"Otherwise known as Wishful Thinking," she explains. Up one side climbs the names of her pictures so far, and her initials are picked out in tiny diamonds from a ring that once belonged to her grandmother. They're off center, leaving room for a third initial.

What the third initial will be, June has no idea. Right now she's going with Bob Stack, which doesn't mean a thing except that right now she's going with Bob Stack. Before that she went with Bob Hutton and Dave Rose and John Duzik, her dentist. By the time this is printed, she may be going with somebody else. Years ago, her sister Evvie prophesied: "You're the one that dates a lot, but it'll be many a long day before you marry—"

That's because June used to be fickle. All three Haver girls started having beaux pretty young, 13 or so—for swimming and dancing parties, for being walked home from football and basketball games. June was so fickle, she'd take her sisters' boy friends away. Not that they wouldn't get 'em right back again, with maybe a couple of June's thrown in, just to even things up. There was nothing personal about it, it was merely a diversion . . .

But as she grew older—say 16 or 17—she decided it was time to stop being fickle and start being deep. So instead of making with the glamor department all the time, she'd toss off a light remark now and then about cooking, to show she was a home girl. This seemed to go down pretty well with her beau of the moment, a tall, handsome fellow, and June was spurred on. She'd make him a sweater. A black sweater. White fingers looked nice against inky black. And any gal knew it never hurt to be glamorous and deep at the same time.

CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL

Croquet is one of the few sports she goes in for; actually, all spare time goes into piano thumping. Just mention your favorite tune to her and Junie's quick at the ivories, teaching you a simplified version of it.

When she'd finished about a foot-and-a-half—he had an awfully long back—they came to the parting of the ways.

"Mother, what'll I do with this sweater?"

"Leave it for the next boy who comes along."

"Isn't that kind of mercenary?"

"Practical, I'd call it. No sense in wasting all that pretty wool."

So one evening June came tripping coyly down to where the next boy waited. Surprise, surprise. "Look what I've been making for you, turn around and let's see if it fits." The effect was sensational, and the boy lasted till she went away on location.

Eventually the knitting dropped out of sight. "Whatever happened to that sweater?" sister Dorothy asked one day.

"Oh, I use it for a memory book—take it out rainy evenings, and brood over which person I was going with at different inches."

Brood is *not* the word for Haver. She'd have turned a pair of warm and winning blue eyes on Heathcliffe himself, and had him lapping out of her hand. Two principles seem to rule her nature. She brims with good will toward man, and with zest for life. Everything's an adventure. At Twentieth Century-Fox they even *call* her Columbus, since she discovered Gene Nelson. The way she (*Continued on page 68*)

Her friends fume because nothing ever makes her gain weight. June always totes safety pins because a lady once lent her one in an emergency, so now J's ever-anticipating a pal's distress!

MISS MARGARET COLEMAN—She has luscious honey-gold blondeness, a bewitching soft-smooth complexion. Another charming Pond's bride-to-be. Miss Coleman is the daughter of the well-known Dr. and Mrs. George A. Coleman, of Philadelphia's fashionable "main-line" suburb Wynnewood, and is to be married to H. Stephen Casey, Jr., of nearby Wayne, Pennsylvania.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

The New "Blush-Cleansing" Peggy Coleman uses for her complexion will give your skin, too,

——*an instant fresh-bright look*
——*an instant soft-as-rain feel*
——*and bring up a sweet blush of color*

HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face as Peggy does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face and throat.

You *"cream-cleanse"* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings all over your face. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You *"cream-rinse"* with a *second* thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "My face feels beautifully soft," Peggy says. *Every night*—give your face the complete. Pond's "Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing," a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off, then a cold splash.

Night and morning—*every day*—dip your fingers deep into a *big* jar of Pond's. A 6 ounce jar is perfect to use.

MARGARET COLEMAN says: "I've been using the new Pond's Blush Cleansing and *love* it." Her exquisite skin has a snow-maiden quality.

HER RING—
a limpid, shining diamond, richly held in a gold setting.

Among the Beautiful Women of Society Who Use Pond's

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.
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MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL III
LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH
THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR.
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
MRS. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS BIDDLE
THE PRINCESS GUY DE POLIGNAC
MISS CAMILLA MORGAN

POND'S
COLD CREAM
Cleansing

Engagement diamonds for some of America's loveliest girls!

HIRSCHFELD

radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ The clipper plane, having winged across the turbulent Atlantic Ocean, dipped its port wing and started the long circling dive toward Lisbon, hot and bright in the sunshine. "May I change seats with you, Jane?" asked Tamara, and Jane Froman smilingly swapped seats. Thirty seconds later, the clipper ripped into the Tagus River. Tamara died and Jane Froman, in Tamara's seat, lived. Of such inconsequential threads does fate weave its patterns.

Perhaps many times since then, as she was wheeled to seventeen different operating rooms, Jane Froman asked herself if it wouldn't have been cleaner and quicker if she hadn't exchanged seats with Tamara. Each of the seventeen operations was a new experience in agony, followed by frustration; frustration in the sense that the operation never accomplished its purpose. Some infection from the dirty Tagus River defied the greatest medical and surgical skill. The infection would attack the healing bone of the shattered leg, and within a matter of months, Jane Froman would be wheeled into another operating room, to try it again. At one time, she weighed a little over 90 pounds, not a great deal more than the cumbersome metal braces which encased her right leg.

Perhaps there have been worthier recipients of the Modern Screen—Ed Sullivan Award than Jane Froman, of Missouri. But you can doubt it. Both as a performer and outstanding American girl, she warrants any award that could be hammered out by goldsmiths.

Not long ago, the doctors gave her the great news. The infection had been halted. The necessity for amputation no longer existed. For the first time in years, the shadows had lifted from Jane Froman, and the operation she had steeled herself against would not happen. She told me about it over the phone, her voice bubbling with excitement: "It's wonderful, Ed," she lyricized. "Mother and I are living here at the beach. I'm all tanned. Yesterday they let me drive a car for the first time. It's wonderful, wonderful."

However, it was during the years in which she sang in the shadows, that the courage of Jane Froman bewildered the people of show business. Suffering reacts in many ways on people. In the case of Jane Froman, suffering imparted a quality that was difficult to define. It added greater depth to her violet-blue eyes, it seemed to give an added defiant tilt to her chin. It removed all traces of petty irritation in emergencies that developed on night club floors. Her voice acquired an added timbre, greater tone.

Last winter, I saw a great deal of her. She was working in Miami, at Lou Wertheimer's Colonial Inn. *(Continued on page 95)*

and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS

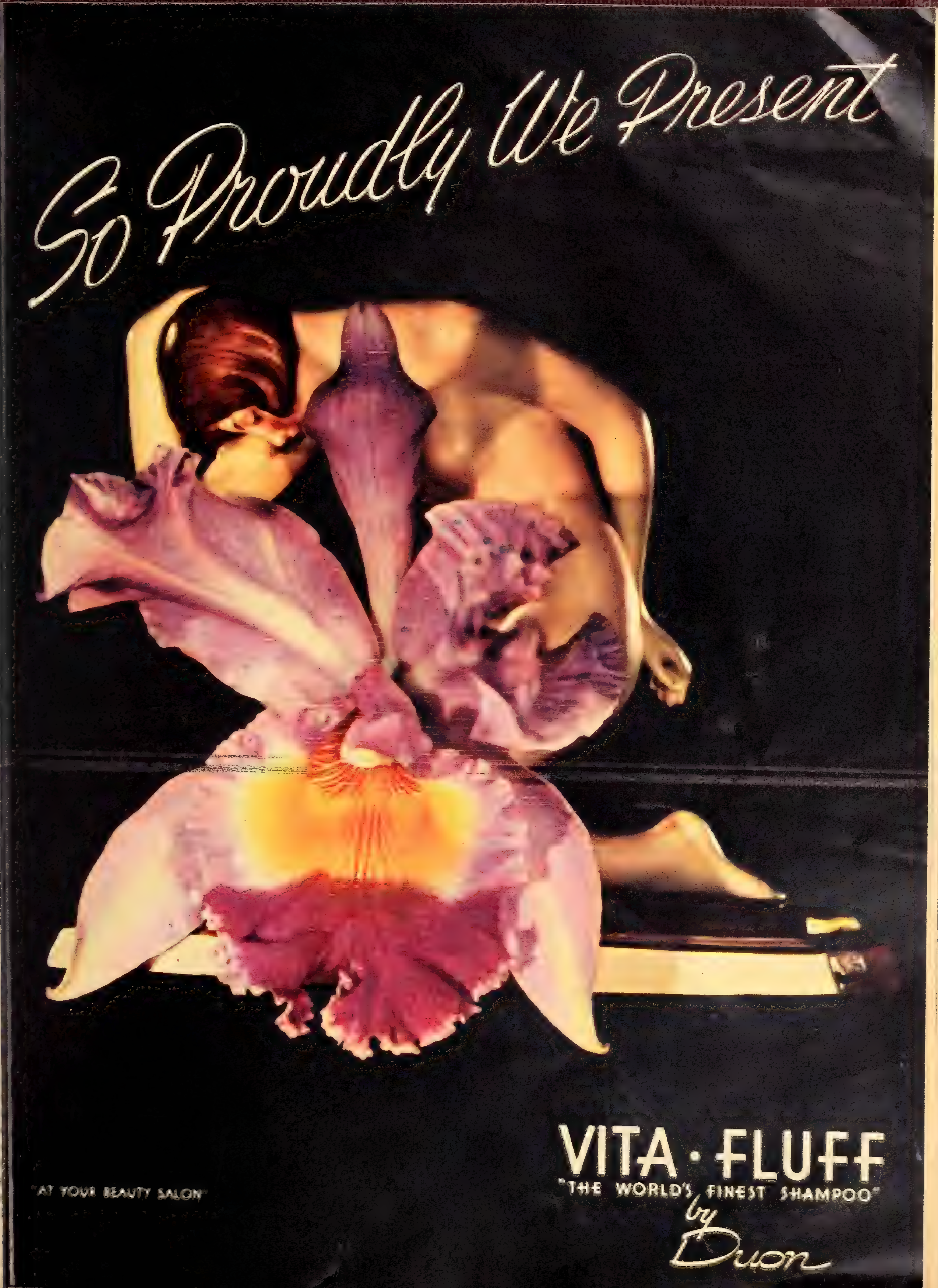
■ **Movies Were Radio . . .** Yes, that's right. Just 38 years ago, that is what motion pictures were called. This surprising information is revealed by Jack Snow, an NBC employee, who has been delving into the history of broadcasting in connection with the 20th anniversary of the network's first airing, which occurred on November 15, 1926. And the man responsible for having given this name to the films was L. Frank Baum, author of the famous "Wizard of Oz" stories.

On the night of October 1, 1908, at Orchestra Hall, in Chicago, Baum staged what was described as a "radio play." This consisted of a motion picture depicting the adventures of the "Oz" characters. While the film was being shown, Baum stood beside the screen, commenting on the action.

Prior to the showing, the author had combed his dictionary for an appropriate title for what the newspapers described as a "most novel form of entertainment." Therein, he found this definition: "RADIO—Emanating on a beam, or ray, of light." This, you will admit, was a perfect description. Eventually, it might have gained as great a popular acceptance as "cinema," "cinematograph" or "kinetoscope," which were in vogue at that time.

But a few years later, in 1912, the United States Navy came to the rescue. It ordered the services to supplant the term "wireless" with "radio-telegraphy." This killed Baum's word coinage and opened the way for "movies." . . . And that, boys and gals, is how radio saved its name, and why today Van Johnson and Linda Darnell are picture instead of "radio" stars!

Names Make Radio . . . Did you know that Connee Boswell, the singer, is also a self-taught portrait painter? Many a broadcasting star has bought one of her pictures. . . . A helpful gent in Philadelphia recently wrote to opera-air star James Melton, offering (for a consideration, of course) to relieve Jimmy of the task of signing his name to fan pictures. He guaranteed a faithful reproduction of the Melton autograph and cited as proof of his competence that he had just served two terms for forgery! . . . Margaret Whiting is not only an ace singer, but knows how to make her dollars grow. A few years ago, she bought a California ranch for $60,000. She has just been offered $125,000 for it. . . . Jeanne Cagney, the great Jimmy's sister, who has become a fixture on radio, is that rare combina- *(Continued on page 99)*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"AT YOUR BEAUTY SALON"
VITA · FLUFF
"THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAMPOO"
by Duon

CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL

(*Continued from page 64*)

discovered him is typical. So is her joyous enthusiasm over his talents. "He'll be the Gene Kelly of the Twentieth lot, you watch—"

She first saw him three months ago when they both entertained for the Studio Club's annual party at the Cocoanut Grove. That's the club everyone on the lot belongs to—prop men and grips and people you get to know well because you go on location with them.

talented talent scout . . .

After doing her own turn, June sat down to watch the rest of the show from a ringside table. You couldn't help noticing this boy the minute he came out—blonde, with dark skin and blue eyes and white teeth. And what a dancer! It made you tingle. In her delight, June beamed straight up at him.

Later he came over and thanked her in a shy, sincere way. Seems he'd been worried about the floor, which was slippery. "But when you gave me that smile, I forgot all about it and just danced—"

Soon after that she was rehearsing a dance number with Mark Stevens for "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," and Mark was having a little trouble with this one step. "If I could only get the feeling," he said. Well, there's always a bunch of kids watching the rehearsals and at this point one of them stepped up, kind of eager and bashful— "Could I show you? It's like this."

"Why, you're the boy at the party!" cried June.

Anyway, while he was showing Mark, she got into conversation with a girl who seemed to know everything about him—his name was Gene Nelson, he was under stock contract, he wanted to act as well as dance, and he also had a cute singing voice. The girl got all in a glow talking about him, as well she might, for she turned out to be his wife.

"I think you're married to a very talented guy," said June.

And the girl said, "I wish you could see his test, then you'd really think so."

Well, why not? Her mother had just turned agent, which may have put June in the mood. Without telling the Nelsons—not to disappoint them, in case nothing happened—she had the test run for herself, then phoned producer Jessel. "George, can you come right over? There's something here you should see."

The upshot was that George felt the same way she did.

"Then couldn't you write something into this picture for him?"

"Well, there's a spot toward the end."

"At the end it's over too soon, if you know what I mean. Couldn't you put him in the middle with some lines?"

Jessel eyed her with interest. "You're sure there's no ulterior motive here?"

June thought that was very funny. "He's married," she giggled, "and I know his wife."

Nelson got the news through Ev Eager, June's dancing stand-in. "You tell him," June said.

"Why don't you tell him yourself?"

"He might be embarrassed."

"You're dopey," said Ev, "but nice," and went in search of Gene, whom she found in the commissary. "You've got the part."

"What part?"

"It was written in for you." She told him about June and Jessel. First he sat in a daze then started going round in circles—phoned his wife, came back, couldn't eat any lunch, phoned his wife again, phoned a florist to send orchids to Ev and red roses to June, phoned his wife a third time, finally tracked June down and tried to stammer his thanks.

She was pleased as a child over his happiness, but wouldn't let him be too grateful. "Don't think it's all hearts and flowers, it's business, too. Because I get a darn good dancing partner out of it."

Needless to say, she's crazy about her career, but it's not the whole of life. She's always been interested in lots of things and always expects to be. She'd hate being the kind of person who couldn't talk about anything but whether the arc light's in the right place. She wouldn't feel well rounded. . .

Someone spotted a copy of Newsweek on her dressing table. "Who's reading this?"

"Me. For my debating club. We get together once a week at each other's houses."

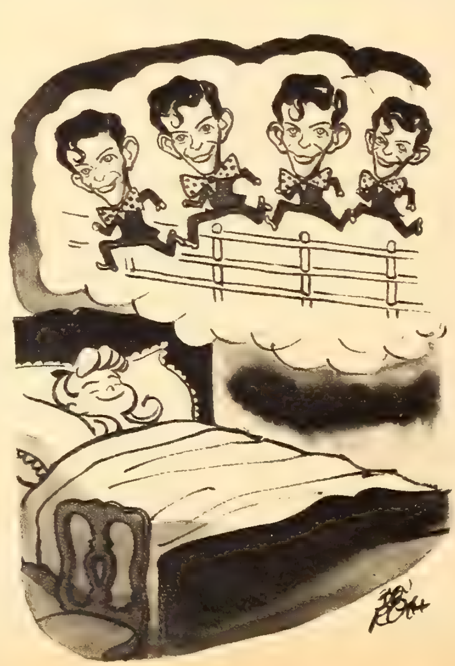
"*Who* gets together?"

"Some of the kids I knew at high school. Some of the boys just getting out of the service. We read Newsweek and Time and PM, and choose up sides to debate—say—control of the atom bomb—"

"And then what?"

"That's all. Maybe we get one of our old teachers to act as judge. It keeps us up on what's happening in the world—" She caught sight of her friend's face in the mirror, and laughed. "They passed a law last week, honey. It says blondes don't have to be dumb any more."

For June, the law was passed twenty years ago. She was born with an inquiring spirit. At 13 she was writing and singing in her own radio show for two bucks a week and all the ice cream she could put away, her sponsor being the Old Mill Ice Cream Company, of Rock Island, Illinois. At the same time she was trying to decide if she'd rather be a doctor, composer or fashion designer, a writer, interior decorator, a nun or a nurse. In their own way, they all looked inviting. Though she finally picked show business, that didn't prevent her from winning a prize for a dramatic oration called "Don't Weep, America." And there's a concerto she's been writing for years, and hasn't finished yet, but she played it for Dave Rose and he paid her the most wonderful compliment. "Now I can talk to you differently," he said.



Another thing she'd always meant to get around to was cooking. Not that she was one of those totally helpless babes who couldn't boil an egg. Breakfasts, in fact, were her specialty, and she didn't mean just squeezing orange juice and pouring cornflakes. Name any breakfast you liked, and she'd rustle it up, including eggs Benedict. But that's as far as it went.

Till one day she had dinner with a couple of newlywed friends. They were so cute together and he was so proud of everything she'd cooked, and when she finally brought in this cake for dessert, his buttons popped. "Look what my wife made."

That settled it. All the way home she scolded herself. Would *her* husband ever look at her that way? Could *she* bake a cake? No, all she could do was give him three breakfasts a day, and he'd probably heave something at her and go back to his mother. June went out, bought half a dozen cookbooks and taught herself.

Her latest hobby is hat making. That came out of modeling for a hat show, and falling madly in love with a certain beflowered toast colored straw. As a rule, June doesn't overpay for her clothes. Mostly because her business manager won't let her. But every once in a while she gets reckless.

"I've *got* to have that hat, I don't care what it costs, Mother, but I've simply *got* to," she wailed.

It cost $45.00, and Mother was kind of dry about it. "At that price, it ought to give you an awful lot of wear."

But they bought it and the bill went in to the manager. "One burnt toast straw. $45.00." He paid the bill and sent back a little note. "What, no cinnamon or marmalade? For plain burnt toast, it's pretty high. Keep it down, Junie."

budgets go to her head . . .

That night she took out the hat and studied it. Without question, an adorable lid, but what made it cost forty-five bucks? Not the straw, not the flowers, just the way it was put together. "Bet I could put one together myself," mused June.

Well, the first thing you'd need would be frames. June went to the man whose hats she'd modeled. "I wonder if you could sell me some frames."

"That depends. Are you going into the millinery business?"

"Oh, not wholesale. Just for me and my sisters."

"In that case, I'll *give* you some."

"Oh no, I'll be *glad* to pay."

She would have been too, but he was nice enough to insist, and how long can you argue? Anyway, the possibilities have begun to materialize. June's just finished a snazzy little number for sister Evvie.

Her biggest hobby is people. Look at it one way, and every person's a story. Getting to know them is like opening a new book. Of course, lots of times you never get past the first stage, but that's better than a blank. One evening, for instance, June got to the Somerset House ahead of her date, and the bread boy came by with some wonderful hot biscuits. Next time he passed, June said: "These are really delicious."

"I'm glad you like them, Miss Haver," the boy beamed.

Key to Romance

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Shimmering, lustrous hair, whether dark or fair, always strikes a responsive masculine chord. And to be sure that *your* hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. "Hair that is satin-smooth and alive with all its natural lustre is one beauty asset I'll treasure for keeps," says lovely Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jean Lord. "Here are my favorite hair styles. Try them at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate one after your next Drene Shampoo." No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE RIGHT NUMBER is Jean's day-time "do"... her bright Drene-lovely hair arranged in this simple center-part with shining-smooth turned up roll. "Never let dandruff spoil the sleek beauty of your hair," warns Jean. See how Drene removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.

JUST THE RIGHT NOTE to draw admiring glances... charming Jean Lord's Drene-lovely hair gleams in upswept flattery. Because Drene is not a soap shampoo, t never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals up to 3 percent more lustre! "And," says Jean, "It's easy to keep shining curls and rolls n place when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action."

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Replacement or Refund of Money
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She's still naive about being recognized. "Do I know you from somewhere?" she asked him.

"No, we've never met but I know you from pictures." It turned out he also knew some of her high school pals. One thing led to another and pretty soon he was telling her about a festival at his own school next week, which gave birth to an idea. "Golly, Miss Haver, would you—you wouldn't—give the trophy away for us, would you?"

June said she'd love to. He said gee, that was great, and they'd sure appreciate it, and the committee'd get in touch with her, and he wasn't imposing a drudge on her, was he?—and she reassured him, and in the midst of all this, along comes the head waiter and mutters something about bothering the guests, and the boy dissolves. . .

"I'm afraid *I* was bothering *him*," June apologized meekly. "He's a friend of mine." Then she turned a brilliant smile on her friend's boss. "He was telling me how swell it is to work here."

Yes, she made the festival and while it was going on, all of a sudden this deep voice behind her said, "Have a hot roll—" and there was her bread boy.

MODERN SCREEN

"It's solved all our butter and cream problems but she is an awful bother."

There's the Russian violinist, too. June likes to eat at little places where they have good food and don't take your picture. The Charochka is one such place, a romantic little Russian spot on the Strip. She and her current boy friend were dining there, when the violinist walked over to their table and started playing "Fascination." It's a tune she adores and he played it like a dream. When he'd finished, she said softly: "Spassiba bolshoi." It means "Thank you very much" and she'd learned it from Gregory Ratoff.

Naturally the Russian was enchanted. What else did she know? June obliged with "Kak pazhevavetye" ("Hiya!") and he rejoined with "Ochen chorosho" ("Swell")—

"Next time you come," he said, "we will talk only Russian."

Her temper's Irish, quick to flare, quick to die. What gets her maddest are people who talk behind your back. She's also irritated by people who keep you waiting—thinks it's rude to be late. At home she gets furious when she can't find things. Being revoltingly tidy, her idea of torment is a place where all doors are left open and all drawers hanging out. Dot and Evvie can borrow anything she owns without asking, just so long as they put it back.

She can take it as well as dish it out. Poring over a fan magazine the other day—(she dotes on fan mags, loves to see what her friends are doing)—she came across a picture of herself with two other girls. Now, in simple justice, she wouldn't call herself vain. She may be wrong—no one has the giftie to see themselves as others see them, and every girl on the screen has to think of her appearance.

But somehow this picture hit her, and never thinking twice, she yelled: "Hey, this is pretty terrific. I look pretty good."

Next minute there stood Evvie with the awful-est look on her face, and proceeded to tell sister Junie off. Not loud, but good. How she'd always been scared that the movies might go to June's head, and been proud when they hadn't, and where did she come off handing herself bouquets, and those other two girls looked pretty stunning to Evvie, but they seemed to be so much empty air to June, and—well, more of the same. She wound up with a flourish—"I'm your sister, I know you, I can make allowances, but how would it sound to a perfect stranger?"

In a family like hers, you can't get away with a thing. Let's say they're all going to the movies, and Evvie or Dot keeps the rest of them waiting. They just yell for her to hurry. If it's June, they all put their heads together—including the girls' dates—and send up a clamor. "Where do you think you're going, to a preem?" One night she did go to a preem with Farley Granger. Resplendent in an ermine cape she'd borrowed from someone, she went ankling down the aisle behind an usherette who happened to be none other than her kid sister.

Every day in every way she blesses her lucky stars she was born a Haver. Not that her family's any more special than the next one, except to her. She feels more at home with them. Even outsiders feel at home with them. No one ever says, "My, your mother's a nice lady." They say, "Gee, she's a swell gal," and send her flowers on Mother's Day.

They live in Cheviot Hills. And that reminds her of a letter she got not long ago from Ray Miller, who used to sit next to her in study hall. There was one stage where she spent all her spare time drawing plans for a dream home, with a circular hall and stately stairways and stables and a putting green and a pool. Ray didn't seem to mind the rest of it, but for some reason he couldn't accept the pool.

"What's the idea?" he'd whisper. "In this climate you couldn't use it more'n two months."

"Maybe I won't have it in this climate. Maybe I'll have it in Florida or California."

He'd snort, though silently, because it was study hall. But when he got back from overseas, he wrote her, "The laugh's on me, and I hope you're enjoying the pool."

Well, there isn't any pool or stables or putting green or even a circular hall, but it's a lovely home nevertheless. June considers it her mother's home really, and they all live with her. An evening in their living room is like "You Can't Take It With You." Evvie and some pals are playing records and singing at the top of their lungs, June's practising ballet, Mother's interviewing a client, Dorothy's painting, and if Bill were home, he'd doubtless be playing bass. Bill and Dot were married just before he went overseas, and June was the Cupid. Bill's brother played the drums in a band she was singing with, and when she complimented him, he said: "Wait till you see my brother, he plays bass—" So when Dot saw the brother, she married him. Now Bill's studying to be a CPA in the daytime, but still plays with a band at night. . .

Even when she's not working, June likes to save Ciro's or Mocambo for Saturday night. The first time Bob Stack asked for a date, he suggested dancing. "What else do you like to do?" she asked. He said, "Shoot." So she climbed into slacks and they drove down to the beach, where they guzzled hamburgers and he taught her how to handle a gun.

one alone . . .

June thinks the boys here are no different from those back home, as she still calls Rock Island. They may have more money and people may turn to stare if they're in the movies, but most of them are just as unaffected and just as unwolfish. Therefore it's hard to understand why so many marriages break up. Of course, people never talk about the deliriously happy ones like Alice Faye's and Betty Grable's. June hopes it's a kind of tradition that blondes under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox always marry happily.

The reason she doesn't date with a lot of boys at once is, it gets her mixed up. She'd rather concentrate on one at a time and really get to know him—meet his family if they're here, have him meet hers—ask him on the set—if he's an actor, watch him work (not if he's a dentist)—see him in all moods; when he's mad, when he's tired, when he's cross, when he's happy. Then if your Mother says, "It's Soandso on the phone," and you still get a thrill, you know he's the one.

Ask her if she's had that thrill, and she'll say she's been too busy to find out.

But she does have a dream man. He's an earthy kind of guy, plus humor, minus affectations. If he's an actor, he'll have lots of other interests, too. And whatever else he is, he's *got* to know music like Dave Rose. Not just the great dead ones like Gershwin and Beethoven, but people like Sibelius and Stravinsky and Copland. June doesn't say they're easy, but they're terribly exciting. When she's heard them six or seven times, she can go along—even with some of Shostakovitch. If The Man knows more about music than she does, so much the better.

His looks can be moderate, just so his disposition's nice without being pushovery. If he can't pin her ears back when she needs it, he's not her dish. She'd rather have the kind, not who brings you bracelets, but a pillow for your head when you're tired. And when you come home with you makeup caked, he loves you still.

Anything else? June gives her sudden chuckle. "It'll help," she says, "if th gentleman prefers blondes—"

HOOT MA'AM —

Here are bonny ways to be thrifty with bread!

Don't waste a single slice! These recipes prove that bread-saving dishes can be delicious. Look at French Toast, all tricked up on the waffle iron. Look at Bread Pudding streamlined into a custardy concoction and topped with Chocolate Sauce that's an old smoothie.

Behind it all is Karo Syrup*. Sweetening . . . blending . . . making textures satiny. A wonderful thing to have around, when you're cooking!

the KARO KID

Waffled French Toast with Buttered Karo Syrup

Custardy Bread Pudding with Karo Chocolate Sauce

WAFFLED FRENCH TOAST

- 1 egg
- ½ cup milk
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon melted shortening
- 5 slices leftover bread

Beat egg slightly. Add milk, salt, shortening. Pour into shallow dish. Dip bread into mixture, coating well on both sides. Bake in preheated waffle iron according to manufacturer's directions, or until steam no longer appears and bread is golden brown. Serve with this Buttered Karo Syrup:—

BUTTERED KARO SYRUP

- 1 cup Karo Syrup, Blue Label
- ¼ cup butter or margarine

Bring the Karo Syrup and butter to a boil, stirring till well blended. Serve hot over French Toast. Makes about 1¼ cups. (Marvelous, too, for pancakes, waffles or fritters.)

KARO BREAD PUDDING

- 1 cup bread cubes, day old bread
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup Karo Syrup, Red or Blue Label
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ cup raisins
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg

Place bread cubes in quart baking dish. Combine eggs, salt, Karo Syrup and butter. Stir in milk and raisins. Pour over bread. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Set dish in pan of warm water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour. Makes 6 servings. Serve with this Chocolate Sauce:—

KARO CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- ¼ cup water
- 1 cup Karo Syrup, Red or Blue Label
- ⅔ cup cocoa
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine water, Karo Syrup, cocoa and salt in small saucepan. Mix well. Bring to a boil over low heat, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla. Cool. Makes about 1½ cups.

---

* Karo is a trade-mark of the Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y., registered in the U. S. Pat. Off. © C. P. R. Co.

Sonja Henie (with Stewart Barthelmess), just gifted publicist Lil Jenkins with a solid gold bracelet.

E. Bracken (with Mrs. B. at H'wood's Greek Theater) will get highest price ever on his band leading jaunt.

Edith Clemens, prexy of Joan Crawford's fan club, received a "best club" trophy from the MSFCA—matching Joan's Oscar.

Herbert Marshall stagged it to the "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time" opening, though friends insist the Marshalls are planning an early reconciliation.

New mom Deanna Durbin Jackson is such comic strip fan, she's decorated the walls Jessica Louise's nursery with cartoon characters

louella parsons' good news

CRAWFORD'S GOT GABLE! IT'S LINDA "AMBER" DARNELL; WAS LANA NEARLY MRS. H. HUGHES . . . ?

■ Hello, hello, HELLO!

I feel like shouting that greeting to you all from my red housetop—that's how glad I am to be back on the job again after three long months of illness.

Now it's all over and I'm myself again, feeling wonderful and raring to go—I can say that there were dark moments, days and weeks, when I doubted if I would pull through. But during all those dark days there wasn't a minute when I wasn't cheered by the wonderful letters you wrote me and "Thank you" is a thin little phrase compared to the real surge of feeling in my heart.

I found, during my illness, that we are not strangers, 'though we have never met. Perhaps, behind that busy front we all put on going about our daily business, none of us are strangers. But you have to be away from the grind awhile—and be alone—to realize that.

It wasn't all depression and unhappiness for me during my two months in the Good Samaritan Hospital. I took an awful lot of good natured ribbing because I entered the hospital the same day Van Johnson did. But I think my assistant, Dorothy Manners, told you about the crazy notes we exchanged and the visits Van paid me in his fancy pajamas.

I want to say one thing about this boy. He is sincerely sweet, kind and considerate. He never has—and I know he never will—"go Hollywood."

As sick as I was, I just couldn't help being the "reporter" and I was constantly calling my office with bedside "flashes" reporting that John Payne was in for a minor operation and Boris Karloff for a very serious one.

The Kay Kyser-Georgia Carroll baby was born during my sojourn and I got a first hand report on how Kay had played the doctor a hand of gin rummy for the bill!

But that's all over now and while I'm not exactly a-stay-

Ex-lieut. Wayne Morris, with 7 downed planes to his credit, has a fabulous new WB contract. (With M. Chapman at Calif. Country Club.)

Genial Sid Grauman cinched the raves Irene Dunne and British Rex Harrison received for "Anna and the King of Siam" by inviting them to inscribe their hand prints and signatures in the famous name-crammed forecourt of his Chinese Theater.

FRANCES GIFFORD, STARRING IN M·G·M'S "LITTLE MR. JIM"

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FRANCES GIFFORD... A cream 'n' honey complexion makes—a honey of a gal! Give *your* skin this tempting sweet tone . . . with Woodbury RACHEL Powder. Exciting and *color-full* . . . for it's Film-Finish blended, exclusive with Woodbury! As perfect on your skin as in the box. More bewitching than the powder you're wearing—just compare! Woodbury's velvet veil clings *color-fresh* . . . covers tiny flaws. Eight Star shades.

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NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..........................STATE.............

up-late-gal, covering all the big-time parties, even now—let's see what's been going on in movietown:

* * *

"There's no one really close to him in the whole wide world—please let me see him," the blonde girl whispered.

The nurse in the floor-office of the hospita shook her head at the girl in the hurriedly donned sports coat.

"Miss Turner—Mr. Hughes can see no one Those are Dr. Verne Mason's orders."

"Then," said Lana, "please tell Howard was here and stayed until dawn. I would lik him to know that."

And, as the first ray of daylight broke o the day following Howard Hughes' almos fatal airplane crash, Lana slipped out to he car and drove away—alone.

There's a story packed with drama behin this visit of Lana's to the hospital—a vis she had hoped very much to keep secret.

If the millionaire plane manufacturer an movie producer and M-G-M's blonde quee were not engaged at the time they both r turned to Hollywood from New York, a mon previous—they were very close to it.

Rumor has it that Lana's wedding gow was already made, Mrs. Keenan Wynn ha been asked to be matron of honor and Carme California, was selected as the place for th wedding—when something happened.

About a week before Howard made th near-fatal test of his new plane and crashe they called everything off. No one knows wh—except Lana and Hughes.

She was seen at night spots (again) wi her former beau, Robert Hutton, and Hugh was always with his right-hand man, John Meyers.

But the minute Lana heard of the terrib accident late Sunday afternoon, she we immediately to the hospital where the sce described above took place.

That's all anyone knows—perhaps that all we need to know.

* * *

When Joan Crawford entered the premi of the swank California Cabana Club (swank it costs $875 to join!) on the arm Clark Gable, it may have lifted some e brows in surprise, kiddies—but not mine.

This romance has been an on-and-off ag for many years. It first started soon a Clark and Ria Gable were separated and tween Joan's marriages to Doug Fairbanks, and Franchot Tone.

But, even though both were free, th never appeared in public together.

What does it mean now? Maybe the lighting of a flame that never died. O may be just a nostalgic glow under an friendship. We'll wait and see. Anyway thought Joan looked extra-special happy— so did Clark.

* * *

I wouldn't be telling this story except it makes me like little Bonita Granville e more than ever. I'm sure we always thin movie actresses as having their beaux their feet and being pretty queenly in romance department.

But not long ago, in a public spot, Boni looking so very lovely and happy—was dining with the man of her heart, rich young Texan, Jack Wrather.

For some reason they quarreled and instead of sweeping out in a royal temper, or pretending to onlookers that she was completely indifferent, Bonita did the most natural thing in the world and burst into tears!

She ran out of the place, into the ladies' powder room, and sat down and had a good cry, oblivious to the femmes who could hardly hide their surprise over finding a movie player behaving very much like—a young girl who had quarreled with her beau.

* * *

THOUGHTS IN PASSING

Leave it to Hollywood to gag even a dignified picture like "Henry V." It's now called "Hank Sank." ("Cinq"—"Five" in French.)

* * *

Greer Garson hasn't recovered from that near-drowning at Monterey on location for "Sacred and Profane" yet. She's still having trouble with her spine, which may be twisted.

* * *

What's the matter with some of our movie girls that they aren't watching their weight more closely?

Lana Turner has put on 15 pounds that should have never adorned her chassis.

Paulette Goddard is seven pounds up.

* * *

Why don't you drop me a few lines about how YOU feel about the style trend toward longer skirts? The studio stylists want to know. Personally, I like a skirt moderately short for day wear or else formally long.

* * *

Glitter and glamor is definitely returning to Hollywood public functions—and I'm glad. The "Anna and the King of Siam" premiere at Grauman's Chinese was a dazzler.

Shirley Temple, in a gold dress with her golden hair, looked like a lovely yellow butterfly, and as Mrs. John Agar, Shirley is beginning to wear some really lovely jewelry.

Irene Dunne was exquisite in an off-the-shoulder gown with her hair piled high.

Bob Hope got the biggest hand from the 5,000 fans seated in the grandstand.

Paulette Goddard could have been mistaken for one of the King of Siam's wives in a draped pink dress with a flowing head covering. But the crowd got a big boot out of it.

* * *

It took 20th-Fox a long time, but they've finally discovered that luscious Linda Darnell is a big sex appeal bet, too valuable to be "wasted" on those goody-good ingenue roles she's been specializing in. Which accounts for that plum the studio handed her, the much publicized role of "Amber." Poor Linda, however, is having some of the joy knocked out of her by the knowledge that she's got to shed those sixteen recently acquired pounds—but quick. As of this writing, it hasn't been decided as to whether she'll play the part in a blonde wig or her natural black tresses, but all Hollywood is strong behind the gal, wishing her good luck—and good dieting!

* * *

This letter from "R.D.," who is frankly a bobby soxer, has a lot to it and I sort of

ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR BETTER.

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star of "Rosemary" and "Joyce Jordan, M.D." styles her nails to maintain a vibrant radio mood. To be a *"vibrant" you:* cover your nails completely with a rich, glowing shade such as Dura-Gloss BLACKBERRY! Accent your colorful costume!

Advertising Illustrator
APRIL ZIPES
styles her nails artistically for a sophisticated mood. To be a *"sophisticated" you:* apply a subtle, subdued shade such as Dura-Gloss PINK LADY; expose moons, cover tips, for an artistic effect!

Corporation Lawyer
MARY E. BRIER
accents an appropriately business-like effect with a tailored nail style. To be a *"tailored" you:* use a crisp, vivid red, such as Dura-Gloss FLARE RED, exposing both moons and tips! Dress your fingertips for the occasion!

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Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique—Cut polish changing time in half. Simply whisk off the old polish, using Dura-Gloss Polish Remover, and over one coat of Dura-Coat, apply *one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer. If you have a few extra moments, apply a second coat of polish before applying Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

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hope Frankie Sinatra reads it:

"I guess I'm just a bobby soxer, but I have a sort of problem. My girl friend and I save our lunch money and whenever we hear one of our special favorite stars is in New York, we do everything we can to see him or her—shooting the lunch funds for the train ride from Morristown, New Jersey.

"Not long ago, we had been standing around all day waiting to see a certain actress, when we heard that Frank Sinatra was in town—at the Waldorf—just a few blocks away. We're both crazy about him—so we ran, didn't walk, to the hotel.

"I've always wanted to see him so much that we walked 18 flights up the service stairs to find out he was on the seventh floor! We walked down to the seventh—and as we stood in the hall, the elevator stopped, the door opened and out *he* came!!

"Honestly, I think I was never so happy. He was walking very casually along with his manager—until he saw us. Then he walked faster. As he passed, I asked him for his autograph. He just frowned and said, 'You kids shouldn't be up here. You look like nice girls, too.'

"I *knew* I shouldn't be there. I felt guilty and darn scared and, gee, how my sides ached from climbing the stairs. But couldn't Frankie see that we just liked him and wanted to see him and get his autograph and that we not only looked like nice girls, but we ARE nice girls. When you admire and respect someone as much as we do Frankie, it sure hurts your feelings to be misunderstood."

I'm sure it was all a misunderstanding, R.D.—and, after reading this, if Frankie would like to send along that autograph he neglected to give you—I've kept your address.

* * *

Lady interviewers are becoming a bit distressed because Cornel Wilde talks about nothing except his beautiful blonde wife, Patricia Knight, during interviews. So what? I think it's grand.

Fact is, Cornel not only talks about Mrs. W., he insists on showing the test she made for 20th Century-Fox and calling attention to her acting talent as well as her beauty. When a husband feels that way about his wife, you can bank on it that it's one marriage that will not go on the rocks.

* * *

As I said earlier in this column, I haven't been strong enough to get around to all the events going on since I left the hospital.

But when I returned from a short rest at San Simeon, the beautiful California estate of William Randolph Hearst, I found so many interesting invitations on my desk pad, that I'm going to try my best to cover them for you next month. In fact, in addition to this department of gossip and news, I plan to add a special section almost completely devoted to Hollywood parties and social events.

So next month please plan on joining me at Sonja Henie's party, the birthday celebration of the Ronald Colman heiress, and the soiree Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini are hosting for Oleg's brother, who writes the "Cholly Knickerbocker" social column in New York.

THE HEART PLAYS TRICKS . . .

(Continued from page 30)

to catch her she might have busted her neck—and so on. Ty Power's name came up sooner or later and it was, "Do I know Ty Power? I'll say! Him and me used to sneak off between scenes and shoot a round of golf together. Yeah, he's pretty fair on his drives, but I nicked him for ten bucks once at a dollar a hole . . ." and so forth. This Seabee was doing all right basking in star glory until one day he got some shocking news.

"Say, Fred," a grease monkey informed him. "Guess who's coming in on the next flight—your old buddy from Hollywood!"

"Who's that?" gasped the gabby guy.

"Lieutenant Tyrone Power. That's him sitting down now."

There was no escape for the imaginative Seabee. The cargo plane was already taxiing up to a stop and the hatch opening. His pals surrounded him. He just stood there and watched the pilot drop out and walk over. It was Ty Power, all right. But the panic that gripped this guy was—will he remember me?

So the relief was terrific when Lieutenant Power caught his eye, grinned and yelled, "Hi, there Fred—how's your golf?"

So it wasn't a case of Ty's forgetting Hollywood or ducking it, exactly, while he did his bit in the war. He just lived in another world, that's all. His crew buddies—Lieutenant Lenz, "Chub" Church, Gene Millette, and Jud Webb—were guys who might have thought a dramatic role was some new kind of coffee cake and a baby spot was—well—practically anything you might suspect. They all lived together and flew together and griped together and stood duty together, and it was a very different world.

all up in the air . . .

You'll see the leatherneck traces in the tighter set of Ty's jaw and the character lines at his mouth and eyes. But he's home again, and on the "clean slate" he kept all spit and polished in the Marines, the deep traces of his life before are beginning to show again.

And Ty is pleased, because he knows now that whether you're in the movies or in the marines, it's *people* who count—and you don't have to fly to Kwajalein to find them.

Thinking back, it was Henry King, the director, who started Ty off in the air. Once, a long time ago, he came up to Henry, his director, with a timid question.

"I understand the studio doesn't like actors to fly. But I want to fly a plane and I know *you* fly. What do you think about it? Will I get in dutch if I start taking lessons?"

Henry had practically embraced him. "You want to fly? Then you go ahead and fly, and nuts to what the studio thinks! Next to making pictures, flying's the greatest thing in the world, Ty. Just be sure and watch out for one thing," he added. "Be very careful driving back and forth from the airfield. You might have an accident!"

There are lots of people like that in Tyrone Power's memory account book. People he'll never forget because they didn't forget him. Maybe the time Ty was most mixed up in his young life was right after his famous father, Tyrone Power, Senior, died. He'd left his mother's home in Cincinnati after high school to travel with his father and learn to act. He was in Hollywood sticking around while his dad played a part in "The Miracle Man," keeping his young eyes open for the

"Soft as a star-sung serenade, her White Hands weave the melody"

Wring a mop and still have white hands? Yes, it's possible!

Of course, housework is hard on your hands . . . but that's no reason for having unattractive red hands! Try Pacquins . . . this fluffy-light fragrant cream brings a look of fresh beauty to rough hands. They'll seem whiter, softer, smoother . . . Mm-mm—so sweet to hold!

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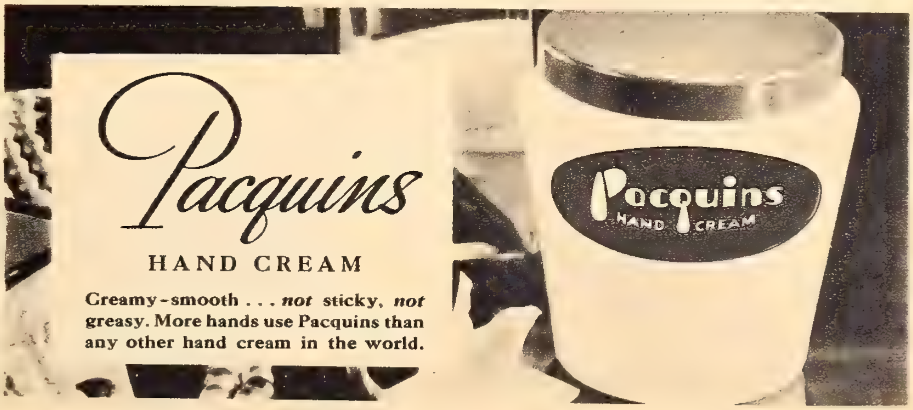

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NEU
SHERRY
Helen Neushaefer

Finger Tips
by Helen Neushaefer

Your hands reveal your age. Keep yours young longer. Shake the hands vigorously from a relaxed wrist; trill the fingers up and down as on an imaginary piano.

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Company, Inc., Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11, N. Y.

idea that was already buzzing around in his head—to make movies himself. Then, one night, at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where they stayed, Tyrone Power Sr. gasped and died of heart failure in his 18-year-old son's arms. Desolate, grief-stricken and lonely, Ty needed older help and advice as he batted around the studios trying to stick his feet in the stubborn studio gates. He had no home, no family near, and barely any money. And the many friends his father had introduced him to were long on sympathy, but short on help. That's why Ty will never forget Arthur Caesar.

Caesar was at the busy peak of his screen and play writing career then, but he found time to take the heartbroken Ty under his wing, give him a home, meals whenever he needed them, and plenty of seasoned advice, as well as a job chauffeuring him around the studios, to protect the fierce independence he knew Ty held dear.

Then there was Michael Strange, Diana Barrymore's mother. Ty Power will never forget what a lift it was for her to invite him to make himself at home in her big New York apartment rent free, after he'd busted into that town from his small time Chicago radio jobs, determined to crash Broadway or bust. He was busted, all right, in the pocketbook, and the quick generosity of John Barrymore's ex-wife is a bright spot in those dreary days, as was Ty's experience with Stanley Ghilkey, Katharine Cornell's business manager, the first of that species Ty met who didn't use a cake of ice for a heart.

a friend in need . . .

He'd been exposed to those deep freeze characters, it seemed, from the minute he started the old Broadway beginner routine, knocking on show manager's office doors and collecting scowls and growls and snippy taunts from sassy secretaries. So when he dropped in on Stan Ghilkey and was treated for the first time with kindness and consideration, even given a pair of center aisle tickets for Katharine Cornell's play, "Flowers of the Forest," Ty responded with such grateful eagerness that he got the job of Burgess Meredith's understudy in the play. Of course, that led to "Romeo and Juliet" and "St. Joan" with Cornell herself, and her help and advice, along with that of Guthrie McClintic, her husband, made them loom large in Tyrone Power's album of very special people. It was Cornell who advised Ty to take the screen test that finally brought him to Hollywood.

That brought our chat around to Ty Power's first flounderings in the town and at the same studio that was to eventually make him famous.

Alice Faye was queen of the Twentieth-Fox lot about the time Ty was trying to make his tryout option contract stick. He hadn't had much luck.

Naturally, at that point, Tyrone felt as low as a snake in a swamp. He didn't even know Alice Faye then, but bad news travels fast around a studio lot. He heard a soft rap on his dressing room door. "I'm Alice Faye," smiled the taffy-haired girl at the door. "I heard about it and I think it's a shame. But don't worry a minute and don't let it get you down. Those things just happen out here. I know. They've happened to me. But if you'll just stick and rise above it, they'll find the right spot for you in a few days and then try and stop you!"

Of course Alice Faye was dead right; in a few days there was a movie part for Ty Power right after that—the chance that rolled him right on the track to the stars, "Lloyd's of London." And it was a double thrill for young Ty Power to walk on the test stage for his "Lloyd's" part, expecting to struggle through a camera tryout with just any stock actress around the lot—only to find the biggest star there waiting to read the all-important lines with him, Alice Faye. It was her idea, her gesture of friendship. It paid off. And it landed forever in the gratitude corner of Ty Power's heart.

Alice has plenty of company there, because, stirring up his memory, Ty Power found plenty of Hollywood people who'd leveled the bumps in his path when Ty wasn't too sure footed. That's been a long time ago, but Ty hadn't forgotten boosters like Barbara McLean, ace woman cutter at Fox. She went out of her way to drill him in the mechanics of movie making from his first picture on. And Artie Miller, the cameraman who's filmed six of Ty Power's biggest pictures, who took him aside right at the start and cured Ty for keeps of the stage hangovers he was bringing to the screen—the exaggerated facial gestures that are swell from the footlights but louse up a lens. "Look, Ty," Artie told him bluntly, "just remember you're under a microscope now. So stop blinking your eyes every time you open your mouth!" Maybe the tips were brutally frank, but Ty knew they were honest and he was grateful—as he's been to a double dozen people who, in their way, have tacked inches to his screen stature.

When Ty finally came back from the war, the phone at their Brentwood house rang like a five-alarm fire. The Bill Goetzes, Oleg Cassini and Gene Tierney, the Charles Boyers, the Walter Langs, Dick Whorf, Gary and Rocky Cooper—all of them with the same idea: How about letting us toss your welcome home party?

old acquaintance . . .

Ty was touched each time and it was tough for him to beg, "No, please—thanks so much—but not yet awhile." He wanted time to catch up first and get acquainted all over again with the most important person in the world to Tyrone Power—his wife, Annabella. He was starting a new chapter in his life and before he did anything, Ty wanted that second honeymoon he'd planned ever since he knew he was on his way back home.

So it wasn't until after the Tyrone Powers had toured Canada and spent a month alone together that Ty had his welcome home parties and turned his thoughts intently to what he knew was now necessary for the second chapter of his acting life. And he had pretty definite ideas about that. That's why, when Darryl Zanuck offered him the swashbuckling part in "Captain From Castile," Ty asked to be excused—he'd had enough swashbuckling in real life of late. . . . He read "The Razor's Edge" and he had it.

There's a really remarkable stack-up between Ty himself and the character he's bringing to life in his comeback picture. Somerset Maugham's Larry Darrew was a flyer in the First World War. Ty was a flyer in the Second. He's the same age as Ty is, and the physical description from the book is a dead ringer word-portrait of the postwar Power himself. And I'm venturing to add that's so in another department than mere looks.

Because the driving force of Larry—as Ty realized the minute he cracked "The Razor's Edge"—is a quest for the real, fundamental meaning of life. Ty Power's job is to dramatize that, but he'd be the last person in the world to admit that in real life he's more or less on the same quest himself these days—like a million or more fellows you know who fought for America and had time in between to think.

But then, maybe so would they.

EVELYN KEYES AND LARRY PARKS, FEATURED IN "THE JOLSON STORY", A NEW COLUMBIA PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR

Evelyn Keyes...

"the sweetest soft Hands"

IRRESISTIBLY FEMININE! Your hands easily may be, too, with Evelyn Keyes' simple hand care—Jergens Lotion.

Hand Care of the Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

PERFECTED STILL FURTHER, NOW. Jergens Lotion is even finer, now, due to wartime research. Women are delighted.

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For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

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The Andrew Jergens Company, 484, Alfred Street, Cincinnati 22, Ohio
Please send *free sample* of finer-than-ever Jergens Lotion.

*Name*__________ *Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

SHE DIDN'T SAY NO

(*Continued from page 58*)

and he proposed to *me!*"

"Well, and what did you tell him?"

"No. At least—well, I told him I'd think it over."

Mrs. Loehr smiled. "You go right ahead and think it over, but do it in your own bed. You can't stay up all night. Not in my room, anyway."

fatal question . . .

In her own room, Diana remembered every detail. They had gone to the memorable MODERN SCREEN party at Louella Parsons, then left to end up the evening with the gang at a friend's beach house. She and Henry had walked out on the beach.

"Wonderful moon, isn't it?" Henry said. Diana nodded. Woman's intuition told her to keep silent.

"Uh—the water looks nice, too." Diana nodded.

Then he got to the point. "Diana—will you marry me?"

Henry Willson knows what he wants. Back in Connecticut in Wesleyan College, he ignored the majority of his subjects and spent many classroom hours with a copy of Variety beneath his desk. The show business bug had bitten him as early as the age of eight, when he produced a puppet show for the entertainment of the neighbors. When the college handed him a questionnaire which asked what he wanted to become, Henry wrote, "a motion picture executive." Considering the fact that Henry was brought up in Forest Hills, New York, and had never been inside a motion picture studio, the school staff was highly amused. But they didn't know Henry. At thirty-one, he is assistant to the president of David Selznick Enterprises, and one of Hollywood's youngest executives.

Two years ago, in this capacity, he viewed a showing of "And the Angels Sing." Across the screen floated Diana Lynn. "Ah," said Henry, and proceeded to ignore everyone else in the film except Miss Lynn. He liked Diana right away. She looked intelligent, she was attractive, obviously well-bred, and furthermore, gave the impression of a great sense of humor. He set up machinations to meet Diana.

He talked with people at his studio, but couldn't find anyone who knew her. On occasions when he was squiring other girls, he couldn't help talking about Diana. "I'll have to meet that girl," he told them. He finally contacted Jim Brown, who worked with Diana in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up." Henry arranged a cocktail party and asked Jim to bring both his wife, Verna, and Diana. Diana wasn't able to attend, so Henry breathed deeply and decided to double his efforts. Then MODERN SCREEN phoned him about taking pictures of Guy Madison, who comes under Henry's helm at the studio. The magazine wanted some girls in the pictures.

"Why," said Henry, trying to sound casual, "don't you ask that Lynn girl?"

But again Diana couldn't make it. She was living the life of eighteen, working hard and dating often. In the meantime, at least one night a week, she noticed a pair of brown eyes following her around the dance floors at the local clubs. Then Jim Brown called her again.

"Diana," he said, "Henry Willson is having a small dinner party at his home on Saturday night and would like Verna and me to bring you along."

"Henry Willson, Henry Willson," said Diana. "Who is this character?"

She decided to accept the invitation, if only to satisfy her curiosity. On Friday night, she was having dinner with Pat Nerney (who became engaged to Mona Freeman the following day), when Henry approached their table.

"I am Henry Willson," he announced. "Jim will pick you up at seven tomorrow evening." He felt very brave, perhaps because Diana had smiled at him.

The next night they had a wonderful time, even though the dinner was upset slightly by the fact that Henry had to attend a wedding reception and took Diana along with him. She learned from the start that life with Henry would always be slightly wild. He seldom plans on one date that another doesn't interrupt it.

two of a kind . . .

After that, dates with Henry happened in profusion, although interwoven with five or six other men. With Henry, she often tried to be sensible and go to a movie, but somehow they always ended up dancing somewhere. There were double dates with Guy and Gail Russell, Jim and Verna Brown, with Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, with Don and Phyllis Taylor.

They found their common tastes in the same books, the same people, and in

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music, although their tastes differ in the latter. With her background of piano study, Diana naturally leans toward the long-hair department. Henry, whose father was once president of Columbia Recording Corporation, also grew up in the company of good music, but finds himself more interested in the musical comedy variety. The only time he ever planted himself in front of a piano, in Diana's presence anyway, was to play a searing rendition of "I Want to be Happy," an occasion which left Diana frozen in her seat. With feminine persuasion, she has lured him to several ballets, which Henry sat through, very quietly, and took her dancing afterward.

In January, Henry went to New York on business. While he was there, Diana flew into town. That first night, Henry corralled Alexis Smith and Dick Hogan, Henry's friend of ten years, and soon to become his best man, and the foursome went to see "Are You With It." The host was so excited over the show that he practically got up on the stage. Diana just smiled.

While in New York, Henry asked Diana her ring size. Being unacquainted with details like ring sizes, she gave him an offhand answer.

"Six and-a-half, I guess," she said, thinking of her glove size.

indian taker . . .

It was April back in Hollywood, and they started out for a movie, as usual, and as usual ended up dancing. At their table Henry reached for her hand and slipped on her fourth finger an exquisite diamond ring. It immediately fell off. It was big enough almost to go over two of her fingers. Henry admitted it had looked huge to him, but she had said six and-a-half, and he had taken her at her word. Mr. Willson was again foiled that night, for no answer was forthcoming. But at least, Diana wore the ring home.

Mrs. Loehr had another midnight visit from her daughter, who waltzed into the bedroom holding the bright sparkle of the ring in front of her.

"Oh, I'm not going to keep it," said Diana. "I brought it home just to look at it. I'll give it back."

Mrs. Loehr sighed. She liked Henry. She was beginning to hope Diana would marry him. He was kind and thoughtful and mannerly. He wasn't a glamor boy, but a dependable business man.

At Christmas, Henry's parents had visited California and spent part of the holidays with the Loehrs. Everybody had liked everybody else, and the four parents had had the same thought in mind, but tactfully avoided mention of a possible match. Henry was the only one who was unsubtle. He blew into the Loehr home one day, and was confronted by a group of relatives. Diana introduced him around the room.

"And this," she said, "is my Aunt Julia."

"I'm delighted to meet you," said Henry. "Perhaps you'll be *my* Aunt Julia some day."

When Diana gave the ring back to Henry, he sighed in much the same way Mrs. Loehr had sighed. He pocketed it, and went on with his campaign. Diana was still dating other men, and often when Henry phoned, Mrs. Loehr informed him apologetically that Diana was out for the evening. Time brought a gleam of hope into Henry's life. Diana began telling him whom she was going out with and where they were planning to go. The Loehrs invited Henry to their home for dinner about once a week. Mr. Loehr, a quiet man, began to hold conversations with Henry, and one night, after Diana and Henry had gone out for their constitutional around the block, Mr. Loehr told his wife, "Henry's all right. The more I see him, the better I like him."

Henry was beginning to break down any

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obstacles, however slight. Then he told Diana he was leaving for San Francisco on business. He would be gone a week.

public secret . . .

"Ah," said Diana to herself, "I think I'll have a whale of a week."

She made dates for almost every night, and then to her surprise, found herself more than slightly bored. She began to count the days until Henry came back.

For his part, Henry took a few hours in San Francisco to drive alone into the country. He parked the car and took a walk under the pine trees. In his mind, he went over exactly what he had to say to Miss Lynn when he got back to Hollywood. It was a beautiful speech, lyrical but practical. Then he climbed into his car and drove to his hotel, his mind at rest.

Back in Hollywood, he phoned Diana for a dinner date. They went to the Savoy. All through the shrimp cocktail, Henry kept going over his speech. He patted his coat pocket once, and felt the reassuring bulge of the ring box. By the time the soup was served, Henry felt unnerved. Over his steak, he threw his speech to the winds. He turned abruptly to Diana.

"When," he asked, "are you going to quit this horsing around and marry me?"

It worked wonders. Diana said yes, and immediately became intoxicated with the whole idea. It was all very simple, and she should have thought about it before. She wore the ring, by this time cut down to her size, under her glove when they left the restaurant. Neither Diana nor Henry wanted a long engagement, and decided not to announce it formally until a few weeks before the wedding late this year. But they had to tell somebody, some close friends who would keep the secret. They drove over to Don and Phyllis Taylor's house, where Diana held out her left arm all evening, making exaggerated left hand turns at every opportunity.

The next morning when Henry phoned, Diana's secretary, Eileen Horn, answered, and made the fateful error of mistaking his voice for that of a past swain. A note of sternness crept into Henry's answer.

"This," he said, "has got to go." But he didn't divulge the news.

But the secret didn't keep. It leaked out, as secrets always do when celebrities are involved, and in June, announcements of the forthcoming wedding appeared in papers all over the country. The next day Diana received a telegram.

DEAR DOLLY (it read) JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT MR. WILLSON AND I ARE VERY HAPPY AT THE CONFIRMING NEWS IN YESTERDAY'S PAPERS. HENRY'S CHOICE IS OUR CHOICE TOO. BEST LUCK ALWAYS AND LOVE. MRS. H. L. WILLSON.

It was a disappointment that the news leaked out so soon, but that point weathered, there was the problem of the wedding. Henry suggested a formal evening wedding, a proposal that would delight any girl's heart. He's not going to mind wearing tails in the least, for the simple reason that Henry loves clothes. Diana admires his taste tremendously, with the slight exception, perhaps, of one green jacket. It's a nice, simply-cut olive green jacket, the apple of Henry's eye, but when they're planning a date on the phone, Diana manages to slip in a hint. 'Why don't you wear your tan suit?" she says. Once a week, Henry arrives in the green jacket and Diana gives up.

Currently, plans for the wedding gown change every week. First it's a low neck, then a high neck, then long sleeves, then short sleeves, then a small bustle, then no bustle.

"I am very hysterical," says Diana.

She is positive of one thing. There will be no train. "I've never been able to manage a train in my life, so that's that."

The wedding will probably be at St. Alban's Church, and on the whole, holds no fear for Diana. Her sole worry is that her knees will crack when she kneels.

There is the problem of the house. Henry's present home is a small English bungalow in Beverly Hills, with steps going up and down all over the place. But it poses an obstacle. There is no room for a grand piano. If there were room, there'd be no way to get it into the house. Diana sits and muses on this one.

"I've got to have a piano," she says. "I've just got to. Maybe we could tear a hole in the roof and drop it in."

So they're shopping for a house, continually scanning local advertisements. They call each other when something looks good, and which ever one has the time, drives out to look the place over. A few Sundays ago, Diana found one that had possibilities. Since she knew the way, Diana drove, which by itself is a frightening experience for anyone but Henry. He drives in a similarly madcap way. On the way, she mentioned that she had lost her fifth pair of glasses since meeting him.

jittery bride . . .

"Really, Diana," he said, "you'll have to stop losing things. Can't you keep your mind on what you're doing?"

They drove up a canyon and down a side road and up another canyon.

"That's funny," said Diana, "I could have sworn the house was on this street."

She tried three or four other routes, but the house had seemingly disappeared. Diana shrugged.

"Only Lynn could lose a house," she said.

If they don't find a new house, they'll live in Henry's bungalow. But in addition to the piano puzzle, there is another problem for Diana. The house is done in strictly masculine fashion, with leather and wood and dark colors predominating. Diana has decided that it needs a few frills, and spends spare time "looking at rugs and things."

"I don't really know what I'm doing. I'm scared to death, but I'll manage somehow, and I pray I get colors that don't clash. I know I'll put wallpaper in the wrong place or something." Then she giggles. "Isn't this the end?"

Mrs. Loehr once remarked to Henry that it was fortunate that he could keep his current housekeeper with him after the marriage. Diana stiffened.

"Do you mean to say," she said, "that I'm not able to take care of my own home?"

Mrs. Loehr subsided quickly, not without some amusement. Diana has definite ideas about being the lady of the house.

"I intend to be very bright," she says. "I'm going to plan menus. It'll probably turn out to be lamb chops and peas every night because that's the only thing I can think of, but I'm going to plan the menus anyway. And I've heard somewhere that men are dumb about marketing. I just know Henry's spending too much money, and that's going to have to be corrected. I'm going to run the whole thing very efficiently. Send out the laundry and all that." Then as an afterthought, "Henry will ask me if I've sent it, and when I tell him yes, he'll call up and check anyway."

we played cupid . . .

This is a result of what Diana terms Henry's executive complex. Extremely methodical in his work, he has a mind for details and management that Diana completely lacks. It sometimes rubs her the wrong way. When they go to dinner Henry doesn't talk until he has the situation well in hand. First, he'll ask for a plate of green olives, which next to Diana are his favorite item in life. Then he'll notice that the table isn't steady and have that fixed. Then he wants a glass of milk, and then requests that the air conditioning be adjusted. Then he joins the conversation. Diana is confused about the whole thing because, while she considers it a bit grim, she knows she couldn't get along with a man who wasn't like that.

Henry is a great help to her. Given to going off on tangents, Diana periodically thinks her career is slipping, that she's going to die, or some equally horrible thought. Henry laughs at her fears and smooths them out for her.

The only way in which Diana has changed Henry is the fact that he now finds himself losing things: Nail files, keys and phone numbers, but he's determined to defeat the tendency.

He has only two gripes where Diana is concerned. One is her voice. She is given to trailing off sentences, and Henry finds himself leaning forward to catch the lost words. He is currently coaxing her to see a voice coach. The other is her walking. Diana does not walk, she runs. She darts wherever she goes, never gives Henry time to check his hat, and is continually ahead of him. He lives in terror that she'll be killed crossing the street.

The careers are not a problem, and they feel this sincerely. Since they are both in the same business, they can understand each other's language. They haven't the problem of conflicting careers, because Henry is not an actor. He admires career girls because they are doing something and have no time to sit around and become petty in their outlooks.

The day after Diana broke down and gave Henry the sensible answer, he drove to her house in the afternoon. She met him at the door with a champagne bottle. "I thought we ought to celebrate," she said.

"Aren't we elegant," he said. "Where'd you get the champagne?"

"MODERN SCREEN sent it to me for Christmas."

Now that may sound too coincidental, but it's true. Henry first proposed to Diana the night of the MODERN SCREEN party, and they celebrated their engagement by drinking our champagne. We wouldn't want to brag, but we like to feel that we helped this romance along. We hope we did, because we're all for it.

UNSOPHISTICATED LADY

(*Continued from page 34*)

collection of irreplaceable antique china. These things had been wrapped in Betty's monogrammed bath towels, which had been filched from the nearby bath house.

The futile stupidity of the burglary is demonstrated by the fact that in climbing over the seven-foot wall which surrounds the Briskin property, the interlopers broke practically everything that had been stolen. The vacant lot on the opposite side of the wall was littered with tragic bits of shattered heirlooms.

Betty's guess is that the house breaking act was committed by amateurs. Had they realized that the Brentwood area, in which Betty lives, is patrolled by an armed guard, the thieves might have been deterred. A few well-placed bullet holes would have been an interesting reward for having snatched an armload of dishes.

According to Betty, the moral of this story is that people who are about to have children should live behind nine-foot walls, so stone masons have been busy adding height to the barrier that closes in Betty's

(*Continued on page 86*)

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CLEVER ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION?

HERE'S A QUIZ THAT WILL HELP YOU MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR COMPLEXION! PROPER SKIN CARE IS THE BASIS OF ALL BEAUTY.

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ If what you see in the mirror is a face that could, well, stand a little improvement, a little extra glamor, a little more *mmm* instead of *ugh*, then come along with us. Your Beauty Editor has collected some hints on the care and coddling of skin from Loretta Young and other Hollywood belles.

Loretta isn't afraid of the big, bad close-ups because her skin is always radiantly well groomed. How do you stack up? Alabaster brow and dewy cheek, non-shine nose and velvet lips? Fine! Or, tsk, tsk, does the doleful state of your epidermis make you shudder with horror at the sight of a mirror? If the verdict is negative, modern creams and lotions plus a touch of native wit will remedy the situation. Film gals know that preserving an elegant complexion is an art and a science. Like them, you, too, can learn to be "clever about your complexion!" Set to work with the fine collection of inexpensive beautifiers that any average American girl can star on her very own dressing table.

◄ Fragile Loretta Young, of "The Stranger," relies on immaculate good grooming to enhance her cool beauty.

▲ Joan Leslie, pert and young, always has that well scrubbed look. See her in "Two Guys From Milwaukee."

Skin must be clean to be beautiful, so let's talk about the four principal cleansers that we should all know about. Soap is an important "must." Doctors say that most blemishes come because the skin is just plain dirty.

Secondly, let's think about the liquid cleansing lotions which are particularly good for oily skins. Used in combination with thorough soap latherings, liquid cleansers will do a great deal for that unhappy damsel who wails that her skin is as shiny as a new penny. Fine for quick clean-up jobs, too.

Liquefying cream which we will consider thirdly, melts on the skin, and the dirt slides off with a flick of the tissue. This type is best for average-to-oily skins, and is intended for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or base.

Now for the fourth cleanser. Cold cream, or the light, fluffy cleansing cream, keeps its solid consistency, and picks up dust and makeup somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks. It tackles the dirt pronto and holds it until you come along with a tissue. Most cleansers of this type contain lanolin and other softening agents, so they're a special treat for the girl with dry, flaky skin.

Let's review the Hollywood ways and means of applying these wonder creams. Spread on a generous coating of your pet cream with quick upward strokes. Your skin feels delightfully cool—freshened already. Always apply with gentle strokes upward from the base of the throat; up and out from the chin; caressingly around the eyes; carefully down the sides of the nose and over the chin where powder and oil have a tendency to collect and blackheads to form. Then work the cream right up to the edge of your hair, where dirt sometimes gets trapped and overlooked. Spank it in briskly for at least three minutes, to bring up circulation, get your face tingling pleasantly. And remember not to stop at the chin line.

Now for tissuing off. The trick in this is to use a clean tissue for each "wipe," to avoid all chance of tracking dirt back on. Take two tissues, one in each hand, and work up and out from the center of your face. Slather on a second creaming for that "twice-clean" look. Spank it in and tissue off again.

Now a bit of rinsing is called for. Here's where you reach for skin freshener or astringent. Pour some on a pad that's been dampened with cold water. Sponge face and throat. Every last trace of cream disappears. Turn the pad, add a little more skin freshener and concentrate on any areas of excessive oiliness . . . the extra stimulation tends to normalize the pores of these areas. Now pat the entire face and throat with the pad.

Yes, to be really "clever about your complexion" you will treat it every single day of your life to this Hollywood-endorsed program.

* * *

Wondering which is the cream or lotion for your particular skin type? Or perhaps you have other beauty problems about figure, makeup or hair care? I'll send you the answer pronto, if you'll mail a note and enclose with it a stamped, self-addressed envelope. My address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

How to remove dandruff completely

FITCH'S DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application has the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Enjoy lustrous, dandruff-free hair! Ask for an economical bottle of Fitch's at your drug counter, or have a professional application at your beauty or barber shop.

1 **APPLY FITCH'S** to the hair and scalp, before water is added. assage well, so shampoo eaches each part of the scalp.

2 **ADD WATER** gradually, continuing to massage. Remove the cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.

3 **RINSE THOROUGHLY** with clear water. Fitch's is completely soluble, so no after-rinse is required. Set hair and dry.

4 **FINISHED HAIRSTYLE** is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural highlights.

After and between Fitch shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.

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(Continued from page 83)

castle from the rest of the world. Other additions to the Briskin house are a new room for Teddy and an extension on the room that is to become the nursery. Betty, showing visitors around the portion of her house that is completed and indicating the extent of improvements still to be done, is a happy, happy character. It would be impossible to describe the thrill Betty is getting from being a housewife. For the first time in her life she has a home of her own, after years of living in apartments.

gotta have it . . .

Now that she has finished "The Perils of Pauline" (about which officials on the Paramount lot are frankly jubilant), Betty has been arising with her husband each morning at six. The maid doesn't arrive until eight, so Betty gets Ted's breakfast, then settles down to shopping lists.

These have become gay topics of conversation, not only in the Briskin household but among Betty's friends.

Not long ago Betty stopped at the home of a friend and was admitted by the maid, who thought Betty's friend would return soon. After ten or fifteen minutes' wait Betty left, saying that she would call later in the day. The maid was busy in the kitchen when Betty's friend reached home, so before the message of Betty's call could be delivered, the friend telephoned Betty, saying, "However did you get through your shopping? You left two of your lists on my lounge."

Uttering a characteristic shriek, Betty asked that the lists be dictated over the telephone, with the explanation, "It took me an hour to think up all those things, and I certainly don't want to waste that time."

Betty's "interesting condition" has not in the least inhibited her interest in food. Quite the contrary. Throughout the many months she has doted on describing the different ways in which chicken, turkey, steaks, chops, and all known varieties of vegetables could be cooked.

In the midst of this occurred *l'affaire watermelon.* Whenever the Briskins were driving along California boulevards, which are brightened by open air markets with their riotous pallete of fruits and vegetables, Betty would say, "How soon are watermelons in season?" After Ted had answered this question fifteen or twenty times, "Not for several months, dear," he decided that heroic measures were in order. When he was alone one day he noticed, directly ahead, a ramshackle truck loaded with the season's first watermelons. Maneuvering through traffic he managed to edge the driver to the curb. "What's the big idea?" demanded the driver, not allowing himself to get completely angry, on the chance that Ted might be an officer in civvies. Ted fetched up all the charm for which he is noted and explained Betty's condition and her craving for watermelon. "Look, bud," said the truck driver, "these melons are all sold. They're a special consignment—the first of the season—and I can't sell even one to anyone for any reason."

There will be a slight pause for Mr. Briskin to exercise his eloquence.

. . . So Betty said it was the best watermelon she had ever tasted in all her life. She had watermelon three times a day until both melons had vanished.

On another occasion Betty was awakened by her appetite screaming, "Fig newtons." Sternly, she said to herself, "Now this is silly. It's the middle of the night, and there isn't a fig newton in the house. Furthermore, all the grocery stores are closed, and there isn't a delicatessen within ten miles. Besides, Ted is asleep. He had a hard day today, and he's going to have a hard day tomorrow, and I simply won't awaken him."

Teddy stirred, awakening as he always does when Betty is restless. "Anything wrong, dear?" he asked.

Said Betty in a very small voice, "I want a fig newton."

"All right, dear," said Teddy, struggling into his slippers.

By the time he had hopped into his car, Teddy had solved the problem in advance. He drove directly to Romanoff's and secured a box of fig newtons. It was just before midnight when, with a courtly gesture, he presented Mrs. Briskin with a glass plate covered by a doily, on which was stacked an entire box of fig newtons.

If the anticipated Briskin heiress is a girl she will be named Marian Lindsay; a boy will be named Teddy, Junior. Girl or boy, this lucky young person will come into the world well-equipped with interesting possessions. One is a pink plastic bank made in the form of a bootie. At the end of each day Betty entices from him whatever change Teddy has, and this goes into the plastic bootie toward a baby Briskin bank account.

Boy *or* girl, baby Briskin will get many happy hours out of his red, rubber-tired push cart, viewed by the very young set as the last word in hot rod convertibles.

A fast week after Betty was positive that she had been placed on the stork's waiting list, she talked someone into showing her how to knit a baby jacket.

Doris Harris, Betty's long-time hairdresser and best friend, viewed the operation with disapproval. "It's unlucky to start a baby jacket until the baby is only three months away." Betty went on with her knitting, telling Doris, "Okay. It's not for my baby then. I'll make it for Marian." Marian, Betty's sister, recently became the mother of a nine-pound son, her second, who is to be called Phil Philbin.

Teddy was as eager as Betty to prepare some tangible evidence of the gladness he felt. In discussing it further with Betty one night, he said, "Honey, I wish there was something *I* could make."

Betty has seldom been caught without a good idea. Quickly, she told him, "I wish you would invent a camera that I—who know nothing of mechanical gadgets—could operate. I want to be taking pictures of the baby all the time, but you know me —unless the camera is simple I'll ruin ninety percent of the film."

Ted got busy, working night and day for several months. The result of his dream, ingenuity, and devoted labor is the Briskin Eight, soon to be marketed.

This camera is small enough to fit into a man's coat pocket. It is loaded with one operation, using an Eastman eight millimeter magazine. Not only will it take motion pictures, but it is so set up that still shots can be snapped at will and separated from the moving sequences. An automatic light meter, focus, and timer is operated by one small push button.

big business . . .

It was a great day when Ted and Betty hopped a train bound for Chicago, where they were to market their camera. For months they had talked of little else, and during the trip the conversation continued to focus on the camera. For these reasons Betty was very close to the entire subject —a good thing, as she is vice-president of the corporation which will manufacture the cameras, hence, she participates in all business conferences with Ted.

Betty was equipped by nature with great talent; she cultivated that talent by hard work, extended it by enterprise, and exploited it by one of the best senses of showmanship in the entertainment business. She has made the name, Betty Hutton, an important adjunct to the American scene.

But one of the greatest thrills of her life came to Betty Hutton when one of the officials of a nation-wide chain of stores, which plans to merchandise the Briskin Eight, turned to Betty in a conference and said, "At what retail price do you people plan to market your camera, *Mrs. Briskin?*" To this man it was of no consequence that he was talking to Betty Hutton, actress; it *was* important that she was the wife of the man who had invented the camera that will change the picture-taking habits of a nation, and that she was vice-president of the corporation manufacturing those cameras.

In this emergency Betty was as resourceful as she had always been in handling problems which have arisen in her own profession. She and Ted had long discussed price. Some of Ted's advisers had said that the camera could be merchandised at a price well above a hundred dollars. During the developmental period, Betty had said nothing about this, but she had given it a good deal of thought. Finally, she said to Ted one day, "You know, honey, that I grew up in a poor family, so I know how people of moderate means feel about things. This camera is going to be so successful that everyone—no matter how big or small his weekly pay-check—is going to want one."

JOAN LESLIE

. . . starring in Warner Brothers "Two Guys from Milwaukee" is photographed for us here in a handsome wool novelty suit and coat from the House of Swansdown. We wish we could show you the pretty suit lurking under that well-tailored coat, but we can't. It has a checked yoke extending over the shoulders, and looks wonderfully brigh and fresh. We like the thought of navy and yellow check for Fall, bu if that doesn't fit in with your wardrobe plans, the outfit also comes in brown and white check with brown and in black and white check wit black.

For listings of where to buy th fashions in this month's MODERN SCREEN Fashion Section, turn t page 94.

She hesitated, but encouraged by Ted' respectful silence, continued, "You see when people don't have much money an item costing *more* than a hundred dollar simply seems too expensive, but if thi camera were under a hundred dollars an person who wanted to buy it could say t himself, 'I could pay two dollars a wee and I'd own it outright in a year.' Sc please, Teddy, could we keep it under hundred dollars?"

For this reason, when the executiv placed the same question to Betty, sh hesitated only a moment, then—as Mr Briskin—replied, "We haven't gone into thoroughly yet, but we know it will b under a hundred dollars."

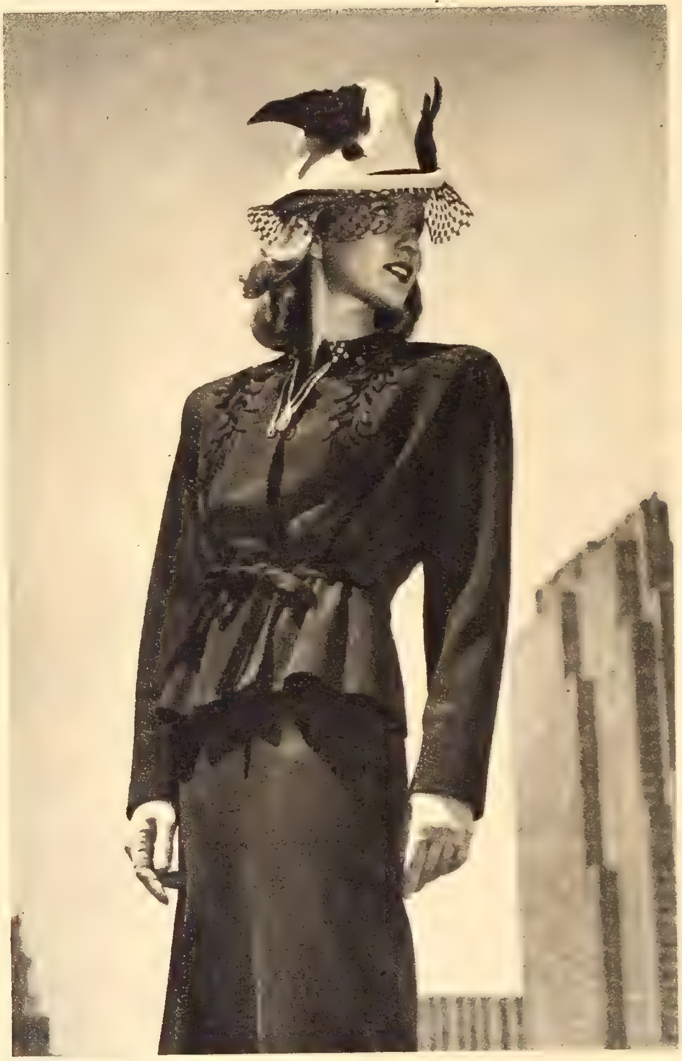
Across the long table she sought and me Teddy's eyes. Their expression was prou and eloquent of his complete agreement.

Afterward she said to him, "This camer means more to me than simply the fa that I'll be able to take pictures of ou baby. I like to think that our camera wi give millions of other families the sam happiness."

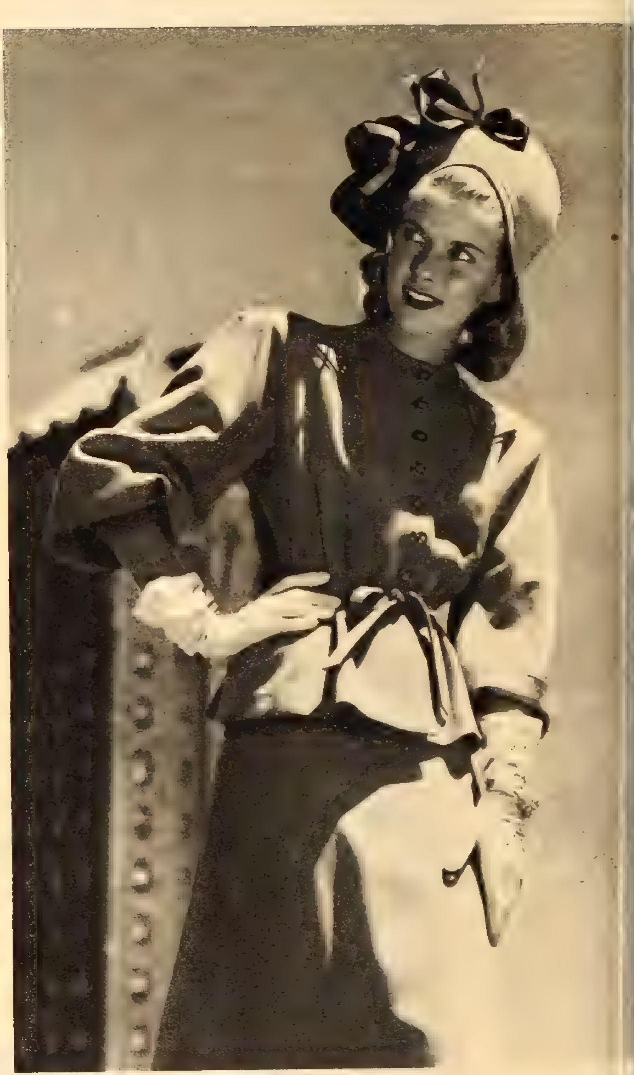
Teddy plans to be in on the pictur taking deal himself. Some time in th future he hopes to capture the expressic on the face of his infant as the fascinate child watches Betty sing "His Rockir Horse Ran Away."

Modern Screen Fashions

Suit your personality

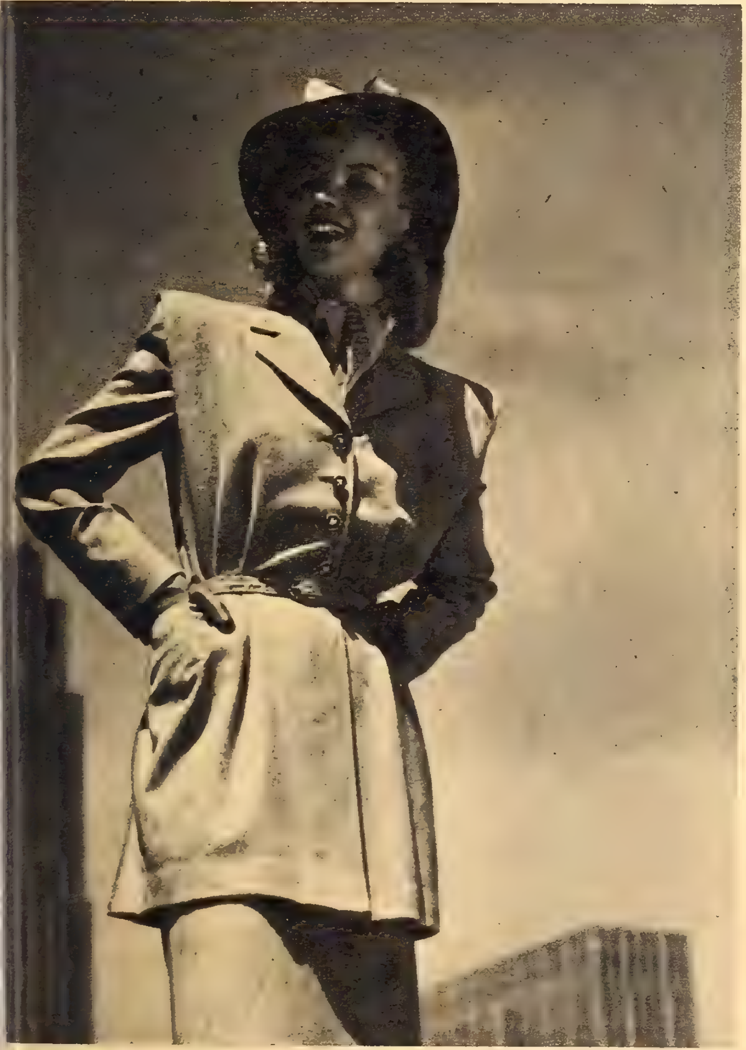


The Dressed-Up Suit:
Beautifully detailed trapunto embroidery decorates the front of this sheer wool suit. The sleeves are full and easy, the waist is tiny, the front has a graceful peplum flare. Price: Around $50.00.

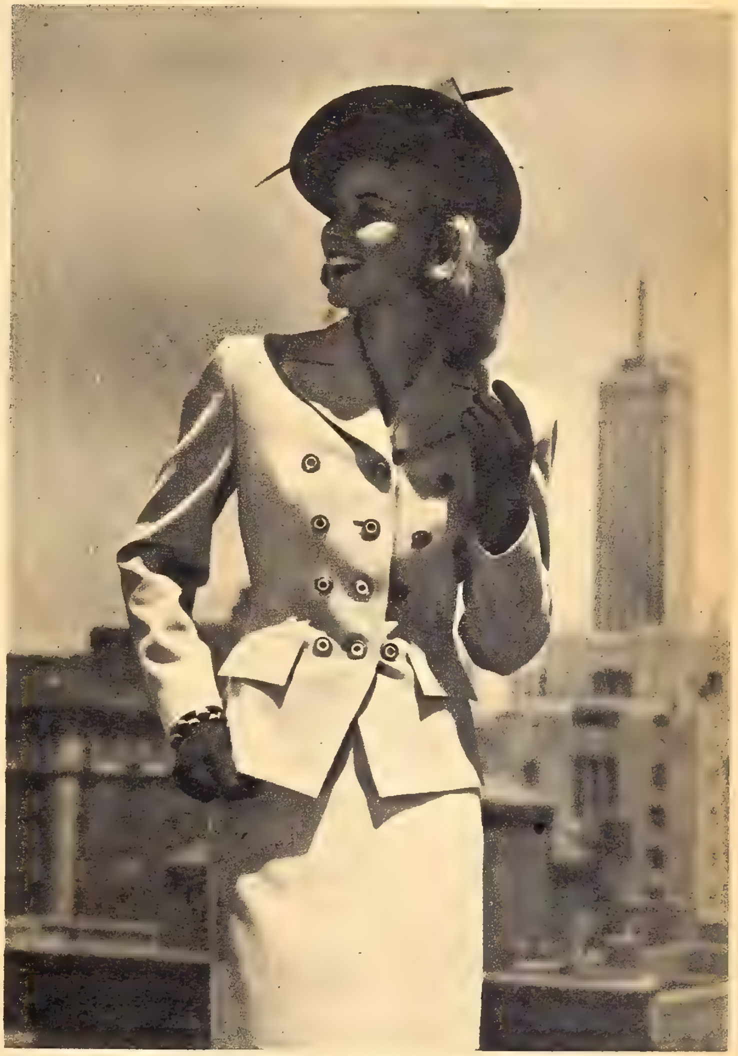


The Balloon Sleeve Suit:
Newest note in sleeves—the enormous balloon that you can wear down, or push up with your long gloves. This one has buttons marching down the front, fake pockets, a soft tie belt. Around $50.00.

No matter what your type—tall and willowy, or tiny and cute, one of these superb town suits by Junior Deb is for you. Look 'em over and pick your own!



The Tunic Suit:
This one is for you if you're a tall, slim gal. It's made of wonderful flannel, with broad shoulders and deep pockets on the coat. The slim skirt has tiny slits at the sides. Price: Around $60.00.

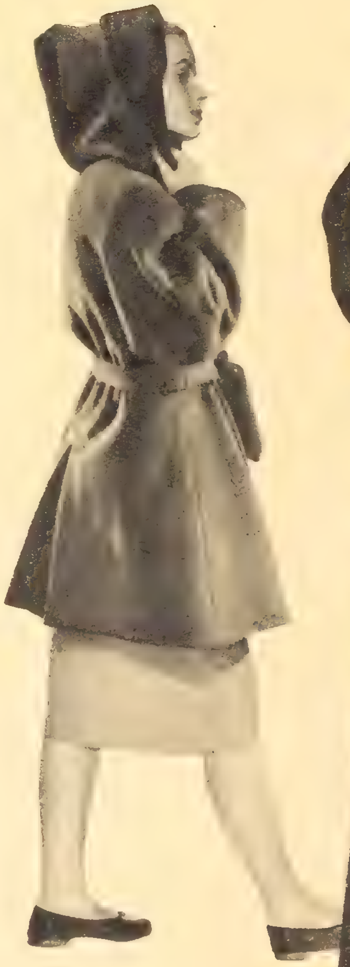


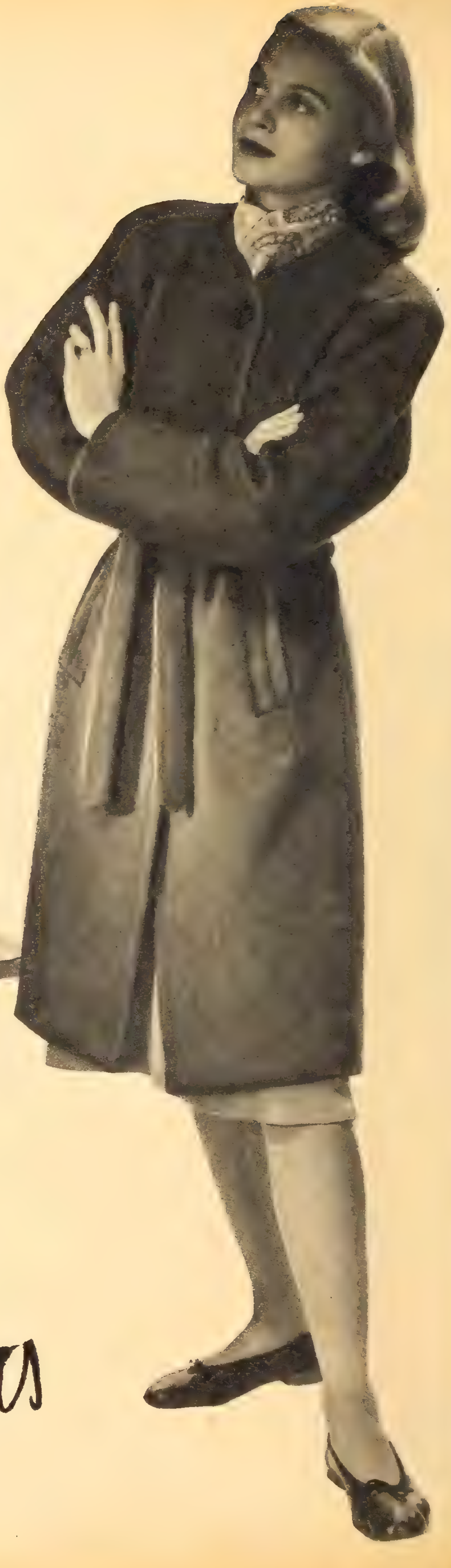
The Cutaway Suit:
All the flair of a Regency Dandy is in this elegant suit! The lapels are wide and handsome, the pockets jut out smartly, and the material is just out-of-this-world! Beautiful in pearl gray! About $50.00.

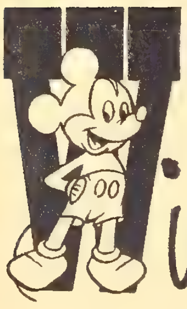
FOR 'TEEN AGERS

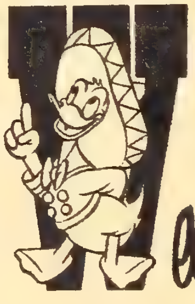
■ Wonderful for you 'teensters, going back to school, are these warm-as-toast fleece coats, by Kay McDowell. We love particularly the hooded honey, with its smartly pleated back, its cuddly detachable hood. It comes in delicious colors like cherry, camel, blue, brown and hunter green, and it's only about $25.00, complete with hood. The long coat is collarless and dashing, with a wrapped-around polo coat look. It's about $20.00.

■ If you take a good look at the Disney characters sitting on our title, we're sure you'll be charmed to learn that they're pins by Alpha Craft, and that they will be available in your local stores by the time this issue reaches you. These are but two of a wonderful collection of 13 pins, and each of them is only $1.00. We love to think of three or four of them marching down your suit lapel, or decorating your handbag—don't you?









Winter Warmers

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness"

Catherine McLeod

Star of Republic's

"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"

LUX
TOILET SOAP

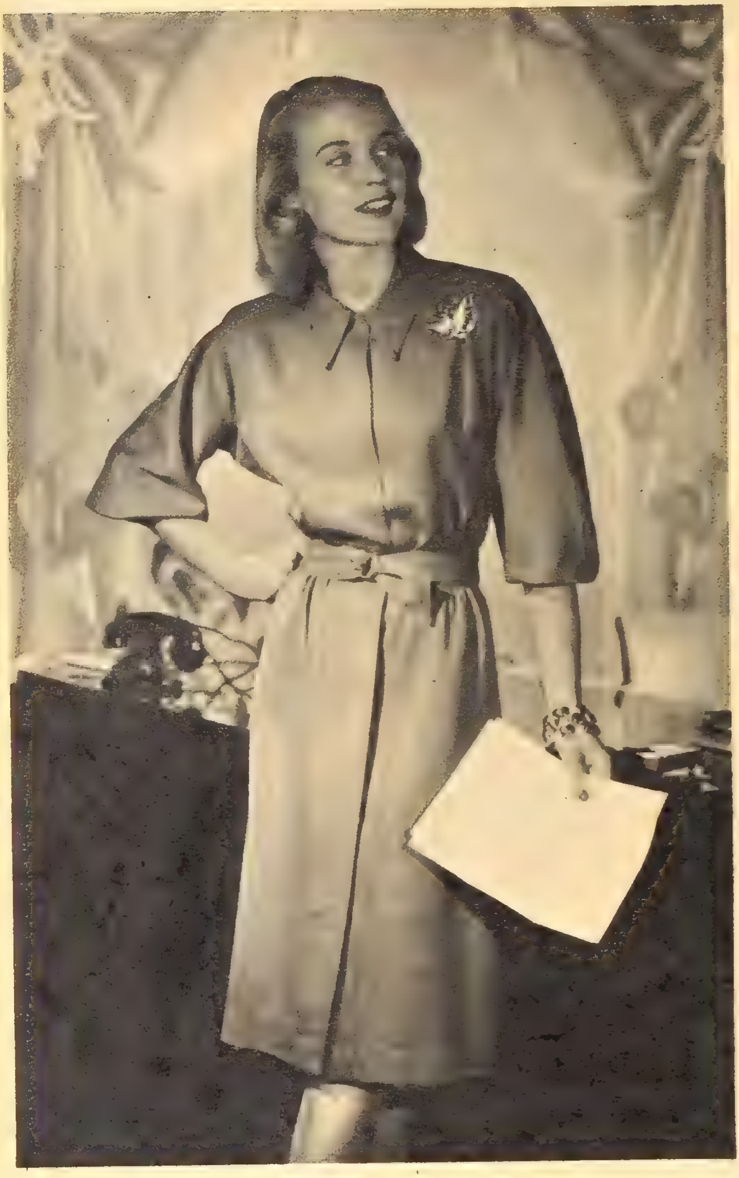
FIGHT WASTE—Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

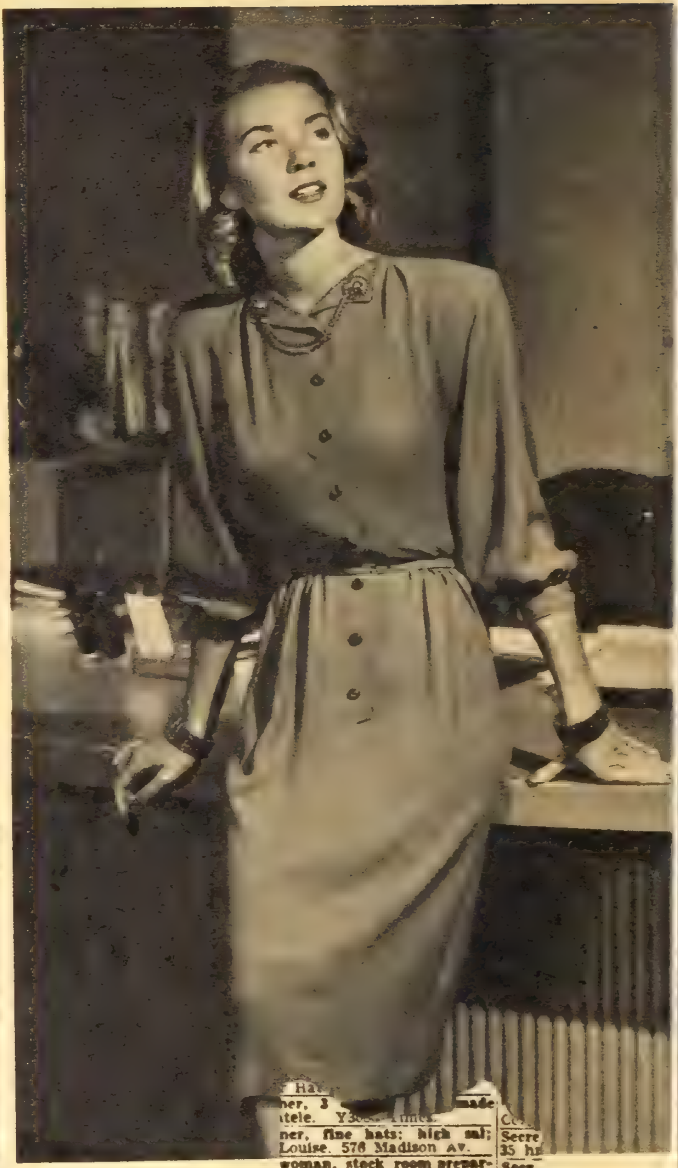
"SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT! Active-lather facials really make skin lovelier—give it the appeal that wins Romance!"

"It's wonderful the way Lux Soap beauty facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Catherine McLeod. "Just work the creamy Active lather well in. Then rinse with warm water, splash with cold. As you pat dry with a soft towel, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier tonight!

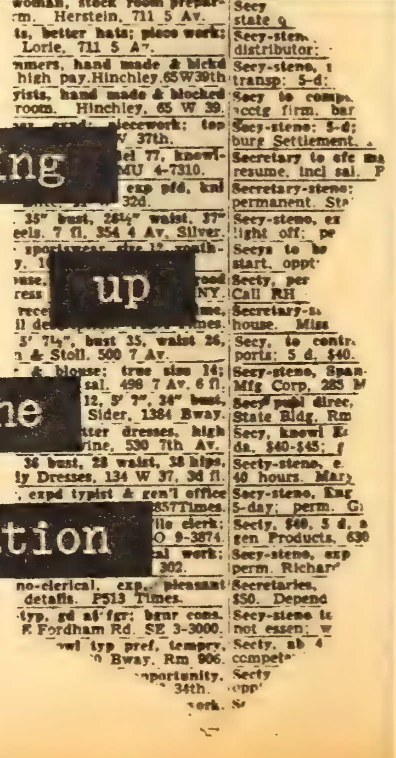
In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap —*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*





sizing up the situation



■ These handsome casual dresses by Dorall represent something wonderfully new and different in modern dress making. They are proportionized to fit three different heights in every size. Whether you are short, average or tall, your alteration problems are practically eliminated by this new precision tailoring. Each of the styles by Dorall Casuals comes in sizes 10 through 20, and every size is available in three lengths, just like a man's suit. (We might have known they'd be ahead of us—they've had proportioned sizing for years and years!) We think the styling of the Dorall dresses is the best we've seen in this type of dress, and the prices are scaled right for the working girl's budget. The two dresses we show you on this page are only about $13.00 for each, and we think that's a swell buy!

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

To protect your precious clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes.

Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards your clothes against perspiration. Prevents embarrassing odor. You'll adore the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

Fashion Forecast for Winter Evenings

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!
ARRID

All Postwar Arrid packages have a star ★ above the price.

Shoulders completely bare . . . above a bodice which fits like the paper on the wall! The season's most important trend! With this kind of snug-fitting bodice you'll need the utmost protection against underarm perspiration. Use the new, smooth, creamy Arrid. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.

ROMANTIC DRESS, of black silk brocade! Hip bustles, tied underneath, accentuate the tiny waistline and snug-fitting bodice with its graceful neckline. Underarm perspiration can easily ruin this type of dress. Rely on the new, more effective Arrid! Arrid gives utmost protection against perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes!

Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. *Does not harm fabrics.* Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

39¢ plus tax *Also 10¢ and 59¢*

New Improved Postwar ARRID

SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID: *Diana Barrymore • Jane Froman • Gertrude Niesen • Connee Boswell • Beatrice Lillie • Joan McCracken*

Suave and Sleek

59c

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modern screen fashions
BUYING GUIDE

SWANSDOWN SUIT AND COAT (page 87)

Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
Dallas, Texas—Sanger Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.—John Taylor D. G.
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeiffer's
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.—H. P. Salmon
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
New York City—Franklin Simon
Oklahoma City, Okla.—The Kerr D. G. Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco, Cal.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparel
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh Bros.

OR WRITE TO MORRIS W. HAFT & BROS. 500 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

JUNIOR DEB SUITS (pages 88 & 89) (not every style in each store)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Cleveland, Ohio—Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Denver, Colo.—Denver D. G.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Boston Store
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's
New Orleans, La.—Godchaux
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

OR WRITE TO JUNIOR DEB, 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

KAY McDOWELL ORIGINALS (page 90)

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Boston Store
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes
New York City—Bloomingdale's
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Halliburton's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Seattle, Wash.—Rhodes Dept.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh Bros.

OR WRITE TO GORDON-CORPUEL, INC., 520 8 AVE- NUE, NEW YORK CITY

DORALL CASUALS (page 92)

WRITE TO DORALL SPORTSWEAR, 111 SOUTH MARKET STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In 1933 my husband and I were living at the Ambassador Hotel in Milwaukee. At that time, one of the popular young singers whom we used to enjoy on the local stages was a boy named Stanley Morner, whose career we followed with great interest. I still have a clipping of Stanley, and imagine my surprise when I read a recent copy of MODERN SCREEN *and recognized the face of actor Dennis Morgan as the same young boy whose beautiful voice and boyish charm had attracted us as "Stanley Morner."*

Mrs. Ada Navarre
Adrian, Michigan

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(Continued from page 66)

Wertheimer is a short, graying man who has lived all of his life with gamblers. He has been brought up in the atmosphere of the racetrack where a thoroughbred is analyzed on the basis of past performances. Their curt realism is expressed in racing charts. "Faltered," "Quit," "Had no Excuse," "Tired under Pressure" are routine racetrack judgments.

Of Jane Froman, curt, realistic Lou Wertheimer told me: "She's loaded with class, a thoroughbred. I've seen a lot of people in this racket," said Wertheimer, "but this Froman is a standout. I've seen her go out on that floor, in such pain from her leg that the doctor ordered her not to work, and I've seen her turn in spellbinding performances. That one—she's loaded with class."

One night, at the Colonial Inn, I went backstage to Jane's dressing room. "Jane, the White House correspondents are giving their annual dinner for President Truman," I told her. "They would like to have you, as a Missourian, go up there and sing for the President." She looked at me: "What would be your advice?" I told her frankly that she shouldn't go.

Wertheimer broke in with, "Ed is the most honest guy in the world, or he's the world's best salesman. He's giving you the reverse switch on a request." He eyed me in complete bewilderment.

"I'll tell you, Ed, why I hesitate to go. In the first place, I'll have to miss my shows here, and I really don't know if I'm strong enough to make such a trip. In the second place, I haven't flown in a plane since the accident. And frankly I'm scared to go up." She toyed with a plate of food. "But something has happened in the last few days, Ed. The doctors tell me that this summer, I'll have to go back to the hospital and have this leg amputated. They thought it was all better, but when they examined it the other day, they learned that the infection had set in again. So they'll amputate it."

That night, at Washington, something very rare occurred. As Jane Froman finished her numbers, every man in the room, including Cabinet members, hard boiled Washington correspondents and the President of the United States rose to their feet in tribute to the Missourian's artistry. As we handed the crutches to her, for her exit, there were tears in her eyes at the thunder of applause that roared up from the jammed hotel banquet room: "I'm glad I came," she whispered. And as she passed, I said to her: "A bundle of class, honey."

Throughout her career, Jane Froman has had to do things the hard way. Her father died when she was a small girl, so her mother landed a post as music teacher in a Missouri college, and it was from her mother that Jane learned to sing. They sang duets as Jane grew older, and the youngster set her ambition on a stage career. There was one big hurdle, however. Jane Froman was afflicted with stammering, and her friends urged her to abandon any dreams of a stage career.

It was the first big crisis in the youngster's life. She determined to conquer it. She won, at least, a partial victory. She found that she could overcome stammering while singing, even though she stammered in dialogue.

So this month, The Modern Screen Magazine award goes to Jane Froman, who is in every respect a remarkable girl. It goes to her because of her radio expertness on the Eversharp show, and because of the entire story of her career.

Spuncraft
AUTHENTIC
100% ALL WOOL
"Ballet-hoo" about $4.
Intrigue in all-wool!
"Beau-tie" about $3.

New sweater fashion-ations—with inimitable Spuncraft knitted craftsmanship and imaginative styling. Glorious colors. These and many others at your favorite store.

SPUNCRAFT INC. • 141 WEST 36th STREET • NEW YORK

THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK

(*Continued from page 50*)

bright blue eyes walked up to the mike. The applause was deafening.

Sammy looked the crowd over sourly. "They must be nuts," he said. "There isn't any room in that guy for a voice to come from."

Then Frank began to sing, and Sammy's mouth fell open and stayed that way.

"When you begin the beguine . . ."

Warm and sweet his voice was, with a trick of sliding a note that somehow left you breathless. You remembered things you'd forgotten long ago, like the first time you kissed a girl under a May moon. You felt wonderful, and you didn't want him to stop singing, ever.

When he did stop at last, in spite of the crowd's demand for more, Jules laughed at the expression on Sammy's face. "Now do you think they're all nuts?"

"If they are," said Sammy fervently, "I'm nuts, too. He's for me, this what's-his-name—Sinatra."

Frank came out and joined them. He had a beer, and grinned his flashing, friendly grin, and talked about their songs.

"Gosh, you guys can sure write 'em," he said in vast admiration.

"Gosh, you can sure sing 'em!" Sammy told him.

Well, after that it was funny. Whenever Frank opened at a new place, he'd look around and there would be Jules and Sammy at a ringside table. They always applauded louder than anybody, and boosted him so much you'd have thought they were on his payroll. Not that Frank had a payroll then—or much pay. But things were looking up. He got a job with Harry James, and later, one with Tommy Dorsey. First thing you knew, he was singing at the Paramount in New York, and the mob scenes had begun. Long lines of kids formed early in the morning, and their theme song was "Frankie, we love you." America had a new craze, and its name was Sinatra.

That first performance at the Paramount, Frank was pretty nervous. But he looked down, and right in the front row, beaming, were Sammy and Jules. He winked at them, and felt better, and thought, "I hope I get a chance someday to let those guys know how I feel about them."

He did get a chance. When he was to make "Step Lively" for RKO, the studio was brooding about the possibilities of various songwriters to do the score.

"Listen," Frank said firmly, "get Jules Stein and Sammy Cohn. You've heard of them. They're terrific."

Sure, they'd heard of them. "I Walk Alone" was a big hit, and so were some of their other numbers. But— "There are plenty of good songwriters we've used before," the studio heads argued. "Why should we take a chance on new ones?"

Frank grinned. "You're taking a chance on *me*, aren't you? Believe me, you'll run less risk with them."

Some way he sold them. Cohn and Stein wrote the music not only for "Step Lively" but later at Metro for "Anchors Aweigh" and other pictures. Every now and then they try to tell Frank how grateful they are.

"Are you kidding?" he says gruffly. "When I was a dime-a-night singer out in the sticks, you two made me feel like a big time guy. You were always in there pitching. *I'm* the grateful one."

There's another buddy of Frank's who dates back to the Rustic Cabin days. That's Hank Sanicola who is now an executive of Frank's music publishing firm. In those early days, Hank was a song plugger. Not a well-known song plugger, who could go up to a big band leader and say "Hi, bud, how's about doing a couple of our songs on your radio program next week?" No, Hank was just a young guy trying to do his job well and not mind the snubs he got in the course of it. He ran into Frank occasionally, and found that this thin kid with the new singing style was always good-natured and interested in what he had to say. Frank could ask questions about the songs Hank was plugging, and when he found a song he liked, he'd sing it over and over.

Hank gave Frank a lot of good advice about music. And every now and then, when the kid had to audition somewhere, he'd call up Hank.

"I hate to bother you," he'd say apologetically, "but gosh, Hank, I'd sure like to get this job. I don't want 'em to know I'm too broke to hire a piano player. Could you maybe go along, and make with the ivories?"

Hank always could, even when it meant upsetting plans of his own. He and Frank became really close friends, and when at last Frank struck out on his own, Hank went with him as a sort of companion and adviser. They've stuck together all these years. They even lived together when Frank was a part-time bachelor because of his coast-to-coast commuting. The incident of the ruby ring was an illustration of their relationship. When Frank first started making real dough, he bought a bracelet for Nancy and a ring for himself. There were rubies in it, and it was a pretty flashy affair. It was the symbol of success, to Frank, and he wore it constantly. Hank was nuts about that ring, used to try it on every time Frank took it off to wash his hands.

One day Hank was going through this by now familiar routine, and Frank said quietly, "Leave it on, Hank. It's yours."

Hank stared, then went red with embarrassment. "Listen, kid, I was just trying it on for fun, the way I always do. I didn't mean . . ." He felt awful. Frank must have thought that every time he tried the ring on, he was sort of hinting that he'd like it. Why, gosh, he hadn't meant that at all!

But Frank was laughing at him. "Don't be a dope. I wouldn't give it to you if I didn't want you to have it. Nancy's giving me a new one—something very quiet and subdued and Park Avenue. Maybe she's gonna try and make a gentleman outa me, hey?"

"Too late," said Hank rudely, and they collapsed into their usual laughter. But Hank had a lump in his throat as big as the ring. That kid—he'd give you his last nickel, if you wanted to make a phone call. The ring is still Hank's favorite piece of jewelry.

When Frank started the music publishing firm, he felt immediately that here was a spot for Hank. "It's a job that'll take care of your future, boy," Frank told him. "You can put some dough in the bank, and really settle down. We're not kids any more."

This from a guy who looks like a high school sophomore. But he was serious about it, and about wanting Hank's welfare assured. Frank worries about his friends. He spends half his time dreaming up jobs for them. When Skitch Henderson first got out of the service, he wasn't nearly as well-known as he is now. Sure, he was a good piano player, but what the hell, there were a million of them. Anyway, that's what people told him. One day he ran into Frank, whom he had known for some time.

"H'ya, Skitch. Glad to see you're a civilian again. That Spam must have agreed with you—you look swell."

"Thanks," Skitch said, grinning. "There's nothing like three meals a day, I always say, even if they're *all* Spam."

Frank caught a note in his voice that wasn't all banter, and gave him a quick glance. "Where you playing now, kid?"

"Oh, no place right now." Skitch was very offhand. "I haven't been out long, you know. Gotta catch up on my wine, women and song."

"If you'll settle for just the song part, I can see that you hear plenty of those. How would you and that tired piano of yours like to move into the Waldorf when I open there next month?"

You know what happened. Skitch has been a big hit ever since the Waldorf engagement. Frank took him on his tour of theater appearances, too, and now Skitch appears on various radio programs and is quite a name.

It's funny the way every now and then Frank gets restless and decides to do one of those theater tours. Pictures are fine and so is radio, but he gets a yen to mee an audience face to face again. To really see them and sing to them. In vain does his manager point out that he doesn't make any money by doing it, because it all goes back to the government in extra taxes.

"I'm not doing it to make money," Frank says stubbornly. "Listen, it's good for me gets me out of the rut. That five show

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were going to have a genuine movie star visit us at Camp Crowder, and our company was chosen to have him as dinner guest. All the GIs had been seated and were anxiously awaiting the star's arrival. When he came in, he shook hands with all the brass, who tried to seat him at the officers' table. But instead this actor stepped into the kitchen and shook hands with the cooks and all the fellows on KP. Then he came out and addressed the enlisted men: "Will any of you guys give a hungry man a seat?" he asked. Of course we squeezed him in at once. The rule at Crowder mess halls was to keep your plate turned bottom side up until the first sgt. gave the signal, so's everyone would have a fair chance at the heaped platters. But our guest didn't know this, and turned his plate over and started helping himself. All the men laughed and shouted, "Chow Hound!" Our guest stood up, grinned, and apologized—and then dove in like the rest of us as the sarge gave the signal. Since then I've been overseas and seen lots of stars, but my favorite is Cary Grant, the guy who ate with us at Crowder.

Walter L. Baker
Port Angeles, Washington

a day is tough, but it does something for me."

"Yeah. Makes you lose weight that you can't spare."

"I'll eat more on this trip." He grins. "More sandwiches."

Because actually that's about all he has a chance for when he plays a theater. He gets there at nine a. m. and doesn't leave till midnight. He devours chocolate malts and sandwiches between shows, but he always comes back to Hollywood and Nancy's spaghetti several pounds lighter.

This last tour was enormously successful. In Chicago, Frank set up the biggest grosses yet seen at the box office. It was while he was there that the dramatic editor of a Chicago paper wrote a vitriolic article calling bobby-soxers morons. Frank was furious. At every performance, after the piece came out, he walked on the stage and proceeded to read it to the audience, with a few barbed comments of his own directed at the author. It brought the house down, and the editor was reported to be keeping off the streets because of the ridicule. Frank's theory on the incident was simple.

don't label groups . . .

"It's silly to call any group morons," he said. "Some of us are bright and some of us aren't, and that's the way the world is. Personally, I'd stack most of those kids up against a drama editor any day."

While he was in Chicago, he played a huge benefit for the Catholic Youth movement. Not long before that, he had addressed a rally at Madison Square Garden about better housing for the veterans. At the benefit, a guy came up to him and said, "What's the matter with you, Sinatra? I thought you were a smart character, but you pulled a boner, talking at that Communist rally in New York."

Frank surveyed him coolly. "It wasn't a Communist rally. It was a meeting about veterans' housing. You got anything against veterans, bud?"

"They're being exploited by pressure groups," the man blustered. "The Communists are using them, just the way they're using you."

"Oh, nuts!" said Frank wearily. "I spoke at that rally because I wanted to help the guys who have been away fighting for us get a place to live. If that makes me a Communist, call me Pal Joey."

He's used to incidents like these, and they don't bother him much. It's never the things that happen to *him* that bother Frank—just the trouble other people have. Like when they were in Detroit on tour. The day they got there, the local papers carried an item about some high school boys and girls who had gone on a hay ride over in Canada, which is, of course, right across from Detroit. A car had run into the hay wagon, and several of the kids were badly hurt. They were in a Canadian hospital.

"Gee, that's tough," Frank commented. "Damn it, why do things like that have to happen to kids?"

The rest of the party agreed that it was tough, then promptly forgot about it. Not Frank. He called the hospital and talked to the doctor who was in charge of the kids.

"Hey, doc, how are they today? Could they have visitors?"

"Why, yes, I think so. Are you a friend of theirs?" The doctor had no idea whom he was talking to.

"Sort of," Frank said evasively. "I'll be over tomorrow if it's okay."

He rounded up Skitch Henderson. "Look, pal, we're going over to that hospital tomorrow and put on a little act. Where can we get a small piano?"

They found one finally, and the next day they started for the hospital, in spite of

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the million and one things Frank had to do. He stopped off at a florist on the way, and came back to the car loaded with plants.

"They'll last longer than cut flowers," he explained. "And they're less trouble for the nurses—no stems to cut."

They found the patients listlessly reading, or staring at the walls. It's no fun to be in a hospital, when you're in your teens, and there are a hundred things you want to do. But the moment word got around that Sinatra was there, they were metamorphosed completely. They beamed with delighted excitement. Frank and Skitch went from room to room. At last they came to one where the nurse put her finger to her lips.

"This girl was hurt worse than the others. She has a broken pelvis and is in terrible pain," she explained.

Frank tiptoed in. The girl's white face was heartbreaking in its defenseless agony. He went over to the bed and took her damp hand in his warm one.

"Hi, honey," he said softly. "How'd you like to hear a little song?"

Her dark-ringed eyes opened and she stared at him in utter disbelief. "Am—am I delirious?" she asked fearfully. "You look just like Frank Sinatra."

"That's who I am. I'll prove it to you."

Skitch struck a couple of notes, and then that familiar voice that she had heard so often on the radio was there in the room with her.

"That old black magic's got me in its spell.
That old black magic that I know so well . . ."

The girl lay quiet, hardly daring to breathe. But when he was through she whispered, "Frank, would you sing 'Nancy'? That's my favorite song, just like you're my favorite singer."

"Sure, kid," he said gently. "And I'll send you a record of it, too, when we get back to New York."

You would think a guy as busy as Frank might forget that promise. But he didn't. And there's a girl in Detroit now whose proudest possession is an autographed record of "Nancy."

Frank doesn't forget things—or people. A couple of years ago in Hollywood, he met a tall lad with a British accent. Peter Lawford, his name was, and Frank had seen him in a couple of pictures and liked him. The parts had been small ones, for Peter wasn't well known then. A week or so later, Frank looked over the audience at the "warm-up" before the Hit Parade broadcast, and spotted Peter.

"Listen," he announced, "there's a guy here that I want you to meet. He's going to be a great actor one of these days. Peter Lawford, stand up, will you, boy?"

don't call him "lassie" . . .

Peter stood, a little embarrassed but smiling engagingly, and the audience cheered. Frank's fans adopted Lawford on the spot, and Peter is sure that marked the beginning of his fast rise to popularity. He is devoted to Frank, who has him out to the house a lot. Frank kids him unmercifully about everything from his English mannerisms to the parts he plays. The only time Pete gets mad is when Frank calls him "Lassie"!

In June they came to New York together to do scenes for "It Happened In Brooklyn." They went to the Louis-Conn fight, very pleased with themselves because their tickets were for seats in the fifth row. "Practically within throwing distance," Frank said. "We may get a fighter in our lap any round." Only when they got to the stadium, they found that the twenty-five front rows had been reserved for "the press" or a reasonable facsimile thereof, so they were really in row thirty!

One night Pete, who was staying at the Waldorf, got hungry at a fast one a.m. and walked up Lexington Avenue beyond the hotel looking for a hamburger joint. He found one, and went in. It was deserted except for the counter man, and an obviously married couple at the far end. The husband, a big guy, looked as if he'd had one too many drinks, and when his wife kept smiling at Pete, the kid got a little nervous. Eventually she went to powder her nose, or telephone or something, and the man stood up and came toward Pete. He looked considerably bigger — and drunker—than he had sitting down, and Peter measured the space between himself and the door with longing eyes.

"Is your name Lawford?" the man demanded. "Are you in the movies?"

Pete admitted it, for once with considerable reluctance. He fully expected a poke in the nose to be the sequel. Instead, the big guy reached into his pocket and brought out a piece of paper. "Sign your autograph for muh wife, willya? She was 'fraid to ask you."

the whole truth . . .

Pete, with a sigh of relief, signed. But the guy wasn't through. "Got somethin' very important on muh mind," he said mysteriously. "Will you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, nuthin' but truth?"

Pete swore.

"Okay. The truth now, remember. What kind of character is this Frank Sinatra?"

Pete reflected. This might be one of those crazy Sinatra-haters he'd heard about. But he was damned if he was going to lie.

"He's a great guy," he said sincerely. "He's one of my best friends."

The man patted him solemnly on the back. "If you'd said anything else," he confided, "I'd have knocked your teeth right out the back of your head. I think Sinatra's wunnerful."

Most people think Sinatra's "wunnerful" these days. The work he has done for racial tolerance, and for other good causes, has made a difference. He isn't just a crooner any more. And the boys who've come back from overseas singing his praises have helped too.

Among those who are currently even more enthusiastic than usual are Mr. and Mrs. Marty Sinatra of Hoboken. Yeah, that's right—mom and pop. It seems that the other day the phone rang. Mrs. Sinatra answered.

"Hi, mom," said a voice at the other end.

"Why, hello, Frank. Is everything all right? How are the children?"

"They're fine. We're all fine. Listen, mom, I hear you're moving."

"Moving? Where would we move to? Of course we're not moving."

"That's a shame," said Frank regretfully. "That house is sure going to look empty without anybody living in it."

"Frank Sinatra, have you lost your mind? *What* house?"

"That big brick house I always liked when I was a kid. The one you and pop always stop and admire as you go by. I just bought it for you."

When the exclamations were over, and Mrs. Sinatra could be made to realize he wasn't kidding, Frank added, "There's one condition to this, mom. When I used to play around that neighborhood as a kid they'd never let us play stoop-ball on the front steps of that house. They were always chasing us off. So mom—let the kids play stoop-ball there now, will you?"

You can be sure she will. And that Frank will get as much kick out of it as if he was a boy in Hoboken again himself. Because Frank doesn't forget.

RADIO GOSSIP BY BEN GROSS

(*Continued from page 66*)

tion a good-looker with a Phi Beta Kappa key. She won it because of her brilliant scholarship at Hunter College, New York.

The only radio celebrity I know who has living "carbon copies" of himself is little Johnny Roventini, whose "Call For Philip Morris!" has made him the world's most famous midget. The "call boy" is so busy with his broadcasting chores that he has to train other tiny men to sub for him on out-of-town non-radio visits. Johnny, who is just 47 inches tall and weighs 59 pounds, holds, as you may already have heard, a lifetime contract calling for a salary of $20,000 a year. The chances are, however, that you do not know the real story behind his discovery.

Some years ago, Roventini was a bellhop in Manhattan's Hotel New Yorker. One day, a man, as a gag, directed him to page "Philip Morris." The midget did so with such amazing vim that the prankster was deeply impressed. That good impression was the turning point of Johnny's career, for the man was Milton Biow, head of a great New York advertising agency, who set the youngster on the road to radio fame.

Johnny is certainly the smallest of our broadcasting stars. So as a contrast among the radio regulars, we offer you Howard Petrie, the CBS announcer, who is known as "the biggest man on the air." He is six feet, four inches tall and weighs more than 200 pounds.

* * *

What The Stars Say . . . (Johnny Desmond Speaking) . . . "People don't seem to realize that dozens of fan clubs do really constructive work. Clubs provide a healthy social outlet for naturally sociable youngsters who might otherwise be hanging around bars and other places of improper environment."

* * *

Fun On The Air . . . (Gags of the Month) . . .

Costello: I bought myself a pole fifteen feet long.

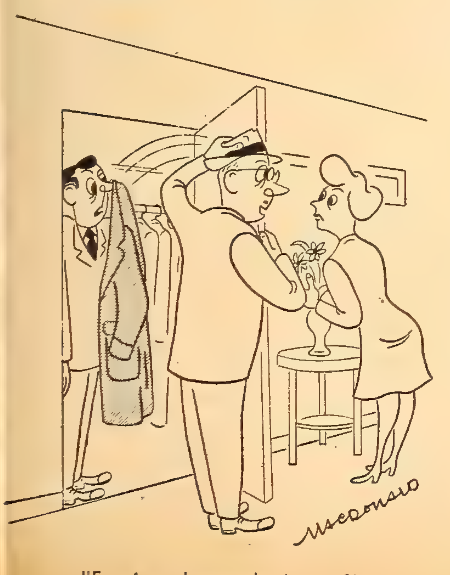
Abbott: What for?

Costello: For girls you can't touch with a ten foot pole.

* * *

Aunt: Honesty pays. When George Washington cut down the cherry tree, he

MODERN SCREEN



"Evening, dear—what's new?"

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confessed to his father and his father didn't even touch him. Do you know why?

Judy Canova: Natch. The kid had the hatchet in his hand.

* * *

Terry: Maisie, ever since Bill met you, he's not the wolf he used to be.

Maisie: You mean when he's walking down the street, he doesn't follow every pretty girl that passes by?

Terry: No, just the ones that happen to be going his way.

* * *

Pinky Lee: I'm all through with my girl, Cecelia.

Rudy Vallee: Why?

Pinky: Last night we went to the movies and all through the picture she was necking in the balcony.

Rudy: What's wrong with that?

Pinky: I was sitting in the orchestra!

* * *

Bob Burns: Do you remember my drinking uncle, Uncle Slug?

Shirley Ross: Yes. Did he go to the mountains?

Burns: He must have. I got a postcard from him and he said he was high all summer.

* * *

Lulu McConnell: I put everything I had on a horse in the Derby.

Harry McNaughton: You couldn't put everything *you* have on a horse!

* * *

Deadline Trouble . . . Bill Stern, whose staccato football broadcasts are a highlight of these crisp Fall days, has probably more difficulty with his guests on the NBC "Sports Newsreel" program than any ten radio men you could name. That's because his visitors, being celebrities, have pretty full schedules to consume their fame-filled hours.

There was the night that Orson Welles was scheduled. The Wonder Boy, who put Mars on the map, starred in a radio broadcast emanating in another New York studio, ten blocks away from Stern's microphone; and this show ended at the moment that Bill's session went on the air. Knowing this, the sportscaster had so written his script that Welles wouldn't appear until six minutes later. Also, he had arranged for a police patrol car to convoy Welles to Radio City. All went well until Orson found himself in one of the RCA Building elevators which became "stuck" between the third and fourth floors. Luckily, the elevator got going again and Orson dashed into the studio exactly two seconds before his cue.

* * *

Could You Have Answered These Questions? . . . Hearing some contestant muff what seemed to you an easy question on a quiz show, how often have you exclaimed: "What a dumb guy! I could have earned some easy money for myself if they had asked me."

Well, here is a chance to determine what *you* could have done if you had been in the contestant's place. For each of these questions was incorrectly answered on "Dr. I.Q.'s" NBC program:

1—"Who is the author of the line, 'It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home'?"

2—"Does a bee hum because he is happy, because he is angry, or because he can't help from humming?"

3—"We speak of a diamond having so many carats; and we also speak of carats in connection with gold. What does carat indicate in each case?"

4—"You heat a house and cool a car with different devices—yet both have the same name. To what am I referring?"

5—"If you represent the distaff side of your family, are you the mother, the father or the son?"

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6—"Does the word 'brisket' of beef indicate the manner in which beef is cooked; the cut; or the approximate size of the portion?"

* * *

Now, that you have already proved yourself smarter than the contestants who failed, I'll give the correct answers, anyway. And in parentheses beside each one is the amount of money you would have won had you told it to Dr. I.Q.:

1—Edgar A. Guest. ($1,700.)

2—Because he can't help from humming. The sound is produced by the vibration of the wings. ($9.00.)

3—In diamonds, carats indicate weight; in gold, purity. ($24.00.)

4—The radiator. ($12.00.)

5—The mother. ($12.00.)

6—The cut. It is the breast or lower part of the chest. ($19.00.)

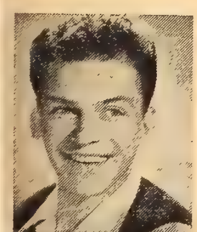
* * *

Letter Of the Month . . . "My sister and I are visiting New York in the Fall and would like to get a first-hand look at radio stars while there. I don't mean in the studios during broadcasts, but in some of their hangouts when they're not putting on an act before the mike."—Harriet Danielson, St. Louis, Mo.

Answer: There are plenty of such places, Harriet. Here, I'll just name a few. Of course, if you have plenty of the stuff turned out by Uncle Sam's mint, you may visit such rendezvous of radio celebrities as the Stork Club, Twenty-One and the Barbary Room.

But let's assume that you have no desire to mortgage your next year's income. Then, drop into Colbee's popular priced eatery in the CBS Building. You will eventually run into all of the Columbia dazzlers there, from Norman Corwin, the dramatist, to Kate Smith. Or you may drop into the restaurant on Broadway in the building that houses Mutual. Any lunchtime you'll see Martha Deane or Bud (Superman) Collyer. And even easier on the pocket book, is the soda fountain of the drug store in the RCA Building in Radio City, the home of NBC and of ABC. Here, for the price of a malted milk or of a cup of coffee, you will rub shoulders (if you want to do such a thing) with more performers, directors, musicians and broadcasting executives than you'll find on the reservation lists of the de luxe planes flying between New York and Hollywood.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Frank Sinatra was singing at a theater in Boston, and just about every bobbysoxer for miles around had come to hear the Voice. We went to hear, but soon realized that was impossible. The second he stepped onto the stage, a steadily rising volume of shrieks filled the house. Finally Frankie, realizing the futility of doing the proposed numbers, sang the numbers his fans requested, among which was "Embraceable You." When he came to the phrase, "Come to papa, come to papa, do," he calmly sang instead, "Please be quiet, please be quiet, do," which made everyone laugh —even if it didn't have the desired effect!

Frieda Gale
Lynn, Massachusetts

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*Special Preparation:—refreshing, 'tween-shampoo cleanser . . . $2.00
*Creme-Set: for delicately perfumed, lustrous hair . . . $1.25
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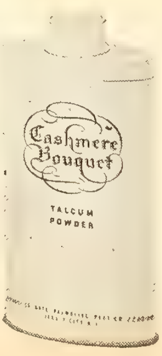


SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

version of this is my pet for best popular record of the month. It's the wildest, most heretical adaptation of the classics yet. Woody and the boys take Dvorak's "Humoresque," and really make it jump. If you can imagine that worthy old piece with lyrics that go, "Mabel, Mabel, sweet and able, take your elbows off the table, go on out and get yourself a man." I'm not sure whether music teachers in grade schools will leap on it with glee, because it helps Junior remember "Humoresque," or whether music teachers in grade schools will just leap on it.

MY FICKLE EYE—Jerry Colonna (Capitol), Evelyn Knight (Decca)—Fooey. My own fickle eye mirrors nothing but pain when they play this silly thing. I'm stretching a point to put it in at all, and I simply couldn't bring myself to list the Betty Hutton version. At least Jerry Colonna makes fun of it, in his own subtle fashion, which is really the only way to treat it. At one point, he paraphrases Figaro, and goes off on a mad, impassioned "Fickleye, Fickleye, Fickleye" aria.

YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL—Charlie Spivak (Victor)—The title of this number is wonderfully sad and appropriate for the Spivak vocalist, Jimmy Saunders. No, don't be silly, *he's* not too beautiful. It's simply that when he's on the road with the band, all he sees everywhere he goes are enormous billboards and cardboard reproductions and full color pictures of his wife, Rita Daigle, who's back in New York, busy being Miss Rheingold of 1946. Yep, it's only a paper moon for poor old Jimmy.

BEST HOT JAZZ

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Earl Bostic (Majestic)—Earl Bostic, who used to be Louis Prima's arranger, now has a band of his own, but this particular record was done with a pick-up band, and when I called Earl up and asked him to identify the soloists, I had to play the record over the phone, before he could remember! Anyhow, here they are: Don Byas and Foots Thomas, both soloing on tenor sax; Ed Finckel, piano, Tiny Grimes, guitar (incidentally, Tiny's the composer of "Romance Without Finance is a Nuisance"—listed among this month's best popular) and Eddie Barefield, clarinet. It's a swell record.

SAIPAN—Page Cavanaugh Trio (ARA)—Here's the record I nominated for the best hot jazz this month, done by a new trio with Cavanaugh, the pianist, singing almost exactly like King Cole. This trio met in the Army, when all three men were stationed at Santa Barbara. "Saipan," one side of the record, is a cute song written by Marine Captain Bob Troup while he was stationed at Saipan, and it complains bitterly about the abundance of Spam, and the dearth of ladies, on that island. The other side is an instrumental number called "Air Mail Special." Funny thing—the guitarist's name is Al Viola, which reminds me that I know a pianist named Sammy Fidler. To say nothing of a clarinetist named Aaron Sachs, and another pianist named Al Bass, and of course a guitarist named Tito (sic) Guizar.

THE LAMPLIGHTER—Lionel Hampton (Decca)—Just as if to amplify my remarks of last month about how everybody's going into the record business, along comes Lionel Hampton. Although he's under contract to Decca, Lionel's started his own label. He calls it Hamp-Tone Records. Not only that, but he has his own music publishing company, which publishes his own tunes, which are recorded by his own musicians. He'll be manufacturing his own shellac for them next, and be careful, don't ask him for a match. Because it looks as though he's got his hands full. To cap it all, "The Lamplighter," is named for this guy, Ted Yerxa, who in turn has *his* own record company—Lamplighter Records.

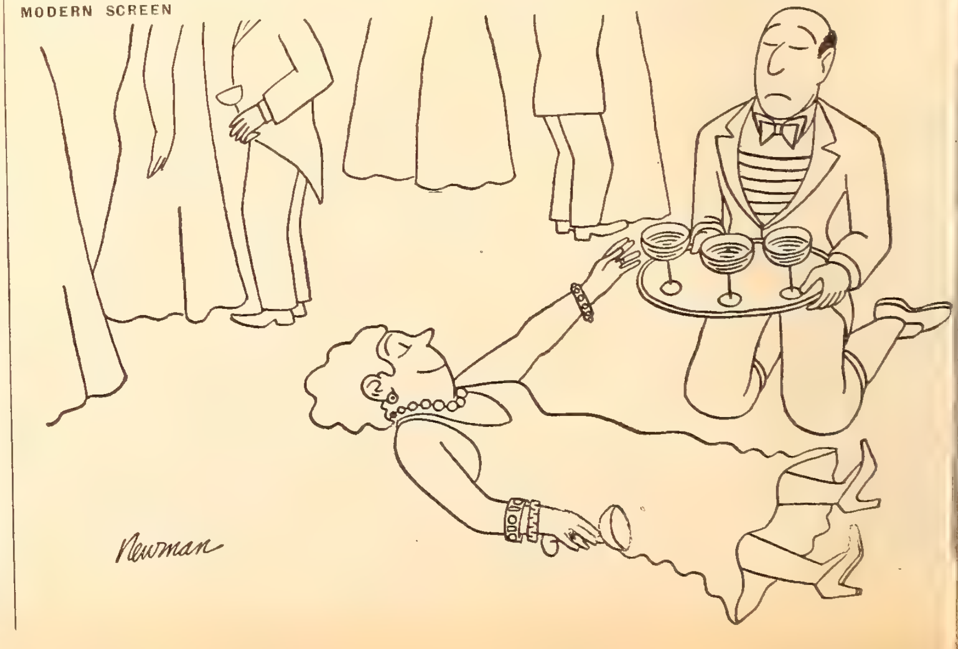
THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT—Keynoters (Keynote)—This is played by a quartette featuring Willie Smith (alto sax man from Harry James' band), Red Callender (bass featured in Warner Brothers' "Jammin' The Blues" short), Jackie Mills on drums, and a pianist named Lord Calvert. Lord Calvert turns out to be none other than King Cole, but the title means he's a pianist of distinction.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

MARCH OF TIME—Improvisation: Eddie Condon (Decca)—Eddie Condon is the man

(Continued on page 104)

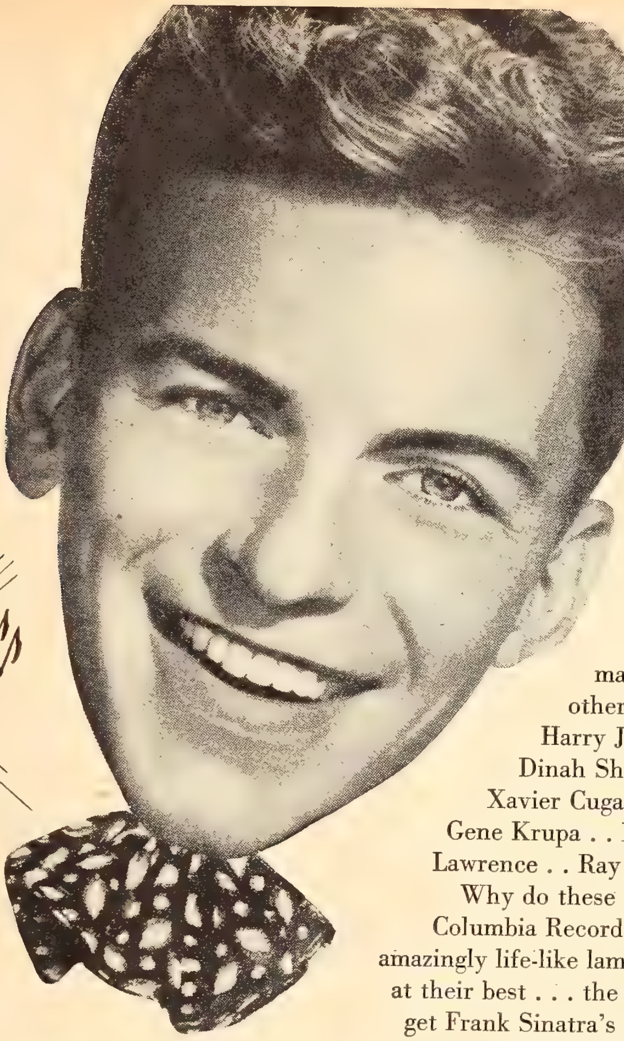
MODERN SCREEN



Newman

"if it's terrific" it's

Frank Sinatra



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who is supposed to be proud to have put jazz back 25 years, and who spends most of his time making nasty cracks about me, because I'm trying to put jazz forward. In spite of which, when he makes a good record, I'm still going to turn the other cheek and say so. I like the record, but I want to know two things:

1. If it's an improvisation (in the movie, the musicians were supposedly just jazzing along, jamming the blues) how can this record be the same unless it was taken directly off the sound track?
2. If all those guys were improvising on their horns, how come a guitar player named Condon, who can't even be heard on the record, is listed as composer?

SMOKY—Down In The Valley, Cowboy's Lament—Burl Ives (Decca)—Burl Ives is a sort of 20th century troubadour. He wanders around the country, playing his guitar, and picking up folk songs. This "Smoky" is his first movie appearance, and these two numbers come from it.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

CINDY—Jo Stafford (Capitol)
FIVE MINUTES MORE—Tex Beneke (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bob Crosby (Decca)
HOW CUTE CAN YOU BE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME—Elliot Lawrence (Columbia), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Chris Cross (Coronet)
MABEL, MABEL!—Woody Herman (Columbia), Les Elgart (Musicraft)
MY FICKLE EYE—Jerry Colonna (Capitol), Evelyn Knight (Decca)
ROMANCE WITHOUT FINANCE IS A NUISANCE—Tiny Grimes (Savoy), Phil Moore (Musicraft)
SHOULD I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU?—Dick Haymes (Decca)
YOU CALL IT MADNESS—Billy Eckstine (National), Teddy Walters (Musicraft), King Cole (Capitol)
YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL—Charlie Spivak (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

EARL BOSTIC—The Major and The Minor (Majestic)
PAGE CAVANAUGH TRIO—Saipan (ARA)
KING COLE TRIO—Oh, But I do (Capitol)
ERROL GARNER ALBUM—Piano Solos (Mercury)
LIONEL HAMPTON—The Lamplighter (Decca)
STAN KENTON—Artistry In Boogie (Capitol)
KEYNOTERS—The Way You Look Tonight (Keynote)
SLAM STEWART TRIO—Sherry Lynn Flip (Manor)
DINAH WASHINGTON—When a Woman Loves a Man (Mercury)
BEN WEBSTER—I Got It Bad (Haven)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BORN TO DANCE—I've Got You Under My Skin: Betty Rhodes (Victor)
CANYON PASSAGE—Ole Buttermilk Sky: Hoagy Carmichael (ARA)
EARL CARROLL'S SKETCHBOOK—I've Never Forgotten: Bob Crosby (Decca)
FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION—I Don't Know Why: Charlie Ventura (Lamplighter)
KID FROM BROOKLYN—You're The Cause of it All: Kay Kyser (Columbia)
MARCH OF TIME—Improvisation: Eddie Condon (Decca)
NIGHT AND DAY—Cole Porter Album: Dave Rose (Victor), Fred Waring (Decca). What Is This Thing Called Love? Billie Holiday (Decca), Betty Rhodes (Victor), Begin The Beguine: Bing Crosby (Decca).
SMOKY—Down In The Valley, Cowboy's Lament—Burl Ives (Decca)
THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—This Is Always: Harry James (Columbia), Louanne Hogan (Musicraft), Ginny Simms (ARA), Betty Rhodes (Victor), Somewhere In The Night: Martha Tilton (Capitol), Hogan, Simms, Rhodes
TO EACH HIS OWN—Title Song: Modernaires (Columbia), Freddy Martin (Victor)

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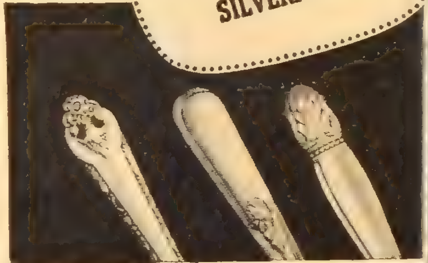

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GUY MADISON LIFE STORY

(*Continued from page 41*)

themselves some punkins back in Podunkus, but in reality they were related to the lowest species of animal life, smelled strongly, looked ugly and were worth, on the hoof, about three cents worth of glue. This chief had a talented vocabulary of swear words that made even these Bakersfield huskies blush to their hair roots. Guy's fists curled; but he relaxed as quick and grinned. He was in the Navy now, and no fooling.

But the chow was good. Guy could circle the mess line twice any day in the week, in spite of the cookie's dirty looks. One Thanksgiving he came around for three helpings of turkey and the galley boss blew up.

Guy and Dan had a hard time making up their minds what to aim at after boot camp ended. What to do—strike for a coxswain or a gunner's mate? Both were boat happy and both liked guns. Luckily, they drew a detail that combined the two —on a picket boat patrolling Los Angeles harbor, standing gun watches at night.

So Seaman Mosely's first Navy duty was as a gunner roaring back and forth between the boats in the L.A. harbor, boring the black night with a spotlight and hailing suspicious characters.

They operated on a port-and-starboard liberty system at the Small Craft Training Center, where Guy and Dan were stationed. That meant you got off in alternate gangs and Hollywood was just a few minutes' hitch up the Coast highway. Guy had sold his dolled-up Ford when he joined up, but Si Santiago usually rolled up from Los Alamitos and hauled the Big Four, en masse, up to the bright lights. And even if Si was stuck you could hitch a ride with one jerk of the thumb. It was pretty hard to pass up good looking sailors like Guy Madison and his clean-cut pals.

a sailor's paradise . . .

And Hollywood was a sailor's paradise. They could head for the Hollywood Canteen, where real live stars ladled out chow and soft drinks and big name bands played all night and the glammer gals you've seen on the screen smiled and said, "Let's dance." There was Ann Lehr's Guild, and there were shows, football games, baseball and bowling and, if you were on the razzma-tazz side, a flock of night spots and jive bands and even colorful tough joints on Main Street. It was a case of name your poison—but what Guy always named was the Hollywood Canteen. And that's where he got his first bid from a studio.

The Big Four had invaded the Canteen one night and worked a deal to corner the Glamor. The object was Betty Grable.

Until he started chasing up to Hollywood on liberties, Guy didn't know one movie star from another. All his kidhood, he'd ducked sticky screen romances and, outside of a western shoot-'em-up now and hen, he never saw a flicker a year. He was always outdoors. He actually had never heard of Greta Garbo—no joke. So Betty Grable meant nothing in his young ife that night, except that—well, anyone who wasn't blind could tell she was eaches and cream and a dream to dance with. Si and Eldon and Dan and Guy were n the sidelines when they spotted her. It ooked like the gold rush. GIs and gobs nd leathernecks were playing slaptag very second and poor Betty was bouncing rom uniform to uniform like a tennis ball.

"Look," said Si. "Let's organize on this. All cut in, then Dan cuts me, then Eldon uts Dan and Mose cuts him. By that time,

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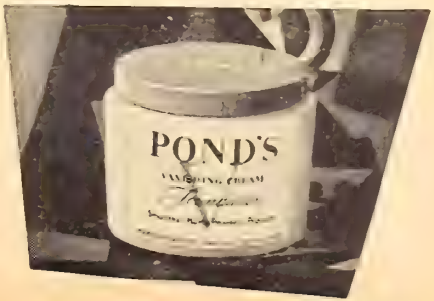

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I'm fighting my way back and I cut in—and we repeat. See? That way we get maybe a step each time but we're right back for more and it all adds up to a real dance with Grable. How's that?"

It sounded swell, yet that was the Big Four's first major defeat. It just didn't work. There wasn't enough moxie even in that squad to work a deal like that, not with practically the whole West Coast armed forces bent on the same idea.

But even if Guy messed up his mission, he was in the spotlight long enough for his handsome face to register. There was a lady writer at the Canteen that night who worked at Paramount. Her daughter was dancing with the sailors and when Guy picked her for his partner next, mama took one look and gasped. In a minute, the daughter caught the signal and brought Madison over. The movie writer didn't waste any time. "Look," she asked, "when's your next liberty?"

"Next Friday."

"How'd you like to come over to Paramount and see the studio?" asked the lady. "Come to lunch with me and let me introduce you around. I think you'll like it and I've got a hunch they'll like you. You're a great bet for pictures."

"Why not?" grinned Guy. "That ought to be fun."

"It's a date," said the lady. And she gave him her name.

Guy mentioned it to the gang on the ride back to the Harbor. They called him "Gable" then and razzed him until he had to beat them around the ears. But they thought it was a swell idea. "You guys come along," said Guy, "and protect me."

"I want Dorothy Lamour," cracked Si.

"I'll settle for Betty Hutton," grinned Eldon. But the kidding was on the cuff. Guy had never featured himself as an actor and the idea was crazy, but what could he lose? Besides, he'd never seen a studio and he could have himself a swell time. He looked forward to it.

But back at the base, the Navy was cooking up different ideas. Or rather, a certain chief bo'sun who didn't approve of ambitious gobs, was. And everyone knows that it's the chiefs who run the Navy. Guy found that out, quick.

He'd put in for a transfer from the boat patrol detail to Recreation Training in the naval athletic department. There was more of a future there, Guy figured, what with his gymnastic talent. He went to the athletic officer and got approval for his transfer request. Then he took it to his chief to get it signed.

chief nuisance . . .

The chief gave him a wicked grin, as he signed the transfer slowly. "Lots of guys seem to want to change the scenery these days," he drawled. "And you know what seems to happen?"

"No," said Guy.

"Well," sighed the bo'sun, "for instance, the last guy came in here asking for a transfer. You know what happened to him?"

Guy shook his head.

"Why, the next day he was shipped out. And right now," mused the chief, ominously, "he's out to sea. Yeah, w-a-a-y out to sea!"

Guy caught the threat; so he wasn't too surprised when the very day he was due up in Hollywood to take in Paramount Studios the fatal orders came through. "Seaman Mosely will report to the Carrier Aircraft Service Unit Number Five at San Diego immediately."

Guy took his orders to Dan and grinned ruefully. "The party's off," he said. "No Hollywood. I'm shipped out to Diego."

Dan and Si and Eldon yelped like coyotes. "What a break! Aren't you sore?" Bob shrugged. "Nah. I'm shipped out. So okay—I'm shipped out. That's all there is

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to it. Let it go at that. We're in the Navy."

"Are you kidding?" they groaned. "Yeah, I'm kidding," he admitted grimly.

Guy took a pretty dim view of life at that point in his Navy career, because he was assigned to handing out tools in the central stores, with all the Big Four scattered soon after. So he started thinking fast to get out.

The best deal to Guy seemed to be to sign up for officer's school. Luckily, his two years in Bakersfield J. C. entitled him to consideration; he got his commanding officer's signature on the application, his credits down from school, and he was busting with the idea of earning a gold stripe. If fact, he was well on his way to enrollment when Fate handed him another body punch—and this one was low.

It was an outrageous stroke of luck, and to make it more ironic, it happened up in Hollywood where Guy Madison was to get the break of his life later on.

Guy was up there on liberty again. The L.A. Harbor berth had spoiled him for weekend fun spots. Hollywood was the service man's tops. In Diego—well—the competition was terrific. Guy didn't compete. He just put his toothbrush in a beach bag and set out on the highway, thumbing North. Like as not he'd find Si or Dan in from their posts. They had a favorite meeting corner in Hollywood and they seldom missed joining up. Then they headed for the canteen like homing pigeons.

But this night they *would* stumble right into an S.P. busting with law and order. He stopped Guy.

"Where's your liberty card?"

Guy said he didn't have one. They didn't issue them in San Diego, which was true. "Okay," said the naval cop. "Let's see your I.D."

Guy hauled it out. The sea air had fogged up the card under the celluloid cover. It was blurred and tarnished. That was enough for the watchdog. "Been altering your I.D. card, eh?"

"No," said Guy. He explained. But it was to deaf ears of the tough S. P.

"How come you keep lying to me?" he asked nastily. Again Guy's fists curled but something said, "Easy."

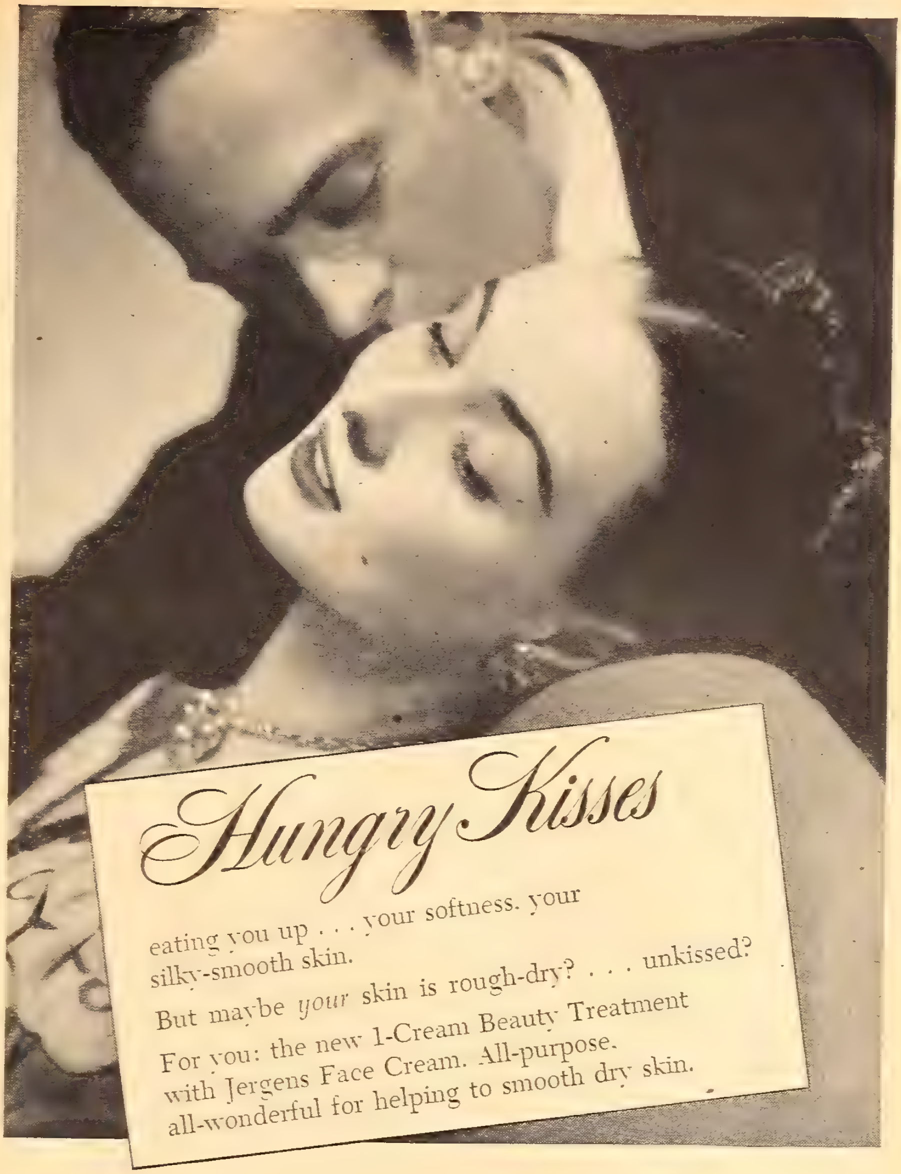
He was turned in, of course. It was a rap he had nothing to do with. But just the same, getting on report cost him his chance at officer's training. His application was cancelled. He never tried it again.

beachcomber . . .

But he did get a chance to spring himself from the inside job that was making him unhappy. At least, now that it was obvious he wasn't being shipped to sea or to the OTC, Guy thought he could promote some kind of berth that would keep him happy. He had his eye on the kind of spot Eldon had—lifeguard at a pool. He wangled a tryout when a berth came up on the Navy lifeguard squad at South Beach and made a flying color record in all the exams. The okay came through.

There were five guards at North Island, because it was a big beach, 1100 yards long and the most dangerous in the area, cursed with rip tides that carried swimmers out to sea before they knew it. It was strictly for Navy personnel, but Guy was surprised how many sailors were sloppy swimmers. It was good duty for him, because he spent his days in the sun, but it wasn't easy—nor safe, for a guy who didn't know his stuff in that tricky surf. When you saved people they were big men and they were in plenty of trouble or they wouldn't need saving. And Guy did all right.

The only time he got hurt was when a wooden lifeboat he was cresting in on a wave capsized and tossed him into a boiling comber. Guy knew when and how to grab the rollers. But this accident gave



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him no choice, tossing him into the breaking wave like a stick of wood. It boiled him to the bottom and smacked his head on the sand and for a while he thought he'd snapped his neck in two. Instead, a vertebra disk was ruptured, and all the ligaments of his shoulder torn out of place. It meant three months in hospitals and a tricky neck Guy still packs around which gives him trouble whenever he gets tired.

Outside of the constant dangers of his job, Guy Madison couldn't have asked for a dreamier assignment than his lifeguard's spot at North Island. A perfectly swell admiral commanded the base. He was an old Navy man who loved the sea and loved sailors. He'd come down to the surf at North Island for a swim and forget his brass and buddy with the gobs and lifeguards. And there was another top-notch officer, a Lieutenant-Commander who was strictly all right too. But the law of the Navy is pretty much like that of life in general. Things are too good sometimes to last and Guy got the bitter right after the sweet, which changed his mind considerably. The bitter was One-Way Charlie brass hats, officers who used their authority to gain special privilege at the expense of GIs.

Guy could take a ragging. The brass bosses who succeeded the swell admiral and the commander who was regular, were the ragging type. They shouted every time they saw a sailor resting his arches for a second. They barked like beagles if a tie knot was a quarter-inch out of place. When Guy took Eldon's place at the North Island Pool, he ran into a rummy like that. What burned up this joe was Guy's hair. It was curly and it wouldn't stay combed, for one thing. For another, the sun on the beach had striped it six or seven different shades of yellow and when Guy went on duty at the pool the chlorine in the water added a few pastel hues.

Guy got used to the lieutenant snapping at him. "Mosely, clean out these gutters! . . . Mosely—scrub off the diving board! . . . Mosely, straighten up that cap!" Mosely, do this and do that. Guy kept his trap shut. But he was always pretty sensitive when anybody took a crack at his masculinity and when "Skintop" (that's what the GIs called this officer, because he was getting bald and his hair line was retreating like an army of Krauts) sounded off about his hair, he didn't like it a bit.

"Jeez, Mosely, what beauty shop have you been to? Your hair's got every color in the rainbow. You look like a strawberry blond!"

He pulled it once too often. Guy raised himself up out of the pool where he was steel-wooling the gutters.

"Yeah," he said slowly. "But at least I've *got* some hair!"

The crack did his soul good, but it was no formula for a popularity prize with the commanding gold braid, and Bob knew it.

baby-sitter sailor . . .

Maybe the most galling experience Guy ever had was being forced into the ignominious role of a "sitter"—taking care of officers' babies while they went and partied. That was almost the payoff that made Seaman Mosely strike out over the hill.

The brassy lieutenant came up one day with a big smile. "Hello, Mosely. How'd you like to work tonight?" Guy thought he meant work in athletics, because that was his department. He knew some guys were landing soft touches refereeing Navy basketball games at five dollars a night. He said, "Sure." He got the startling instruction, "The older girl will take care of the baby. You watch the kids. Be there at seven." So he was hooked.

Bob didn't actually mind the job. He liked kids and the little girl was cute. He caught on right away that he was being suckered for a "coolie" but what the heck. But he had his pride, and when the officer came barging home with his party pals that night Guy started to dust out quick. "Hey, Mosely," shouted the cheekie chappy. "Wait a minute—I want to pay you."

Guy's face turned crimson. Pay him, like a servant, in front of all these people! "Oh, I don't want any money. Glad to do it," he lied. The officer was insistent. He practically crammed a couple of bills down Bob's middy. He had to take them; if he tossed them back in the looey's face he'd be in trouble. But all the way home Guy gritted his teeth. He figured a way to show him that Seaman Mosely was no coolie and didn't want his "sitter" money. Guy went downtown and spent every cent on a present for the officer's little girl, took it over and gave it to her. He also took along a Hollywood magazine, being careful to pick one with a picture of a certain sailor who had had a break in Hollywood. The little girl spotted his face at once and cried, "Why, it's you!" The navy officer's wife couldn't believe it. She stuttered and giggled, "Oh, I'll have to get your autograph!"

"With pleasure," said Guy grimly. That brassy lieutenant never called him again.

sweet revenge . . .

Of course, telling that on Guy Madison is getting ahead of our story, because obviously the reason he could get sweet revenge in that fashion with his printed picture was because by then the fantastic Cinderella-man sequence had happened in Hollywood and he was leading a double life. Guy's Hollywood break that clicked happened his second season on the North Island Beach.

Seaman Mosely had about as much plans for a Hollywood postwar future when his Navy days were through as a mackerel. Matter of fact, what Guy and Si and Dan and Eldon considered in those days was turning commercial fishermen.

One of his regular 24-hour liberty trips to his favorite holiday town changed all that for Guy. As Guy himself tells it, this is what happened: "I was at CBS, standing in the lobby to see Janet Gaynor do her radio show. Then this Hollywood agent, Helen Ainsworth, came up and asked me if I'd like a ticket to the show, which was a swell idea. Just then Henry Willson came by, and she introduced me to him. Mr. Willson asked me if I'd be interested in pictures, and I said I didn't know—that I'd never given it any thought, which was the truth! So, a few weeks later, he drove me out to the studio, and I met Mr. Selznick, Dan O'Shea, and then came weeks of dramatic lessons. Four months later nobody was more surprised than I was when I got the part of the sailor in 'Since You Went Away,' which Mr. Selznick had written for me."

Actually, it wasn't as simple as he tells it. There were difficulties, like trying to tie in his Navy duties with this new "picture deal." But Selznick wasn't discouraged.

"You can make the scenes on your next leave," explained Selznick. "It won't be hard. And if you like it we can sign a contract for later on. Tell him what we have in mind, Henry."

So Guy Madison got the Word from Henry Willson. It was all decided on if he'd say "yes." They knew he was in the Navy, of course, but if Bob wanted to devote his liberty weekends to learning to be an actor, Selznick's would be his school for free. And to start off, he'd go right into "Since You Went Away," playing himself, just plain being a sailor. After that, he could find out what it was all about, this Hollywood acting business. Guy shook hands. "Okay," he grinned. "I like

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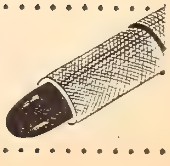

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the idea, but if you think I'm an actor, you're crazy."

"We won't worry about that. See you next week."

That was a long week for Guy to sweat out. He was pretty cagey. He didn't say anything to any of his mates about what was going on. He didn't write his family in Bakersfield. He didn't even let any of the Big Four know.

Guy Madison made his screen debut on a 7-day leave from his Navy duty. From the start, he wasn't nervous "on the outside" as he says, even on the same set with such out-of-his-world figures as Shirley Temple, Claudette Colbert, Joe Cotten, Bob Walker, Jennifer Jones. Guy had no trouble in his brief three-minute sailor scene—except to puff a cigarette without coughing; he still didn't smoke—but he was impressed. And what impressed him was the care, the preparation, the deep background of skill and talent, the big business of movie making. After the first day he walked away with Henry Willson. Guy didn't say a thing all the way to Henry's house. Just sat in the car and twisted his white sailor cap. Not until they sat down to dinner did he utter a word. Then he whistled a low sigh. "Boy," said Guy, "have I got a lot to learn!"

a friend in need . . .

Luckily, the man who discovered star stuff in Guy Madison turned into his best Hollywood friend. Henry Willson, proud of his discovery, took pains to guide Guy along the Hollywood tight ropes.

Most of the week he was just a lifeguard gob, but on the weekends he was a Selznick star-to-be—dining, dating, dancing around Hollywood with the glittering set of young movie starlets.

After "Since You Went Away," Guy didn't make another picture, even in the face of his snowballing popularity, the rest of his Navy days. His duty came first. It was only after he was finally discharged that he had his chance to prove that all the Madison madness was no freak. He made the test for "Till the End of Time" on a liberty from a Navy hospital.

That old injury he suffered when the lifeboat capsized and churned him in a breaker refused to heal, and Sailor Guy started his hospital circuit from North Island Beach. He was shifted around through five different infirmaries in three months and they did everything except make him a new neck. It wasn't the pain that bothered Guy, but the inactivity. The war was on its way out and all he had on his mind was the Hollywood career that was begging him to come and take it. At last, with his discharge in the works, David Selznick sent him the script of "Till the End of Time." Guy propped himself up on the pillows and learned his lines. He finally pestered the doc for a leave, climbed out of bed and into his car and drove from Banning to Hollywood to make a test.

But by the time the picture was set to roll, Guy Madison was a civilian, although that didn't mean his worries were over. For one thing, he couldn't find a civvie wardrobe to play the part of the discharged Marine—no suits, no shirts. And he couldn't find a place to live. And then to top it off, right after he'd finally got going on the picture that was to prove him—well, one night before going to bed, Guy stepped into the shower and—slip—crash—he went right through the glass door, all 180 pounds of him! That sliced his body in five different places. Dripping blood like a stuck pig, Guy calmly called Henry Willson. "Come over and bring a doctor," he said. "I just dove through a pane of glass." When Henry got there, Guy was sitting grinning weakly in crimson soaked towels. "I guess I crashed through in my first picture, all right," he cracked. They took a couple dozen stitches without anaesthetic and put him to bed. It was eight days before the doctor let Guy limp back to the set.

When "Honeymoon" was finished the other day, Guy was booked for a trip to New York. Interviews and appearances were all lined up and at that stage of his career—with his first star job about to break—it was important for him to go. He was packing his bags for the plane when the call came from Laguna Beach.

It was Dan Shull on the wire. "Hey, Mose," he said. "Guess who's down here. Si Santiago and Eldon Setterholm and your brother, Wayne. We've got a shack and there's room for you. How about rolling down when you're free? We'll surf and dive for 'bugs' and get burnt black."

"Save a place on the beach for me, Danny Boy," Guy shouted. "I'm leaving in ten minutes." He called the studio and cancelled the N. Y. trip. He said it was an important family matter, and in a way it was. Then Guy hopped in his car and rolled down the coast. He spent a week with the old gang doing the things they used to do and it was Heaven on earth—even after Hollywood. Then the pressure got terrific and Guy had to hop off on his Eastern trip after all. But before he left Laguna, his Dad came down from Bakersfield and he had an idea. "Now that you boys are all together," he said, "Let's get up a hunting trip in the mountains! You'll like that, won't you, R.O.?"

Guy grinned. "I'll say I will. I've got to make that trip to New York first, but I'll be back in a week. That's a promise."

So Guy Madison flew East and then he flew back. Photographers and press agents and studio big shots tugged at his coattails as he left Manhattan for the plane.

"What's the rush?" they kept tossing at him. "You're not making a picture in California."

"No," said Guy, "but I'm going hunting."

Going hunting? The baffled characters looked at each other and crinkled their brows. What was the angle? Why was an up and coming young movie star who could do himself plenty of good in New York, so itchy to go hunting? They didn't get it. It didn't make sense to them.

But to Guy Madison it did. It made all the sense in the world.

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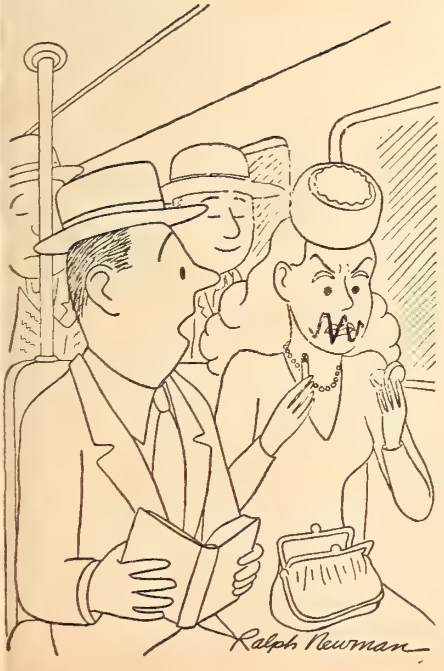
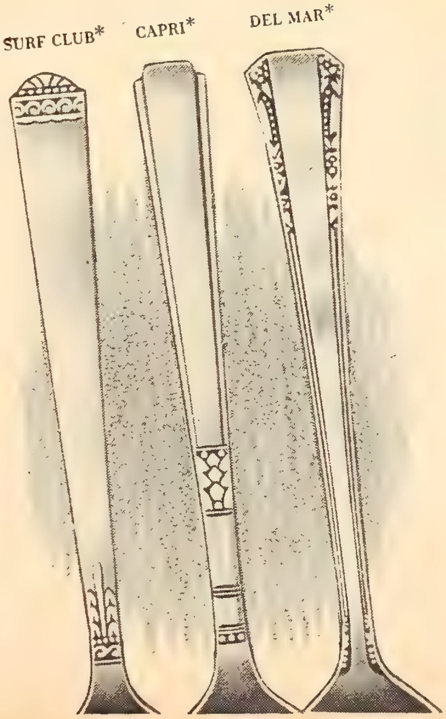


"Bumpy road, isn't it?"



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OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND . . . !

(Continued from page 54)

They had said, "Miss Scott, you're very popular back home, you know, even after just one picture. And your studio tells us you get as much mail from England as you do from the States. Would you like to come over some time?"

She had said, "I'd love to! I'd *love* to!" in her deep, eager voice, meaning every accentuated syllable. And now here she was, on her way. The only reason she had this lost feeling was because she didn't know a soul in England.

In the seat next to her, a small, middle-aged Irishman with bright, observing eyes reached behind him and produced, mysteriously, an accordion. He winked at her, not impertinently, but in a friendly way.

"Would you be mindin' a bit of music, miss?" he inquired sociably.

"I think it would be wonderful. Unless the others . . ." Lizabeth glanced around and noticed for the first time that most of the faces were as Irish as the one beside her. Well, of course. The plane landed in Ireland before it went to England. The faces, smiling, all glanced expectantly at the accordion. The Irishman swelled like a small, triumphant rooster, and began to play.

What with sweet accordion music, and everyone on the plane being so friendly, Lizabeth never got a single page of the script read. The eleven hours vanished like soap bubbles in the sun, and before it seemed remotely possible, Lizabeth was stepping from the plane at Heathrow airport, twenty miles from London. For the first few minutes it was very much like LaGuardia Field all over again. The photographers and the swarms of reporters. Only here there were no requests from the photographers to "Pull that skirt an inch higher, won't you, please?" as there had been at home. That was fine with Lizabeth, who is not keen on cheesecake pictures. Everyone was very polite and, naturally, very British. The dialects were confusing, though. Everything from Cockney to the purest Oxford seemed to be represented in the press.

Lizabeth carried a small hatbox, and one of the girl reporters spotted it immediately. "I say, Miss Scott, I thought someone told me you never wore hats."

"I haven't for eight years," Lizabeth told her. "But I modeled this one for John-Frederick the other day, and I just had to have it."

"Could we have a look at it? I mean, any hat that could win you over after eight years must be a bit of all right."

"I'd love to show it off." So Lizabeth opened the hatbox and got out the black velvet jockey cap that had caught her fancy. It was incredibly becoming, and when she pulled it on over her light, silky hair, there were approving whistles from the crowd.

england in technicolor . . .

The ride into London was fascinating. At first the countryside and suburbs looked to Lizabeth very much like Connecticut or Westchester. Then she noticed the intensity of the colors. The grass was the greenest green she had ever seen. The roses which climbed the walls of the little cottages were redder than any roses in America. The cottages themselves looked very old and very quaint—and very inconvenient. There were, of course, lots of modern houses too, as they approached London. Soon they were in the city itself, which teemed with traffic.

"It's like the five o'clock rush hour in

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New York!" Lizabeth exclaimed. "Is it always like this?"

"Right you are," said her chauffeur. "But the bobbies keep it in hand. They do a fine bit of work, they do."

They did, indeed. Imperturbable as gods, they were always polite, never ruffled. They were tall, all of them, and imposing in their helmets and white gloves.

They drove along beside the Thames, and its beauty caught at her heart. That dusty, creamy green water reflecting the lights and shadows of the ancient city seemed to represent all that she had ever read of England. As they drove through the narrow, crowded streets another thing attracted her attention. The shop windows weren't like the ones in New York. Take that dress shop back there, for instance, and the hat store across the street. There was only a small square of glass in the window, through which you saw one object—a beautifully cut gray tweed suit, or a blue hat. The rest of the window was of wood, painted in some vivid, eye-catching shade.

"What a clever idea!" Lizabeth enthused. "Of course I adore color so, anyway. And just showing one thing through the glass that way is *very* smart."

making the best of it . . .

The gentleman beside her who represented the majesty of the British Empire said drily, "That's a pleasant way to look at it, Miss Scott. Actually, the reason for it is that all these shops were bombed out during the blitz. They've rebuilt them, but it's very hard to get glass. So they use what they can, as best they can."

The car drove up to the Savoy Hotel, where Lizabeth was to stay, and as soon as she entered the lobby, it was rather like being back in New York again. There was an air of expensive sophistication about it, and the faces she saw might equally well have been seen in New York or Hollywood. There were still a few men in uniform about, but no American ones, whereas a year ago the place would have been swarming with American officers. Lizabeth went up to her room to change her clothes, and frowned to herself as she realized she had exactly one dollar in her handbag. You were only allowed to bring in eighteen dollars in American money. She had had to pay duty on the three pair of nylons, the two cartons of cigarettes and the two jars of instant coffee she had brought with her. That had come to seventeen dollars, leaving her one lone buck. But of course she had letters of credit and things. Still, she had again that momentary lost feeling.

There was a timid knock on the door, and a little maid entered. She was a shy, mousy creature, in a dust cap and an immaculate white apron.

"I wonder, miss," she said diffidently, "if you wouldn't care for a cup of tea? You could order it, you know, and you must be tired after that great, long trip."

"It's sweet of you to think of it," Lizabeth said, feeling better immediately because of this friendly word. "But I brought some instant coffee along. I'm a tremendous coffee drinker. I suppose I could order some hot water to fix it with."

"Certainly, miss."

But Lizabeth's vivid imagination had conjured up a look of disappointment on the little maid's face. "I think I'll have tea after all," she said impulsively.

The tea when it came was delicious, and as refreshing in its way as coffee. It was accompanied by wafer-thin slices of dark bread, very lightly buttered.

"They used to have lovely teas for the guests 'ere at the 'otel," the maid said regretfully, lapsing into cockney. "Cakes they 'ad, and cucumber sandwiches, and

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cherry tarts. Before the war, you know."

"This suits me fine," Lizabeth assured her. "I practically never eat starch or pastries. Just lots of fruit and vegetables."

"Ow, you *will* 'ave a 'ard toime of it 'ere, miss. You see, we don't 'ave no fruit at hall, and 'ardly any vegetables."

She soon found out how right the maid was about all this. Fruit was practically non-existent, except for prunes and dried apricots. Asking for orange juice would get you clapped right into a strait jacket. The vegetables available were cabbage and brussels sprouts and cabbage and brussels sprouts—and cabbage—and brussels sprouts. The slices of meat served, even at the Savoy, looked as if they had been sliced with a razor blade. Yet Lizabeth realized how much better she was faring, at a luxury hotel like the Savoy, than most people in England.

another language . . .

Lizabeth's first press conference led to an experience with the different meanings given some words by the English. A reporter sitting next to her had been watching her rather closely.

"You're a nervy girl, aren't you?" he said casually.

Lizabeth stared at him in blank surprise. "Nervy?" *He* was the nervy one, she thought indignantly. Here she was being nice as pie, answering all the questions they asked, and thinking they were such pleasant people.

But he went on to explain. "You move your hands all the while and your eyes. I can always tell a nervy person that way."

"Oh, you mean *'nervous'*!" Lizabeth giggled hysterically. She was sure wars had been started by this kind of international misunderstanding.

On another day, she was driven out to Eton, and later to Windsor Castle. Eton was fun. The beautiful old buildings, and the throngs of boys looking so much alike at a little distance, and yet so different when you came close to them.

"We aren't supposed to take pictures on the grounds here," the photographer who accompanied her said cheerfully. "But we might get by with a few. We'll give it a try, shall we?"

They found it was quite easy. Lizabeth would stroll over to some ancient stone arch, and pose, as if accidentally, in front of it. The photographer would snap the picture, and they would grin at each other conspiratorially. Soon a group of students gathered near. They didn't come right up, as American boys would have done, but stood back a little, talking quietly.

"Would two of you lads like to pose with Miss Scott?" the photographer asked.

"Oh, maybe it would get them into trouble," Lizabeth said quickly. "I wouldn't do that for anything."

But two of the boys came forward. "We'll do it, Miss Scott. The headmaster isn't such a bad sort, actually, and even if we do get a bit of a lecture, it will be worth it!" one of them told her. He had a shy smile, and a thin, English face. That was one of the things Lizabeth noticed—all the faces were thin, compared to the round rosiness of American children.

So the three of them posed for the photographer, and somehow there was a warm little feeling of happiness in Lizabeth's heart because these boys liked her. Not because it was Eton, and they were England's upper class at its best. But because behind their diffidence was a real friendliness such as she might have found from boys in any small American town. Later, as Lizabeth was about to get into the car to leave, the two boys came up to her.

"I say, Miss Scott, we wondered if you would care to see our room. It's the one the Duke of Wellington had when he was at school here."

"I'd like to," she told them, smiling, "if it can be a flying visit. I must get on to Windsor Castle."

The room was dark and panelled, and fascinating in its antiquity. The boys asked her to have tea, but she had to get along.

What amused her most was the Irish guards at the palace. They were all such tall, fine looking men, and they held themselves in rigid parade ground posture all the while. Nothing short of world destruction would cause them to change either position or expression. But somehow, without moving a facial muscle, they managed to ask Lizabeth for her autograph. Impishly, she propped the paper against each manly chest in turn and signed.

The premiere of "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" was the big event of Lizabeth's visit. It took place at London's Carleton Theater, and her escort for the occasion was the handsome English star, Stewart Granger. Remember him in "The Man In Grey?" Lizabeth's dress came from Hattie Carnegie in New York, and she had selected it with the greatest care. She knew that the English people disliked any form of ostentation, and with their clothing rationed so rigidly, what would be a comparatively simple dress in America might look too dressy over here. Yet it ought to be formal enough to do justice to the occasion. She had finally found a gown that was just right. It was white crepe, floor length, with long sleeves and a low, round neckline trimmed with a discreet touch of gold.

Lizabeth had requested a complimentary ticket for just one person . . . her little maid at the hotel.

"Would you like to go to the premiere?" she had asked her a few days before.

The girl stared at her unbelievingly. "*Me*, miss? To see your picture?"

"Yes, of course. I'd be glad to get you a ticket if you would care about it."

"Oh, you're too good, miss. But it wouldn't be proper." Her eyes were wide.

It took some time to convince the maid that the heavens wouldn't fall, or, more to the point, that she wouldn't lose her job, if she accepted Lizabeth's invitation. But at last she attended delightedly, and no one in the crowd was more thrilled.

meeting mr. mason . . .

Lizabeth met James Mason, (see page 36) your favorite English star, and his attractive wife. In fact, she was invited to their cottage home thirty miles outside London for dinner. It was something of a distinction, for English people do not readily invite new acquaintances into their homes. Lizabeth found the Masons completely charming and natural. They have only four Persian cats, instead of the nineteen she had heard rumored. They live quietly and happily in the country, but go down to London often enough to keep from being bored. They were as curious as magpies about Hollywood.

"How long does it usually take to make a picture there?" Mason asked.

"Oh, eight to ten weeks," said Lizabeth.

He was amazed. "Is that all, actually? Rather surprising, when it takes us three or four months over here."

Well, of course the whole tempo of life in the United States is fast, compared to England. It's strange that Lizabeth, who lives, moves and has her being at approximately the speed of light, should have loved that leisurely tranquility. But she did. The night before she left London she had exactly the same lost little feeling she'd had at leaving America.

"You make no sense," she told herself severely. "And anyway, you'll be coming back some day. If they still want you."

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WATCH JAMES MASON!

(*Continued from page 36*)

but he was definitely lost. We had a map—a pen and ink affair which James Mason had drawn himself, but we must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. However, we had finally stopped a workman, with the above result. We were now entering the village of King's Langley, and I saw a cute teen age girl walking alone.

"Let's try her," I said, and leaned out of the window again.

"James Mason?" Her face lighted up like the Fourth of July. "Oh yes, miss, he lives right nearby, he does."

"Have you ever been to his house?" I asked curiously.

"Well, not *inside*, miss. But my girl chum and I were *outside* the other day, and we looked in a window."

"What happened?"

"He came out straightaway and told us off for fair." She giggled reminiscently. "Gave us a bit of a start, he did. I thought he might hit us, the way he did Ann Todd in 'The Seventh Veil'."

"But you like him anyway?"

"Oh, we're mad for him. All of us are. He's so—so cruel, like."

the tough guys have it . . .

I gave her a shilling, and we drove on while I meditated the peculiarities of womankind. Soon we turned into a lane that led up to one of the loveliest houses I'd ever seen. It had slim, graceful pillars, and at one side I could see a garden that was a blue blaze of delphinium. I walked up the stone steps and knocked. The door swung open, and there was the man who has stood most of English and American femininity right on their pretty little heads. If you think Mason on the screen is terrific, you should be exposed to him in person—and wouldn't you like to! He's tall, of course, with that shock of dark hair, and a pair of brown eyes that have a startling effect on a gal.

He led me through a vestibule piled with (a) unopened fan mail, (b) rubbers and umbrellas, which are stock equipment every day in England, like sunglasses in California, and (c) a large traveling basket for the Mason cats.

"I hear you have dozens of cats," I said. "Isn't it a little confusing?"

"You've been reading press agents' stories," he said good humoredly. "We only have four, actually."

He opened the door to the living room, and there were the four around our feet immediately. One Siamese, one black Persian, one white Persian, one alley. Fortunately, I like cats. If I didn't, he'd have probably thrown me out on my ear, there and then. Instead he sat me down on a small, very comfortable sofa and brought me some sherry.

"My wife will be down in a minute," he confided. "She's Pamela Kellino, you know. The novelist."

The way he said it, you'd think there wasn't another novelist in the world, and I liked that.

"She's an actress, too, isn't she?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, and quite good, too, you know. The picture in which she played opposite me—"I Met a Murderer"—was, I think, the best I've ever done."

"We're looking forward to having you do things like that in Hollywood," I said invitingly.

"It will be quite exciting to me," he said. "There are so many things about your pic-

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tures that are better than ours. Your technicians are so much more skilled than any we have here. I've made myself highly unpopular in England by saying that, but it's true and I always say what I think."

The door from the hall opened and a slim girl with reddish brown hair stood framed in the doorway. I got a quick impression of a bright analytical gaze which took me in from head to toe in half a second. Having met half the titles in England, mountains of important Government officials and virtually the whole British film colony, I was used to this.

Mrs. Mason isn't beautiful in the American sense, but her face has a fascinating "will o' the wisp" look which is, I think, rather misleading. There's nothing will o' the wispish about Pamela. I'm sure she knows exactly what she wants out of life and sees to it in her quiet way that she gets it. She combines practicality with a brilliant creative sense, and she forms a polite but firm barrier which protects James from inconvenience of any kind. She was wearing a beautifully cut tweed suit with huge patch pockets. No jewelry except an antique clip in her lapel. It was a jeweled turtle and by some strange process, it moved about as if it were in an aquarium. I exclaimed over it immediately and she seemed pleased at my interest.

"James gave it to me," she said. "His taste is rather good." That's English for super-super, I've found.

The door opened again, and a big six footer strode in. I did a double take because he was obviously as American as a hot dog.

"This is Captain Monaghan," James said. "One of your fellow countrymen."

Monaghan grinned at me, and stuck out a big paw. "Awfully glad to see you, Miss Hopper."

He was, it seemed, from Potstown, Pennsylvania, and the Masons had met him quite casually in Salisbury one weekend. They found that he was a writer, and when they began to discuss ideas with him, they decided that he really had something. The next thing anyone knew, he was living with the Masons and writing a mystery with Pamela called "The Upturned Glass," which James will star in.

"The three of us will make the trip to America together," James told me.

"You'll fly over, of course?"

let the birds fly . . .

"Of course *not,*" Pamela said firmly. Seems queer, doesn't it, when you think of the way our Hollywood stars practically commute from coast to coast by plane. But here are a great many things which are different about the Mason family and Holywood might as well get set for it. They are non-conformists, and James has a philosophy of life which suits him very well. And planes aren't part of it.

He went to a good public school, (which doesn't mean public at all in England, of course), and then to Cambridge. He took a Bachelor of Arts degree in architecture. But designing houses sounded dull, and he thought of being nice to a lot of rich people so they would give him commissions made him ill. It would be much more exciting and—he thought—profitable, to be an actor.

His only experience so far had been with he college dramatic society. His first play here was a Greek drama, with James playing a member of the chorus. The next play at college was something called "The White Devil."

"It was written up in the London papers," ames told me. "I got better press reviews on that than I've ever done on anything since!" Which bothers him about as much s it would bother me to be told that Hirohito didn't like my hats.

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Society Girl and Scrub Woman

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A daughter of the rich—reared in the lap of luxury—a product of the best finishing schools or colleges. Who would think this lovely creature had a care in the world!

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E-Z HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

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After he left college and kissed architecture goodbye, he found an ad in a stage trade paper. "Actor wanted to play in 'Rasputin' on tour. Good salary." Mason got the part, and the salary. It was forty-eight dollars the first week, six dollars the second week, and four dollars and a ticket home the third week.

"I wasn't bothered by the play being a failure," James said thoughtfully. "Of course I could have used a bit more money, for I was being very strong-minded and living on my salary. Independence, and all that, you know. But what bothered me was feeling I wasn't a very good actor at that point. I needed experience."

He got it, in the next few years. When he came back to London with the tour behind him, he managed to stroll into producers' offices with a convincing air of assurance. He had that look about him, even then, of not giving a damn, and that's always attractive to producers. He got small parts at first, then larger ones. They were mostly on tour, but eventually came a season with the Old Vic in London.

sign here, please . . .

Charles Laughton was with them then, and James had a tremendous admiration for the big, burly man who was such an accomplished actor. The first day James joined the company, he was standing by the door when Laughton bustled out.

"I say, Mr. Laughton," he began. He had intended to say a few graceful words about what a great actor he thought Laughton was, but he didn't get a chance.

"Yes, yes, my lad, where's your autograph book?" Laughton, in a tremendous hurry to keep an appointment, had given only a vague glance at the young man.

Mason always did, and still does, consider autograph hunters the lowest form of life. He stared at Laughton, outraged. "Autograph book? I don't have one."

Laughton dug an impatient hand in his pocket. "Here's a shilling," he said kindly. "Buy one, and come back another day."

The next week, Mason was cast in a play with Laughton, who stared at him for some time and finally said, "Where have I seen you before, old boy?"

"Here. You gave me a shilling to buy an autograph book. I loathe autographs, so you may have the shilling back."

For a moment, Laughton looked apoplectic. Then he roared with laughter, and said "Sorry. I'd better take a real gander a the next lad who steps up to me." The have been great friends ever since.

The next year Mason went to Dublin t the Gate Theater. That was in 1934. Afte his engagement there, he had some ver lean months, and spent most of his time o park benches biting his nails. He began t wonder if architects didn't have a prett good racket after all.

It was during this period of depressio that he ran into an old friend of his. Th friend invited him to a party.

"Wear your best clothes, James," he sai cheerily. "There will be some film peopl there and I want you to do me credit."

James eyed him sourly. "If you want clothes horse, you have the wrong ma I not only haven't any 'best clothes' but wouldn't wear them if I had."

The funny part was, he meant it. Eve now, with the money rolling merrily i James is no tailor's dream. He just isn interested in clothes. Around the house h wears slacks and beach shirts or sweater For public occasions he favors a brow sack suit, a white shirt with stiff cuffs, floppy collar, and a tie that would put yo eye out at twelve paces. So, at this part he showed up in a well cut but equal well worn tweed number, a scarlet t and his usual air of "Go hang yourself you don't like it."

Three minutes after he arrived, a director named Al Parker tapped the host on the shoulder. "Is that dark chap over there an actor?"

"That's James Mason. He's a rather fine actor, as a matter of fact."

"I think," said the director moodily, "that he ought to be in pictures."

He confided this belief to James, who raised a polite eyebrow but was induced without too much trouble to have a couple of tests made. Then all of a sudden Mason *was* in pictures. To be sure, the "quickies" he made that first couple of years, while they kept him off park benches, didn't bounce him right into the Savoy. He did manage to save some money, however, and by then he had become friendly with a top photographer, Roy Kellino, and his wife, Pamela. In 1938, they decided to pool their savings and talents and make the kind of picture they wanted. Pamela had been a child star and was well known to the British public as both an actress and writer. She and James concocted the script of "I Met A Murderer." They acted in it, and Roy photographed it.

When they finished it, they all went out and drank champagne together. They had good critical judgment and they were sure the picture would be a smash hit. They toasted its success gaily. But what they didn't know was that on the day of its release—September 3, 1939—England would declare war.

Mason went back to the stage for awhile, and did tours now and then for the Red Cross. In between he made pictures. Roy Kellino and Pamela eventually got a divorce, and in 1940 she and James were married. They're an ideal combination, and know it, and are satisfied. The way they look at each other across the room is enough to tell you how happily married they are. Pamela "manages" James, and he likes to have her do it. His painting is an example. He was working in oils and they smelled up the living room.

"You could paint in the attic," Pamela said.

"In the attic! But it's cold up there."

"Then I think you should switch to pastels. You could do those in the living room with me."

James switched obediently. But neither Pamela nor anyone else in the house would pose for him, so he was reduced to gazing into the mirror and drawing the rugged, handsome Mason feature.

little white lies . . .

Pamela's talent for protecting her husband from the unjust onslaughts of a cruel world was exemplified in the case of the producer, the doctor and the measles. For several days the Masons had been kept waiting around the studio for work to be started. Finally they rebelled and played hookey one day. That night, when they got home from a lovely drive through the cool green countryside, they found frantic messages from the studio. "Where was Mason? Why wasn't he on the set?"

Pamela got on the phone to the producer. "James is ill," she said in carefully worried tones. "I think he's got the measles." This was the first thing that came into her head, and she hadn't stopped to remember that they had had dinner with the producer and his family two nights before.

There were sounds of mingled anger and anxiety from the other end of the phone. The producer was having visions of his three children coming down with measles. "Let me talk to his doctor at once," he said.

"There's no doctor here," Pamela lied. "It was too late to get one tonight. Anyway,

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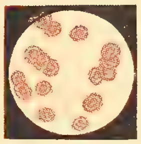

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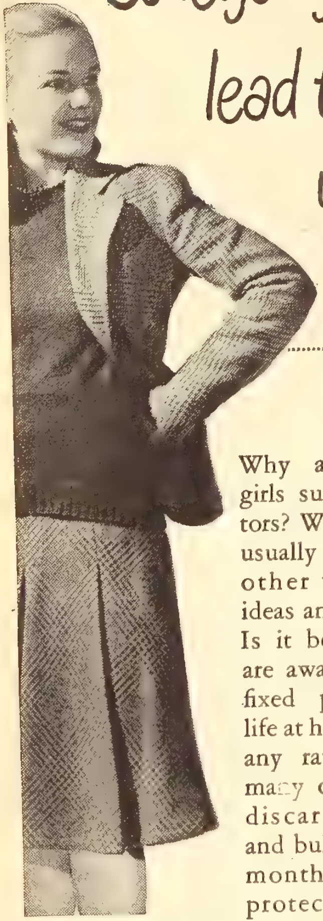

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he may be better in the morning."

"Listen," said the producer, "I'll have my doctor out there in half an hour. This is serious!"

It was, at that. "Go to bed, James," said Pamela quickly.

"But I'm not sick."

"You will be," Pamela said grimly. "Here, swallow this." "This" was a drug which raised James' temperature two degrees in fifteen minutes. Then Pamela took a hairbrush and beat her husband's body till she produced a convincing red rash.

In 1943, came the picture that changed James Mason from just a competent, reasonably popular actor into a sensation. The placid British public went to see "The Man In Grey," and lightning struck. The moment when Mason turns on Margaret Lockwood with his riding crop launched him on a sea of sadism—and success. Women screamed happily, and went home to tell their neighbors, "Dearie, you ought to go see that 'Man in Grey'. When he hit her with that riding crop I went all over faint-like. A fair brute, he is."

"It was then that we began hearing about you in Hollywood," I told him. "American girls went for that riding crop scene, too. And then 'The Seventh Veil' came along."

James smiled. He doesn't do it often, but when he does, his whole face lights up. "I was a brute in 'The Seventh Veil' again, you know. Strange how cruelty pays off. One exhibition bout between Mason and Calvert or Lockwood makes me more famous than years of conscientious acting."

"Women like sadists," Pamela announced. "That's why perfectly nice girls are forever marrying men who beat them, or are unfaithful to them."

"Not this woman," I said. "There must be other reasons why I go for James on the screen."

"He's a damned fine actor, for one," Captain Monoghan offered. This was at lunch, and he hadn't said much. Hadn't had a chance, with me putting James through a third degree about his career.

"I know James is a good actor," I said, getting serious for once. "And I know he won first place on the Daily Mail's popularity contest."

love—from a distance . . .

"You should have seen the state he was in when he had to go up to London for that award," Pamela said mischievously. "You know he hates crowds. We went up to Dorchester House where the award was to be given and checked in in the morning. So when the mob of fans arrived that evening, we were safely inside and they never got a glimpse of him."

"Wasn't that a little hard on the fans?" I asked doubtfully. I had a momentary vision of Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson as I had seen them a couple of times up to their eyebrows in fans who were practically tearing them limb from limb.

"Crowds have a strange effect on me," James explained. "I'm delighted that the fans like me. But if I'm exposed to large quantities of them at once, I get a sort of claustrophobia, you know."

Thinking about it on the way home that evening, I had an idea that that was something James might have to get over in Hollywood. Because in the United States one of the many things democracy stands for is the right of kids to say "Hi" to their screen heroes. It may not be as impressive a right as some mentioned in the Constitution, but I think it's pretty indicative of the way we run our country, and I'm all for it. Probably the Masons will be, too, when they get acclimated. So let's give them a royal welcome, kids, and let the autographs fall where they may.

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I KNEW HIM WHEN—

(Continued from page 48)

probably can't dance, Alton thought dismally, and held out his hand.

"You remember me, don't you?" the boy said. "Gene Kelly, of Pittsburgh?"

"Of course, of course," Alton told him, frantically searching his mind. Pittsburgh? Good heavens, when had he ever been in Pittsburgh? Certainly not since the time they'd dragged him down there to direct that amateur thing for kids, "Pittsburgh on Parade" or some such name.

Then something clicked in his mind. "But you were only thirteen . . ."

". . . and how I've grown!" Gene finished.

"Not too much, fortunately." Alton eyed him speculatively. "You were pretty good in the chorus, I remember. What are you doing now?"

school teacher . . .

It took Gene half an hour to tell him what he was doing now. The dancing school for children he had opened back in Pittsburgh was going great guns and actually netting as much as $300 a month. At this information Alton shuddered; he had once run a dancing school himself before he had become New York's most famous and sought-after dance director. "Why don't you dance for me?" Alton said.

"I haven't the right shoes, but—okay."

Then, without music, on the empty, bare stage, young Gene Kelly of Pittsburgh danced a little Spanish tap number with such style and imagination as Alton had not seen since Astaire. As he watched, his head cleared and he forgot about dinner. He said, "What on earth are you doing in a dancing school? Close it up at once and come here to New York. I'll hire you myself, right now, for this show."

Gene cocked a wary eye. "How much?"

The figures of his budget ran rapidly through Alton's mind. "Seventy-five a week. That's as much as you're netting from the school and this is the big time."

"Wait a minute." Gene took his mother's arm and they withdrew into a huddle. "It's not enough," Gene said later.

"It's the best I can do."

"Then—drop in, the next time you're in Pittsburgh."

"The next time I'm there I certainly will," Alton told him grimly. Likely, he thought. He was extremely annoyed. But he did not really enjoy his capon that night; he kept seeing the grace of movement, the subtle technique, the dreaming intelligence of that little dance Kelly had improvised for him. . . .

You saw that dance in your neighborhood theater when "Anchors Aweigh" played there last year. You saw it because Alton could not get it out of his mind, and finally one afternoon picked up his phone, and said, "All right, all right. Eighty-five. And I'll let you try a bit part."

"Wait a minute," Gene answered.

"If you're going into one of those hud-

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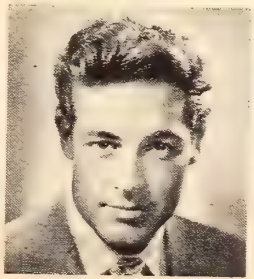

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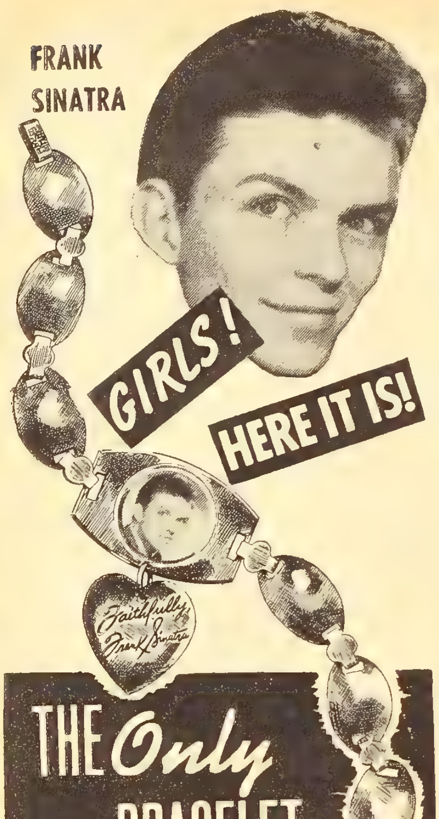

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dles you can wire me what you decide. This is long distance."

"I'll take it."

Gene was not sensational in "Leave It To Me," but he was good. Solidly good. What so astonished Alton was that besides being able to dance the boy could act, as well. Thus when the matter of casting "One For the Money" came up, Alton thought of Gene.

During the first tryout, and later in rehearsals, Alton began to recognize in his new find a shrewd, natural showman. There was no labor connected with their onstage relationship. He could give Gene the barest idea of what he wanted so far as characterization was concerned, and without more ado Gene filled in the blank spaces and perfected the part on his own. But when it came to dancing it was a different story—

"Now at this point," Alton explained one afternoon, "you do a gliding soft-shoe number here in this clear space."

"Why?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why do I do the dance?"

"Because the action's slow, the dialogue's too wordy but can't be cut, and I want to brighten things up. Get a little pathetic humor into it if you can. Go ahead, see what you can work up."

there's gotta be a reason . . .

Just then Alton was called over to the other side of the stage and didn't come back for twenty minutes. He found Gene pacing the floor, all but wringing his hands. "I can't do it," Gene said. "Nothing comes. There's no *reason* for the dance, no motive. A dance is supposed to say something, and here there's nothing to say."

Alton thought fast. "But there is," he said. "Plenty. You're lonely, d'y see? And the girl over at that table, with the man she doesn't love, is lonely too—right here in the midst of this big noisy crowd. You want her to know that you have a kinship of spirit, that you understand how she feels, that you think she is beautiful."

The trouble went out of Gene's eyes. "Oh. Why didn't you say that before?" In ten minutes he had created a dance that said all those things, and more.

Alton decided to send him to his own agent, Johnny Darrow. After all, Johnny had done some nice things for him, and it was time he returned the favor.

It was Darrow who wangled Gene the part of the corny hoofer in Saroyan's "Time of Your Life," which ran for 22 weeks and established the name of Gene Kelly on Broadway. Then Alton was sent the script of a play called "Pal Joey" and asked if he thought it could be made into a musical. He came to the conclusion that it could, but there was again the difficult matter of casting it.

He sat one midnight with Darrow in a Sixth Avenue delicatessen, running his fingers through his hair and muttering to himself; the agent looked up suddenly and said, "You don't suppose Gene Kelly . . . ?"

Alton banged his hands together, upsetting a glass of water in the process. "I must be out of my mind," he told Darrow. "Of course! He *is* Pal Joey."

And he was, and that was the real beginning for Gene because, humble at this fantastic break and imbued with a fierce resolve to justify Alton's faith in him, he slaved night and day on that part. He danced better than he knew how. And after the opening there was no longer any doubt: Broadway had a great new star.

One night, after the final curtain, Alton ran into Gene in front of the theater. "Off to bed?" he asked, and Gene said, "I never felt more wide awake in my life. Did you read Winchell today?"

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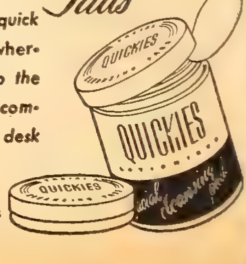

Big jar with compact $1 at drug and dept. stores

"He was very nice to you. Let's go to a late grog shop and talk a little."

"I've got some beer at my apartment," Gene said, "and the girl always leaves enough sandwiches for a regiment. How about that?"

In the living room of the little apartment Gene set the record changer, poured beer into oversized steins, and uncovered the sandwiches. Then he began to talk. Alton, sunk in a deep chair, his feet up on an enormous puff, was in a mood for listening rather than for talking.

It hadn't occurred to Alton that Gene was a little lonely, that the theater and success and the disenchanted, hard-bitten, sophisticated society of Broadway were not enough to fill his life. Listening, Alton learned about Joan and Louise, Gene's sisters, and James Jr. and Frederic, his brothers; he heard about the difficult financial time when Gene was at Penn State, studying law, and had to spend his first summer vacation as an apprentice bricklayer in order to make the next semester's tuition. That was the summer that Gene had mixed cement in the daytime and sodas in a drug store at night. . . .

But he had kept up his dancing lessons, and had done a few turns in Pittsburgh night clubs for some extra cash, and in the end the law course had begun to look too expensive and too long, before there would be any return on the investment. The family had always operated as a tightly knit clan, a unit; now, when he had the idea of opening a dancing school, they'd rallied around in the same fashion.

Both Louise and Joan came in to work as instructors, as well as Frederic; and when amateur shows to display the talents of the pupils and thus attract more trade were necessary, it was Harriet Kelly, their mother, who designed the costumes.

Sipping his beer and listening, Alton caught the need in his young friend for all the things that are genuine and secure and lasting—the warmth of knowing someone else is in the house, of hearing voices in the next room, of children's laughter, of a fire already burning in the fireplace, of companionship and affection.

just plain lonesome . . .

"What you need," Alton told him suddenly, with conviction, "is a girl."

"I've got a girl."

"I meant a wife."

"All," said Gene, "in good time." And the subject was changed.

Alton did not remember that evening again until he was deep in rehearsals for "Panama Hattie." Among the cast was a lovely little girl named Betsy Blair, whom Alton had noticed particularly for the indefinable quality of innocence which she seemed to wear like a garment. She was also a competent actress, which set her up in Alton's books; and after he had talked with her a few times, and watched her out of the corner of his eye for a number of days, he went around to the cast with what—coming from a dance director on a great Broadway show—was an astonishing request.

"Strictly as a favor to me," he told them, "will you please watch your language when Betsy Blair's around? She's no infant, but Betsy's a phenomenon on this street, an old-fashioned girl, and I don't want her spoiled."

Strangely enough, none of the other girls ook offense. They knew what he meant. They also knew something about Betsy that he did not. He found it out one afternoon, though, when, emerging from the stage entrance, he ran into Gene.

"This," said Alton, "is at least the tenth time I've caught you hanging around here. You've got a perfectly good job of your wn. What's up?"

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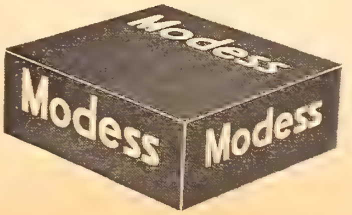

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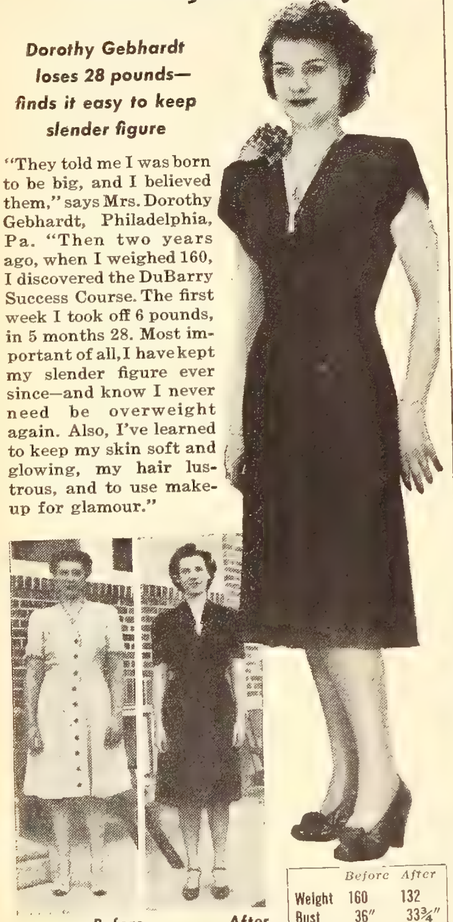

Left: Dorothy Gebhardt when she started the Success Course two years ago. Center: 5 months later. Right: Dorothy today, slender, lovely, vital.

	Before	After
Weight	160	132
Bust	36"	33¾"
Waist	30¾"	26"
Abdomen	36¼"	30½"
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Gene did not answer. Alton discovered he was looking past him, smiling with his brown Irish eyes; turning, the director saw Betsy coming through the door.

"I don't believe it," he said.

"Start believing it now, then," Gene said. "Remember what you told me that night at my apartment?"

Alton remembered.

"All right, I've followed your advice before and I can't say I regret it."

After Hollywood had taken Gene, as it had taken so many of Alton's former dancers—Mary Martin, Van Johnson, Lucille Bremer, June Allyson, Betty Hutton—he lost track of the Kellys for a while. He saw Gene's pictures: "DuBarry Was a Lady," "Thousands Cheer," "The Cross of Lorraine," "Anchors Aweigh," and noticed Gene's inimitable talent grow and mature.

Then the war years had somehow gone by, at long last, and Gene was out of the Navy and Alton had already come to Hollywood under contract to Gene's own studio, M-G-M. A reunion was in order.

It happened, typically, at a party in Gene's English provincial house; typically, because both Gene and Betsy love parties.

Gene, Alton discovered, had grown up and was about as thoroughly happy in his marriage and his work as any man Alton had ever met.

Before he left, that evening, Alton found himself seated alone with Betsy on a small sofa so that, while the party swirled about them, they could chat. He said, "You know, I believe Gene can do almost anything he wants to, and do it better than anyone else. He could be a great ballet dancer, a fine dramatic actor, a comedian, or you name it."

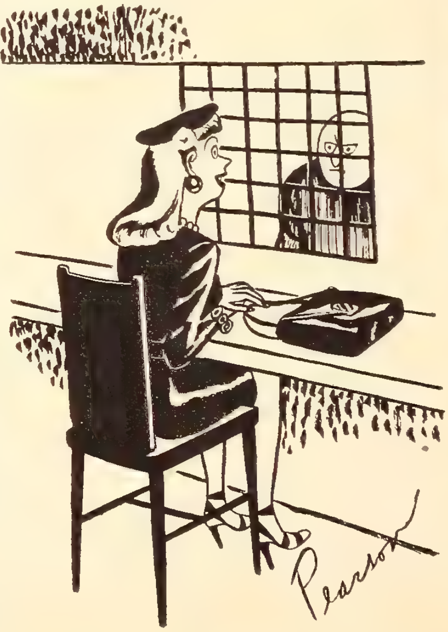
"It's that ambition of his," said Betsy.

"It's that brain of his. I have the feeling, whenever I see him, that I'm with someone who's smarter than I am, more hep. I say to myself, 'Be careful, he'll outwit me and in a moment he'll counter a crack of mine with one so devastating, so superbly unanswerable that I'll have to creep out of the room on my knees.' "

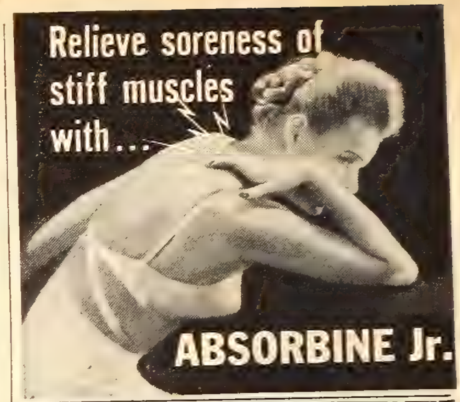
Betsy smiled at him, her eyes untroubled. She knew her man. She said, confidently, "But he never has."

Alton rose to go. "No, God bless him, he never has—"

MODERN SCREEN



"It was a lovely gift, George, and well worth the 6 months."



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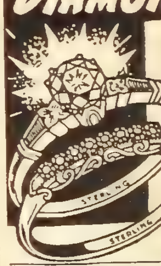

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THE BRIDE WORE WHITE

(Continued from page 60)

"Good heavens. Michigan is where *you* were born. *I* was born in Indiana." So she had to cross out "Mich . . ." and begin again.

When it was John's turn to fill in the questionnaire, he swallowed hard, then muttered to Anne, "I don't think I'm going to be able to write at all." Grasping the pen as if it were the last solid substance in a whirling world, he guided it deliberately to form the slow words.

Said Anne, as they left the license bureau, "I think that's the first time—in the two years I've known you—that I've seen you flustered."

As a matter of fact, the first thing Anne had noticed about John was his self-possession. They met, that is, they were introduced, when John was working in "Lifeboat" and Anne was working in "The Sullivans." Each morning, they would see one another in the makeup department. John told Anne afterward that he listened to her chirping conversation and thought, "That girl has the most wonderful disposition of anyone I've ever seen. Imagine being bright and gay at this hour!" Personally, he still felt carnivorous until he had had his coffee.

Anne, not knowing that John admired her personality, thought that Mr. Hodiak was the most aloof, reserved man she had ever seen. His manners were those of a visiting diplomat. He always said, "Good morning, Miss Baxter." Anne always said, "Good morning," but she couldn't quite bring herself to say, "Mr. Hodiak." It seemed so sort of receiving line-ish.

John and Anne didn't see one another after finishing their respective pictures, until Easter.

Anne had been invited to a dawn Easter egg hunt, and visited with friends at the home of Alfred Hitchcock afterward. John happened to be there, spending the day with the Hitchcocks. "Hello, Anne," said John, breaking a precedent.

"Hello, John," said Anne, amazed to realize that they had finally reached first name friendship. However, that was the grand total of conversation between them. Everyone else was talking at once and having a gay time, and Anne couldn't stay long, so that ended *that.* Upon thinking it over later, Anne wasn't certain that steps had been taken to "Shake that unshakeable Hodiak calm," but she remembered the way in which his voice had uttered her name . . . and that was pleasant.

studio plays cupid . . .

It is difficult to imagine the might and prestige of 20th Century-Fox garbed in a wide pink ribbon, equipped with wings, quiver and arrow, but it *is* true that the studio actually played cupid in the next sequence of events.

Anne and John were cast in the same picture, "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier." The men working on the film were highly congenial: John, Lloyd Bacon (the director), Charles Winninger, as the incorrigible grandfather, and several other members of the crew made it a practice to have luncheon in the Commissary each noon. Theirs was the noisiest and obviously most-fun-having table in the room.

Anne, being the only girl in the cast (Connie Marshall was carted off to her dressing room by the teacher at noon), and not wanting to be a feminine damper on a masculine gabfest, had lunch elsewhere.

After two weeks of this, John rebelled. One noon he said, "Anne, we want you to join us at our table. We don't like to see

"I might as well have hugged a statue!"

It's *true*—a statue couldn't be any more unresponsive than Ben was, to my caresses. Yet he'd been such an affectionate husband! How was *I* to blame? You see, I thought I understood about feminine hygiene. But I'd foolishly trusted to *now-and-then* care. My doctor brought home to me the truth that such neglect can kill married happiness. And he stressed using "Lysol" brand disinfectant always, for douching.

"Now our love has come to life!"

Our love, our happiness, have found breath and life again! And I can thank my doctor and his good advice about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" now, in the douche, and find it really *works!* Being a true *germ-killer,* of course it's far more thorough than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. Then, besides being an effective yet gentle cleanser, it's *easy* and *economical* to use! *Every* wife should know "Lysol"!

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you sitting in another corner when we're having so much fun."

She realized that not every member of the happy family agreed with John's decision to include her, but they were willing to cooperate. When, over a year later, they finally discussed the situation, John said, "Some of the boys weren't keen on having you join us—that's true. The presence of a girl sometimes inhibits a group of fellows, but it didn't seem courteous, and besides, I wanted you!"

Then one night John called to ask Anne if she'd dine with him and go to a party at Hoagy Carmichael's afterward. His voice didn't seem aloof at all.

They had a wonderful time—as everyone did—at Hoagy's party, and their long talk afterward was highly satisfactory. They gabbed about politics—without getting excited, although one is a liberal Republican and the other a Democrat.

In addition to their mutual interest in world affairs, John and Anne have dozens of other kindred enthusiasms. One evening, John arrived at Anne's house to take her to a preview and noticed a copy of The New Yorker lying on the table, its cover neatly severed. Almost unable to believe the testimony of his eyes, John asked, "Why did you do that?"

"I've collected New Yorker covers for years," Anne said. "After I've read each week's issue, I save the cover, pass the book on to some of my friends."

John shook his head, grinning. "I've saved New Yorker covers for the past twelve years," he admitted. "I'd planned to paper a playroom some day."

"Me, too," said Anne. At the time they didn't go into the problem more completely, because they weren't yet sure they were in love. More recently they have checked up on one another's collections and issued a positive statement: When they are able to build, they will paper either the den or the rumpus room with ex-New Yorker covers.

boogie woogie and bach . . .

Music is another of their hobbies, but Anne was strictly longhair, whereas John could describe the rise of jazz from Basin Street to The Bronx. Because John wanted to get acquainted with some of the classics which, though obscure, Anne knew well, and because Anne was exactly as curious about Dixieland and gut bucket, they spent hours listening to recordings that illustrated different musical convictions.

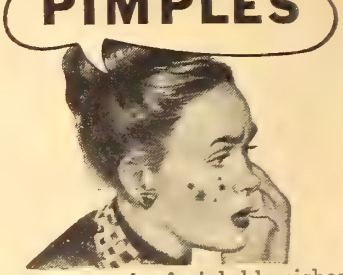
Came Anne's birthday, and in marched John with two albums of recordings. As Anne has almost every classic recorded, she presumed that John had secured some new hot discs. Stripping off the wrappings, she studied the titles, then uttered a shriek of pure ecstasy.

John had spent months searching out albums of Frederick Delius' works, and an excellent waxing of "Pictures At An Exhibition" by Moussorgsky, neither of which Anne owned.

There were misunderstandings during their two years of courtship, of course. F'rinstance, there was the really funny (not at the time, though) incident best described as *l'affaire Romanoff*. Both John and Anne were between pictures, so John telephoned to ask her to have luncheon at Romanoff's. "At one o'clock," he said.

"Love to, love to," agreed Anne. "I have to make a social call on some friends in Pasadena in the morning, but I'll be able to keep a one o'clock appointment."

At twelve-forty-five, John arrived at Anne's house, marched up the walk and rang the doorbell. No answer. John, who is something of a martinet about promptness, withdrew to his car and waited until one o'clock. Then he telephoned Romanoff's, and apologized. He said that he would



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like to move his reservation up thirty minutes, if it wouldn't inconvenience the restaurant. The maitre d'hotel was very nice about it. He said it could be done.

John waited. One-ten. One-twenty. One-thirty. Seething slightly, he went to the telephone again, and asked to have the reservation moved to two o'clock. "Gladly," they said. "And Mr. Hodiak, I've been asked to tell you that Miss Baxter is here, waiting for you!"

The drive from Anne's house to Romanoff's allowed John's temper to reach the boiling point. If he had been wearing a thermometer in a cap on top of his head, he would have blown a gasket. Controlling his wrath, he strode into the restaurant.

"Well," queried Miss Baxter blithely, "where have *you* been?"

Pay tribute to John's restraint. He swallowed twice before answering in a low voice, "I was waiting for you at your home. I was waiting for you to return from Pasadena."

stand in the corner . . .

Anne began to feel like a small girl who has broken her father's best pipe. "I thought that you meant for me to meet you *here* at one o'clock," she explained in a thin voice.

"When have I *ever* asked you to meet me ANYWHERE," hissed the volcano that looked like a man. "That is one thing in which I do not believe, and that's positive. When I ask a girl to go anywhere with me, I intend to go to her home, drive her to wherever we are going, then drive her home again. Hereafter, when I ask you for a date, remember that I do not intend to MEET you anywhere except in your own home."

"Yes, sir," said Anne meekly. "I'm—er—awfully sorry."

"Well, all right," said John. "So I'll buy you a champagne cocktail."

As soon as John's family had moved into the house John had bought in San Fernando Valley, and they were settled (father, mother, John's sister, her husband, and their three-year-old nephew, Dickie), John took Anne out to meet them.

Afterward, Mrs. Hodiak said of Anne, "There is a fine girl—sincere and real. Not in the least artificial." As far as John was concerned, that was the final seal of approval. However, there was another member of the family who had developed a sub-cub passion for Miss Baxter: Dickie. All he could talk about for days was Anne. When he looked through his picture books, he pointed to every girl, small or tall, and announced with approval, "Anne."

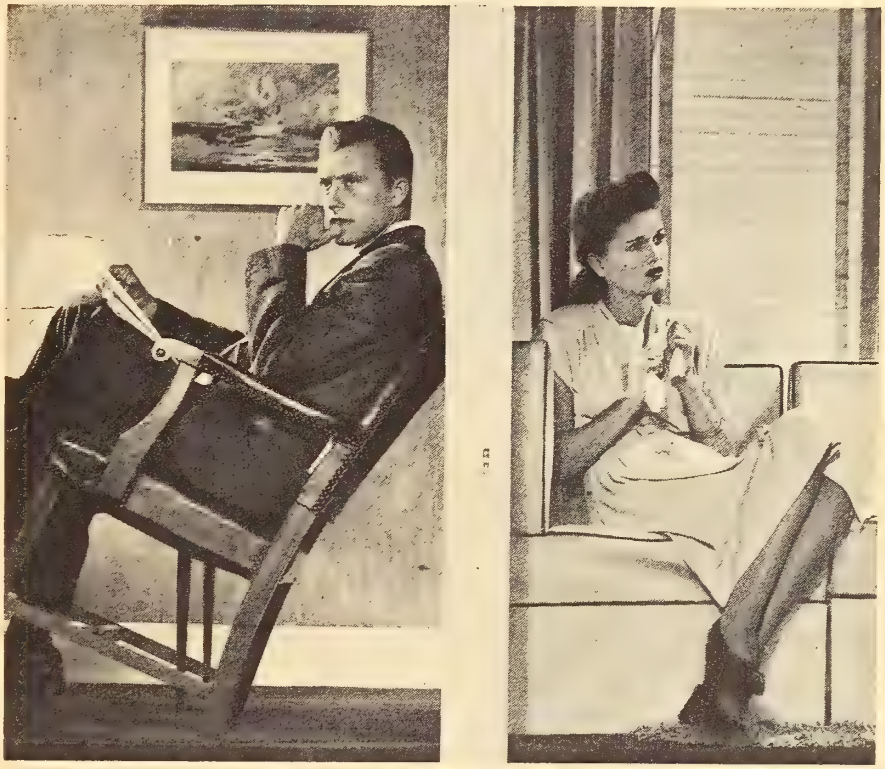
Although John keeps no scrapbooks, his mother does, so he sends the stills from his motion pictures home to her, and she pastes them in a large album which is a constant source of delight to Dickie. When he was studying the shots of John and Nancy Guild from "Somewhere in the Night" he would rest a tiny forefinger on Nancy Guild's face and observe, "Anne." Turning the pages to the stills of John and Lucille Ball in "Two Smart People," Dickie would squeal, "Anne." Clearly, his conviction matches that of his uncle: That all the charms of all the girls in the world are encompassed in one: Anne.

However, Dickie is not to be mislead entirely. When he actually saw some kodak pictures that John had taken one Sunday, Mr. Dickie diagnosed in a clear treble, "Oh, *REALLY*-Anne."

Another inter-family friendship was that which sprung up between John and Mr. Baxter, Anne's father, who is one of the vice-presidents in a nationally-known manufacturing company.

Because John asked intelligent questions and evinced genuine interest, Mr. Baxter mentioned his approval to Anne. "A steady man, dependable," he said.

What often weakens a young wife's
hold over her husband?



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This dependability, coupled with a rigid sense of a man's responsibility, explains one of the arrangements John and Anne have made about their dwelling. They will live in Anne's house, which is comfortable and cosy, and by far the most sensible plan in view of the housing shortage. But John has investigated the normal rentals charged for such a house, and he will pay Anne rent each month exactly as if she were a strange landlady, and he the head of the house of Hodiak.

They don't plan to build a larger place for three or four years—until labor and good material are available in abundance.

Just before he and Anne were married, John was discussing their courtship with a friend. "I suppose there *is* such a thing as love at first sight," he said, "but that sort of thing would seem to me to spoil the fun of getting acquainted. Anne and I have had a wonderful two years' courtship. We have learned how each of us thinks. I know her viewpoints, and she knows mine. I know her tastes, and she has learned mine. Finding out these things about one another has been thrilling and wonderful, and I'm glad we didn't hurry it."

Just a few weeks before the ceremony in Burlingame, John and Anne were invited out to the home of friends to spend Sunday. Anne decided to take sour cream for salad dressing and ice cream as a treat for the children of the friends.

Along the way, John began to have trouble with the car's brakes so he drove into the first garage and asked a mechanic to repair the difficulty. While this was being done, Anne and John sat on the running board of another car and talked. Not until much later did they remember the ice cream, which had melted, or the sour cream, which had tripled in velocity.

"We forget everything when we get started on a conversation," laughed Anne.

Said John, smiling down into his fiancee's eyes, "That's the beginning of a happy marriage."

EASY ACE

(Continued from page 52)

Bing was an excellent angler.

"What time did you get in last night?" he wanted to know.

"Three this morning," said Bing.

"Oh," said the mayor. "Then you'd better sleep a little longer."

"Not me," said Bing. "Fishing is my racket. Sleeping is corny." He told the mayor he'd be right over, then turned to Barney, who had opened one annoyed eye.

"Want to go along?" said Bing.

"Sleeping is my racket," said Barney. "*Fishing* is corny."

At four that afternoon, Bing was back at the hotel, looking quite smug. He had bagged a fifteen-pound trout, thereby justifying the faith of the mayor, who had the catch stuffed and later sent to Bing in Hollywood. At five, Bing was behind the wheel again, headed north toward Jasper National Park. He told Barney they'd stop for the night in the first town north of the Canadian border.

"I'm glad you intend to sleep tonight," said Barney. "It might be of some help to your constitution."

The news of Bing's presence had flown from the border to the first Canadian town, faster than Bing's convertible. When they stopped for dinner, they looked up to see the restaurant window framing hundreds of curious, staring faces.

Dawn of the next morning revealed that the townspeople had given Bing something to remember them by. The canvas top of his automobile was completely covered

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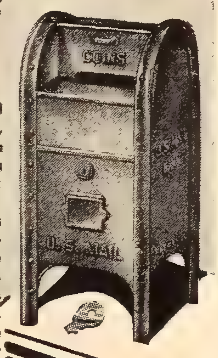

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with autographs in pencil, in ink, and in lipstick. Barney was dumbfounded.

"How can you get all that off?" he said.

"I love it," said Bing. He grinned. "I may have it varnished."

They planned on reaching Lake Louise for lunch. It was a lovely morning, and Bing was in high good humor. He sang along with the car radio, harmonizing with recordings of Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes. Then the disc jockey dropped a Crosby record on the turntable. Bing stopped singing.

"Turn that down, will you, Barney?"

"But it's you!"

Bing grinned. "I can't stand that guy. Turn it down, huh?"

While Barney was still reflecting on what manner of man was this Crosby character, Bing pulled the car to the side of the road.

"What's the matter?" said Barney.

"Nothing," said Bing. "I want to walk for a while. Take over, will you?"

He slid out of the seat and started off the road at a brisk pace. Barney shook his head. Getting up at five a.m. was enough to test any man's energy, but walking when you had a perfectly good car was beyond him.

cross-country crosby . . .

Had Barney been with Bing at the Crosby ranch in Nevada for the preceding few weeks, he would have been acquainted with this obsession for ambling. Not only for ambling, but for anything that comes under the general heading of exercise. At the ranch, Charlie, the Chinese cook, rings the bell at five in the morning. This serves the purpose of wakening the ranch hands for a six o'clock breakfast. But when the bell rings, the master of the 8700 acres is usually a few miles away (having walked, of course), pitching hay or tinkering with a tractor. Bing often walks ten miles a day, an indulgence with which few of his friends sympathize.

So Barney Dean wheezed along in the car for an hour, until finally Bing decided to take to wheels once more. Hours later, they arrived at Jasper and pulled up in front of the Lodge. A bellboy approached just as Bing was extricating his golf clubs from the back seat.

"Do the best you can with the luggage," said Bing, and walked off in the direction of the golf course. He played eighteen holes of golf, and when he discovered that darkness doesn't come until ten o'clock in that country, he took on Wally Westmore for two sets of tennis.

It was Bing's first trip to that part of Canada, and he fell in love with it. Each day, when shooting was finished, he whipped off to the golf course, the tennis courts, or went fishing. When anyone asked him how his golf game had been, he replied, "Awful. Just awful," but reports came slipping back that he had played the difficult course in one to three over par.

At night, the guests gathered in a ballroom, where music for dancing was supplied by an orchestra. People were startled when Bing made his appearance there regularly. He has a faculty for making people feel at home with him, and soon women were dancing with him without even thinking of asking for his autograph. His feminine interest while at Jasper centered on his sister-in-law and twin nieces, whom he had invited up to the Lodge from Spokane. All of twelve years old, Dixie and Catherine were in a spasm of glory when their Uncle Bing waltzed them around the dance floor.

Into the lobby one Sunday walked Linda. Linda was eight years old, the daughter of Jasper's baker. She had heard that Bing Crosby was staying at the Lodge and had walked from town to see him.

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A hotel clerk led her up to Bing, who was talking with a group of people.

"This is Linda, Mr. Crosby. She wanted to meet you."

Bing looked down and smiled, and suddenly panic took over in Linda's heart. She tried to smile back, then turned and bolted from the room. Bing ran after her and caught her half way down the steps. Considering that he is the father of four boys, he has a definite technique with small girls, because whatever it was he said to her, after that, Linda worshipped him. Several times he took her with him to the scene of the day's shooting. Driving along between the lanes of fans who collected every morning at six o'clock, Linda felt quite proud.

Director Billy Wilder celebrated his birthday at the lodge and the cast gave him a party. Bing sent money to the baker for a birthday cake. The baker refused it, and Bing went to see him.

"You've made my Linda so happy," said the baker, "that I'd give you my whole bakery if you asked for it."

The first thing Bing did that evening was to arrange for two quarts of champagne to be sent to his friend, the baker.

One morning a young boy visiting the set, along with hundreds of others, was doing his best to make himself a general nuisance. He had collected several autographs from Joan Fontaine and Bing and other members of the cast, and had posed for many pictures of himself with the stars. The company had just broken for lunch and Bing was walking toward his car when the boy stopped him.

"I want," said the kid, "the studio photographer to take a picture of me with you."

Considering that the entire company was leaning toward mayhem where the young gent was concerned, Bing's reply was comparatively mild.

"No more film," he said, and got into his car.

proud father . . .

Even though he played golf when it rained, Bing found time to write letters. Never business letters. That was taboo, and conducted strictly by phone. But an hour a day was devoted to writing postcards to his family and friends back in Hollywood. He received several letters from his sons while in Canada, but the most important item to reach him by mail arrived on Father's Day. It was a recording made by the four boys, a parody of "Pop Goes the Weasel," written for them by Burke and Van Heusen especially for Bing. He took it up to his room, carefully unwrapped it, and played it on his portable victrola. Barney sat and watched from his bed, and marveled at the way Bing's face lighted up when he heard the record. Bing played it several times for members of the company, and when he left the lodge told the bellboy, "I don't care what you do with my luggage—but be careful of that record."

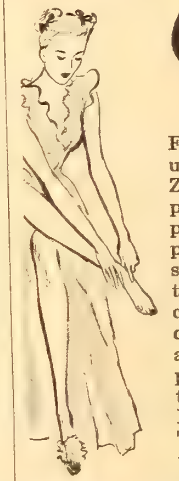
Jasper Lodge has a recreation hall where its staff holds forth nightly. On the day before the company was to leave Jasper, a bellboy was walking down one of the carpeted halls. A door opened, and Bing looked after the bellboy.

"Psst," he said, "Come here."

The boy obediently backed up.

"I wouldn't want this to get around," said Bing, "but tonight there just might be some doings in your recreation hall. Not a word of this, son, not a word. Unless you might have some special pals around the lodge."

The word spread to the "special pals," and the hall that night was jammed with lodge employees. With Skins Miller, an ex-vaudeville headliner working in the film, Bing whipped up a comedy routine



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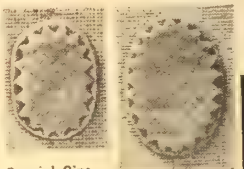

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that wowed the staff and sent them off to bed with their faith in humanity restored.

The last scene to be shot at Jasper was set up for the next day. The cameras were set in a shady lane and two French poodles were placed in the distance. Bing was to run from the camera to the dogs, and that was to be that. Billy Wilder called for action, and Bing toed in and raced for the dogs. When he heard Wilder call, "Print it!" he disappeared behind a clump of bushes. In a moment there was the purr of an engine, and Bing's convertible came down the lane, its radiator cap pointed toward Spokane. As the car passed the astounded company, Bing, in full makeup, stuck his head out of the window.

"See you in the studio!" he yelled, and was gone in a flash.

gone with the wind . . .

In the car with Bing were two men who had been primed for the act, and who had taken the car, replete with luggage, to the appointed spot. They were Jimmy Cottrell, a prop man who planned to visit his mother in Spokane, on the way back, and Bill Carney. Bill Carney was a young native of Spokane, a kid with an ambition to be a singer. When he heard that Bing was in Jasper, he had left his job singing with a local band and hitched hiked north into Canada. At the lodge, he had managed to meet Bing, who asked him to sing. Bill did, a little nervously, but Bing smiled and told him that he had a good voice, to practice and develop his style, and that perhaps some day he'd make the big time.

"Gee, thanks," said Bill.

"And incidentally," added Bing, "I'll drive you back to Spokane."

At the border, they were mobbed. After inspection, when Bing tried to get back into his car, the doors were blocked by a wall of people. He had to promise to sing for them before he could squeeze behind the wheel and drive off.

In Spokane, Bing dropped the grateful young singer at his home, then Jimmy Cottrell at his mother's front door, with a promise to pick him up in a few days. For three days, Bing disappeared into the various homes of his old friends in Spokane, appearing in public only long enough to visit his alma mater, Gonzaga University. Then he picked up Jimmy and was off.

"We have a couple of days to spare," he said. "Want to stop off at the ranch with me?"

"Let's go," said Jimmy.

They reached the ranch the next day, and Bing immediately went into a violent routine of working and eating. He rode twenty miles a day inspecting the ranch, then consumed stupendous meals.

On July 4th, when they were preparing to leave for Hollywood, a neighboring cattleman invited them for a holiday feast and fireworks.

"Got to stay for this," said Bing, and ceased packing.

That night, up by Jack Creek, half the cattlemen in the county joined each other in eating a meal that put several inches on each individual waistline. Bing eyed the plateful of chocolate pie set before him.

"If you fell into that face downward," he observed to Jimmy, "with one short vamp, you'd come up singing 'Mammy'."

After dinner, the guests staggered out into the open, where an old-fashioned display of fireworks made everyone feel ten years old again. As a finale, they stood in a circle and sang "Farewell to Thee." Bing sang the loudest.

They like Bing up in those parts. They like him everywhere. As Jimmy Cottrell says, "Bing Crosby is one of the most popular guys in the world today." That's a large order, but Bing fills it, simply by being Bing.

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HONEY BALL

(Continued from page 56).

Mrs. Ball just stopped apologizing for the lack of chairs and lamps and portieres around the house, for an occasional abstinence from powder and lipstick. "They're doing a play," she'd announce, and everyone—knowing Lucy—understood. In their spare moments, Lucille, her sister Cleo, and their brother Fred converted the chicken house into a little theater. They considered it quite plush, but it was still pretty chickeny on a hot night.

"Why don't you charge pins?" Mrs. Ball had suggested on the eve of their gala opening.

"*Pins!*" Lucille gasped, looking at her mother wild-eyed. "What in the world would we do with *pins*?" They charged ten cents admission, and with the proceeds they sent to Samuel French's in New York for more plays, and they bought great big exciting jars of rouge and cold cream and large supplies of dead white powder.

junior genius . . .

Lucille was sort of the Orson Welles of the group. She directed, produced and starred in all the plays, and frequently wrote the scripts. These invariably included two unsavory female characters, Sassafrassa and Consuelo; the former a flirt, patterned after Clara Bow, and the latter a lady bandit. The role of Sassafrassa was the plum, and no one but Lucille had a prayer of ever getting it.

Lucy grew from a round-faced little kid to a tall, slim, glamorous gal, and everyone in her home town of Jamestown, N. Y., just knew she'd be a famous actress some day. So to hasten things up, she went to New York City and enrolled in John Murray Anderson's Dramatic School. And that was a soul-searing experience.

Most of the girls were smooth New York numbers. They all seemed to know each other. And Lucille, who had bounce and fire and honesty, but not one whit of sophistication, felt ill at ease for the first time in her life. Lucille took eccentric dancing, diction, piano and makeup, and she knew she should have been reveling in it, but she wasn't at all. "Maybe I've gotten the whole thing out of my system," she used to think, and after a few miserable months she went home and got a job in a hamburger hut.

She was pretty and gay and quick on the comebacks, and she sold hamburgers like crazy. "At this I'm good," she told herself, trying to be happy about it, trying to push her little-girl dreams back where they belonged. She was doing all right, until one day she ran into Bernard Drake, her old high school principal.

"What's the big idea—letting Jamestown down?" he said. "Lucy, you're our star—don't you remember?"

"Why, sure I do," Lucille told him, wanting to cry. "I'd almost forgotten."

After that she worked in little theater groups a while, then she went back to New York and got a job as a show girl in "Rio Rita." Then she sold coats and dresses at Stern's. And after that she became a model. She modelled clothes at Hattie Carnegie's, she was a cover girl, and once she was a Chesterfield girl. Columbia Pictures saw the ad and hired her for "Roman Scandals." She called the family and they were ecstatic.

"I'll send for you all," she promised. "Maybe next week."

That wasn't exactly how it worked out. She was washed up at Columbia quite promptly, and then there was nothing for her to do and no money to get her home.

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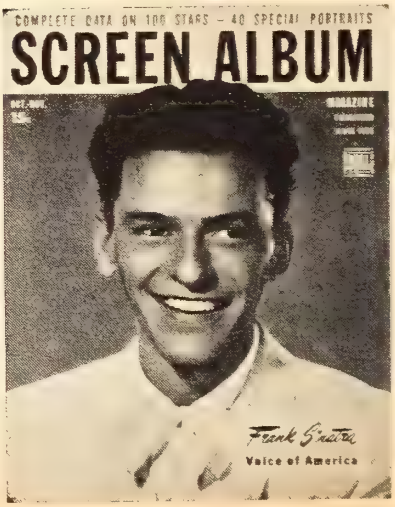

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By some miracle, she met Ginger Rogers, and Ginger gave her some advice.

good fairy-ginger . . .

"Mother has a Little Theater group," she told her, "and she's always looking for really ambitious, hard-working kids. Why don't you go over to the RKO lot and see her?" Lucille did, and when RKO gave Lucy a contract, it was hard to tell who was more pleased, Leila Rogers or Lucille. Lucy called home and informed the family. "Come on out," she told her mom. "I'm no Crawford or Shearer, but I've got a job, and we'll be together again."

They came, by bus, and the reunion was wonderful, and for at least an hour everyone was awfully polite to each other. "You look perfectly fine, dear," and all that business. Then at last Desiree looked at Lucille sharply. "Why are you sitting on the edge of your chair? Relax."

Lucille eased back gingerly. "You still look as if you were sitting in a hornet's nest," her mother said. "What's the matter?" So Lucille told the grim story of her first day before the cameras.

The script called for her to walk across a floor which Lily Pons (in the movie, of course) had maliciously waxed. She was to do a split, then pick herself up and keep walking. Someone fouled everything up by actually waxing the floor, and when Lucille did the split, she threw her hip out. She told it lightly, but when she was finished no one was laughing.

"Why, you poor little kid," mom said, and Lucille, who through many lonely months had taught herself to be tough and independent, felt warm and cherished inside. The hip wasn't right for six long months, and even today, when she's tired, it acts up.

She did twenty-five pictures in seven years for RKO, thus earning her the by now famous title, "The Queen of the B's." She was getting better and better. You could almost see the improvement from picture to picture.

When she'd been with RKO five years, two world-shaking things happened to Lucille. The first was her meeting with Harriet, her treasured personal maid without whom she simply couldn't operate. Harriet applied for a maid's job over the "Help Thy Neighbor" radio program, and Lucille hired her. They are completely devoted to each other, and Harriet's loyalty to Lucille is matched only by Lucille's to Harriet.

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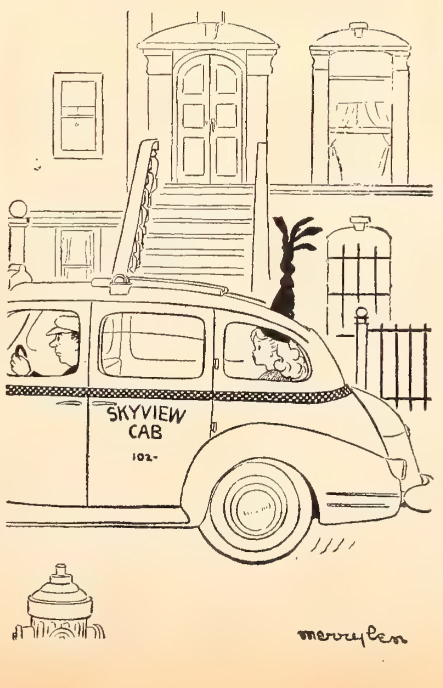

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"She's not a character or anything," Lucille explains to people earnestly. "She's, well, she's my friend."

strictly sentimental . . .

The second big thing that year was her meeting with Desi Arnaz, the very first day they both started work in "Too Many Girls." She came home and told her mother, "He's terribly cute, but you can't understand a word he says." Which was not necessarily so. They went around together for four months and when—on a personal appearance tour East—Desi asked her that sixty-four dollar question, she understood him perfectly. They dashed up to Greenwich, Conn., to be married, in their excitement forgetting all about a ring. Desi got one at the five-and-ten ("Just for now, baby; we'll get a good one tomorrow") and it turns her finger Kelly green, but she wouldn't take it off for one million dollars. Not Lucy, who's as sentimental as a Stephen Foster ballad, but in a strictly hard-boiled way. Desi has since gotten her a lovely wedding ring, but it plays second fiddle to the dime store job. She wears the fancy one as a guard. They had a three-week honeymoon at the Pierre in New York, then they went home and lived in Lucille's apartment for three days. After that they went house hunting, and on the first morning, they found their house. And it was so obviously theirs that they could hardly believe it.

"I want a snug low house," Lucille had said.

"So do I," Desi had agreed. "Set on a piece of land that's bald and new, so that all the grass and trees and flowers we plant will be *ours*."

"I want that too," Lucille had told him. "Exactly that." And this was it. They looked at each other—one of those deep, eloquent looks—and the house was sold. They still live there, surrounded by fruit trees and field flowers, by vegetables, chickens and dogs. You wouldn't think it to look at them, that tall, glamorous redhead and her good looking Latin guy, but they're as home-loving as a couple of tabbies. Their ranch is their kingdom, and when they're away from it, they pine.

"I think I'll call up George," Lucille will say, "and see how the dogs are." (George Barker is half of the wonderful couple they have to look after the place.) In a few minutes she'll have him on the line, and he'll give her the local headlines, which Lucy in turn relays to Desi. "Tommy, Pinto and Dandy are fine." (Those are the cockers.) "But dopey Toy has indigestion. He ate a can of sardines." Toy is the fox terrier. No current blights on the garden. The pigs on the next farm got loose, but they've all been recovered. Big news, all of this, for the Arnaz's.

home is the heart . . .

Their house is just exactly the way they are, informal, comfortable, unpretentious. Out in the garden they have built a one-room, Cuban-style house called the "bohio" which has a fieldstone foundation and lattice sides. It's decorated with fishnets and shells, and it's where they give their better-than-Elsa parties. Practically anything is an excuse for a party with those two, but birthday parties—those are the killer-dillers. They are supposed to be surprises, and the first few really were.

When they were still practically bride-and-groom, Desi planned one for Lucille. He even dreamed up a place for her to go the evening of the party, while he got everything in shape and the guests assembled. What he did not anticipate was that Lucy would get involved in a shopping tour, and that she'd have to stop off for a leisurely malted. When she finally appeared around ten, the guests were on the

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City..........................State..................

verge of going home. Now they've both learned that a birthday almost surely means a party, and the one who's supposed to be surprised is just as excited beforehand as the one who's planning it.

They adore costume parties, especially old-fashioned bathing suit and baby ones, and *everyone* comes. Even Lionel Barrymore, who hates parties, and sweet Susan Peters, who doesn't go many places since her accident. Probably the best parties of all are the spur-of-the-moment ones of a Sunday morning. With the Barkers out and Harriet visiting, Lucille takes over the kitchen, dishes up ham and eggs country style, french fries and biscuits and honey. Desi, the handsome waiter in a loud shirt and slacks, waggles a thumb in the direction of the kitchen. "She looks good, she sings good—and she can cook, too," he brags. They all dry the dishes afterwards, Lucille having the washing concession all sewn up.

Desi will never forget the day she had a holiday from the studio. He left her that morning propped up on pillows in their mammoth six-by-eight bed, with a big bowl of fruit on one side of her and a biography of Bach on the other. She promised him she was going to do nothing all day. And when he came home he found her in slacks and a shirt doing something she refers to as "tearing up the house."

"You were going to rest," he said. "What's the deal?"

"Oh, I did a little dusting and one thing led to another. Your drawers are all straight, and your closets and books."

"Why do you do things like this? You're just not quite bright, I guess."

"I had fun." She turned her cute smudged face his way, and he grinned.

The columnists refer to their marriage as tempestuous, but the Arnaz's learned long ago to ignore the columns. They know what they have, and they like it. Desi's so proud of the fact that Lucy's an M-G-M star now, he could pop. Lucille, on her recent trip East, practically hung out at the Copacabana listening to Desi's rhumba band. He liked to see her, and just so she'd know he was glad she was there, he'd serenade her with her beloved "Cumbachero." He's had offers to take his band abroad—to London and Paris and Monte Carlo—and Lucille's thrilled for him, but when she think's no one's listening, she says to him in a small, silly, wife-to-husband voice. "But you won't go without *me*, will you? Not without *me*."

You don't need proof of the fact that each thinks the other is pretty divine when you see them together. And then there's the simple fact that Lucille has embraced Desi's religion, and they'll be married again in a church in Cuba pretty soon.

Their tastes are very much the same, except that Desi is mad for Latin music and Lucille's first love is classical stuff. They both love Spanish food and double features and fishing. They like horseback riding and skeet shooting and long, long drives with the top down. Lucille sits quietly when Desi is at the wheel, but he's a frightful back-seat driver. It's just as if Lucy had her two eyes shut tight. "Here comes a curve," he announces. "Ea-sy now, red light ahead." It kills Lucille, who is a very good and careful driver.

Lucille and Desi each have their own fans, of course, but their favorites are the kids who love them both. Of these, just about their pet is Sally Kaplan. The Arnaz's are her hobby, and she has wonderful scrapbooks of all their pictures. She's a sweet, gentle kid whose criticisms are adult and helpful, whose praise is genuine and ungooey.

"If all the fans were like Sally," Lucille says to Desi, "life would be beautiful."

Desi says, "Life is kinda beautiful anyway." And Lucy thinks maybe he's right. —

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● If you suffer from simple piles—oh, how wonderful it would be to find one ointment that would speed relief from your tortures at once. Help your pain, itching, dryness, cracking, minor bleeding, and swelling. Well, there is just such an ointment . . . an ointment that you can use this very day!

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[84 Pages]

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DEPT. 110

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Look Your Glamorous Best

...Charm-Kurl your hair to new COLD WAVE *Beauty in 2 to 3 hours...at home*

Adele Mara,
featured in "The Last Crooked Mile"
a Republic picture

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ORNEL WILDE...he crossed swords with destiny (p. 30)

Modern Screen

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For "Big Game" Glamor

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

First tinge of fall . . . giddy crowds and gaudy colors . . . excitement in the air . . . the season's biggest game, and you, happy in the knowledge that your hair is sparkling and alive with all its natural highlights revealed. No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely. Here Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, shows you two hair-dos created by Drene especially for your football week-end. "I always use Drene with Hair Conditioning action," says Madelon, "because no other shampoo leaves my hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage."

AT SATURDAY'S GAME you'll be the star in his eyes with your radiant Drene-lovely hair! "There's no need to worry about your hair being 'off side' when you shampoo with Drene," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, "for Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair alive with natural highlights, satin-smooth and so-o-o-o easy to manage."

AFTER THE GAME, a quick change, a bite of dinner and then to his fraternity dance. Drene brings out *all* the beauty of Madelon's lovely hair . . . reveals up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

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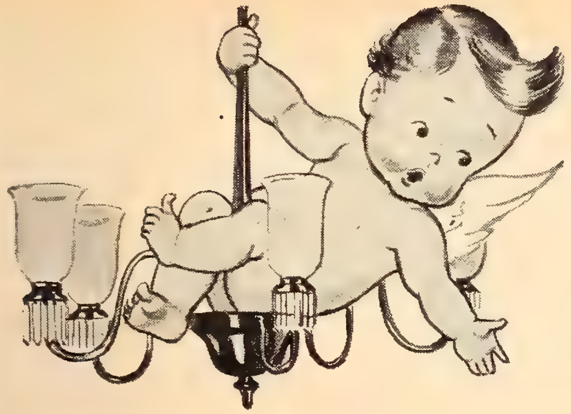
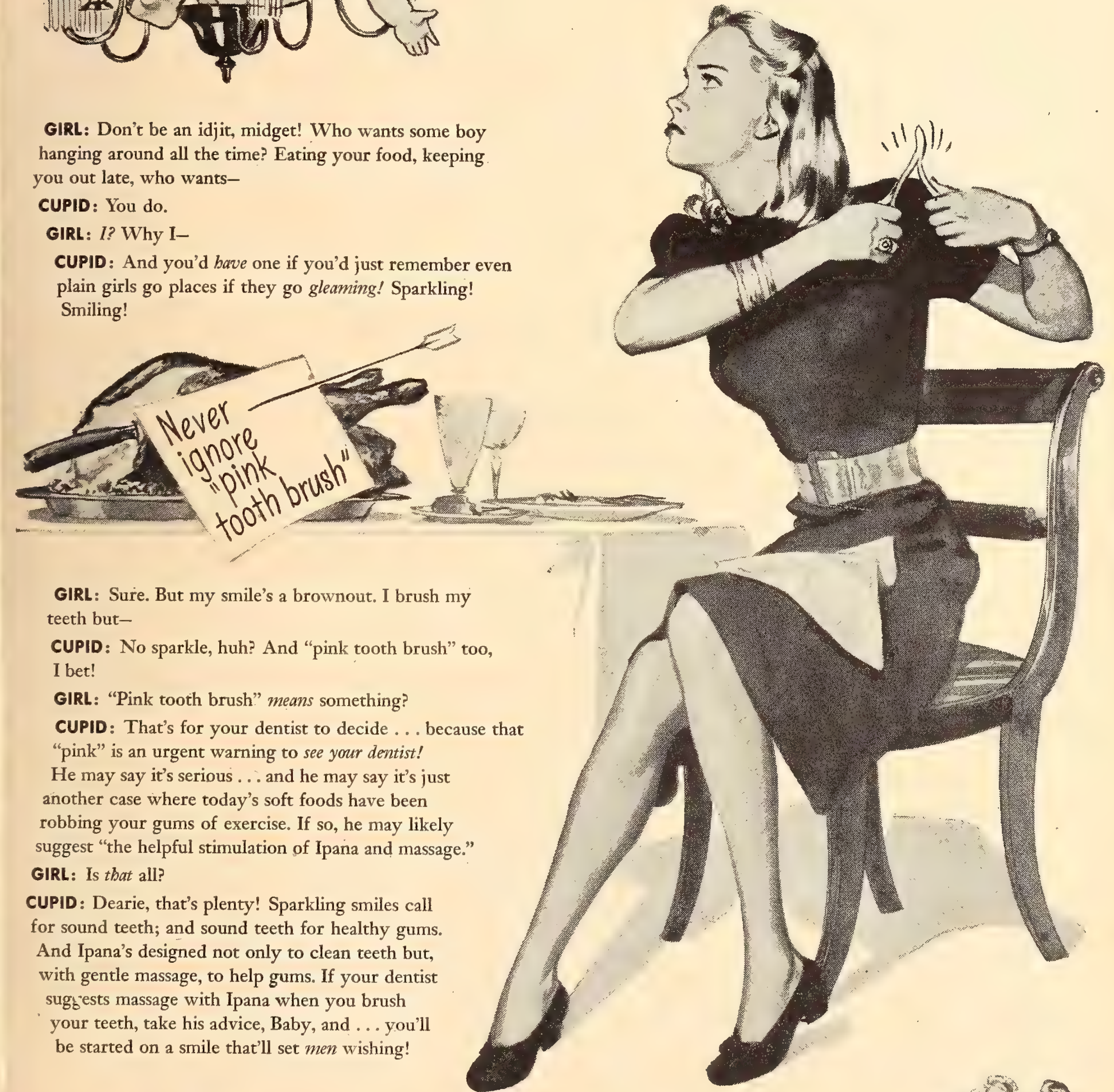


"Can't even get a man to *wish* with, huh?"


Never ignore "pink tooth brush"

GIRL: Don't be an idjit, midget! Who wants some boy hanging around all the time? Eating your food, keeping you out late, who wants–

CUPID: You do.

GIRL: *I?* Why I–

CUPID: And you'd *have* one if you'd just remember even plain girls go places if they go *gleaming!* Sparkling! Smiling!

GIRL: Sure. But my smile's a brownout. I brush my teeth but–

CUPID: No sparkle, huh? And "pink tooth brush" too, I bet!

GIRL: "Pink tooth brush" *means* something?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to decide . . . because that "pink" is an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* He may say it's serious . . . and he may say it's just another case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Is *that* all?

CUPID: Dearie, that's plenty! Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth; and sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice, Baby, and . . . you'll be started on a smile that'll set *men* wishing!

For the Smile of Beauty—

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IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

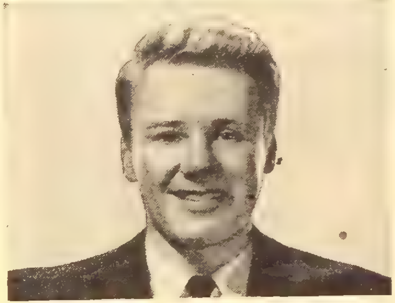
No excuse, no alibi, no reason for not going to see "No Leave, No Love."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M, of course, Makes Greater Musicals!

★ ★ ★ ★

When you see "No Leave, No Love" you'll say a lot of "what-a's".



What a story. What a cast. What a score. What a hit. And what a man...

★ ★ ★ ★

Van Johnson, who is now in the van of all male screen stars, adds to his reputation in this one.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Keenan Wynn wins a new title: F.M.I.P.—Funniest Man In Pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a newcomer to the screen—curvaceous Pat Kirkwood, with an infectious voice and incandescent lamps.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two orchestras. Count them—two—Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo provide the irresistible melody.

★ ★ ★ ★

And in addition the film offers Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson and Leon Ames.

★ ★ ★ ★

"No Leave, No Love" was produced by Joe Pasternak, outstanding musical picture creator. This one has the Pasternak knack.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Charles Martin who, along with Leslie Kardos wrote the screen play, "No Leave, No Love", fulfills all anticipations of good entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally, you will notice Marina Koshetz, the "countess" from Texas.

★ ★ ★ ★

And hear some tunes that are hummable humdingers, such as "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time".

★ ★

"No Leave, No Love"? The answer is very definitely "Yes".

—Leo

NOVEMBER 1946

modern screen

"The friendly magazine"

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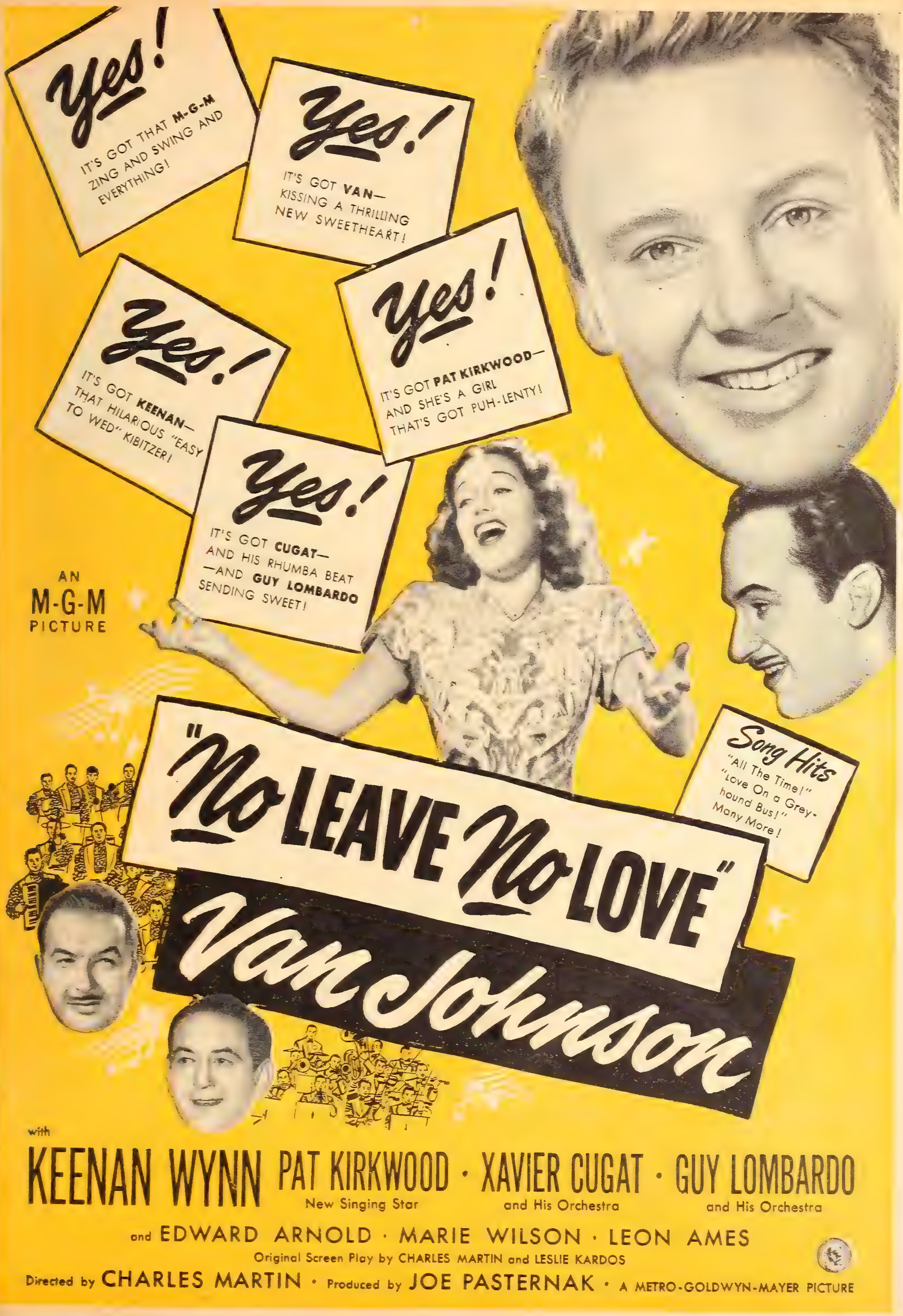


Yes!
IT'S GOT THAT **M-G-M** ZING AND SWING AND EVERYTHING!

Yes!
IT'S GOT **VAN**—KISSING A THRILLING NEW SWEETHEART!

Yes!
IT'S GOT **KEENAN**—THAT HILARIOUS "EASY TO WED" KIBITZER!

Yes!
IT'S GOT **PAT KIRKWOOD**—AND SHE'S A GIRL THAT'S GOT PUH-LENTY!

Yes!
IT'S GOT **CUGAT**—AND HIS RHUMBA BEAT—AND **GUY LOMBARDO** SENDING SWEET!

AN
M-G-M
PICTURE

Song Hits
"All The Time!"
"Love On a Greyhound Bus!"
Many More!

"No LEAVE No LOVE"

Van Johnson

with

KEENAN WYNN **PAT KIRKWOOD** New Singing Star · **XAVIER CUGAT** and His Orchestra · **GUY LOMBARDO** and His Orchestra

and EDWARD ARNOLD · MARIE WILSON · LEON AMES

Original Screen Play by CHARLES MARTIN and LESLIE KARDOS

Directed by CHARLES MARTIN · Produced by JOE PASTERNAK · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Alicia Huberman, (Ingrid Bergman) an adventuress, falls in love with American agent Devlin (C. Grant).

PICTURE of the MONTH

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

SELECTS "NOTORIOUS"

■ In "Notorious," Alfred Hitchcock has created a shattering—but welcome—novelty in female spies.

He has flung the kohl-eyed Mata Hari type of adventuress into the cinematic dustbin and craftily built his melodrama around an apple-cheeked, soft-voiced, broad-shouldered clinging vine who looks as if she would far rather play hockey than cops and robbers.

The script calls this new brand of secret agent "Alicia Huberman," and infers strongly that she is no better than she should be. But though she is shown reeling across the crest of the drunkenest party since the flapper age, stubbornly speeding through the Miami night to the great peril of a handsome government agent, awakening with a vertiginous hangover and pursuing the hero through a hotel suite with a series of the most relentless kisses ever recorded on celluloid, she is still Ingrid Bergman—as robust as the 4-H champion of Minnesota, as wholesome as the text on a package of Wheaties.

"Suspense," however, does not depend on veils and incense, and Mr. Hitchcock demonstrates in this instance that he can concoct as many goose-bumps and refrigerated spines with a spy in a schoolgirl frock as his old-fashioned predecessors achieved with black satin, pounds of mascara, and pallor that suggested tuberculosis, if not opium. Indeed, it is quite possible that he derives a good deal of the tension in "Notorious" out of the fact that his heroine is an amateur spy on a professional mission, brave but unsure, beautiful but clumsy, and so emotionally befuddled that the chief mystery in the picture is why *(Continued on page 138)*

PARAMOUNT *proudly presents* **RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr.'s**
Immortal Classic Of The Seven Seas!

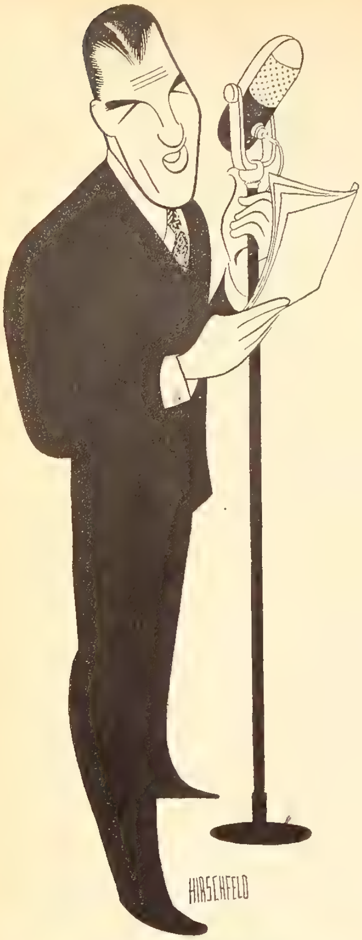
"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

Thirsting for adventure . . .
red-blooded mutineers
surge from the pages of the
world's best loved story
of men and ships!

STARRING
ALAN LADD
BRIAN DONLEVY
WILLIAM BENDIX
BARRY FITZGERALD

WITH
Howard da SILVA · Esther FERNANDEZ · Albert DEKKER · Luis VAN ROOTEN · Darryl HICKMAN

Produced by SETON I. MILLER · Directed by JOHN FARROW · Screen Play by Seton I. Miller and George Bruce



radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ Sometimes, infrequently, your travels lead to a meeting with a person who is a Standout, a guy who is something special, as human beings go. And at first, you are skeptical, you figure that there's a catch in it some place, that suits of shining armor disappeared with the last vaudeville booking of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. But months go by, accumulate into years, and the Standout remains something special in your catalogue of human nature. The Standout is Parks Johnson, presiding genius of the Vox Pop show of radio, which you have listened to for 14 years, and which now comes to your dials Tuesdays, at 9 p.m.

Vox Pop's Parks Johnson comes from the under side of the Mason and Dixon line and the south has sent no finer Ambassador to "us-dam-yankees." Really, the deep south sent us a Johnson-and-Johnson combination of spreaders of good-will, for Alabama's Parks Johnson married Texas eyeful, Louise Johnson. Often, a husband is particularly nice, but his wife is a cipher. Or vice versa. In the case of Johnson and Johnson, Parks and Louise are equally genuine, equally thoughtful, equally adaptable, equally generous in their estimates of people.

The reason that Vox Pop, as a radio show, has lasted 14 years and maintained its top rating, is because people who listen to radio know that the drawling voice of Parks Johnson is the index to a fine man. They know it in a variety of ways—in his unvarying kindness to people he interviews on his show, in the type of questions that suggest themselves to him, in his sincerity which projects over the CBS network.

There is nothing "actorish" about Parks Johnson. His background would explain that because he is the son, the grandson and the nephew of clergymen. His father was a circuit-riding southern preacher, doing on a small scale what his son does on a national scale, going to the people and translating Vox Pop, the voice of the people.

Parks Johnson attended Emory University and thereafter engaged in a colorful variety of jobs. He was a slugging minor league first baseman, a ticket collector on the Southern Railway, briefly a cotton broker, and then served in

(*Continued on page 26*)

ALL THE YOUTH AND LOVE, WARMTH AND WONDER OF
You'll remember
MARGIE
THESE WERE THE DAYS! MARGIE IS THE GIRL! THIS IS

and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS

Stories They Tell On Radio Row . . . It isn't exactly news when a sponsor of an audience participation show awards a fabulous prize to a contestant. But when a mere listener comes across with a goodly cash reward, and without ballyhoo—well that's one for the headline writers.

Yet, it is on record that somewhere in ABC's audience there is such a listener. For, recently, Mrs. Ben Mansfield, of the Bronx, New York, appeared on that network's "Glamor Manor," and while being interviewed by emcee Eddie Dunn, remarked that she had been happily married for twenty-four years. She also added that her husband was "one man in a million."

A few days later, she received a Western Union money order for $400 from some one who merely signed himself as "A Listener." The accompanying message set forth that "anyone who could be happy after almost a quarter of a century of married life deserves this money." Mrs. Mansfield tried her best to learn the identity of her benefactor, but the telegraph company refused to disclose the name of the big-hearted sender.

Among the stories they spin on Radio Row, none is more fascinating than the one about how one of the most popular attractions on the air, Kay Kyser's "College of Musical Knowledge," got its start. Back in 1938, Kay and his band were playing at the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago—just another dance orchestra. As business was slow on Monday nights, Kyser decided to pep up things by adding some audience participation features to the floor show.

He worked out an idea which called for the customers to come to the microphone and sing a song. After a few rounds of what proved to be a dull routine, one of the bandmen suggested that each amateur singer should not only give the name of his song but also that of the composer. Then, another member of the orchestra piped up: "Say, Kay, you look like a professor. Let's call the act 'Professor Kay and His Students.'" But Sully Mason, also in Kyser's crew, had a different—and the best—inspiration. He yelled: "How about 'Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge?'"

That decided it. The show became a "College," and with the scintillating and best loved boy from North Carolina as the "Professor," went on to earn many millions of dollars and to become one of the longest-lived items in radio.

Names Make Radio . . . Although Jimmy Dorsey, producing the picture, "The Fabulous Dorseys," with brother Tommy, will spend one half of his time in Hollywood activities hereafter, he refuses to give up his dance band. Once a maestro . . . well, it seems you just can't get over it . . . On "It Pays To Be Ignorant," CBS' burlesque quiz show, comedian Harry McNaughton is known as a "nitwit." But out on Long Island, his neighbors refer to him as the "cat man." That's because he usually has around 14 felines in his house. Harry loves cats and simply can't turn a stray Tom or Tabbie away . . . Red Barber, the famous broadcaster of Dodgers' baseball games, who is now sports director of CBS, made his debut in radio as a spouter of crop news on a farm program over WRUF, down in Gainesville, Fla.

Good looking Sally (*Continued on page 66*)

AMERICA'S HEY! HEY! DAY!

Darryl F. Zanuck
presents
JEANNE CRAIN
MARGIE
IN TECHNICOLOR
GLENN LYNN ALAN
LANGAN · BARI · YOUNG
BARBARA LAWRENCE · CONRAD JANIS · ESTHER DALE
Directed by
HENRY KING ·
Produced by
WALTER MOROSCO
20th CENTURY-FOX
Screen Play by F. Hugh Herbert
Based on Stories by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten

as long as you love!

THE PICTURE!

"Never neglect DRY SKIN" says Martha O'Driscoll

"I Advise Special Care with these Extra-Rich Lander Creams containing OLIVE OIL"

You simply cannot be glamorous with rough, dry skin. So like famous stars, depend on the wonderful richness of these *special formula* creams.

Discover the beautifying effect of Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. Instantly it softens and smooths your skin—reveals that "peaches and cream" look!

And for rough, dry hands, there's nothing finer than Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. Keeps hands softer, more caressible! Get both rich creams at your 10¢ store today.

LANDER'S CREAMS WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢ AND 25¢ EACH

by *Virginia Wilson*

MOVIE REVIEWS

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

■ Paramount has made this classic saga of the sea into a Technicolor epic of brutality and courage. The cast couldn't be better—every part is performed with understanding.

Charles Stewart (Alan Ladd) is a young man about Boston, in 1835. His father owns a fleet of sailing vessels and makes money even faster than Charles spends it. One of his ships is "The Pilgrim," which has broken all speed records. The reason is that its captain, Thompson (Howard da Sylva), doesn't care how many crew members he kills doing it. Unfortunately for Charles, one night he wanders into a waterfront cafe for a drink. The "Pilgrim's" chief mate, Amazeen (William Bendix), sizes him up as a good, strong lad, drugs his drink, and he wakes up the next day on the "Pilgrim," bound for San Francisco. When he explains that he's the owner's son, all he gets is a horse laugh.

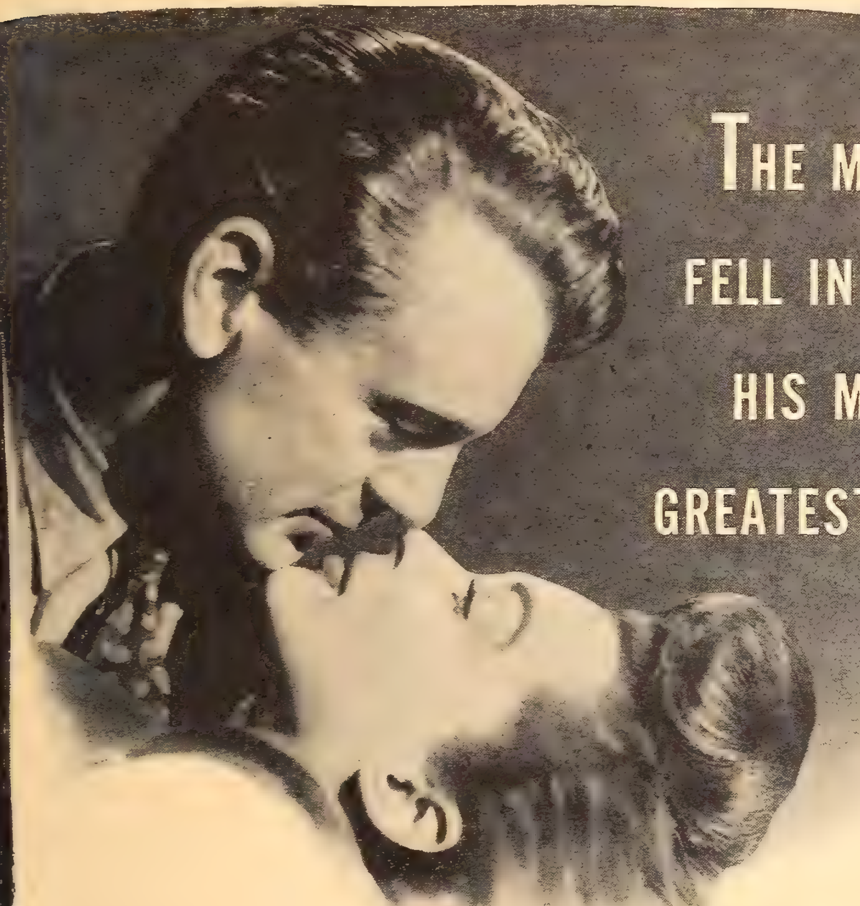
The only member of the crew who has signed on of his own free will is Richard Dana (Brian Donlevy). His kid brother died aboard the "Pilgrim" last trip out and he means to find out how it happened. He soon learns that life is cheap in those surroundings. The first day, a man is given fifty lashes, and tossed, dying, into solitary confinement, for discipline's sake. Dana writes down everything that happens on the voyage in a notebook. If he can get back with it, maybe he can clean things up by act of Congress.

Charles is pretty unpopular with the rest of the crew for a while. Then he rescues Dana's notebook from the sneaking, tale-telling second mate, and gets a flogging for it. After that, they accept him as one of themselves. Death is always close to them. The food—decayed horse meat, and moldy sea biscuits, mostly—leads to an outbreak of scurvy. Twice they approach land where they could get fresh food, but Thompson refuses to stop. So at last, Charles leads a mutiny. And the penalty for mutiny is hanging . . . if you're caught!

You'll find Barry Fitzgerald, Darryl Hickman (*Continued on page 14*)

Rich Charles Stewart (A. Ladd), is shanghaied onto a "hell ship," flogged for "discipline."

ADVENTURE WITHOUT PARALLEL!



THE MOMENT HE
FELL IN LOVE WAS
HIS MOMENT OF
GREATEST DANGER!

Gary Cooper

IN

"CLOAK AND DAGGER"

The Picture that introduces
LILLI PALMER

WITH **ROBERT ALDA**

DIRECTED BY
FRITZ LANG

PRODUCED BY
MILTON SPERLING

SCREEN PLAY BY ALBERT MALTZ AND RING LARDNER, JR. ORIGINAL STORY BY BORIS INGSTER
AND JOHN LARKIN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY Warner OF TALKING PICTURES

PRODUCED BY UNITED STATES PICTURES FOR WARNER BROS.

Calling ALL BLONDES, BRUNETTES, REDHEADS

ADD GLAMOROUS COLOR and SHEEN TO YOUR HAIR

BLONDES — you'll say "goodbye" to that dull mousy look as Nestle Colorinse adds richer color and lustrous sheen to your hair.

BRUNETTES—dark hair can be drab hair unless it sparkles with dancing highlights. Nestle Colorinse gives your hair these lovely highlights — makes it softer and silkier, too.

REDHEADS — enhance the natural beauty of your hair. Nestle Colorinse brings out all its hidden highlights and sheen. Makes it easier to comb — easier to manage.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC

CO-ED

Lay that pistol down, babe—'cause you can't get a man with a gun! Especially if you're using the same ammunition for each guy, when different caballeros need different calibres!

There are guys and guys, and as we all know, one man's meat is another man's arsenic. It makes it tough on a girl. Do the shy ones like you to scintillate, or is that how to hook a muscle man? Do you draw out the local Einstein or what? When is it good tactics to listen, when to flatter, when to talk seriously? We've done some research on the whole business, so if you're in the market for a Man (and who ain't), come on over.

If he's a Brain, chances are he wants a gal who's — first of all — decorative. Don't ask us why, but the bright, bright boys rarely go for the plain babes, even if they're junior grade Phi Betas. Just a face, with nothing behind it, won't hold him, of course, but it'll sure-as-shootin' snare him. Once you've got him, break it to him slowly that you too can read and write, but—even if it's true—don't leave him think that *you* think you're smarter than he is. These straight-A boys aren't athletic or smooth as a rule, and they're a bit self-conscious about their shortcomings. If you can start your lad bowling, bear with him until he's pretty good, then let him see how impressed you are—he'll think you're divine. Likewise, it will cut a lot more ice with him if you laugh at his jokes and make him feel like a wolf, than if you tell him he's a genius. The latter he knows, the former is News.

If he's a Three-Letter-Man, he'll want a gal who's more than slightly sports-minded, too. One who'll cheer like mad at the football games and shiver with him at the hockey games, and who'll know who Tami Mauriello and Doc Blanchard are without looking in the back of the book. If you're awfully beautiful, you'll find it no handicap, but a sense of humor, a slue of enthusiasm, and an easy-going, one-of-the-boys attitude are even more important to (*Continued on page 23*)

CO-ED QUESTION BOX

We are a large family with a small income, and there is practically no money for clothes. I am fifteen and fairly pretty, but this year I find myself so self-conscious about the way I look that my whole personality is changing. What can I do about it? G. H., Appleton, Wisc.

There have been lots of jokes about room-mates with just one wardrobe between them, but actually it's a very good idea. Couldn't you and your sisters work out some such deal? Could you learn to sew, and thus be able to work all sorts of magic, like making good looking jackets from outgrown coats, jumpers from worn out dresses? Could you manage a very few inexpensive but elegant accessories like a wide belt, an assortment of hair ribbons, a string of pearls? How about tinting faded sweaters, turning the frayed cuffs of blouses, rejuvenating an entire dress with new buttons and a new belt. There's nothing easy about looking well turned out on almost no money, but it's been done before, and we'll bet you can do it again.

(*Continued on page 22*)

JEAN KINKEAD

WOMEN!

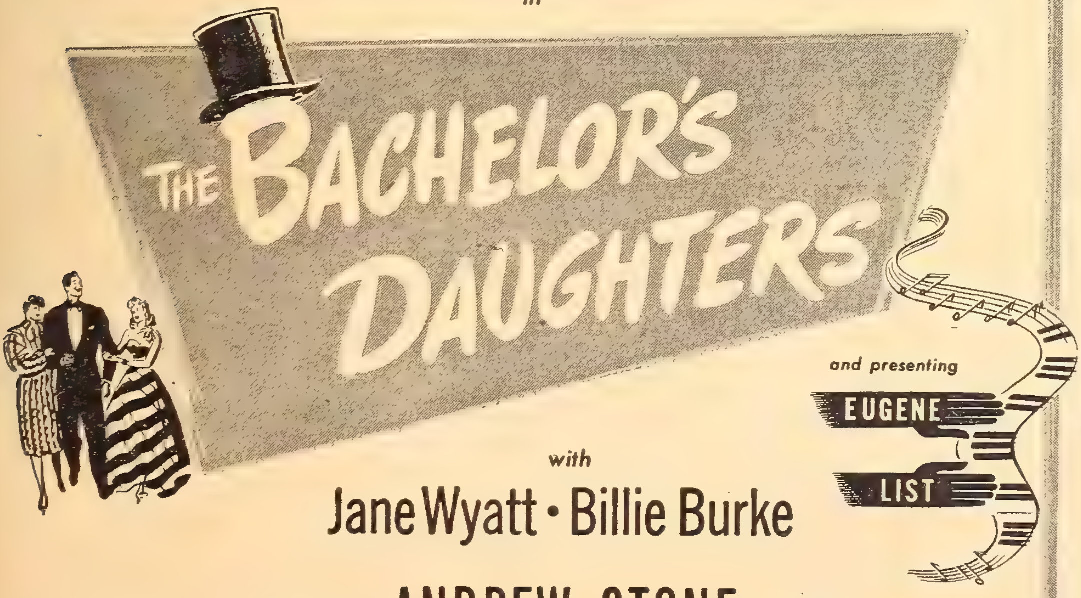
YOU, TOO, CAN CATCH A RICH HUSBAND!

What would you do to own a genuine mink coat . . . with a yacht to match? Just let these four smart girls show you how to meet the kind of men who can buy them.

Andrew Stone presents

Gail RUSSELL • Claire TREVOR • Ann DVORAK • Adolphe MENJOU

in



and presenting EUGENE LIST

with

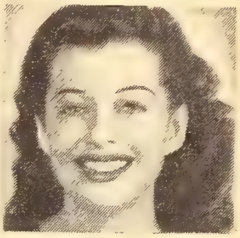
Jane Wyatt • Billie Burke

Produced and Directed by ANDREW STONE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Ask any of these thrilled owners of mink and men



GAIL RUSSELL
(As Eileen)
"It was simple . . . I just traded a wink for a mink!"

CLAIRE TREVOR
(As Cynthia)
"I had designs on a yacht . . . now I have the yacht!"

ANN DVORAK
(As Terry)
"I found that kisses can get a girl the most wonderful career!"

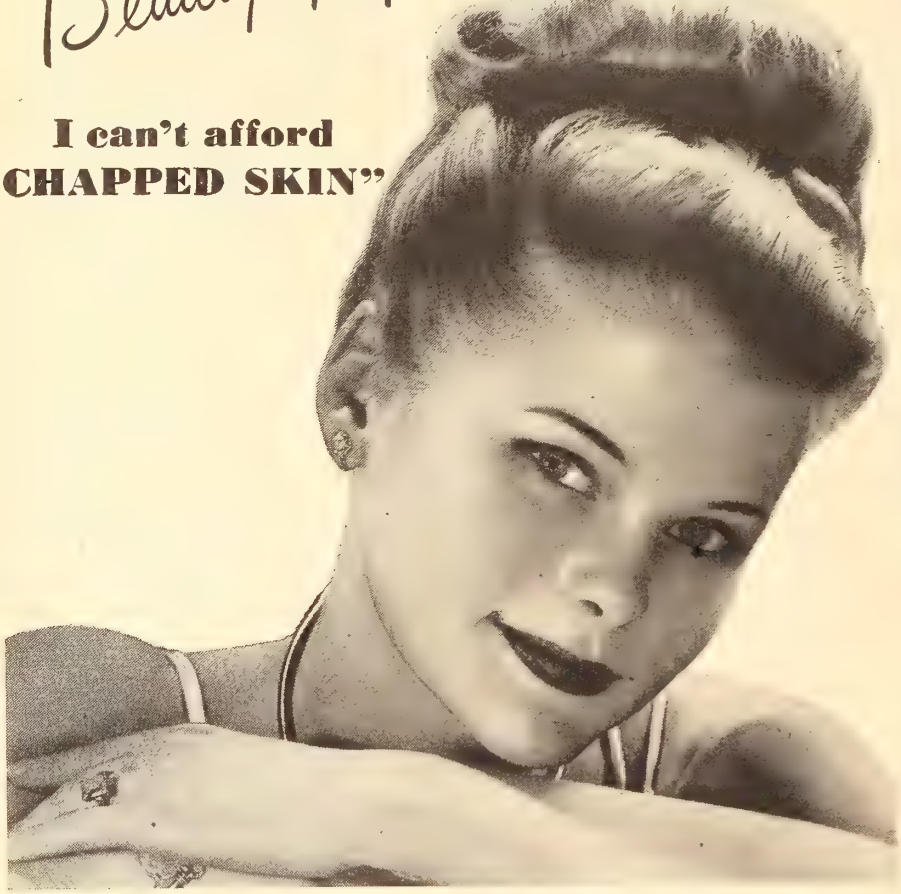
JANE WYATT
(As Marta)
"A cave with him would be fine . . . but a penthouse would be better!"

See them do what YOU can do!

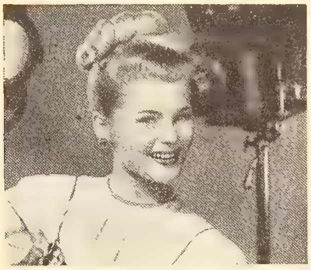
Rhoda Hoffman, Bewitching Cover Girl, Says:

"Beauty's My Business—

I can't afford CHAPPED SKIN"



SweetHeart Soap's 1-2-3 Extra Lather **Beauty Care** Helps Prevent **Chapping**



"You can't fool the color camera. It shows up winter-roughened skin," says Rhoda. "But now I don't fear its searching lens, for my complexion has that smoother SweetHeart look!"

How proud men are to date popular Rhoda Hoffman, now that this gentle SweetHeart Care keeps her skin softer, smoother, lovelier all winter long.

A model earns most of her money in winter. So if your face and hands chap easily—get red and rough—let Rhoda's experience solve your beauty problem.

"It helped prevent chapping and made such an amazing difference in my complexion," says Rhoda Hoffman, "when I changed from inadequate care to SweetHeart's *Extra Lather* Care!"

Like this glamorous cover girl—massage your face night and morning for one minute with SweetHeart Soap's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm—then icy cold water. This gives 3-way help...(1) *cleanses* (2) *stimulates* (3) *brightens*. Your skin's fresh, velvety!

And see how this SweetHeart Care helps you avoid chapping. SweetHeart gives up to *twice as much lather* as the average beauty soap—rich, creamy lather that's pure, mild, gentle. Yes, *extra kind* to sensitive skin in wintry weather.

The soap that AGREES with your skin

SweetHeart
TOILET SOAP
SweetHeart

DON'T WASTE SOAP
It contains vital materials.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

and Esther Fernandez among those who add color to her story.—*Par.*

P. S.

Wartime restrictions on navigation prevented the studio from going to sea for the filming of the picture, but a full-sized reproduction of the historic brig Pilgrim, upon which three-fourths of the story's action takes place, was built on the back lot. . . . Director Farrow conducted a school of seamanship to familiarize his actors with sea-going practice and idiom. A training mast was erected on the studio lot and the players were given instructions on climbing aloft and handling sails. . . . Special effects experts created storms and hurricanes. Snow, rain, wind, sleet, and fog were loosed upon the ship, while batteries of wind blowers battered the ship with gales and mechanical wave-making machines sent water cascading over the gunwales. During the most violent of these man-made storms, Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy went aloft on the pitching mainmast to furl the sails. Both disdained the use of doubles for the dangerous job.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

Three little girls in blue. Three little girls in Technicolor! Three little girls in 1905, in search of a rich husband. Pam (June Haver) and Liz (Vivian Blaine) and Myra (Vera Ellen) are tired of life on a chicken farm. They want to go to Atlantic City and grab a millionaire. But they only have enough money for one of them to go in style. They draw lots, and Pam wins. The others go along as her secretary and maid.

Atlantic City is full of handsome young men and music and champagne. Handsome young man number one is Steve Harrington (Frank Latimore) who sends Pam champagne the night of their arrival. Mike (Charles Smith), the wine steward who brings it up to the suite, makes eyes at Myra, who's playing maid. He also makes a date with her for Thursday, maid's night off.

Pam starts her campaign next day by pretending to be drowning as Steve's sailboat passes. Steve dives off to rescue her, but he's hit on the head by the boat's boom, and she's the one who has to haul him out to the float. There they meet handsome young man number two, Van Dam Smith (George Montgomery). Later Pam learns from Mike that Grandfather Smith was the one who invented animal crackers and made all that money.

So here she is with two millionaires on the string. Everything is just ducky, except that for the next three weeks neither of them will let the other one be alone with her. At last she gets Van alone, and he asks her to marry him but admits he's broke. It seems that Grandpa left the dough to a zoo. So Pam gets engaged to Steve instead, although she's in love with Van. They all go down to Steve's Maryland estate, where Steve and Liz find a common love of horses and fried chicken. It's all pretty muddled until Steve's sister Miriam (Celeste Holm) takes a hand. Lots of tunes here that are whistle bait.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

The movie is a story of youth, and the combined ages of five of the six leading *players adds up to exactly ninety seven. . . . In one sequence two hundred and fifty rare goldfish were used in three spectacular four-foot crystal bowls. To keep them alive, the special effects department devised a machine to keep the water aerated, and continually pumped a mixture of fresh water and oxygen into the bowls which kept them crystal clear, while the added oxygen had an exhilarating effect on the fish. . . . During production, June Haver fell out of an apple tree, was chased by a goat, attacked by a turkey, and fell into a watering trough. . . . Vivian Blaine shed her cherry tresses for the picture and became a blonde to match the other two girls. The hairdressers found it impossible to get the red dye out of the ends of her hair, so Vivian gritted her teeth, and cut it all off within four inches of her head. . . . June Haver was out of the cast for almost a week with a "strep" throat. When she came back, her doctor made two calls on the set a day to take germ cultures, and it wasn't until she was considered safe, that he would consent to her playing any love scenes.*

THE KILLERS

One of the best known short stories ever written is "The Killers." Expanded into a full length motion picture, it still packs a terrific punch, especially with a top flight cast bringing it to life.

If you've lived in a peaceful small town, you can imagine how a gangster killing in its midst would affect it. The town of Brentwood is appalled by the machine-gunning of Swede Lunn (Burt Lancaster). On the other hand, it is obviously a killing done by outsiders and they want no part of the mess involved. The local police make a few gestures, but the only one who is really interested in solving the crime is Riordan (Edmund O'Brien), claim adjuster for the insurance company.

There are a few clues here and there. A green handkerchief with a harp embroidered in the corner. A life insurance policy made out to a maid in an Atlantic City hotel. A boxing glove which leads to Detective Sam Lubinsky (Sam Levene) in Philadelphia, who once secured Swede's conviction on a robbery charge. Through Lubinsky, Riordan learns about Kitty Collins (Ava Gardner), who went around with Swede while her steady guy, racketeer Colfax (Albert Dekker), was in jail. When Colfax came out, Swede went in—on a stolen jewelry rap. According to Lubinsky, Swede took the rap for Kitty, who is a very beautiful dame and quite a lot smarter than Swede.

Swede is looking for trouble when he comes out of the pen, and it doesn't take him long to find it. He and a couple of "pen pals" plan a hold-up. Colfax is back of it. The holdup goes off all right, with one of the participants wearing a green handkerchief as a mask. The loot comes to a quarter of a million bucks, and Swede finds out, a little late, that there's no honor among thieves.

This is one of the most brilliantly acted, excitingly paced pictures of this or any year. Don't miss it!—*Univ.*

P. S.

Producer Mark Hellinger paid $50,000 for the Ernest Hemingway tale, a record price up to that time, for a short story. . . . Burt Lancaster, an ex-GI, makes his film debut in the movie. . . . During production, Ava Gardner was a student in the Extension Division of the University of California at Los Angeles. Her proudest moment came, not from praise by Director Siodmak, but at getting a B-plus in an English literature exam. . . . This was

(*Continued on page 18*)

LITTLE LULU Is All Ears by Marge

KLEENEX TISSUES
BOMB
KLEENEX
7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY—
OF ALL BRANDS I LIKE KLEENEX BEST
KLEENEX TISSUES

Copyright 1946, International Cellucotton Products Co.

NOW!
MORE KLEENEX
is being made than ever before. So keep asking for it!

*T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LIKED BEST IN A NATION-WIDE SURVEY BY 7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS

There is only one Kleenex America's Favorite Tissue*

Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue box—pull a tissue and up jumps another

Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolor at your favorite theatre.

Sweet and Hot

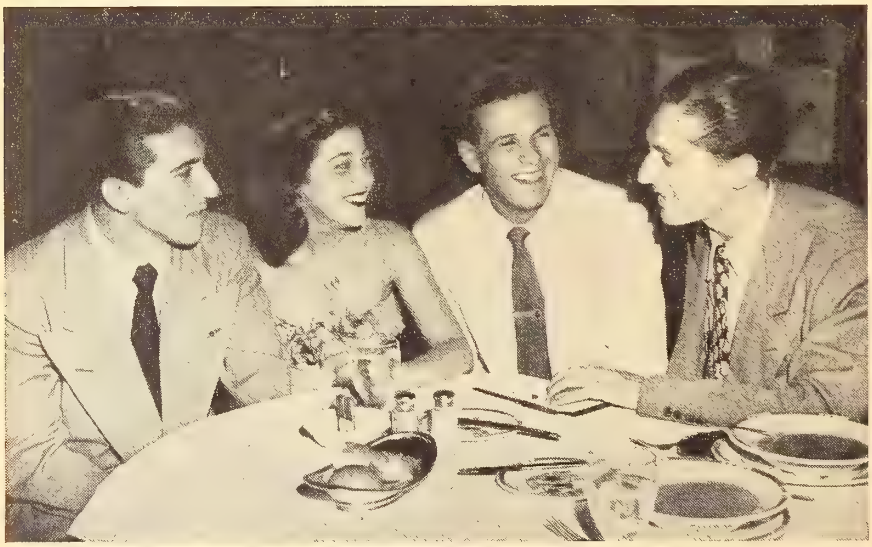
By **LEONARD FEATHER**

■ This month, I refuse to make any terse and brilliant remarks about the weather, but will proceed directly to the Hotel Pennsylvania, where I can make terse and brilliant remarks about Elliot Lawrence. I went over to the Pennsylvania the other night, under the impression that Lawrence was a young genius of twenty-two. I discovered he's a young genius of twenty-one.

I've told you in previous issues about his background, and about the unusual sounds (bassoon, oboe, French horn, etc.) that he uses, so I'll simply add that he's good looking, agreeable and has a pleasing band.

Paula Stone interviews Dinah Shore backstage at N.Y.'s Para. for "Benny Goodman Day."

His vocalists, Jack Hunter and Rosalind Patton, are both from Philadelphia, Lawrence's home town. Lawrence worked with Rosalind on the Children's Hour when they were ten years old. Whether Hunter was talented at ten, I don't know, since Lawrence first heard him at Philadelphia's Stage Door Canteen. Anyhow, watch this young outfit.


At the Hotel Penn: Jack Hunter, Rosalind Patton, ork leader Lawrence and L. Feather.

As for the best records of the month, try Frankie's "Begin The Beguine" for popular, and "Oop Bop Sh' Bam" by Dizzy Gillespie, for hot. Yeah, "Oop Bop Sh' Bam." You want to make something of it? Incidentally, if you *do* make something of it, let me know. I haven't been able to yet.

BEST POPULAR

EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY, MY BABY—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Tex Beneke (Victor)—The most interesting thing about this song is that it isn't the song you think it is. Wait just a minute, and I'll explain. There's a trend now to call new songs by the names of old songs, and this "Everybody Loves My Baby" is *not* the famous old "Everybody Loves My Baby" of 25 years ago. Then there was once a Fats Waller "Squeeze Me," and now Duke Ellington has a brand new "Squeeze Me," and there's a new "That's My Home," and a new "Blue," and even a new "Just One of Those Things" which is *not* the Cole Porter number. The only song I'd say was safe from

(*Continued on page 104*)

"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"

Hear the music from the movie in these new RCA VICTOR Records!

Al Goodman and his Orchestra:
Concerto, based on Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto (arranged by Al Goodman). Record 28-0404. 75¢.

Freddy Martin and his Orchestra:
Concerto No. 2—Rachmaninoff;
I'm Glad I Waited for You.
Record 20-1749. 60¢.

Whittemore and Lowe, Duo-Pianists:
Concerto Themes, from Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto (arranged by Whittemore and Lowe). Record 28-0409. 75¢.

Prices shown are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes.

Actually, it's RUBINSTEIN who plays the piano on the sound track!

- The thrilling piano music in "I've Always Loved You" is actually played behind the scenes by world-famed Artur Rubinstein. Hear Rubinstein in your own home as he plays the "theme" of the film: Rachmaninoff's magnificent *Concerto No. 2*. Recorded with Vladimir Golschmann and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Ask for Album M/DM-1075, $5.85.

And don't miss Rubinstein's exciting recording of the "Apassionata". . . the sonata Beethoven called his greatest. Rarely has it been played with such dramatic force! Ask for Album M/DM-1018, $3.85.

Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 2:00 p. m., EST, over NBC.
Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.

COMMEMORATING RCA VICTOR'S BILLIONTH RECORD

RCA Victor is the first manufacturer in history to pass the *billion*-record mark . . . outdistancing all others by a wide margin. Here is overwhelming proof of world leadership over 47 years.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS

Be Smile Wise..

USE THE BRUSH WITH
Crystal Clear Bristles

CORRECT DESIGN
DR. WEST'S QUALITY
25¢
Dr. West's "25"
BY THE MAKERS OF
DR. WEST'S
MIRACLE-TUFT

(Continued from page 15)

Edmond O'Brien's first picture since getting out of uniform. . . . O'Brien's and Lancaster's background curiously parallel each other. Both were born in New York City, quit universities there to enter show business, had similar Army careers, and have members of their immediate family teaching in New York schools. Though they play the two top male roles of the movie, they have only one brief scene together—in the morgue when Lancaster lies dead. . . . Sam Levene spent four evenings a week while in production in coaching ex-GIs who are students at the Actors Lab little theater and school where Levene is a director.

THE COCKEYED MIRACLE

Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn, two of the funniest men on the screen, are teamed in this opus about a couple of practical-minded ghosts. Sam Griggs (Frank Morgan), a man in his sixties, has serious heart trouble, and dies as a result of over-concern about his family's financial welfare. He has a right to be concerned—he's invested all their savings in a deal that looks dubious, to say the least.

When Sam dies, he feels just the same as ever, and—to himself—looks just the same. But none can see him or hear him, except other ghosts. His father, Ben (Keenan Wynn), who died from being hit on the head with a whiskey bottle at thirty-five, is an alert and vigorous young ghost. He turns up to escort Sam to their ultimate destination. Sam flatly refuses to go as long as his family is in such a jam financially. He tells Ben with considerable lack of filial respect that anyone who has been dead as long as he has should have *some* influence. So why doesn't he *do* something?

Ben hedges, but finally admits that his only ghostly accomplishment is a dubious ability to cause a rainstorm now and then. This comes in handy when Jen (Audrey Totter), Sam's daughter, is out for a ride with her dream man, Howard (Richard Quine). Howard is a brilliant young geologist, but so absent-minded he seldom notices that Jen is around. When Ben causes a storm to materialize, Howard and Audrey take shelter in a barn and Howard forgets to be absent-minded. However, Jen refuses to marry him because she thinks she should stay home and support her now widowed mother.

By now, Sam is on the verge of having apoplexy all over again. "It's your own fault," Ben points out condescendingly. "Why didn't you leave your dough in the savings bank?" But in the end it's Ben who performs another cockeyed miracle and saves the day.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

During the filming of the picture, Keenan Wynn became entranced with bar bells, and eventually took them on the set where he practiced between scenes. When he wasn't building muscles, he was spouting Shakespeare for the entertainment of the cast, until Director Simon suggested that the cast bring earmuffs to the set the next day. . . . Dick Quine and Susan Peters spent their weekends at his mother's horse ranch, where they watched the time trials in the mornings. Susan's pet was an orphan colt she dubbed Pest, who wandered freely over the ranch and was once found in the bathtub of the ranch house. . . . For a scene in a barn, Audrey Totter wore a horse blanket and a safety pin—and nothing else. Morgan termed it a sarobe.

STRANGE WOMAN

Yes—a strange woman. So beautiful that she pulls men's hearts right into their throats. So wicked that she breaks those hearts in a dozen pieces, and stands over the fragments, laughing. Yet only a few knew of her wickedness, and those few are too enmeshed by it to talk.

Jenny Hager (Hedy LaMarr) has always loved cruelty for its own sake and for the power it gives her. As a child of nine, she persuaded the others to toss Ephraim Potter into the river, and stood watching his struggle against death. But when an adult came by, Jennie ran into the water and rescued him and became a heroine.

Years later, at eighteen, Jenny is still pursuing the same policy of sadism covered neatly over with kindness. She has noticed the way rich old Isaiah Poster (Gene Lockhart) looks at her, so one night when her drunken father beats her—Jenny runs for shelter to Mr. Poster. The next morning her father is found dead of apoplexy and Jenny marries Poster.

Then Ephraim Poster (Louis Hayward) comes home from college, and Jenny's smile of welcome to her step-son is an open invitation. It doesn't take her long, with kisses and promises and even threats, to persuade him that his father stands in the way of their happiness. Isaiah dies, but Ephram bungled the job and there were witnesses. Jenny, her head high, her beautiful face cold and remote, refuses to let him in the house when he comes back. He takes to drink and finally kills himself in bitter remorse over his father's death. Jenny, meanwhile, meets another man, Evered (George Sanders), who is as strong as Ephraim was weak. As handsome as she herself is beautiful. But even Jenny can't conceal her true self forever.—*U.A.*

DECEPTION

It's easy to tell a lie. But then you have to tell another and another. Christine Radclyffe (Bette Davis) lies, as most of us do, from fear. Fear of losing the man she loves, Karel (Paul Henreid), who has at last come to America after years in a concentration camp. She's afraid that if he learns the true story of those years since she left him in Europe, she will never see him again.

You see, when Christine first came to America, she was a young composer. No one cared whether she had talent or not. Then she met Hollenius (Claude Rains) who not only cared, but helped her. He was one of the greatest of modern composers. Their affair developed quite naturally since Christine thought Karel was dead. . .

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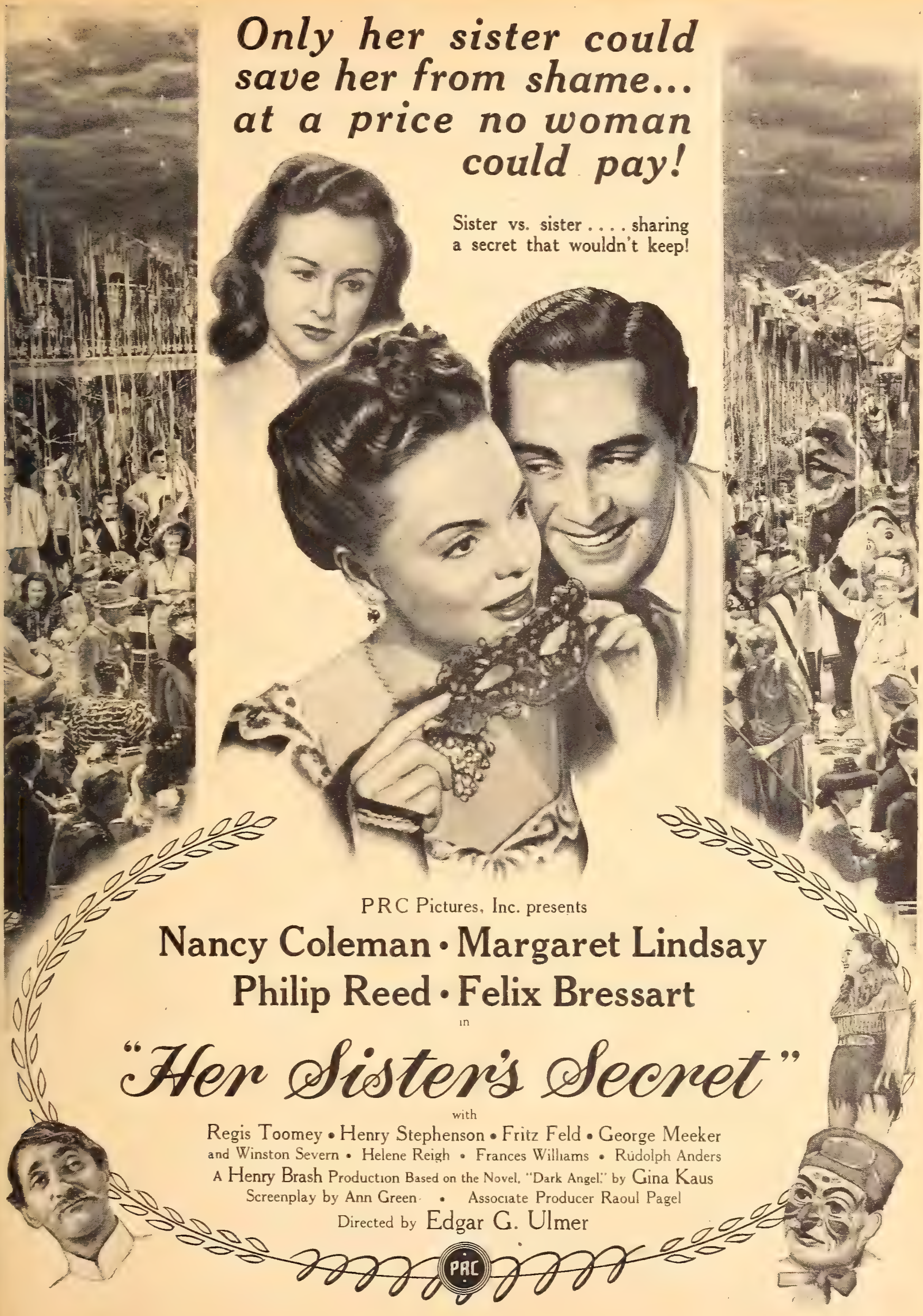


Only her sister could save her from shame... at a price no woman could pay!

Sister vs. sister . . . . sharing
a secret that wouldn't keep!

PRC Pictures, Inc. presents

Nancy Coleman • Margaret Lindsay
Philip Reed • Felix Bressart

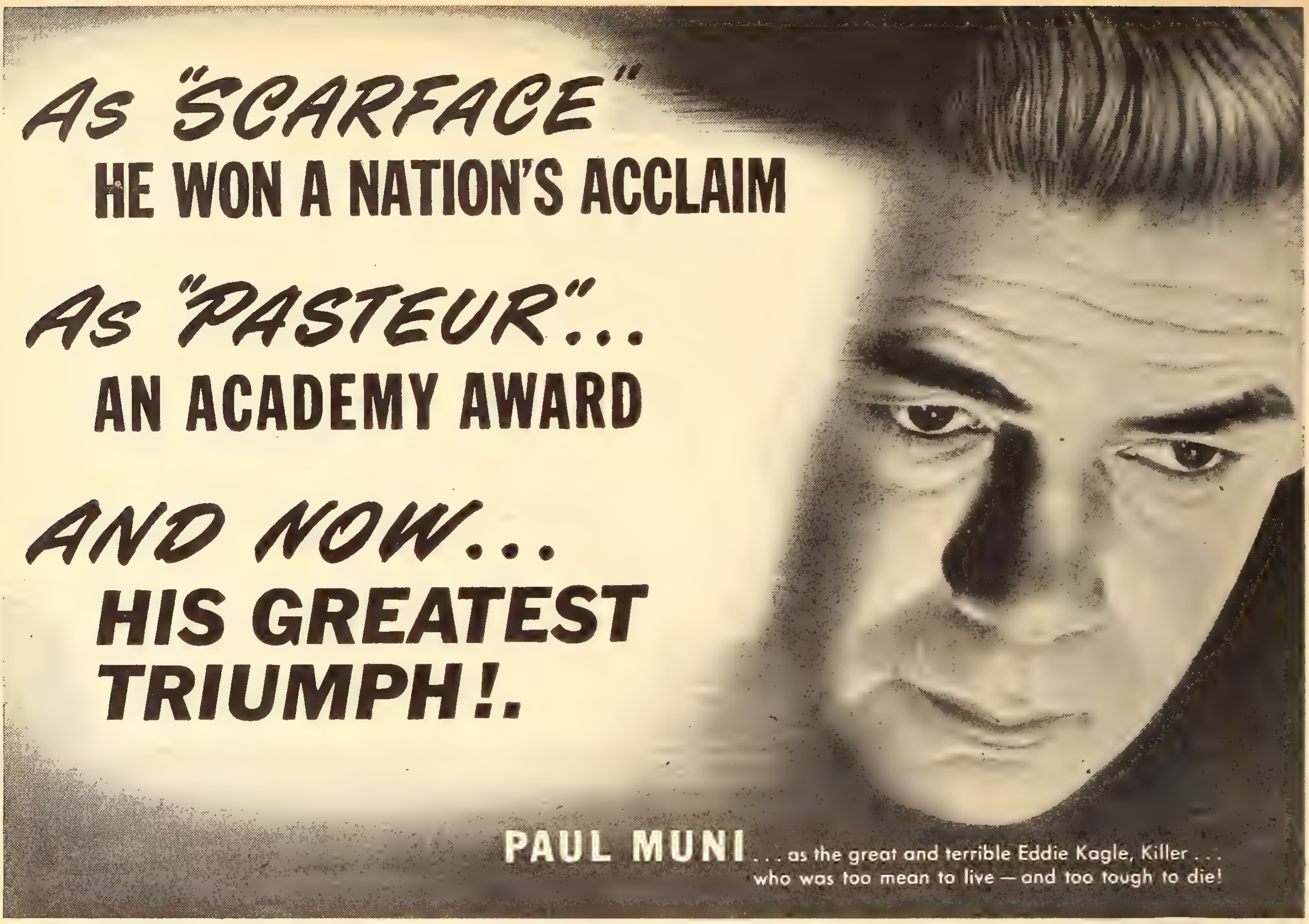
in

"Her Sister's Secret"

with

Regis Toomey • Henry Stephenson • Fritz Feld • George Meeker
and Winston Severn • Helene Reigh • Frances Williams • Rudolph Anders
A Henry Brash Production Based on the Novel, "Dark Angel," by Gina Kaus
Screenplay by Ann Green • Associate Producer Raoul Pagel
Directed by Edgar G. Ulmer

PRC


As "SCARFACE"
HE WON A NATION'S ACCLAIM
As "PASTEUR"...
AN ACADEMY AWARD
AND NOW...
HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH!.
PAUL MUNI ... as the great and terrible Eddie Kagle, Killer ... who was too mean to live — and too tough to die!

Now Karel is here, and must never know what has happened in his absence. Fortunately, Hollenius is out of town when he arrives, and by the time the composer returns, they are married. Hollenius is furious at first. Then he adopts his usual suave manner, and tells them that he knows Karel is a great cellist—he has heard records he made years ago in Europe. Karel shall play Hollenius' new concerto at its first public presentation.

Christine is half delighted, half fearful of some trickery. Perhaps at the last minute Hollenius will withdraw his offer, or somehow cause Karel to fail. Then a new threat arouses panic in her. Hollenius tells her meaningfully that he will have something to say to Karel after the concert. She is sure he means to reveal their past relationship, and she can't bear to think of the unhappiness it will cause Karel. There is a way to end this threat—a desperate way. . . .

Bette Davis and Claude Rains give characteristically fine performances in difficult parts.—*War.*

P. S.

This is the second time Paul Henreid and Bette Davis have played opposite each other. . . . It is Bette Davis' 55th role and 44th starring role. . . . Just before production, Miss Davis announced she would wear her hair down instead of up as the script called for. She pointed out that she could make love better with her hair falling to her shoulders naturally. . . . Like the cigarette routine in their first picture, "Now Voyager" where Henreid lighted two cigarettes, one for himself, and one for Bette, there is a triple-kiss ceremony throughout this picture that is expected to gain even more widespread notice. Bette kisses Henreid on the forehead, tip of his nose, and then on his chin. . . . There are nine love scenes in the picture, entailing 27 kisses. . . . Paul Henreid cut his hand severely as he crushed a champagne glass for a dramatic wedding reception scene. . . . Claude Rains' personal nemesis during filming was his antipathy toward cats and he was required to appear in several scenes with Petey, famous movie Siamese, a bad tempered animal who persisted with his angry yowl, not only to spoil "takes" but Rains' sunny disposition.

THE PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY

Joseph Schildkraut always manages to make villainy singularly attractive. In "The Plainsman And The Lady" he is a very wicked villain indeed, who tries to stop 1859's startling new enterprise, the Pony Express. On the side of the ponies are Sam Cotton (William Elliott) and Michael Arnesen (Reinhold Schunzel). Sam is in love with Michael's pretty daughter Ann (Vera Ralston). Ann hasn't been very happy at home since her step-mother, Cathy (Gail Patrick) has lived there. Cathy has formed an alliance with Marquette against her elderly husband, in the hope that she will gain all her desires through him. Marquette is the owner of the Southern Stage line, and he wants to keep the Pony Express from going through, as it would raise the devil with his business.

He doesn't worry too much about it until he finds that Sam Cotton has been put in charge. Sam is a man to be reckoned with, and Marquette would like to do the reckoning with a six-shooter. But Sam has a way of being somewhere else when a bullet strikes. He has sold his famous saloon, "The Happy Chance," and is now busily organizing riders and stations for the Pony Express.

A few days before the Express is due to start expressing, Michael Arnesen, its backer, falls ill. The doctor says all worries must be kept from him, as any shock would kill him. Marquette and Cathy plan to give him the shock, so she'll inherit his company and can call off the ponies. With this in mind, she tells her husband a dramatic but all too truthful story of her nefarious activities since she's been his wife. As the doctor predicted, the shock kills him. But Sam announces that the opening of the Pony Express will proceed on schedule. He gets help from some friendly Indians, and puts on a battle in the desert with Marquette's men that is something to see.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Associate Producer-Director Joseph Kane took a cast and crew of 120 to Lone Pine to shoot against the scenic High Sierra background. . . . Included in the cast were 50 Indians. . . . Vera Ralston, starring opposite William Elliott, had her first screen kiss in the film. . . . The Lone Pine location presented technical problems; the ground had to be painted brown on account of the unusual mica content of the soil which became a glare when picked up by the camera. . . . The intense heat of the sun induced the entire crew to wear dark brown makeup to protect themselves from sunburn. . . . Associate Producer-Director Joseph Kane utilized a walkie-talkie set for directing action sequences shot from a great distance. . . . The picture was a red-letter film for Vera Ralston because she was granted her U. S. citizenship during production. . . .

HER SISTER'S SECRET

Sisters have a closeness that is like no other relationship. They may quarrel, but underneath is a deep and understanding affection. It's like that with Tony (Nancy Coleman) and Renee (Margaret Lindsay) although Tony lives in New Orleans while her married sister lives in New York.

During the Mardi Gras, Toni meets Dick (Philip Reed), a young soldier. They spend the evening at a cafe run by Pepe (Felix Bressart) who keeps a fatherly eye on the new romance. The Mardi Gras is a time for gaiety and laughter and reckless loving, and Dick and Toni make the most of it. When he brings her back to the cafe for breakfast at dawn, he asks her to marry him. She hesitates, then tells him to meet her there in six weeks. By then they will both have had time to think things over. But the Army doesn't consult its personel as to whether they have dates scheduled, before sending them overseas. Dick has to go and the letter he writes to Toni, care of the cafe, never reaches her. And Toni is going to have a baby.

She's in a wild panic at first, then she remembers Renee in New York. She takes the next train, and finds Renee just saying goodbye to her husband who is off to the wars as a naval lieutenant. When Toni tells Renee her difficulty, her sister sees a way out. Renee and her husband want a child very much. If she and Toni go away for a long stay, and Renee comes back with a baby, no one will know it is really Toni's. The plan works, up to a point. Toni has the baby, and then forces herself to give up this round, gurgling boy child to her sister. Three years go by and she is unhappy through all of them. At last she can't stand it any longer and goes to New York to see little Billy. She has no idea that Dick is back, out of the Army and in New York.—*PRC*

P. S.

"Her Sister's Secret" is the first million dollar picture from PRC studios. . . . Nancy Coleman, who plays the sister with the secret, felt that the fact that she is the mother of twins, born in 1944, gave her a deeper knowledge and understanding of her role, that of a young mother. . . . Philip Reed likewise felt that he had greater understanding of his role, by reason of his war service in the Navy, during which he acquired the viewpoint of the GI called from home surroundings to serve overseas. . . . Margaret Lindsay in private life has long been interested in the problem of the unmarried mother, and it was this interest which ultimately persuaded her to play the role.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE

At an age when most kids are reading the Oz books, the three Carstairs children are up to their ears in murder. They're used to synthetic murder, of course—their mother, Marian (Lynn Bari), is a mystery writer. Dinah (Peggy Ann Garner), April (Connie Marshall), and Archie (Dean Stockwell) talk about rigor mortis and alibis the way their friends discuss Dick Tracy and double chocolate malts.

Then, quite suddenly, they are involved in a real murder. Mrs. Sanford, their next door neighbor, is found dead, and the Carstairs kids are the only ones who heard the shots. They know the murder was committed at 4:41, but in their mother's books no one ever tells the police the truth about anything. So when Lt. Bill Smith (Randolph Scott) of the Homicide Squad and Sergeant O'Hare (James Gleason) question them, they say they heard shots at 4:15. This tears a large round hole in the police theory that Mr. Sanford (John Shepperd) did the killing and O'Hare, who has children of his own, inclines to the belief that the little devils are lying. But when he gets tough with them, April pulls a nice dramatic fit of hysterics, and he gets hell from Lt. Smith.

Archie discovers Sanford hiding out, later, and offers to keep him supplied with food. The kids like Sanford, and the pretty girl, Polly Walker (Anabel Shaw), whom he would have married long ago if he could have gotten his wife to divorce him. Meanwhile, Lt. Smith takes to making long calls at the Carstairs' home, theoretically to question the children, but actually because he's falling in love with Marian. He's there the night the cops who are guarding the Sanford house all run to the fire down the street. The kids take this chance to enter the house, and discover evidence that Mrs. Sanford was a blackmailer. They get it just one jump ahead of the murderer, who is justifiably irked at being beaten to the punch by kids. He decides he might as well dispose of the whole Carstairs family, which makes for even more excitement than you might imagine.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Peggy Ann Garner wore lipstick for the first time on the screen in this movie. . . . In real life she will not be allowed to wear makeup until she is fifteen. . . . Peggy Ann has a crush on Lon McCallister, collects Dick Haymes and Frank Sinatra records can hardly wait to be sixteen and have her first unchaperoned date, and wants to be an actress when she grows up. . . . Barbara Whiting and Peggy Ann Garner are reel life and real life friends. . . . Peggy Ann's fan mail jumped from 76 letters a month a year ago to 7500 letters a month . . . Randolph Scott is a movie producer on the side and he casts himself in Westerns because he says it's a safe investment.

ANNE BAXTER
. . . at her fascinating best as the angel who knew that Heaven couldn't wait!
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PAUL MUNI
ANNE BAXTER
CLAUDE RAINS
in
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Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Released thru United Artists
CLAUDE RAINS
. . . as the sinister Minister of Evil—his most masterly portrayal of all!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(*Continued from page 12*)

What are the pro's and con's of going steady? I need some help in making up my mind about Joe. N. M., St. Louis, Mo.

Security is the only real pro that we can think of. It's a nice snug feeling to know that your Saturday nights are all taken care of. The con's are many. Once you've gotten yourself sewn up, you're getting yourself into Joe's groove. You'll wear the clothes he likes, talk about his interests, dance his way, even think his way. You're narrowing your horizons like mad, and while you're in your teens that's sort of silly. Now's the time when you should be like a sponge absorbing all the ideas that you possibly can. That's the only way you'll discover what kind of a person you really are and what sort of man you really want. We'd say, keep Joe for Sunday best, but go out with a whole lot of boys.

I am in love with a boy of a different religion, and my family is opposing our marriage terribly and making us both very unhappy. Should I do as they say and give him up, or follow my own heart and marry him? T. C., Green Hill, N. C.

There are dozens of factors to be considered, T. C. Your age, the length of time you've known each other, your past history as a person of sound judgment. Have you and this boy gone into the various problems that will come up when you're married? Are you really and truly tolerant of each other's belief, or are you secretly hoping to convert each other when you are married? Are you strong enough to endure an estrangement from your family if you do marry him? We'd suggest that you consult your religious adviser or some wise person who knows you both well before you take any steps, then—having pondered the whole thing well—abide by your decision with no regrets.

What do you do about double dates involving one pair of heavy smoochers and one pair that's not even at the good-night kiss stage? I always seem to wind up at the ringside of a colossal necking bout when I'm out with my most platonic fellas. H. H., Syosset, L. I.

A bit of foresight is what you need. When you've more or less wound up the evening's program, movies and pepsi or whatever, ask if they'd mind very much dropping you off at your house, then you and your platonic guy can scramble eggs or talk jazz in peace. You could even devise a bit of a code with the other girl on the date; if they're planning on lover's lane-ing it, she can turn around and casually say, "Nice moon tonight." Then you'll know, and you and the platonic one can blow while the blowing's good.

My younger sister is going around with a heel of a boy. He's attractive as anything, but his character is really bad. She's mad about him; talks about eloping with him. How can I get her to break off with him? W. T., Wichita, Kansas.

Strenuous opposition is the worst possible approach, so try something a little more subtle. Why not induce her to go on a double date with you some time when you have a date with a particularly wonderful man? Let the comparison speak for itself. Could you arrange a blind date with some super guy, and beg her to take it as a favor to you? Expose her to some boys who are charming and worth-while, and if she's ever going to see the light, she'll start seeing it then.

Are pick-ups ever all right? A good-looking boy in a nice car follows me every morning and offers to drive me to work. He looks like heaven on wheels to me, but I keep saying no because I was brought up to think pick-ups were wrong. No exceptions? J. C., Rochester, N. Y.

'Fraid no, J. C. We've no doubt that some perfectly nice guys try to pick a gal up now and then, but by and large they're out for no good. And there's no way of distinguishing the wheat from the chaff. Better stick to the conventional ways of meeting men, no matter how tempted you are. It's not only unconventional to allow yourself to be picked up; it's downright dangerous.

* * *

Got troubles, baby? Men, marks, mom—anything a'tall on your mind? We've got the answer book right on our desk, so write us your worries and let us solve 'em for you. You just need to initial the ones you don't mind sharing with the public but if it's just a whispered note between you and us, we'll send you a personal reply. Don't forget to include your address. Oh and here's ours: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16 N. Y.*

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 12)

this guy. Chances are he *knows* he's big and strong, so why not compliment him on less obvious things: His dancing, his taste in clothes, his talk in Assembly. And when you compliment him on his athletic prowess, be specific. Anyone can say, "Wonderful game, Joe," but it takes a little thought to say, "That was a beautiful tackle at the beginning of the third quarter." He'll appreciate a gal who'll help him keep training, who'll coach him in French so he can stay on the basketball team, and who'll be a pal as well as a Gal.

If he's a Shy Guy, he's looking for an awfully friendly, awfully warm sort of girl. One who won't overpower him with charm, and whose conversation is easy rather than violently witty. He wants someone who can draw him out, talk him up to the rest of the gang, make him feel at ease. If you're a little bit of a chatterbox, it's all to the good with this quiet lad, but learn to be quiet when he's in the mood to talk. Give him a feeling of importance by paying practically exclusive attention to him when you're out. This fellow needs a lot of guidance and a lot of reassurance, but once you have him launched he'll make a devoted suitor.

If he's a Charm Boy, what he really wants is a stooge, preferably beautiful. He wants someone who'll think he's a card, and who'll hoot at his quips even unto the tenth telling. He's a little bit conceited, this chap, and he thrives on compliments. He'll cut you off yards of his fabulous line, but if you take a word of it seriously you'll throw him into a panic. He doesn't want to be tied down or to have to account for his doings. He's a gay blade and a marvelous date, so go on out and have fun with him, but don't fall in love with him. He's got the fickle eye!

If he's a Woman-Hater, the only approach is to make him forget you're female. He thinks we're drips because most of us don't know a new Studebaker from a '36 Chevvy, or a Harley-Davidson from a kiddy car. So we're dopes. Ease into one of his conversations some time, and let him see that you speak his language. Motor dynamics, atomic energy—you eat it all up. But you're not *too* smart. You're a bit in awe of him. You want to know more. Once you've convinced him that there's something cooking under your bangs, you can go to work on him with your eyelashes, perfume and stuff like that there.

P. S.'s—Did you know that most lads prefer you in a blue dress? That cattiness is the vice they most detest? That one-fourth of the boys of dating age have under a buck a week to spend on Women? That most boys' ideal girl is the June Allyson type—sweet, merry and un-phony? That —of the two extremes—they'd rather have you chubby than skinny? That they don't like long phone conversations, but generally don't know how to get you to say good bye? S'truth!

NEXT ROUND'S ON US

Come on, give us your candid opinion. What stories did you like best in this issue? Least? We're sending the next three issues (December, January, February) absolutely free to 500 of you who fill out the Questionnaire Poll on page 100 and mail it in to us immediately. Hurry, because they go fast.

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CUTE COSTUME, slave girl. And you go so well inside it.

But what good is your masquerade if underarm odor gives you away? Don't ever take chances with your charm. Put your trust in Mum.

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Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

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INFORMATION DESK— Answers to every questio that pops into your mind about Hollywood the stars and movies. If you're hankering t know about casting, musical scores, or wh socked the heroine with a tomato in last night' movie, see column on page 120 for detail

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FRANK YERBY
The FOXES of HARROW
FRANK YERBY

"This, M'sieur, is what I was made for!" she murmured.

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TISSUES

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(Continued from page 8)

World War I as an infantry captain. Back from the war, he went to work in a southern advertising agency which led to his momentous decision to work for Station KTRH, at Houston, Texas. I call it momentous because it was on Nov. 2, 1932, over that station, that Parks Johnson first aired his Vox Pop formula.

I got to know Parks well in the past three years. He's the sort of guy whose son, Bill, went into the U. S. Marines and won a Purple Heart. (It is more than possible that the son of a radio celeb could have gotten himself a soft spot in some Washington war agency office). He's the sort of guy who, during his Vox Pop travels in World War II, only exercised travel priorities in the event of rare emergencies. "The trains and airlines are carrying troops and war materials," said Parks. "The show will take pot-luck with the rest of the country." He's the sort of guy, who as a southerner, takes a more farsighted attitude toward the Negro problem than most northerners.

Most people you meet are afflicted with a mental "blind spot," a stubborn blindness that is the product of ingrained prejudices. They are all right on all sorts of controversial topics. Suddenly you become aware of that "blind spot" on another subject. It may be religion, it may be the problem of minorities or refugees, it may be the Negro problem, it may be on the subject of labor unions, but there it is, and no amount of reasoning can get them to substitute thinking for "feeling."

There are no "blind spots" in the makeup of Parks Johnson. I have discussed every possible issue with him, and unfailingly his attitude is that of a wise and thoughtful man, anxious to learn all the facts before arriving at any determination. It is unfortunate that America, and the world, hasn't 100,000 more like him.

So in awarding the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan gold plaque to Parks Johnson this month, the award embraces more than the show, Vox Pop; it is a tribute to the qualities of the Alabaman who conceived the idea of it, and who has never compromised with his ideals in carrying on that show for 14 years. He has kept it on a high level, because that is the only level he ever has occupied.

Travelling through the country with Parks is quite an experience. In small towns, taxicab drivers suddenly are stirred into a fervor of friendliness when they hear his drawling voice. Suddenly, they clamp on the brakes and swing around: "You ain't—you can't be—why, it's not possible—you're PARKS JOHNSON." This last is uttered in complete disbelief. "That's right, son," mildly says Parks. From then on, it becomes Old Home Week, with the cab driver recalling this program or that, this award or that. By the time the cab gets to the hotel, you are ready for the next development. The cab driver jumps out, hustles over to the bellboy and whispers excitedly. "No," says the bellboy. "It can't be. You're kidding." The cabbie wags his head vigorously. "Kidding, nothing. That's him." The same thing happens with elevator operators, room clerks, room maids, waiters. It never affects Parks. Undoubtedly it pleases him, but his greatest pleasure lies in the fact that these Americans like him and accept him as one of their own.

Question most frequently asked of anyone on the Vox Pop show is, invariably: "Do you do that whole program without a script?" The answer is Yes.

Here is how the 30-minute program is organized and worked out. Four or five days before the program, Parks' aide, Dave Grant, arrives at the locale of the following Tuesday's program. If it is an Army hospital, he sends out a list of questionnaires and on the basis of these questionnaires, he arranges to screen perhaps 60 of the men. Then he reduces this group to perhaps 12 men, selected on the basis of their qualities of enthusiasm, voice, shyness or brashness, their volubleness, their experiences. By the time Parks and Warren Hull arrive, these finalists are ready for a final "screening." The veteran interviewers, from long experience, know the type who will give the best air performance and select six of them, or eight of them.

Parks and Warren use no script. They do write down, on cards so small they can be concealed in the palm of the hand, the key questions which they want the interviewee to cover, key questions which will build a complete program. The whole trick to this type of program is to relax the amateurs. With Parks, that is no trick at all. His interest in people is so real, so huge, that they automatically spill out everything. He makes them feel as though they're talking to an old, kindly friend, and he steers them through their interviews as skillfully as a New York harbor pilot steers the Queen Mary up the tricky channel.

The gifts on the Vox Pop program, ranging from dogs to telephone calls, from pony-and-carriages to bicycles, presents a problem all its own. Louise Johnson and Dave Grant undoubtedly are the most resourceful shoppers in the world. In small towns, where stores offer a limited supply of rare gifts, I've seen these two come up with the most sensational sort of prizes. Once they needed a set of golf clubs, and you know that during the war, they were simply unpurchasable. But Grant had an idea: He bought up all the papers of that area, for miles around, and went through the "For Sale" ads. One of them offered a set of golf clubs. Grant took them, but because it didn't happen in Richmond, I can't repeat the old vaudeville simile, "like Grant took Richmond."

Rogers Brackett is the director of the program and Aubrey Williams is the producer. This Rogers Brackett is one of the drollest and most charming characters ever turned loose in radio. An expert workman, his additional value to Parks lies in the fact that he keeps the Vox Pop troupe in high spirits week after week. Every morning is the dawn of a new and comical day for Brackett, and his bland insanities are responsible for such hilarity that a Vox Pop tour is geared to comedy timetables. The author of most of it is Rogers, with a deceptively grave face and low-keyed voice. I don't know Aubrey Williams, but I'm certain that Brackett has him in the groove by now.

For two summers, I worked on the Vox Pop show, when Parks went on his summer vacations. One summer, when Warren also vacationed, my red-headed friend, comedian Peter Donald, joined me. Throughout those eight wonderful weeks, I dare say that Brackett, Donald and Sullivan had more fun than any three sober guys ever have had, an excursion trip of laughs that did more for my ulcer than all of the doctors of the country.

So when I tell you about Parks Johnson, I'm telling of him from personal experience and personal contact, and while it's always a thrill to award this MODERN SCREEN gold plaque, in this case, it's something special to a guy who is something special.

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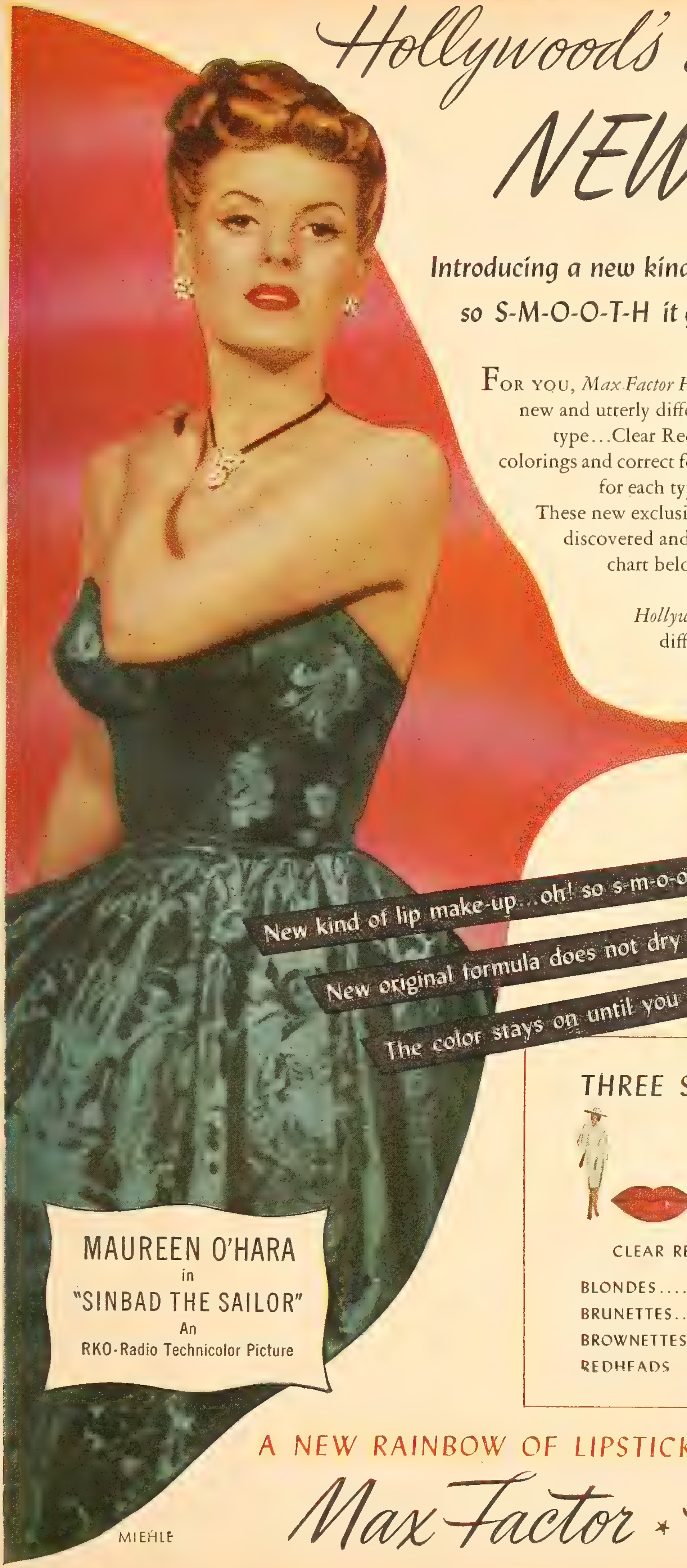

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in
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An
RKO-Radio Technicolor Picture

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New original formula does not dry the lips

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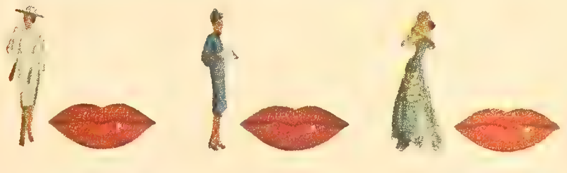

	CLEAR RED	BLUE RED	ROSE RED
BLONDES	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No 1
BRUNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

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TO OUR READERS . . .

If you happen to see us boys stalking intrepidly down Fifth Avenue, armed with anything from an elephant gun to a butterfly net, don't make a sound. We're celebrity hunting. And celebrities are very dangerous game. They hide behind a dense undergrowth of agents and snippy secretaries. Take agents, for instance. You may think you're having a man-to-man chat with one of those toughies—and meanwhile he's palmed your wallet and torn several pages out of your bank book . . . After getting Louella and Hedda and Ed Sullivan into MODERN SCREEN, we figured we knew all the angles—from Shmoo to Shmur. But cute little Dottie Kilgallen gave us the battle of our lives . . . Here's a sample of what we had to put up with. I call her secretary on the phone. "Hello," I say. "Is Miss Kilgallen in?" "Sowwy," says Miss Snippy, whose diction is very poor. "She's to a launchin'." "Luncheon?" I ask. "You mean chicken and rice?" "No," Miss Snippy shoots back irritably. "A battleship." "Good grief, what an appetite," I say—and hang up with tears in my eyes . . . Dottie's one of those pampered glamor girls who—aside from a daily Broadway column, a daily broadcast, two kids, and a couple of dozen fiction stories a year—doesn't do a thing with her life. We finally all got together for lunch (around five p.m.!). Much to my surprise, Dorothy, for all her brains, has the most ravishing eyes and smile this side of my wife. We got down to business. Money, that is. Henry made an offer. I drew a bead on him with my butterfly net. "Double that, amigo," I said. "Or I'll blow you to kingdom come." Henry doubled. Dorothy smiled. And it was a deal . . . Dorothy will occupy the place of honor recently vacated by Fannie Hurst. Each issue, she'll choose our Picture of the Month. Her distinguished series of reviews begins this issue (page 6) with RKO's splendid picture, "Notorious." I know you'll love her writing. My only regret is that you're going to be missing that pert smile of hers!

Al Delacorte

P. S.: Surprise for you on page 66!

cornel wilde life story

WHETHER HE WAS FLUNKING MATH OR SABER SLASHING OR JUST STARVING, HE ALWAYS HAD AN EXTRA "SOMETHING" TO PULL HIM THROUGH (PART I)

By Kirtley Baskette

Away from the studio, Pat and Cornel are practically "gentlemen farmers," and hope to eventually buy a home with so much acreage that they'll feel lost in the wilderness instead of stifled in the city.

"Cory" is his wife's most enthusiastic booster and made a number of three-day tests with her for "Home Stretch." With his script on Lord Byron finished, he's offering it for sale for $100,000—providing he plays the lead!

.When Gene Tierney and C. were swimming on location, he "rescued" her from a snake—later found it was poisonous! (Here with Pat.)

■ Cornel Wilde faced his angry father across the dinner table.

"This report says you are failing mathematics—is that true?"

Cornel braced himself instinctively. "Yes, Father."

His father spoke in short sentences, as if stating military orders like the Hungarian cavalry officer he had been.

"That's impossible. No son of mine is to fail anything, in school or out. From now on you will pass your studies. Is that definitely understood?"

"Cory" Wilde bit his straight lips and his serious eyes clouded under his thick, black curls. He was sixteen and he was in trouble. His father didn't know the worst: That the class he was flunking was solid geometry under Dr. Senftner, the most terrifying professor in New York's Townsend-Harris High School. He'd been called on the carpet that afternoon to face the evidence, shaking in his shoes.

Dr. Senftner was merciless when it came to grades, and he was a stickler for perfection. He

Bright-eyed Wendy isn't quite sure what being a "movie star" means, but she does know that Mom and Pop are "awful pretty."

read the verdict from his grade book: "You have an average of 47 for the first three quarters. As you know, passing is 65. I might as well tell you now, Wilde, you haven't a ghost of a chance to pass."

That was a sentence; it meant he wouldn't graduate, even if, in the things he liked—English, history, political science, literature—he was tops. Solid geometry was required and somehow, because he hated Math, he just couldn't puzzle it out. The professor smiled grimly.

"Of course, if you turn in a perfect examination, you will pass. But it will have to be more than good. It must be perfect."

Cornel couldn't help laughing hollowly inside at that. He hadn't the chance of a turkey before Thanksgiving. And just one week to set a record in a subject that didn't make sense.

But he told his father, "Yes, Father, I'll pass."

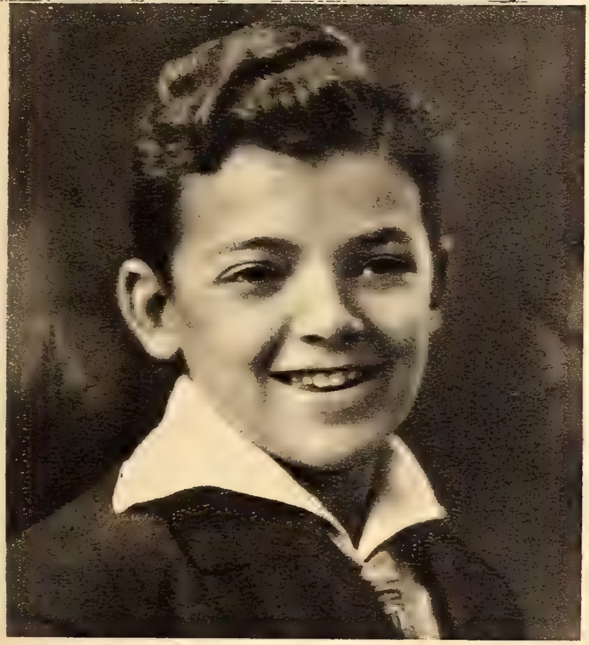
That week "Cory" Wilde glued himself to his theorems, coming up only for classes and meals. He didn't go out of his house after school for seven days. He studied until his black eyes blurred. He learned every sentence by heart in the geometry textbook. Dr. Senftner handed him back his graded paper with a silent, puzzled glance. It was marked "100." It was the first perfect mathematics final in the history of the school.

All his life, Cornel Wilde has had an extra something to pull him through in the pinches. Whenever fate has dared him to do it, he has drawn on a hidden well of ability within his taut being, and time and again the extra ounce of effort has turned the trick. That gritty capacity has transformed one hopeless problem after another into a golden

(*Continued on page 86*)

cornel wilde life story

At 12, Cornel was completely Americanized, but he still dreamed of his father's native Budapest, where he'd lived until he was 3, with its cobbled streets and dashing riders.



he Wildes say they don't expect a cook to be an actor—so why should *they* e expected to be cooks! As a result, they eat out on cook's night off and nly wander into the kitchen for midnight snacks or to test a foreign recipe.

As a kid, Cory was ailing and undersized. Then, because a bully kept teasing him, he took a mail order course in body development and at 16 became the neighborhood Superman.

Dana caught the sailing bug when his stand-in invited him to his 20-foot sloop. Now D. and Mary have 3 boats at Terminal Island.

SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN—WITH ALL OF THE ANDREWS FAMILY, WHO'D WANT TO COME HOME AGAIN?

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO SEA

Bill (left) is the kid brother just out of uniform. Charles is 14 mos. older than Dana and a principal at Polytechnic School.

Cathy A. played "stowaway" by hiding in a lifeboat. Then the boat rolled, a wave splashed and Cathy jumped out shrieking.

MORE PICTURES ➤

Dana helped Cathy pack her duffel bag, comforted her when she wept at leaving Michael, her cocker spaniel. To apologize for desertion, Cathy left him a whole box of puppy biscuits!

David didn't want to come along and had to be dragged away from the morning funnies. He's a radio bug, with a workshop in the garage where he sends and receives, and claimed the day was perfect for transmitting

"Soup's on!" sang out Mary, and hid behind piles of sandwiches to duck the rush. Part of the time she had to feed Dana who was busy balancing himself in rough surf and steering.

Salt air had everyone famished. Even after a huge lunch, the gang went out for steak dinners afterwards! Dana got a fine suntan on the trip, which photographed well for his scenes next day in Technicolorful "Canyon Passage."

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO SEA

Dave changed his mind about sailing when Dana let him take the helm until the boat was out of the harbor. Dave's big job is pumping out the bilge water; he was disappointed when there wasn't enough.

Cathy bites her tongue while handling another "Cathy," which is the cutter's name, too. A good sport, she didn't cry when the boat lurched and conked her head on the deckhouse, tho' it left a bump.

it's not the picture that makes Cathy's feet so big; she's wearing Dana's boots! Cathy's a shrewdie, haunts David when he's with a girl, asks, "Would peace and quiet be worth a quarter?"

Kids passing by in a rowboat stared, then asked, "Say, are you a movie star?" Soon Dana was busy signing, with photographer Gus Gale delighted at snapping first picture of autograph hunting in the middle of the Pacific.

"Me, and my big Mouth"

When our Hedda, who talks and writes as she pleases, swept into England, she curtsied to royalty, swooned before Mason—and shocked a waiter!

by hedda hopper

Slick, sophisticated Hedda Hopper curtsied out of respect to Princesses Margaret Rose (left) and Elizabeth on their visit to the Elstree Studios.

Charming Patricia Roc pulled the English equivalent of a swoon when Hedda whipped out gifts of nylons and lipstick—unheard of luxuries in Britain since the war.

W. G. Fay, one of England's grand old men of the theater, tea-ed Hedda, regaled her with stories of his 56 years on the stage and of the famed Dublin Abbey Theater, of which he was one of the original co-founders.

Hollywood and Universal Pictures snagged tall, blonde Phyllis Calvert for some fall productions. Phyl looks rather dubious at Hedda's mad millinery *mélange*.

Glamor girl Deborah Kerr couldn't wangle a party dress for her last picture because of war rationing, so she "made do"—and came out looking stunning anyhow! Here, she hostesses Hedda at her home in Kent.

■ Well, you might know I'd pull a boner my very first morning in London. Me and my big mouth! I was dog tired after my flight from New York, and I woke up hungry as a wolf. I rang for room service at the Savoy and a sedate, dignified waiter came for my order.

"Let's see," I began. "I'll have some fruit, toast, coffee and two eggs," as I handed him two I'd picked up at the Shannon airport in Ireland.

"Oh," he inquired, "then it will be breakfast for two, Madam?"

I didn't get it. "No," I said, "just one. Just me."

He coughed.

"But *two* eggs, Madam?"

I still didn't get it. "That's right," I repeated, "two eggs."

"Very well," he said, but as he left I got a scolding look like I haven't got since I left third grade. Then I realized, too late, that a lone woman just doesn't have two precious eggs—not in England you don't, not today.

Luckily, my secretary arrived for breakfast so I shared the eggs, and saved my face, but I'll never forget the look that waiter *(Continued on page 72)*

1. Isabel (Gene Tierney) discusses her fiance, Larry, with her uncle Elliott (C. Webb), decides she won't marry because Larry's quest for life's meaning is too impractical. She loves him, but Isabel wants security.

2. Larry (Ty Power), still searching for Truth, learns from Kosti (Fritz Kortner), as they work in a coal mine, of an Indian mystic who preaches, "The path to salvation is as hard to travel as the edge of a razor."

4. Larry and Isabel do not meet again until the stock market crash ruins Gray's health and business. His is also the tragic task of telling Sophie that her husband and child have been killed in an auto accident.

5. Years later, the Maturins and Larry meet, and to celebrate their reunion make the rounds of the Paris *bistros.* They end up in a low dive where they are shocked to find Sophie has become an incurable drunkard.

STORY Isabel surveyed herself in the long mirror. Her smoky black hair was piled high on her head, and her emerald earrings matched the deep, glowing green of her eyes. She knew she was beautiful—after all, people had been telling her so since she was sixteen. Now she was twenty, and engaged to the handsomest man in Chicago, and life was wonderful. At least it would be, if Larry would only make up his mind what he wanted to do. It wasn't as if he couldn't get a job. Why, the very day he got back from the war he'd had several offers. That was in December, 1918, and here it was March of the next year and he was still *(Continued on page 130)*

PRODUCTION Twentieth Century-Fox bought film rights to the book for $250,000, whereupon author Somerset Maugham came to Hollywood for two months to make suggestions on the script. Lamarr Trotti wrote the screen play, and in it, tried to keep the dialogue exactly as Mr. Maugham had written it. Maugham kept suggesting changes. "But, Mr. Maugham," said Trotti, "this is the way you wrote it." "Who is this Maugham fellow," came the reply, "who goes around terrorizing people so that they're afraid to change his words?" . . . The picture cost four million dollars to produce and took more than one hundred days *(Continued on page 107)*

Meanwhile, Isabel marries an old suitor, wealthy Gray Maturin ohn Payne, left) and is congratulated by their best friend, Sophie Anne Baxter), who is already married to Bob (Frank Latimore).

THIS IS THE STORY
OF LARRY, WHO SEARCHED THE
WORLD FOR LOVE
AND FOUND IT IN NO MAN'S
HEART BUT HIS OWN—AND SOPHIE'S.

by Maris MacCullers

the Razor's Edge

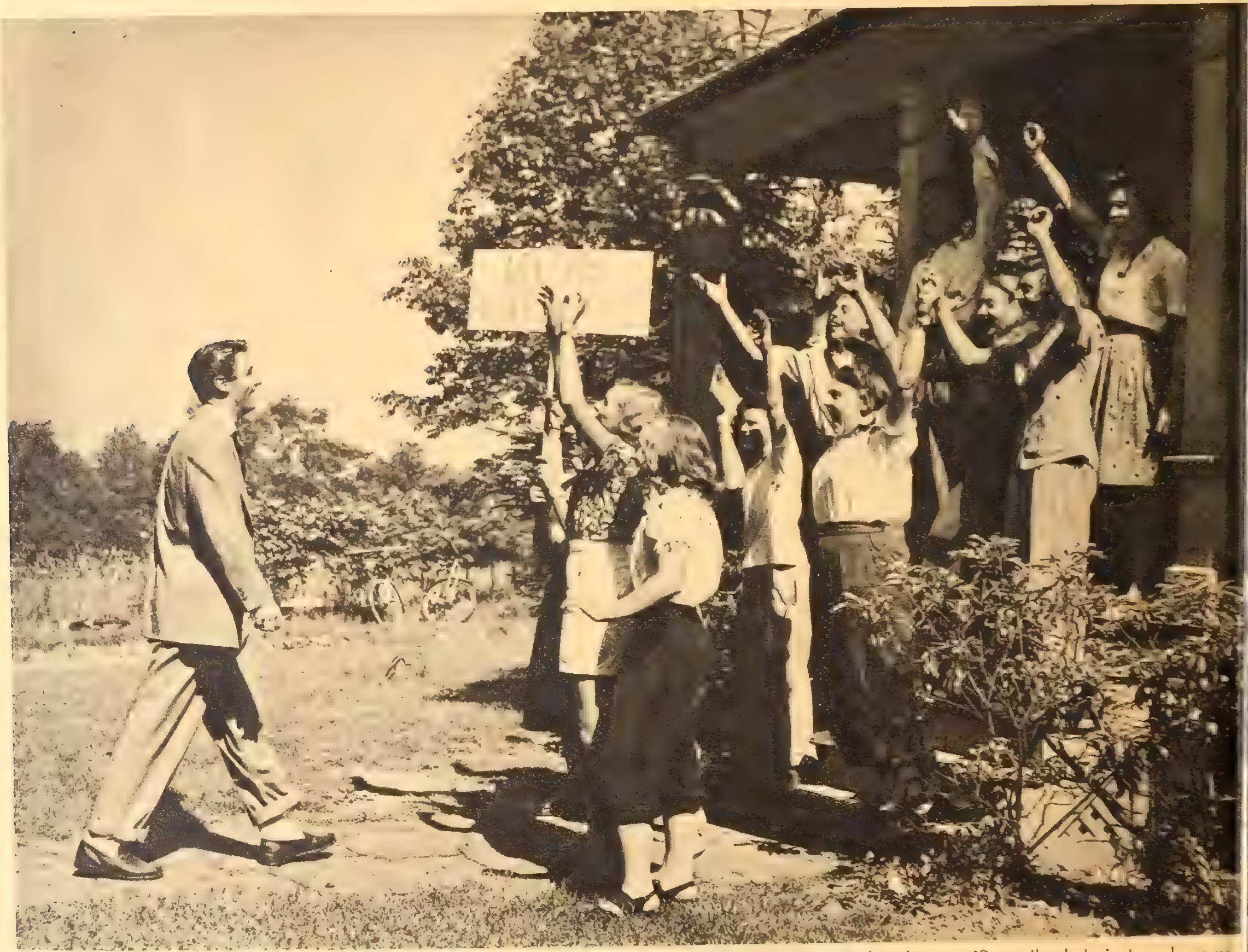
6. Trying to save Sophie, Larry proposes to her. But jealous Isabel tricks her into drinking again and days later, Sophie is found—dead.

7. Isabel cannot face Larry when he accuses her of Sophie's death. He eaves France to find happiness in America. Isabel goes on, bitter, but comforted by Gray's enduring love.

"COME AND SEE US IF YOU'RE
EVER IN N. Y.," JEAN KINKEAD HAD SAID
TO PETE LAWFORD—AND
IMAGINE HER JOY WHEN THAT LONG, LEAN
DREAM TOOK HER UP ON IT!

HERE COME THE BRITISH!

By JEAN KINKEAD



1. Pete slept most of the way up in the car, then woke up and jittered the last two miles. Under that terrific smile, he's just a shy guy.

2. When he's on the giving end, Pete says it with chrysanthemums or roses. (Orchids are too steep on his $25-a-week allowance, and he thinks corsages are corny.) On the receiving end, it's daisies, presented by Jean's boy, Layng.

■ I'll never forget the day I met Peter Lawford. It was over a chocolate malted in Hollywood two years ago last July, and it was love at first sight with me. Let me tell you . . .

Layng (that's my fella) had just gone overseas, leaving me and our little boy (he's Layng, too) homeless and friendless on the West Coast, with a thirty-day wait for tickets back to New York. We'd just been ousted, bag and baggage, from our hotel, having reached the five-day limit, and had slunk into the nearest drug store to marshal our forces. Layng yowled for a chocolate malted, I upped it to two, and we proceeded to talk things over.

"Look," I said to him. "Everything's going to be dandy. These things always have a happy ending." He gave me the old fish eye that said as plain as day, "Yeah?" And then apparently everything went black, for he dumped his chocolate malted, which

. He breaks all the rules for staying slim, but never gains
n ounce. Got roped into small fry's party for the dog,
ang "Happy birthday, dear Diamond Jim" 27 times.

4. A very fancy photographer himself, Pete kibitzed something awful when the kids took his picture. Gals had the prints of this shot blown up to practically life-size, could have sold 'em for two bucks apiece, but instead they gave 'em away.

—wouldn't you know it—was a *jumbo* malt, all down his front. No doubt it was an accident, but wouldn't you think he'd have kept his wits about him just that once when he knew I was frantic? I said, "Oh, for the love of Pete," whereupon Layng began to bawl, and then *he* appeared. Pete Lawford, that is.

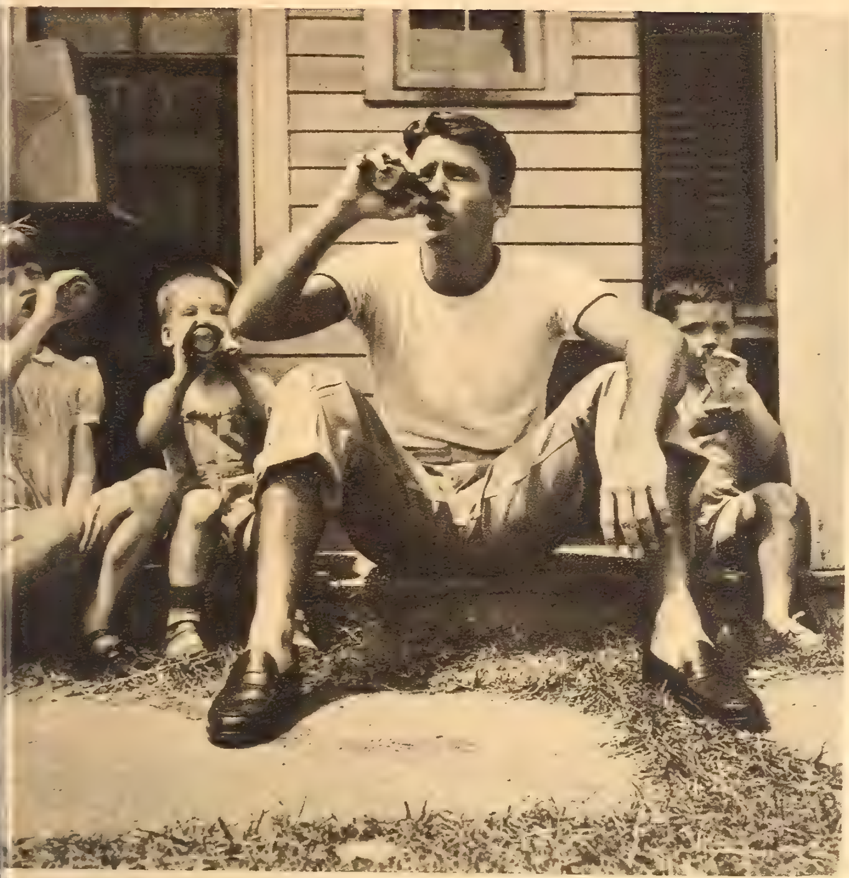
He had a big white smile and a big white handkerchief, and when he said, "Here, mop up with this," believe me, it was Christmas in July. He jerked a thumb at Layng and said, "Who's your friend?" So I told him. And then somehow I was telling him about The Old Man (that, too, is my fella) and the hotel and the thirty-day wait; and before we knew what was happening, he had herded us into a taxi, with our three suitcases, one typewriter and one teddy bear, and was taking us to his house. It was a crazy thing, when you think of it. I had no idea who he was (he wasn't a household word, then), but he was so kind of cute and friendly that he made me feel as if I'd known him forever. His mother opened the door when we got to his house, and she was as charming as he was and completely unamazed by the whole business.

"I would suggest," she said in her sweet, Mrs. Miniver-ish voice, "a nice glass of milk for Layng, and then how about a long nap?" She hypnotized that child. From a Katzenjammer (*Continued on page 123*)

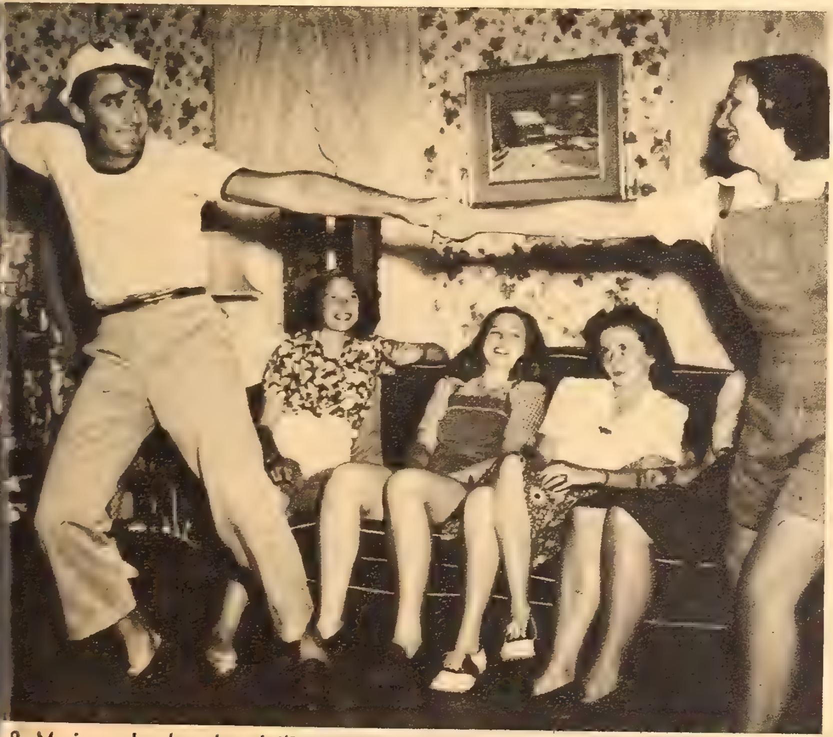
5. Remembering halfway to Stamford that he'd left his bathing trunks at the Waldorf, he bought a new pair from a blase lady who called him Sonny. He swims like a trout, never loses that mahogany tan.

6. Female mob scenes aren't new, but still fun. In H'wood, gals camp on his doorstep; pay 75c for his phone no. in the black market. Call up just to hear that divine voice.

7. He's a full-fledged star in the horse film "A Star from Heaven," and is now an authority on horses. Told Davie, "They all like apples." Found this one preferred chocolate.



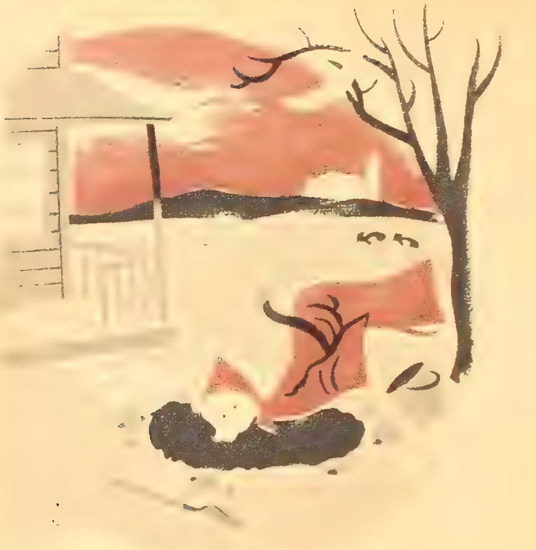
8. Smallest kids half-expected Peter to be a rabbit. Were quite relieved when he turned out not to be. "Two Sisters from Boston" was playing at the local movie house while Pete was there, and the minute he left, the gals dashed off to see it.



9. Music-wacky, he played "Beat Me Daddy" endlessly on the vic, volume turned 'way up. Likes jump music better than sweet; knows all the dance steps. Between dances, sang "I've Got the Sun in the Morning" in a nice boy-next-door-ish voice.

HERE COME THE BRITISH!

10. Had a big date in N.Y. that night; asked Jean to turn him into a smoothie again by pressing those rolled-up trouser cuffs. Didja know all his suits are custom-made?



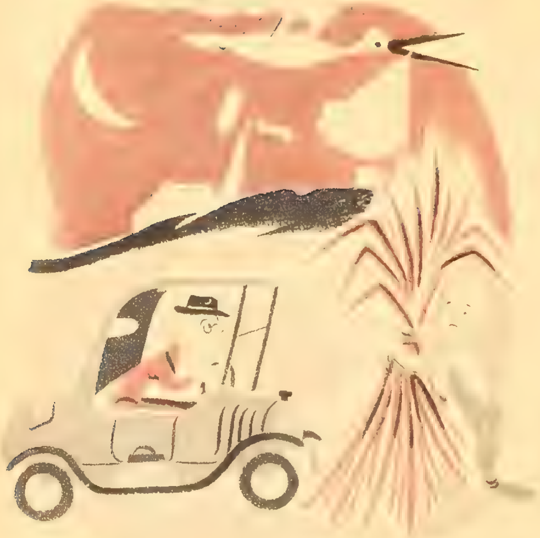
__June Allyson,__ age five, ventured forth one dark and windy night to join the group of older kids who were hatching mischief. She was hampered by a black hood and a robe so long that she tripped over it with every second step.

"What can I do?" she piped hopefully.

They waved her away as too young for the rough stuff. "Go ring Mr. Simon's doorbell," they told her.

She dutifully hobbled off to do their bidding, and finally, by the light of a thin moon, made out the outlines of the old house. Hitching the robe up around her knees, she proceeded to tiptoe across the side lawn, and was suddenly pitched headlong into a deep black hole.

Well over an hour later, her piercing screams finally penetrated to the ears of a furious Mr. Simon, who had spent the entire day with a shovel preparing a shallow well in his back yard. Lamenting his aching back, Mr. Simon went outdoors and rescued a miserable and muddy Miss Allyson from the abyss.

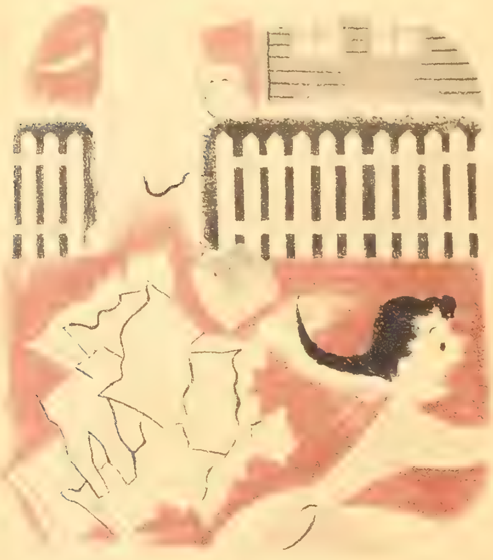


__Roy Rogers__ grew up on an Ohio farm which was situated well into the sparsely settled country. Roy lived there with his mother and aunt while the men of the family worked in the city. When he was twelve years old and Hallowe'en rolled around, he did what was the accepted custom in those parts. He collected the corn shocks in the fields, placed them at intervals all over the highway, and started for home in high glee at the thought of the inevitable trouble for motorists.

Down the road, he heard his mother calling him frantically.

"Saddle the horse!" she called. "Your cousin is being born! You've got to get the doctor—quick!"

Roy flung himself on the horse and galloped desperately down the road, easily skirting the corn shocks. He found it a woefully different story on the way back. He had to dismount and remove every one of the cumbersome shocks, while the enraged doctor wheezed along in a quivering flivver behind him, cussing out all boys in general, but particularly practical jokers.



__Lizabeth Scott__ figured she'd be a little different with her Hallowe'en invention, and she was. She bought a large, strong gas balloon and smuggled one of her mother's sheets out of the linen closet. The sheet was then crayoned with the weird features that Lizabeth imagined a ghost would possess, and then draped over the balloon.

With the balloon's string wrapped tightly in one fist, Lizabeth went down the street with her ghostly companion bobbing in the air beside her. Reaching a vacant lot, she hid behind a clump of bushes and from that spot thrust her apparition into the face of every passerby. Results were hilarious, with the exception of the last one.

A small girl approached, carrying a large basket balanced on her head. As Lizabeth's ghost rose silently out of the bushes, the girl shrieked in terror and tossed the basket high. It came down, and after it, its contents, which Lizabeth discovered to be her own family laundry, being delivered by the washerwoman's daughter.

the Goblins'll git you...

WITH THE FROST ON THE PUNKIN AND THE LANTERN JUST AROUND THE CORNER, HERE ARE SOME HALLOWE'EN YARNS ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES—MORE FUN EVEN THAN RINGING NEIGHBORS' DOORBELLS!

■ Gene Autry tilted back his ten-gallon hat and swept his eyes over acres of U. S. war planes. The sun-baked Arizona surplus field was crammed with them—all sizes, all types, parked in gleaming rows like ducks on a dusty pond. They were for sale to ex-GIs like Gene at bargain prices.

Gene needed a war plane like he needed a burr under his saddle, but just the same his blue eyes kept coming back to a sleek P-38 fighter, sitting there cockily. Just thirty hours on it—cost $250,000, price, $1,200.

Gene sighed and surrendered. "I'll take that one," he pointed. "Wrap it up."

Ina, Gene's wife, frowned helplessly when Gene came back home to Melody Ranch in Hollywood and busted the news of his new toy.

"Now, Gene," she said, "you've already got one airplane and you can't fly a P-38 anyway!" Gene grinned sheepishly. "I know it, honey," he admitted. "But doggone it—that ship is so darned pretty!"

Gene Autry feels the same way about horses. In fact, when Gene enlisted in the Air (*Continued on page 139*)

Ina Autry is an excellent and ardent rider, but at home she prefers casual dresses to levis, says their valley home looks less like a movie set when one of them is "out of costume."

Champ, Jr. and Champ, two of Gene's six blooded horses, loathe each other, start a vicious free-for-all when Gene tries to get them to "kiss and make up." Junior is intensely jealous, noses his stall door open when Gene shuts it.

Here, Gene and stableman examine one of the priceless saddles that cram the Autry tack room. Gene has 30 pairs of boots, piles them in the stable to be cleaned till they overflow.

THE FLYING COWBOY

onstantly on the go for personal appearances, rodeos and movie making, Gene (in "Sioux City Sue"), operates a private plane.

UNTIL GENE AUTRY CAN FIND A FLYING HORSE, HE'LL STICK TO HIS TWIN-ENGINE JOB. IT'S FASTER—AND WHO EVER FEEDS A PLANE SUGAR? • **By JOHN CARSON**

Valiant Lady

JUST WHISPER, "OH, YOU POOR DEAR!"
AND SUSAN PETER'S PRIMED FOR FIGHT. AND WHY NOT? SHE'S GOT
DICK AND FRIENDS AND FUN—WITH ALL THAT, HEAVEN CAN WAIT • BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ On their way to the hospital, two things worried Susan . . .

Every time they took a curve, the football they'd taken along on their hunting trip came down and bopped her . . .

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry—" Looking crushed, Dick would pick it up and put it back again.

That was funny, she thought. Why didn't he just leave it there on the floor, where it couldn't hit her? Wait'll she told him, she could see him smacking his head—boy, what a dope! But now she couldn't talk. So every time they went round a curve, she watched for the football.

Under that, gnawed the deeper fear. What about children? She and Dick had always taken a family for granted, they couldn't imagine life without kids of their own. What about it now? Was she hurt so badly that there wouldn't be any children?

Months afterwards, when they were home again, Dick said: "We'll adopt them—"

"How many?" asked Susan.

"How many would you like?"

"Well, one thing's sure. I'd never raise a child by itself."

"Ditto—" *(Continued on page 112)*

Dick's inconsolable at ye olde family album pix of him as a baby, but Susie insists that all the Quines improve with age—'cause lookit him now! Their newest cooperative venture is a crocheted rug which threatens to overflow the house.

During a CBS rehearsal, producer Bill Lawrence (left) and co-star Franchot Tone voted Susan "the thirstiest actress in the business." She needed 8 glasses of water to keep going! Hubby Dick, a singing dancer who refuses to sing or dance for pix, is in "Cockeyed Miracle."

Thunder, the Great Dane who thinks he's a lap dog, once convoyed Dick upstars as he was delivering Sue's breakfast tray, splashed gooey cereal all over the newly painted living room with one wag of his tail!

At six months, Master Timothy is grand rajah of the household, has blue eyes, an even tan and a special smile to show off his brand new front teeth. (That's Aunt Gwladys Barteau, an old family friend.)

GOOD NEWS

■ It's nothing short of ironic that the best break of Linda Darnell's career, "Forever Amber," and the break-up of her marriage to Peverel Marley, came within four days of each other.

Is Linda sad and in the dumps about her coming divorce from Pev? I can't say I get that feeling from her. She speaks beautifully of her cameraman ex-husband—too beautifully, if you ask me. Where there's so much politeness there's usually plenty of indifference. Linda and Pev still have cocktail and dinner dates under the old Hollywood slogan, "We're still the best of friends."

She denies heatedly that he made her leave the fur coats and jewels he had given her during their marriage. "It's true I left them behind," admitted Linda, "but it's only because I wouldn't feel right wearing them now that everything's over. Pev didn't ask me to." Now THERE'S a big-hearted girl for you.

Maybe one reason—and the best one—that she doesn't seem depressed about the separation is that she's walking in the clouds over getting "Forever Amber."

And if you have heard that there is a big feud between Linda and Gene Tierney over this sensational role—forget it!

Certainly this sudden switch in glamor girls is Hollywood's main topic of conversation for the month—but it has not brought on any hard feelings between the 20th Century-Fox belles.

I happen to know a little "inside" on why Gene isn't doing it—and Linda is—that has nothing to do with the official excuse that Gene's doctor thought she needed a rest after the long shooting schedule on "Razor's Edge." That may have been one reason. But another is that Tierney's contract hasn't a great deal longer to run at 20th—and Linda's has.

You can't blame the smart bosses for wanting to make sure the star of a picture that has attracted as much attention as "Amber" is tied up for a long time, now can you?

* * *

While Harry James was away on a band tour a couple of weeks ago, Vickie James brought down the house every time someone asked her where her Daddy was.

"Daddy's on twip bwowing bwains out," reported the debutante of the James menage, and Harry swears Betty (Grable) taught her every lisp of it.

* * *

The nursery Betty Hutton's planning for her baby has the cutest idea. It has pictures of Walt Disney's best loved little animals painted walking down the wallpaper, across the floor and up the side of the opposite wall. It's just as though Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck et al had come to pay a visit.

* * *

Rex Harrison's beautiful actress wife, Lili Palmer, knocked me cold when she said, "Hollywood is too conventional!"

"CONVENTIONAL!" I fairly yelled. I've spent years sticking up for my home town, but this is the first time I've ever heard it called too strait-laced. *(Continued on page 70)*

PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

■ In all the years I've lived in Hollywood I've never seen such a social whirl, yes, even in the years before the war. It's pretty tough on a girl who has been an invalid for four months, but don't get me wrong—I really love these parties.

The first big one I attended after I was well enough to be up and around was the soiree Sonja Henie gave at the Crillon. The Crillon is the private cafe adjoining the Mocambo and its décor is très lush—all terribly dramatic deep red, silver, crystal and mirrors.

There were 200 guests and Sonja attempted the almost impossible by seating everyone instead of going in for the popular buffet idea. I was supposed to sit next to Clark Gable, but I knew in advance that Gable wouldn't be there with his current heart, Millicent Rogers, the Standard Oil heiress. I had talked with him on the telephone just before I left for the party and he told me he was leaving then and there on a fishing trip.

I asked him about "The Hucksters" which so many columnists said he turned down.

"I didn't actually turn it down," he said. "T said I wouldn't play a role in which an ex-soldier makes love to a woman whose husband is still overseas. That just didn't se right. But," he amended, "if M-G-M changes the ending and the script turns out well, may make it. After all, we have had a lo of newspaper stories, but very few with radio background."

Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Dr. Pete Lindstrom, were others who accepted Sonja' invitation and then didn't show up. Probably Ingrid thought, as did several others, that was a buffet and it didn't matter. But it taugh me a lesson. I'm always going to let m hostess know if I can't come to a party, bi or little, at the last minute. An empty plac card is a poor dinner partner.

But—Clark and Ingrid were about the onl stars in Hollywood who did not come t Sonja's dinner dance. Cary Grant and Bett Hensel—yes, she is still very much his favo ite girl, danced every number. Sitting ne to Cary and Betty were the Gary Cooper Mrs. Cooper is one of *(Continued on page 68*

by
LOUELLA PARSONS

At the "Night and Day" premiere, fans closed in on Lana and her latest "steady," Bob Hutton, gurgled over her new hair shade—dark platinum blonde.

When Richard Greene received his medical dis-harge from the British Army, he and wife, Pat Medina, promptly went on a camp tour of France.

anie and Ron Reagan (here at a Screen Guild dcast) are planning a new "Mr. and Mrs." screen eries, will start after R. finishes "Voice of the Turtle."

Mrs. D. Kaye beams as her fella, here in the RAF togs he wears in one of the dream scenes in "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," exults over their coming Kaye.

Being a new mom herself, Judy Garland got all misty at a Command Performance when Frank Sinatra told her about the house he gifted his folks with in Hoboken.

The still honeymooning Johnny Coys recently received a baby carriage from Bob Hope with a note saying, "Please don't name the first one Bing." So they won't!

Linda Darnell loses a groom and gets a lead; Frankie's the cab men's delight; Tyrone Power's singing "South America take it away!"

Nobody who was anybody dared miss Sonja Henie's soiree—not even Van and Peter, the meanies, who came late—and alone!

The Glenn Fords are never happier than when they're surrounded by horses. Next best is riding equipment. They spend most of their time in western duds, only get dressed up for "formal." When Glenn took Eleanor to see "Gilda," E. phoned the theater for reserved seats to avoid the crowds. But kids mobbed 'em anyway!

ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

THE BABY CALLS
ELEANOR "DADDY" AND GLENN'S
TOO SCARED TO DANCE,
BUT WHO CARES? IT'S NICE BEING
MR. AND MRS. GLENN FORD

by Milt Phinney

nn and Eleanor ride the range together to keep Glenn thin for his "Gallant Jour- role. He'd gained 24 pounds in service, but lost most of it soon after, while se-hunting. Earrings Ellie wears were a gift from Glenn when their son was born.

■ Early 1945 was a big time in the lives of both Fords. Glenn was getting out of the service, and Peter Newton Ford arrived. The two big events occurred at almost the same time. Peter Newton is now a blond, blue eyed bundle of year-and-a-half-old dynamite, the center of the Ford world, who someday, they hope, will be joined by a little sister.

Now for the first time, the Fords have settled down to married life à la civilians, but with a few more problems than most young couples have.

Ellie had made up her mind about one thing before the baby arrived. She was retiring for a while. She had liked those visits to San Diego while Glenn was in the Marines. She had adored the simplicity of being just Mrs. Glenn Ford.

"But Glenn," she explained, "I've been (*Continued on page 79*)

SHE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER!

■ Mother thought the last thing in the world they needed was a collie. So it may or may not surprise you to learn that Margaret is now the owner of a collie.

It all started with Lassie. Margaret loves every dog she meets, but when she looked at Lassie, her face would fill and overflow like a cup with tenderness. On Sundays, her favorite occupation was going out to the Weatherwax ranch to see Lassie. Night after night she'd pray for a collie of her own . . .

"But Margaret, collies are so big! And

MARGARET MAKES YOU THINK OF LOCKETS AND LACE WITH HER DIGNITY AND OLD-FASHIONED CHARM. BUT DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU— HER LAST NAME'S NOT O'BRIEN FOR NOTHING!

By Abigail Putnam

Her ballet costume's the real thing, because Margaret can twirl a mean pirouette. Mrs. O'Brien, fixing Marge's hair, likes to watch as M. rehearses for her new pic, "Ballerina."

what about Maggie—?" (their six-year-old cocker spaniel). "You wouldn't go back on Maggie, would you?"

"Maggie wouldn't care, Mummy. She's *your* dog. She likes you better—"

And there the matter would rest for a while. Margaret didn't tease. Teasing's not her way, and besides it wouldn't do any good. But every night from the small white-clad figure by the bed came the same patient plea. "And please, dear God, some day please let me have *(Continued on page 126)*

Runner up for the championship in playing jacks is Mary Morales, stand-in to the champ, Maggie O'Brien. Whenever anyone on the set can't find the girls, they're usually off in a vacant corner, sprawled on the floor, deep in a game of jacks.

those little ordinary things

■ The living room was large and cheerful, and the man sitting in the middle of it was large but not cheerful. In the circle of light given out by the table lamp, he sat listening to the sound of the waves breaking on the beach in front of the house. Suddenly he rose to his feet, ran up the steps two at a time, and burst into the bedroom. His wife was sitting in front of her dressing table, glaring at herself in the mirror, a comb in one hand and a score of hairpins in the other.

"Gloria," he said, "for the love of Pete! We're due at the party in ten minutes!"

Over her shoulder, she threw him a pleading look.

"It's my hair, John. I can't do a thing with it." She had a sudden inspiration. "Wait a minute—I'll fix it in an up-do."

John Payne grunted to himself, went downstairs and resumed listening to the waves. He waited until the clock over the fireplace showed exactly seven o'clock, and then he went upstairs again, one at a time.

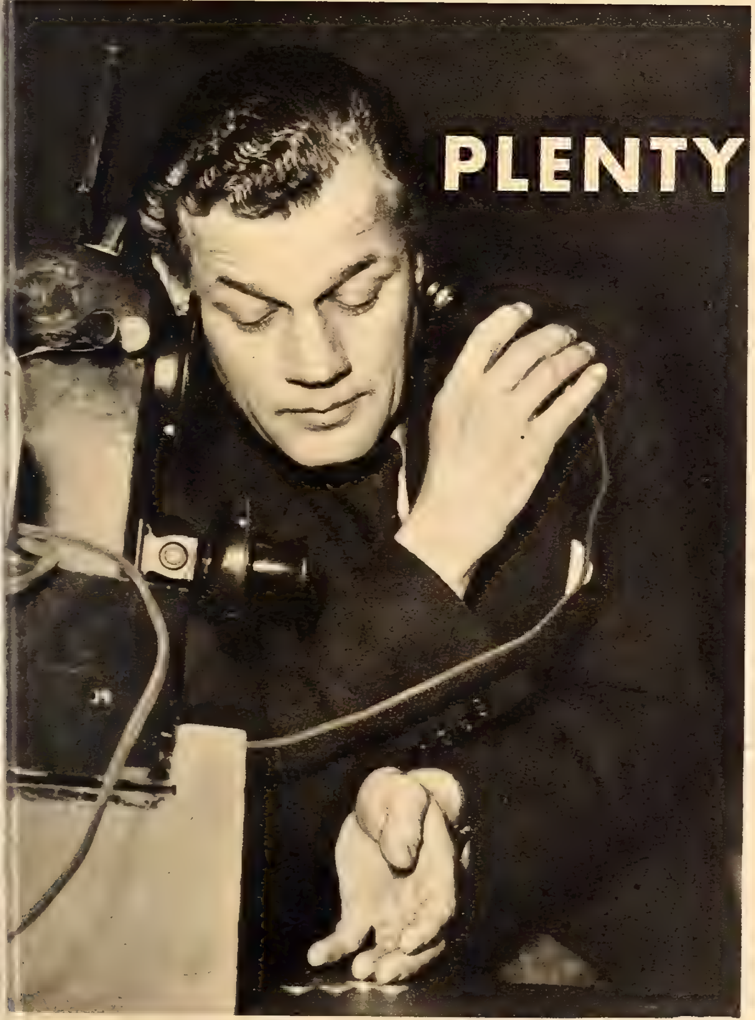
"It's no good up," reported Gloria. "I'll try it in buns."

John left the *(Continued on page 108)*

Hubby John Payne (now in "Razor's Edge") is always amazed at his fragile Gloria's "truck driver" appetite.He hates desserts, she adores 'em—result: Johnny eats desserts! Glo's in "Summer Holiday."

Funny how, when you're Johnny Payne and Glo's your gal, burnt toast and comfy slippers mean more than pink champagne and orchids . . .

by Jane Wilkie



PLENTY of EVERYTHING

As a rule, Joe totes a deck of cards to the broadcasting studio, plays a passionate game of solitaire right up to air time to keep calm. But here, at a CBS show, he dials Mrs. C. for a fast "hello."

OPEN HOUSE AT THE COTTENS'
MEANS GAY TALK, PALS SWARMING AT THE
POOL, TEN EXTRA FOR DINNER—
AND JOE BUILDING WALLS BETWEEN BITES!

By Howard Sharpe

■ Mr. Orson Welles had finished his coffee and brandy at the table of his host, Joseph Cotten, and was relaxing (in his fashion) in the living room with Joe and Mrs. Cotten.

Orson, it appeared, was not relaxing any too well tonight. He was restless, he was absent minded when spoken to, he allowed at least three obvious openings for quips to pass him by. Eventually, Lenore Cotten said, "What is it? Bored?"

Good lord no, he was not bored. He was distraught—that was all. So much work to do, and no typewriter to do it on. But in any case he could go to his room and make notes, Lenore and Joe being willing . . .

"But *I* have a typewriter!" *(Continued on page 83)*

First suspended for refusing to do a movie with Shirley Temple, Joe then signed a contract with David Selznick. (Here, with Ingrid B. at a Selznick party.)

Margo and Dane Clark are both comics connoisseurs and batty about baseball. A B'klyn boy, he's a rabid Dodgers ball team fan.

■ I'd known Dane for weeks before I ever saw him smile. Falling in love was a terrible blow to him, and he got so mad at himself for proposing that all through dinner he sat and glowered at me. To the folks at large, he's known as a tough egg. But when our cat had to be put away, he wept for three hours. A he-male by any standards, he likes to buy my clothes, and he's so darn generous that if I didn't keep my mouth shut and pretend not to want things, I could fracture his bank account in nothing flat. But when I asked could I please have a mink coat, he hit the roof. His vitality is fantastic. Yet he never runs when he can walk, nor walks when he can sit, nor sits when he can lie down. Calls it conserving his energy, but if he conserved any more of it, they'd have him standing in for the A-bomb. He makes like a cynic, but sets women up on a pedestal, and bleeds every time he discovers a clay foot. He's a very smart guy, but not smart enough to remove the little paper baskets when he steals my chocolates, so I always know exactly how many he stole. He can't stand liquor, and wallows in ice cream sodas. He's crazy, but I love him. . . .

I love him, but I'm telling on him. "All or nothing at all," I bargained, when they asked me to do this.

Publicity looked at me cross eyed. "Whaddaya mean, *all?*"

"You know Red," said Dane. "She can't be bothered evading. Let her tell, who cares? My life's an open book—"

"And I'm the gal who can read it. Besides, it's my chance to get even—"

"With who or whom?"

"I dunno. Whomever looks at the pictures of wives in fan mags and says it shouldn't happen to a Dane—"

So here goes. His real name's Bernard Zaneville, Bernie to his friends and to (*Continued on page 117*)

"HE'S CRAZY, BUT I LOVE HIM!"

HE STEALS HER CHOCOLATES
AND LEERS AT LADIES AND INSISTS SHE'S
NOT PRETTY. BUT MRS.
CLARK CAN TAKE RIBBING—'CAUSE
SHE'S GOT DANE!

By Margo Clark
as told to Nancy Winslow Squire

Any rabbit who dares nibble at Margo's victory garden promptly gets peppered by her trusty .22—and she's a swell shot! The Clarks are antique hounds, often pick up beat-up pieces of furniture and repaint them into elegant furnishings.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ACTING AND SHE COULDN'T EVEN WALK IN HIGH HEELS— BUT GAIL RUSSELL HAD A CONTRACT!

by George Benjamin

Gail's parents are no end pleased by the way she's remained so unsophisticated, what with her no drinking-no jitterbugging-no staying up late routines, but they *cannot* understand how come she can act all day—then traipse off to the movies every night!

Dark angel

Painfully shy, she has to know people well before she "opens up," but then watch her scintillate! Right before bedtime, Gail (in "Calcutta") perfects pencilled caricatures she's made during the day of her fellow actors, then reads herself to sleep with poetry

■ In the living room of the little house in West Los Angeles, young Miss Gail Russell turned uncomfortably on her side, waited a moment, and flopped on her back again. Beneath her, newspapers rustled. She ached in every muscle. It was four o'clock in the morning.

From where she lay she could look up at the windows and see the rain outside. It had been falling for hours in a steady grey downpour; she could hear it in the palm trees. A little wind might have given it inventiveness and imagination, swirled it around to match the minor cyclone of emotions which —aside from the fact that she was lying on a copy of the Times and a hardwood floor—were keeping her awake. Enough light from a street lamp filtered through the rain so that she could see, like long bundles, the sleeping figures of her father and mother.

And she thought, if I live forever I'll never be as depressed as this again. She was only eighteen, of course, and her perspective on the meaning of tragedy was pretty meager. She had never been close to death or genuine heartbreak.

But a week ago They had come for the family car; yesterday They had moved a big van up to the front door and cleared all the furniture out of the house; and (*Continued on page* 135)

RADIO GOSSIP by BEN GROSS

(*Continued from page 9*)

Stuart, who came to big time prominence as a singer on the Danny O'Neil show, might never have become a radio personality if Sammy Kaye, the orchestra leader, had sat in a certain chair. Some years ago, Sammy was auditioning voice recordings to find a vocalist for his broadcasts. There were more than 400 disks to be judged and it required many days of listening. One evening, exhausted and jaded, Sammy decided to quit for the night. He was discouraged, for none of the voices he had heard so far came up to the mark. So he was about to drop into an easy chair, when someone shouted "Look out!" Kaye caught himself and saw that another recording lay on the seat. He picked it up and decided to play it—just one more. The platter happened to be Sally's and—you've guessed it—the very next day, she became a featured member of Sammy Kaye's orchestra.

Personality Paragraph. . . "You'll ruin yourself, kid. You're a showman, an entertainer. Your job is to please everyone. So you'd better keep your thoughts to yourself." That was the advice some folks gave the battling crooner, Frank Sinatra, when he embarked on his campaign for racial and religious tolerance. But these people forgot one thing: Frankie Boy used to be a prizefighter and he carried his never-say-die spirit from the ring into the broadcasting studio. That is why, long after other singers will have come along and displaced him among the bobby-soxers of the future, these words of Frank Sinatra, spoken in Carnegie Hall, New York, will be remembered: "We can't wipe out intolerance ourselves, but we can make a dent. We can be a real friend to every kid we meet, not caring whether he is black or white or whether his name is O'Brien, Martinelli or Goldstein."

Gags of the Month . . . Lulu McConnell: Listen, Tom Howard, if you keep on tormenting me, I'll forget I'm a lady.

Tom Howard: Why not? Everyone else has!

* * *

Georgia Gibbs: Jimmy Wallington last week put his arms around me and tried all afternoon to teach me to swim.

Tony Martin: Is he going to give you another lesson next Sunday?

Georgia: Definitely not. As far as Jimmy's concerned, I've learned my lesson.

* * *

Brother Julius: This morning I had a piece of phenomenal luck.

Billie Burke: Oh, I'm awfully sorry! . . . What happened?

* * *

Harry McNaughton: If it weren't for one of my father's discoveries, I wouldn't be here today.

Tom Howard: What was it?

Harry: My mother!

The Program Book. . . With the crisp air of November tinting the leaves scarlet and gold again, it is time to remind ourselves that this is an historic month in the annals of radio. For it was on November 15, 1926, that the first network broadcast went on the air from the grand ballroom of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, over NBC. And what a program it was! Walter Damrosch, Mary Garden and Will Rogers were among its featured personalities, appearing in a divertissement that could hardly be duplicated even today.

As November is generally regarded as the natal month of broadcasting, it might be worth while for some of the youngsters among my readers to ask their mothers and dads about the radio stars of fifteen or twenty years ago. They'll probably rave over the Coon-Sanders Nighthawks, the A. & P. Gypsies, the Ipana Troubadours, Harry Reser's Eskimos, just as the generation of 1946 goes into ecstasies at the mention of the Benny Goodmans, the Tommy Dorseys and the Harry Jameses of today.

Now, while we are in this reminiscent mood, is a good time to recall some of the famous "firsts" of radio:

June 21, 1923—The first radio address to the nation by a President of the United States (Warren G. Harding).

March 4, 1925—The first presidential inaugural ever broadcast (Calvin Coolidge's).

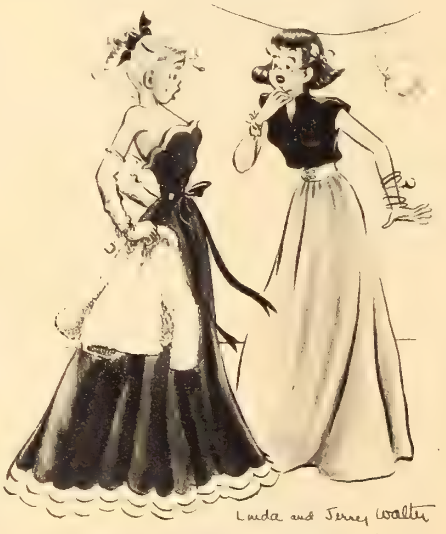
Feb. 1, 1929—The first scheduled shortwave broadcast heard in this country. (A concert from London.)

April, 1931—The first time an announcer was ever used as a speaking member of a radio cast. (James Wallington became a straight man to comedian Eddie Cantor.)

But enough of the past. Let's come back to today . . . and consider a new band that within less than a year has landed among the topnotchers of radio. It is the crew of Elliot Lawrence, a 21-year-old youngster of Philadelphia. Through its novel arrangements and the use of unusual instruments, it has captivated the popular music world. Of course, the fact that it was launched with a considerable amount of money behind it hasn't hurt its chances . . . And speaking of financial backing for orchestras, did you know that, regardless of the quality of its music, it requires an investment of from $20,000 to $50,000 to put over a new band? That's because the music business is Big Business today, and one must spend plenty of lucre to hire first-grade players and to buy outstanding arrangements.

MODERN SCREEN

CLEOPATRA KELLY



"But I can't inhale all the time!"

We point with pride to . . . Miss Cleopatra Kelly, the Little Miss Missfit who might be your own kid sister—or might even be you!—except that she's not *quite* real. Cleo lives only on the pages of MODERN SCREEN, but we're sure she'll live in your hearts now that you've met her. Watch for Cleo in future issues!

More and more of the network shows are featuring famous motion picture names this season. The latest is the CBS series, "Hollywood Playhouse," which has signed such dignified stars as Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, Paulette Goddard, John Garfield and Gregory Peck. Yet, just a few years back, picture companies were frowning on the appearances of their precious luminaries on the air. How times have changed!

Letter of the Month: "The other day I received a circular from some well advertised school offering a radio course. They promised to make a radio actress out of me and guaranteed me a job after I completed my lessons. Should I risk my money on such a course?"—Elaine H., Atlanta, Ga.

Answer: Take my tip, Elaine, and investigate further. There are a number of legitimate colleges, universities and privately owned schools which give recognized courses in various phases of radio. But not one of these institutions, so far as I know, guarantees employment to its graduates. It simply can't be done. Even their most talented students must obtain their engagements on their own, and as any professional actress will tell you, that is about the most difficult part of the job.

Some schools buy time on the air for advertising purposes and pay their graduates nominal sums for appearing on their programs. Technically, this covers them, for it is a fulfillment of the guarantee of employment. But this is not the same as being signed for a regular commercial or sustaining show.

So my advice to you and all others faced with a like problem is this: Consult your Better Business Bureau or your Chamber of Commerce, right in your home town. They'll tell you readily enough whether a school is a legitimate enterprise or merely a small time sucker trap for your hard-earned money.

Loudspeaking . . . If you have been one of the faithful readers of this column, you know that this section is usually reserved for that pastime known as giving the "Bronx cheer." But this time, boys and girls, I'm going to fool you.

Instead of moanin' low over the faults of American radio, I'll just remember that Thanksgiving's coming and go into a joyful paean of praise. And that isn't so difficult, considering that there are many things to like and appreciate in our native scheme of broadcasting.

This kindly mood was probably induced by my many recent conversations with former GIs, who had a daily diet of foreign radio programs, mostly BBC's, while overseas. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them agree that the American air diet is superior to that of the British. In some ways, of course, the foreign offerings may be culturally ahead of ours. But when it comes to a plentiful supply of good music, comedy and news . . . and uncensored discussions of public issues . . . we still lead the parade.

By all means let us continue to be critical. But, at the same time, we should remember that the broadcasting menu is not comprised exclusively of long sales talks, singing commercials and bad comedy. We also have our Jack Bennys, Fred Allens, Kate Smiths, NBC Symphonies and Town Meetings of the Air.

HER RING—Five star-bright diamonds set with distinctive beauty in white gold.

Miss Marjorie Carolin

Charming Long Islander, Marjorie Carolin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Carolin, and a great-granddaughter of the famous surgeon Valentine Mott. She is engaged to Lieutenant Richard Russell Galt of the Army Air Corps. Another Pond's bride-to-be, Marjorie's exquisite complexion has a warm translucency—perfect with the pearls she loves to wear.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" Marjorie Carolin uses for her smooth complexion will give your skin

——*an instant clean-sweet look*
——*an instant softer, silkier feel*
——*and bring up a charming blush of color*

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face just as Marjorie does.

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You *"cream-cleanse"* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You *"cream-rinse"* with a *second* thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! . . . "And my face feels so soft, looks smoother, glowier, right away," Marjorie says.

Every night—give your face the complete "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." _Every morning_—a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's, tissue off, then a cold splash. Dip your fingers deep in a _big_ jar of Pond's night and morning—every day.

"I love this Pond's new Blush-Cleansing," says Marjorie

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Want extra comfort, Ease of use, too? Ask for Meds-Slender—Made just for you!

Internal protection in a new extra easy-to-use size, with regular absorbency—that's Meds-Slender! Cheering news, for they offer security, comfort and convenience of a kind you never dreamed possible. Free you from pins, belts and pads; from chafing and embarrassing bulges. Give you a new outlook on life!

If you need super absorbency, choose Meds-De Luxe—already so popular with so many women. Both sizes have these Meds' advantages:

- "SAFETY-WELL" for added protection
- COTTON for soft comfort
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

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Meds-DE LUXE with super absorbency

Meds-SLENDER with regular absorbency

Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

(Continued from page 52)

the most stunning women in our town. I was greatly amused to spot Van Johnson sitting at the head of this same table.

I sat at Sonja's table next to her good looking current "heart," Stuart Barthelmess. He is a fine looking boy and when I commented on the excellent dinner, he proudly said, "I ordered it."

Also at Sonja's table was Tyrone Power, who was the first real romance in her life. But that was years and years ago. Annabella was not with Ty because she was on location with "13 Rue Madeleine" and so he sat next to Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, his boss' wife.

Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer were two others at the Hostess' table and at this writing these two are closer than Amos and Andy. But I won't go on record as saying they will be as much in love when this appears in print. Joan looks amazingly younger every day and has many admirers. As for Greg—well, he doesn't do badly himself. He was Lana Turner's first romance, and he still keeps an eye on the unpredictable Turner girl.

I heard him say to Lana, who had just darkened her hair, "You positively must diet—and I like your hair blonde much better."

Richard Ney came with Greer Garson, who looked stunning in pale green. The William Powells, Mary and Jack Benny, Norma Shearer and just about everybody was there.

• • •

Remember when Kay Williams, beautiful, blue-eyed blonde, was an M-G-M actress and getting reams of publicity as Clark Gable's favorite dancing partner? Well, Kay is married now to wealthy socialite Adolph Spreckels and they gave their first big Hollywood party a few nights ago.

What a beautiful affair it was. A canvas top covered the dance floor, built down by the pool, and ropes of flowers were strung up the four poles supporting it—roses, gardenias and sweet peas. Hidden spotlights played on the dance floor and illuminated the enormous swimming pool on which floated green and white and multi-colored balloons.

Before I start telling you about who was there (who WASN'T?) I want to say something about the hors d'oeuvres—the most unusual I've ever seen or tasted. There were enormous silver platters of delicacies that looked exactly like fruits—but the "strawberries" were really assorted cheeses and the "nectarines" and "apricots" were other appetizers equally cleverly disguised. Certainly looked nice and cool for a summer evening.

Most beautiful girl present was not the biggest star. I heard almost every man present raving about the way Patricia Morison looked. She was really a dream dancing in a pale blue dress, almost the color of her eyes, and her dark hair was swept high on her head.

A fur coat that had everyone gasping was worn by Rosalind Russell—it was white fox, skin after skin of it, wrapping her rose colored gown clear below the knees.

Joan Fontaine's white gown was very formal, making her look much more regal than her five-feet-no-inches usually warrants. Lana Turner, still losing weight, wore black.

I never saw so many handsome "stags." Van Johnson arrived with Peter Lawford and no gals—which is certainly tough on the gals who would love to be with either of those guys. Gary Cooper was alone because his stunning wife had a bad cold. Cary Grant was also solo because Betty Hensel had a family dinner to attend.

• • •

When Dick Powell came home the other night, June Allyson looked like a great big doll in a new pink shantung frock from Howard Greer. "What are you all dressed up for, Toots?" asked Dick.

"I'm, er—going to look at a dog to buy," piped up Junie. "Darling, won't you change your clothes and come with me?" Dick took a look at the sports shirt and blue jeans he was wearing. "Change my clothes to look at a dog?" he scoffed. "I'll go the way I am—" and he did, protest 'though June would.

Of course, what she was trying to do was to get him out of the house so the guests could sneak in for the big surprise she had planned for their first wedding anniversary.

Was Dick's face red when he returned, blue jeans and all, and found Constance Moore and her husband, the Henry Fondas, Robert Montgomery, the Richard Greenes, Jimmy Cagneys, George Murphys, Susan Peters and Dick Quine, Gloria De Haven and John Payne, Claudette Colbert, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman all on hand, and all dressed up, to wish them "Happy days ahead."

• • •

Loretta Young and I sat in a corner at Louis B. Mayer's dinner for H. T. Keller, head of the Chrysler Motor Company, and chattered like magpies. Her gown was something out of this world. Loretta told me that the blouse, of handmade lace, had been brought over from France and sold to her in New York. I noticed her hair is much blonder. "You'll get raves from the South Americans," I told her, as she and Tom Lewis were heading for a month's vacation in a few days.

Lauritz Melchior sang, and as many times as I've heard him, he was never so wonderful. He sang, "Because I Love You" as it's never been done. I caught a glimpse of Van Johnson out of my eye—looking very soulful and Keenan Wynn reached for his wife's hand. Jane Powell, the little girl with the big voice, sang "One Fine Day" dedicated to me—a very sweet "glad you're well" gesture.

I sat next to Walter Pidgeon and my hos at dinner and it was a very gay, happy affair Frank Sinatra was there with his pretty little wife. I told her she should be in pictures "Heavens forbid!" Frankie yelled, "One of u is enough." He sang, and as always, hel the audience breathless. My! What an evening's entertainment.

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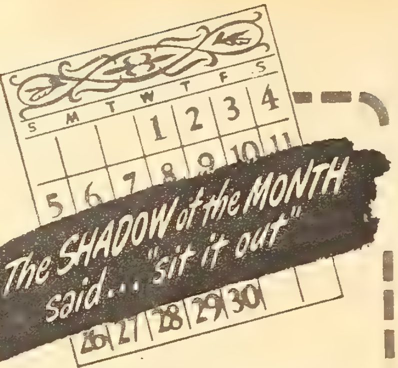
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The SHADOW of the MONTH said... "sit it out"

MIDOL said...
"Dance Tonite!"

SHE: It *is me* dancing tonite! Carefree. Comfortable. And to think of the nites—and days—I wasted because I didn't try Midol sooner! Didn't realize that Midol could relieve the pain and discomfort I accepted as inevitable on certain days each month!

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CRAMPS · MENSTRUAL HEADACHE · "BLUES"

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 52)

"What I mean is this," went on Lili, who had dropped by my house for a chat and a cup of tea, "Hollywood married couples are too jealous, too nagging and too watchful of one another at parties. In Europe, a husband or wife may flirt with a dinner or dancing partner without wrecking a marriage. Here, if the husband of a glamor girl looks at another glamor girl across the table—boom, they're separated the next day. Marriage is far too serious and too real to be wrecked by the inconsequential things that have brought on many Hollywood divorces."

I admit Lili makes out a good case. I have actually known cases where couples have parted on just the slender pretexts she mentions. But somehow, I suppose it's only human to be jealous, particularly if you're married and in love.

* * *

Stork Notes:

The Errol Flynns are expecting their second child in January.

Ditto—the Mickey Rooneys.

The Gregory Pecks have named their second boy Stephen.

* * *

Heard the funniest story of the month on Sonny Tufts.

The Tufts had a tree in their front yard that was very messy and troublesome, so Sonny planked out $30 to have it hauled away.

The next morning a truck pulled up with the same identical type of tree—a gift from a pal in Boston who had been the Tufts' houseguest and wanted to send them a matching tree for the one in their yard which "they loved so much."

* * *

Frank Sinatra rides around in taxicabs almost as much as he does in his own car and he's becoming very well known to all the Hollywood and Beverly Hills drivers.

"S'funny thing," one of the boys told me not long go, "I haul a lot of movie actors from time to time—and most of them get in my cab, want to relax, and have hardly anything to say.

"But Frankie,—he's as talkative as my wife. He asks lot of questions about what we do when we aren't driving the cabs and if we're married and how many kids we have and if we were in the service where we did our fighting and what we think about politics and everything. And he always remembers what you told him, because the next time we pick him up he'll say 'How's the chicken ranch' or 'Did your kids get over the mumps?'

"One trip I said to him, 'Frankie, you're a regular Quiz Kid. How about us talking about you for a change?' And do you know what he said? He said, 'I get sick and tired of talking about me. I have to do that for a living. Say, is your wife still dancing at the Florentine Gardens?'—and he's off again. I like that guy."

* * *

I don't get the idea!

The two most conservatively dressed girls in Hollywood these evenings are Lana Turner and Marie MacDonald! For some reason or other they have gone in for very tailored, almost severe evening gowns. Saw Lana, just recently, almost buttoned up to the throat in black satin and Marie, also, has decided to park her "The Body" label when she leaves the set each night.

* * *

Two sleepy-eyed gents showed up at Lockheed Terminal Airport the morning of Monday, the 19th of August, to step into a twin-engine Beechcraft plane with "Saludos Amigos" painted on the sides. It was six o'clock in the morning and the two heroes were sleepy because they had been honored at a party the night before wishing them bon voyage until the wee hours in the morning.

Suddenly, the propellors started up, a pair of hands fluttered to the ground crew scurrying away from the privately owned plane—then zoom, Tyrone Power and Cesar Romero were up in the air on their way to South America.

This is a dream Ty has been nursing ever since he was with the Marine Corps in the South Pacific campaign. For two months he and Cesar and Bill Gallahan, John Jeffries and Jim Denton will wing around Mexico, South America and Central America. One of the main stops will be Costa Rica, since Cesar, who served in the Coast Guard, just finished starring in "Carnival in Costa Rica."

They'll plane down the west coast of South America, cross the Andes into Argentina, then hit Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands.

Ty is doing the piloting for the entire jaunt—and girls—how would you like a trip like that—up in the clouds for two months with Tyrone and Cesar?

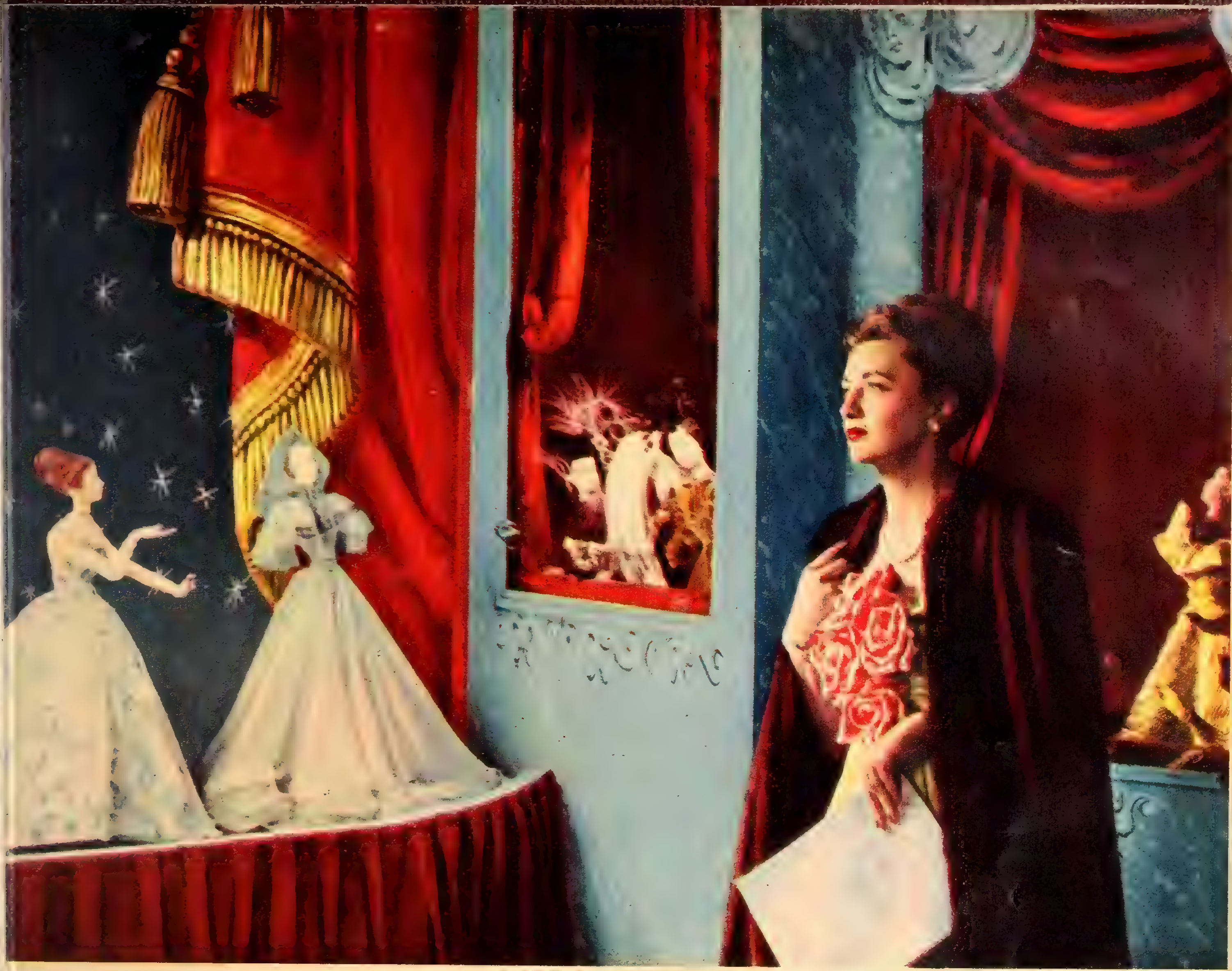
* * *

Want to hear about the new house Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman are planning to build on a hilltop in the beautiful Outpost States? (That's in Hollywood, son.)

The walls on the "view" side will be entirely of glass, with the living room fireplace set right into the glass. "The effect takes your breath away," Jeanne told me. "It's like watching a cozy fire and all the comforts of home set against a background of the great outdoors."

The swimming pool will be a large, irregular oval, "sort of lake shaped" and the newlyweds will be able to step right out of their bedroom into the pool.

A divan in the living room is Jeanne's own special design. There are eight sections that can be put together and make the world's largest divan, or separated into chairs and placed anywhere in the room. As for colors—Jeanne loves greens and she's smart to concentrate on its varied tones—I mean, with her lovely red hair. A woman's home should be a perfect setting for her—and here's hoping it looks good on Paul, too.



Helen Neushaefer at American premiere of La Theatre de la Mode, the miracle miniatures of newest fashions from Paris.

How *Helen Neushaefer* plans today for the brilliant new nail-colors you'll want tomorrow

Color authority... stylist

Long before you wear them, Helen Neushaefer previews coming fashions and colors . . . and re-styles her nail colors to make sure *your* nails are faultlessly, tastefully matched with fashion's latest and best. And to give your nails the dazzling beauty of ovals of rare porcelain, her polishes (and *only* hers) contain Plasteen*. Look for Fashion's smartest nail-do's in Helen Neushaefer's "pyramid" bottle. 10¢ at all chain store cosmetic counters.

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For smooth, soft han
he'll love, be your o
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A beautiful romantic pattern . . . long a favorite with discriminating women! Prized for its exquisite ornamentation, graceful contours! In fine, long-wearing King Edward Silverplate—economically priced.

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King Edward Exquisite Silverplate
Unlimited Service Guarantee
Each of the most frequently used spoons and forks is extra plated at point of greatest wear.

Ask your dealer for these lovely patterns.
NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

"ME AND MY BIG MOUTH"

(*Continued from page 38*)

sent me—fresh from rich, spoiled Hollywood, America, fresh from plenty.

But I was glad it happened. It was lucky for me. It set me right at the start for the movie making lesson I learned in three weeks in England.

The first set I visited was "Black Narcissus," Deborah Kerr's new picture, and I'm not kidding when I say there was hardly room to squeeze in. In fact, the sound man was beefing as I arrived. "I need a platform," he said, "I can't hear the voices." All he got was a good-natured razz. "Where do you think you are—in Hollywood?"

I talked about clothes to Deborah, as sweet, pretty and natural a girl as I'd want to meet.

"I spent three weeks," she laughed, "looking for three yards of silk to make a party dress for my last picture. In England there just isn't any silk, and if there is you don't have the coupons to buy it. Paris? Oh, yes—but you can't take money out of England to do any shopping!"

the play's the thing . . .

For glamor, the British substitute driving professional pride which we never seem to attain in Hollywood. To British actors—the good ones—playing's the thing. They never stop acting; never stop learning; never stop improving. Laurence Olivier's Old Vic company was a sensation—sure—because it was the best Shakespeare Broadway had ever seen—but it made barely a dime—all the money went into the show.

I learned all about Larry's fame and success abroad. I'm looking forward to this next January when he'll bring Vivien to Hollywood and make a picture at long last with his pal, Garson Kanin, in the director's chair. That foursome are inseparable—Larry, Vivien, Gar and his sparkling wife, the actress, Ruth Gordon. It dates from away back to the time Vivien made "Waterloo Bridge" with Bob Taylor in Hollywood. She met Garson then, fell for his genius and that's the link that holds them all together—mutual admiration.

Well, I worked up a two-way mutual admiration society of my own over in England and maybe I sound conceited as a pussy cat—but I'm quoting my favorite swoon guy of the moment, James Mason. If you saw "The Seventh Veil" you'll know what I mean. The boy really sent me and maybe if you came right down to cases, that's a major reason I flew to the tight little isle. I'm a Mason fan. And I can act just as nutty as a bobby-soxer, thank goodness! But I didn't dare dream it could be even faintly vice versa. Now, wait a minute—I'm too old a chick to get romantic, especially when a dream man's safely married, as Jimmy is, to a lovely writer-actress wife, who's emoting with him in "They Were Sisters," his new film, as I write this.

In fact, it wasn't until after we'd had lunch and I'd sopped up the hypnotizing Mason personality in person that he confessed he's always been terrified of columnists.

"Miss Hopper," Jimmy said, "you know, you've taken the fear of columnists out of my life. I didn't think you'd be so charming—I thought you'd be terrible! I'm relieved and delighted. I want to see you in Hollywood." Because he's coming over, too, in the fall. Well, I walked out of there on fleecy clouds!

Next, I looked up Sidney Box, the wizard producer of "The Seventh Veil." He is typical of what I found all over movie making England. A dauntless guy who is proving that pictures and dollar signs don't necessarily mix. Sidney made "The Seventh Veil" in an old garage by the seashore when the buzz bombs were still falling. He spent $375,000 (what Hollywood sinks into a "B") for a masterpiece.

There's a mutual cooperation and trust throughout their "Hollywood" that the original in America could well copy. Binding contracts are rare. Most stars, writers, directors skip them. Everyone is independent, but all are banded together to make Britain a big league movie producer. They make a movie like an open forum. Meet at lunch, discuss stories openly, help each other, lend ideas, and stars, too. Perfection's the goal.

I met the queen of English movies, Margaret Lockwood, twice, and it was typical of British acting to find her playing a glamorless old woman in "Hungry Hill," the film she was making at Denham when I dropped in. Denham's the biggest lot, the M-G-M of England with six—count 'em—sound stages, while Heaven knows how many M-G-M has now—around thirty the last time I counted.

English fans are as loyal as American star rooters and Margaret is a tried and true favorite. I went to the banquet when Margaret got her award. So different from a Hollywood Academy banquet, and I'm a veteran of dozens of those. First place, the industry doesn't pick its own winners in England. The judge is a newspaper, the London Daily Mail, and Lord and Lady Rotheremere, the owners, take their respsonsibility seriously. They stood at the door of the ballroom in the Dorchester Hotel and greeted each one of the 300 invited guests in person, including me.

wardrobe woes . . .

But the big difference that struck me was the absence of expensive glamor. In Hollywood, you can bet, every female star would have spent days and heavens knows how much money getting a divine new creation whipped up by our most exclusive designers before she dared show her beautiful body at such an event. But in England a star can't swish into a studio wardrobe and pout, "Give me this and give me that," and they can't order them, or buy them or beg them.

But England can still find a way to do an occasion up right, even though times are hard and housewives are scrubbing their floors with sand instead of soap and there aren't any matches, so you carry a lighter or you don't smoke. I saw the best example of cooperative courtesy the day the royal Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose visited the set of "Nicholas Nickelby" at Elstree. When I looked at the tea spread for their next Queen and her sister I thought for a minute I must be in America. It was laden with delicacies and goodies that I know the stars and crew on that set hadn't seen for years. Meat sandwiches, cookies, ice cream, cake, tea, strawberries. Nothing but the best for their darlings, although the whole company would go hungry for a week. You see, they had chipped in all their food coupons to do the honors properly.

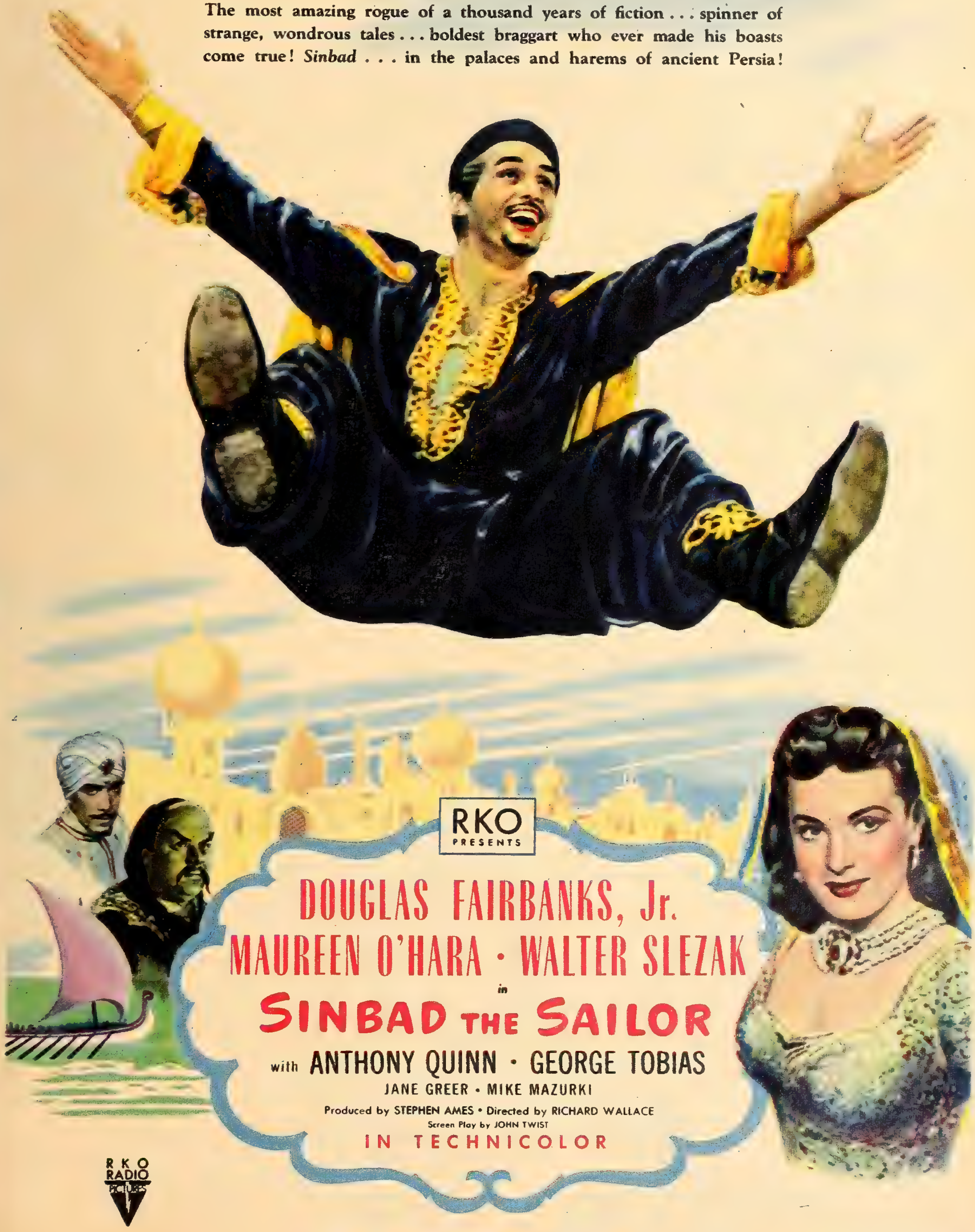
court etiquette . . .

I was just lucky to get invited to Elstree the same day the Princesses made their studio tour. They'd been only once before; Lord Louis Mountbatten took them on the set of Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve" during the war. So they were just as excited and thrilled as any girl from Osh-

(*Continued on page 76*)

NEVER SUCH A MAN AS *Sinbad!*

The most amazing rogue of a thousand years of fiction . . . spinner of strange, wondrous tales . . . boldest braggart who ever made his boasts come true! *Sinbad* . . . in the palaces and harems of ancient Persia!



RKO
PRESENTS

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MAUREEN O'HARA · WALTER SLEZAK
in
SINBAD THE SAILOR
with **ANTHONY QUINN · GEORGE TOBIAS**
JANE GREER · MIKE MAZURKI
Produced by STEPHEN AMES · Directed by RICHARD WALLACE
Screen Play by JOHN TWIST
IN TECHNICOLOR

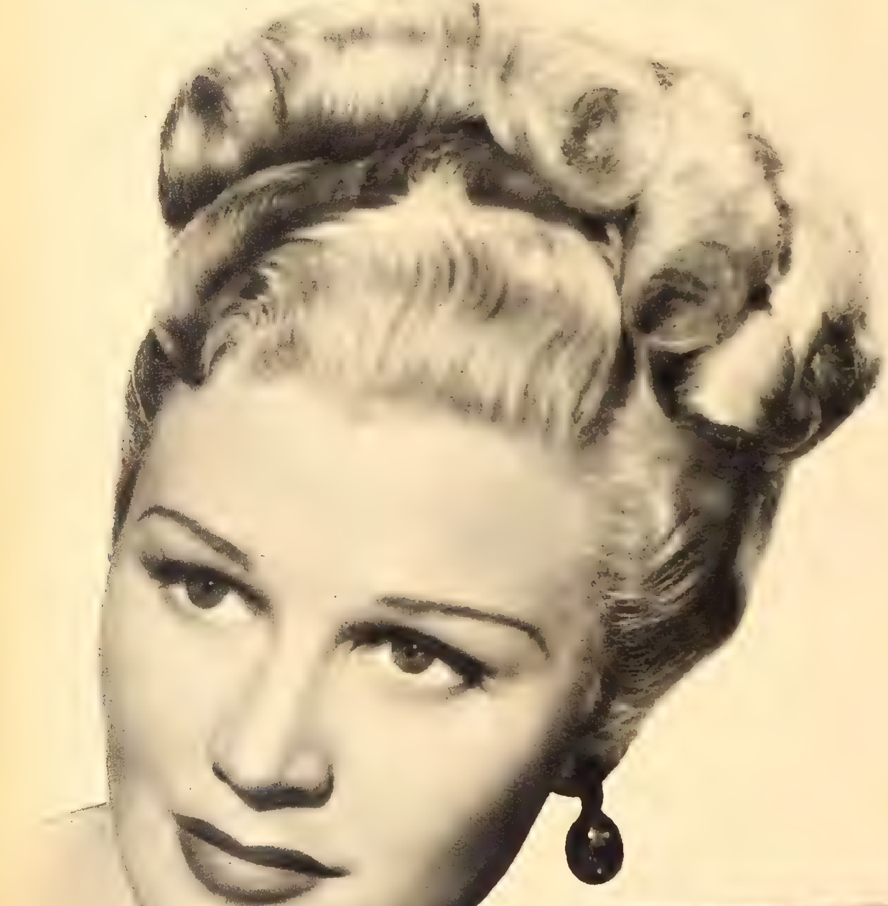
RKO RADIO PICTURES

YOUR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ATTRACTION

HERE'S NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD
ON WAYS AND MEANS OF ACQUIRING HAIR
GLAMOR. YOU SURELY WANT TO OWN LOVELY LOCKS!

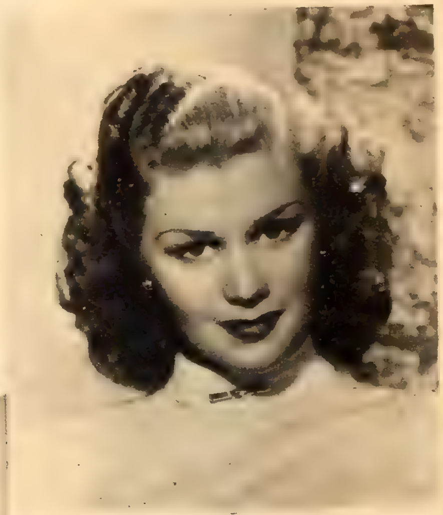
by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

TOPKNOT TACTICS

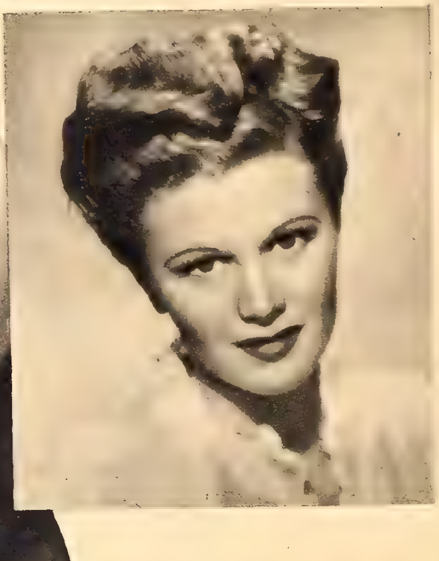


■ Mayhap you've been thinking that Noah Webster was a pretty stuffy old fellow when he whipped together his dictionary? Let's correct that false impression right now. Listen to how he defines one of our title words: "Tactics," says he, are "adroit devices for accomplishing an end." I ask you; have you ever heard a better description of really glamorous hair-do's? And here we have Paramount's luscious Joan Caulfield modeling three very adroit devices, all in the interests of accomplishing some topknot glamor.

Joan, as you can see, believes that no girl should limit herself to one hair style. Joan's way to beauty is that of variety and interest. Away with monotony! Of course, there's another viewpoint. One psychiatrist claims that a woman who changes from long bob to pomp to chignon is most certainly neurotic. Says that her nature is vacillating, uncertain and fickle. The Beauty Department disagrees, emphatically. In fact, I say that a girl who never tries to change and im-



Pretty Paramount-ite, Joan Caulfield, shows how wonderful the soft, long bob can be!



Joan models two versions of the "up" coif: one with plain waves, one with front-swept curls.

prove her appearance is one who is lazy, careless and unimaginative. So there!

However there are certain rules you should know before you re-do your coif. If you are tall and slim, don't add to your height with a towering pompadour. If you are plumpish, don't broaden your silhouette with a fluffy bob.

Now let's squelch, once and forever, the persistent myth that it's harmful to wash your hair often. *It isn't so.* Study Joan's photographs. Doesn't her hair look soft and shimmering? It's even more so when you see it in real life. And you should know by this time that those movie girls have their hair washed anything from twice a week to once every day. Your hair doesn't require a daily dunking because it escapes the close inspection of the camera's eye. The frequency of your own shampoos depends on whether you live in dusty city or clean country, whether you're addicted to hats or love to go bare headed.

There are grand all 'round shampoos and special ones for problem hair. A dry pate will appreciate an oily base shampoo. Everyone can use with benefit an especially fine liquid shampoo that has a hair conditioner added. New on the market is a special glamor, date-night shampoo that is smoothly homogenized. And I am particularly keen about a shampoo in powder form, packaged in "powder-packets," encased in a glistening transparent cover. Highly economical, too, because you add the water and get a full bottle or glass with each powder-packet.

Comes your particular hair-washing day, you can thoroughly enjoy the delightful shampoo ritual. First, with an immaculately clean brush, sweep out tangles and surface dirt. This brushing is important because it loosens old skin, dandruff and dust, so that they can be readily sudsed off. Then dip your locks in warm water. Apply your cleanser and massage your scalp briskly so that you stir the shampoo into a creamy, heaped-up lather.

Rinse your hair thoroughly and repeat the sudsing process a second time. Then rinse, rinse, rinse with clean water until your hair literally squeaks as you run your fingers through it.

Even the mousiest colored locks have hidden lights that can be brought out by a delicately tinted after-shampoo rinse. It's as easy to use as looking at Sinatra's smile. All you have to do, after the shampoo, is to dissolve an envelope of rinse powder in clean water and brush or pour the solution through your hair. A rinse is really a must in some districts where the water is hard, for it cuts the film caused by a combination of soap and minerals. These inexpensive rinses sparkle the hair without coloring it permanently.

A good wave-setting lotion is almost as helpful as a third hand, for it enables the novice to manage difficult waves and pin curls in a really professional manner. Too, it combs out with not a trace of powder or stickiness. When the setting is finished, tie up your handiwork in a bright net. Much more fun than a black one, and makes a better impression if you get caught by an unexpected doorbell ring!

How to
Remove Dandruff Completely

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application has the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Enjoy lustrous, dandruff-free hair! Ask for an economical bottle of Fitch's at your drug counter, or have professional applications at your barber or beauty shop.

1 APPLY FITCH'S directly from bottle onto the hair and scalp before any water is added. Massage well with hands, making sure shampoo reaches each part of scalp.

2 ADD WATER gradually, continuing to massage. Remove the cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.

3 RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Since Fitch's is completely soluble, no after-rinse is required. Set the hair and dry.

4 FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural, sparkling highlights.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy, yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.

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DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO
REMOVES DANDRUFF OR MONEY BACK
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CLEAN HAIR
in 10 minutes
WITHOUT WATER

- ★ No soap • No rinsing • No drying
- ★ Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
- ★ Retains wave; restores sheen
- ★ Grand between water shampoos
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At all good drug and department stores.

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NEW creamy, white
odorless **LOTION**
Safely
REMOVES HAIR

Leaves legs smooth, alluring

1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
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4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.

NAIR Cosmetic lotion to remove hair
49¢ plus tax

At Drug, Department and 10¢ Stores

(*Continued from page 72*)

kosh who gets a studio pass in Hollywood. But I learned the good news the day before and I happened to be with my old friend, Noel Coward then. I needed advice.

"In case I meet the Princesses," I asked him anxiously, "how do I address them—as 'Your Highness?'"

Noel grinned. "Rot. Just say, 'M'am.'"

"At my age?"

". . . and curtsey—don't shake hands."

"At my age?" He just laughed. Then got up and showed me how. I wish I had a picture of that for you.

Everyone was pretty excited on that set, even the star, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, when the royal pair walked in, with an entourage of five—governesses and equerries and chaperones. The princesses are lovely and sweet. Both wore white coats. The Royal Family always dresses in light clothes, so the dark-clad London subjects can spot them when they make a public appearance. But Princess Elizabeth had a hat on too old for me to wear—and that's something! "Chips" Rafferty, the Australian comedian whom the British regard as their own Will Rogers, was on the picture set and being a plain, outspoken man from Down Under, he busted out when he met Princess Elizabeth with, "Why, you've got on a hat just like Hedda Hopper's!" Now, was that nice?

I couldn't help speaking my mind, too, when it came my turn to be presented (Yep, I curtsied, even if my knees did pop!) I said to Princess Elizabeth, "You, of course, don't know it, but we made our debuts in London on the same day. Twenty years ago I made my first visit to London. It was the day you were born and the city made a terrific fuss. Whistles blew, cabbies tooted their horns, bells rang. It couldn't have been all for me!"

Princess Elizabeth laughed—and just as she did they snapped us. That's the picture you see on these pages of MODERN SCREEN, and I hope you like it as much as I do. It's one I'll always keep. It's not often I get a laugh from a princess.

Princess Elizabeth is pretty and animated—but she's more conservative and quiet than her sister, Margaret Rose. There's a cutie pie with a terrific twinkle in her eye. I told her, "I suppose you saw the crowds of people waiting at the gate to see you."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Sometimes it's just a little boring."

I couldn't help it. I said what came to my mind. "Oh, just like a movie star!" And she laughed. We had a fine time.

On another set, I saw Bill Eythe, busy making a picture, and while he hated London at first, he's nutty about it now and hates coming back to Hollywood! There was Jeanette MacDonald, too, singing concerts, and did the British love her! Madeleine Carroll I missed; she was making a picture on location in Spain, but you can't knock her to the British after her wonderful war record.

The girl Noel Coward thinks has the most talent in America is—guess—Mary Martin. Seems he'd seen her in New York at the opening night of "One Touch of Venus." Mary was a sensation; she took twenty curtain calls and then Noel chased around to her dressing room to congratulate her. Mary was awed. "Oh, Mr. Coward," she breathed. "Do you suppose I'd ever be good enough to do a revival of your 'Bittersweet?'"

"Revival, my eye," said Noel, impressed no end that a girl with all New York at her feet should be so impressed with *him*. "I'll write a new operetta, just for you." And that's what he's up to now. "There's no one in this country, or America, either," he told me, "who can touch Mary Martin." So Mary—my best hat is off to you!

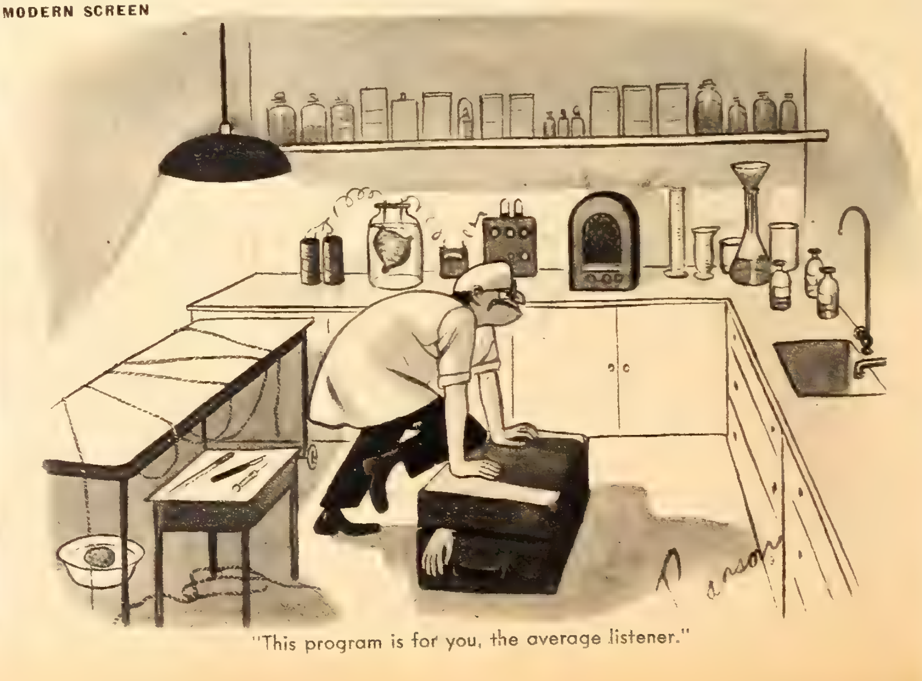
let's be serious . . .

Somehow I feel like ending this report on a serious note. I felt it coming over me the first week I returned to Hollywood and took in a party. I like parties, but after what I'd seen, the tables groaning with food, the drinks flowing like water, the jeweled stars in their new gowns—well, my head buzzed and I thought, "Gosh, where am I—on Mars?"

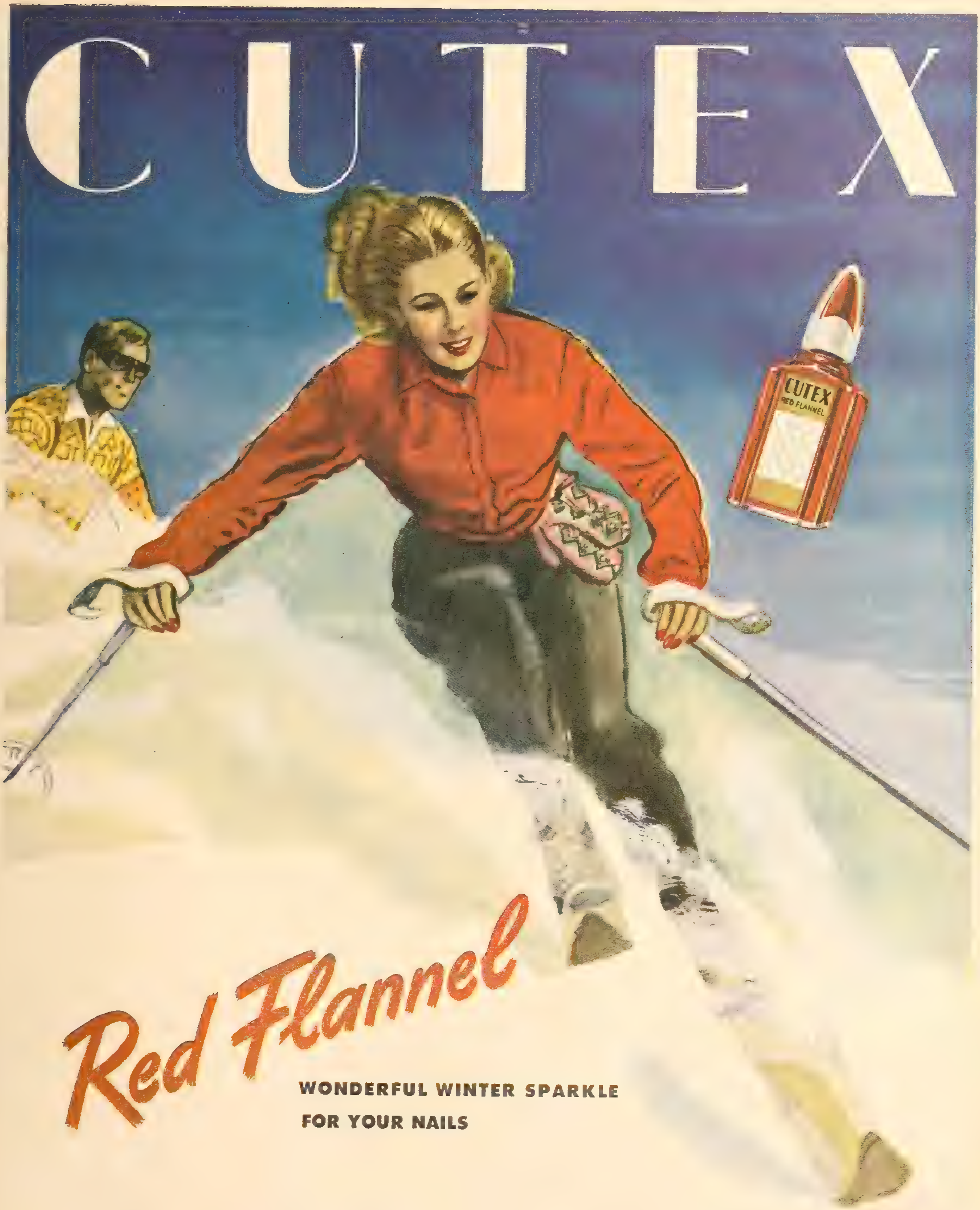
I thought, too, that this Hollywood world doesn't know enough about the rest of the world, a world where they're fighting for bread instead of fighting for swimming pools. How can we in Hollywood make pictures for that world unless we know and understand it? When will we learn?

I love Hollywood and I hope Hollywood wakes up—soon. If it doesn't, there's one thing sure as shooting (and that's no pun). The British films are going to give Hollywood a merry, merry chase for world leadership in motion pictures. The competition is already terrific, and I believe it's a good thing. In fact, maybe it's just what Hollywood needs!

MODERN SCREEN



"This program is for you, the average listener."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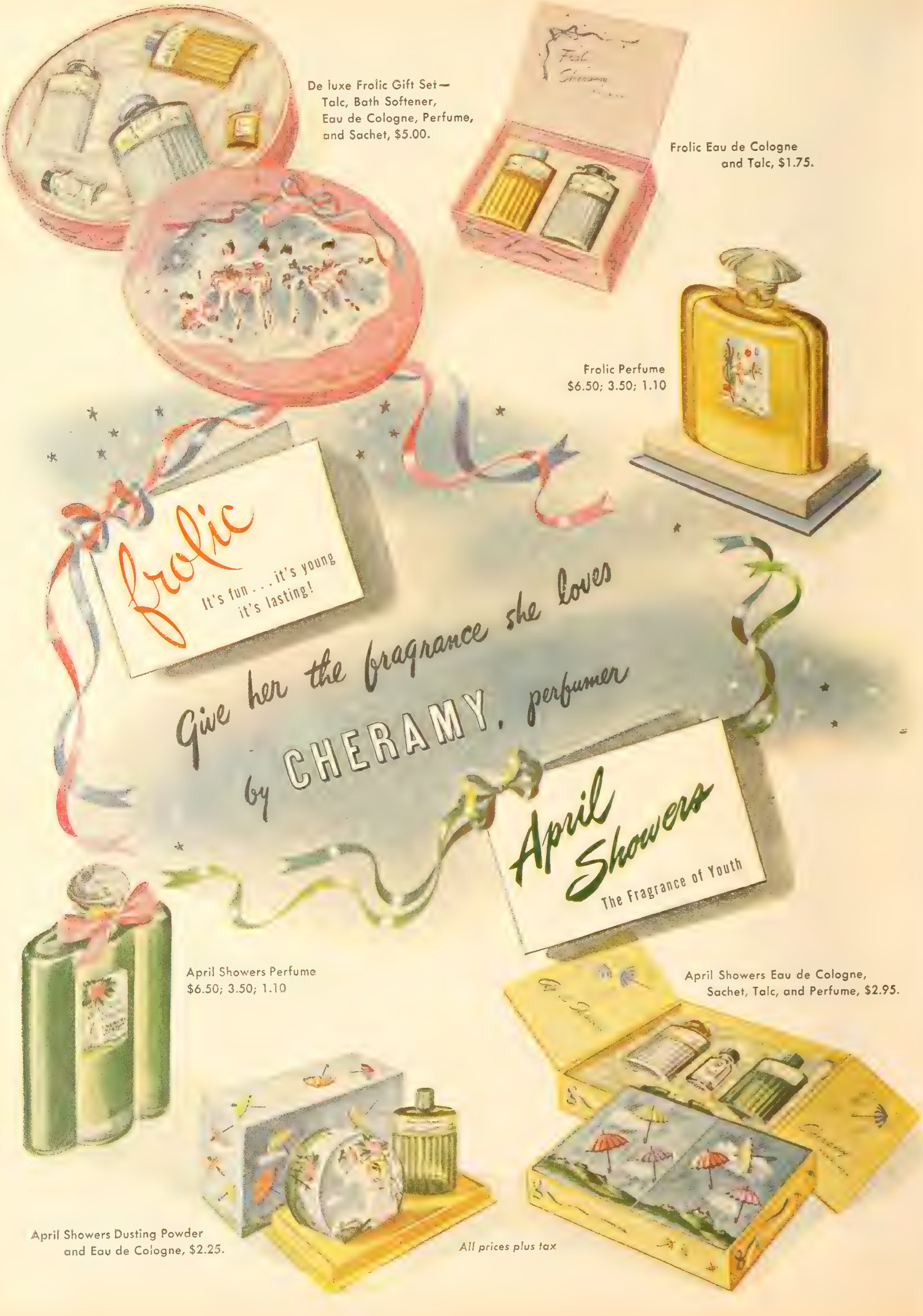
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All prices plus tax

ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

(*Continued from page 55*)

in the theater all my life, for more years even than you have. And I can't just retire and do nothing. I've got to feel important. I've got to feel that I'm in on things. You'll just have to keep me in touch with what happens."

Glenn promised, and he honestly tried. But Glenn is not the talkative sort, particularly when it comes to talking about Glenn Ford.

'tweren't nuthin' . . .

"What happened at the studio today, honey?" Ellie would ask at the dinner table.

"Oh, nothing much," Glenn would reply.

"Weren't there any visitors? There are always visitors. Important visitors. Didn't you have any today?"

"None worth mentioning."

"Well, didn't you have any conferences?"

"Oh, just the usual."

Weeks later they'd be out riding and Glenn would spot a billboard advertising a new picture. "Let's go see it," he'd suggest.

"The reviews on it are terrible. Why do you want to see that?" Ellie would ask.

"Because they wanted to give me the lead in it."

"Why, Glenn Ford, when was that?"

"Oh, a while ago."

And then Ellie would have to point out to him his promise.

"But it really wasn't anything, honey," he'd protest.

"It's something to me," Eleanor would reply. "Hereafter, you tell me these things. I read in the paper where Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan talk things over, and if they can, we can."

These incidents were problems which the Fords met, and licked. But it was their general behavior which Hollywood couldn't understand, that led to whispers. Glenn shook his head and wondered where people got such ideas, but merely commented, "I guess that's an indication I'm getting somewhere in the movies."

Eleanor liked occasionally to mingle with people, which is not one of Glenn's favorite pastimes. So she took to going alone to a "salon"—which is Hollywood language for "hen party"—in Beverly Hills each week. Glenn's fun ran to a night at the Hollywood Legion stadium each week with Bob Walker for the fights.

Yet, what Hollywood didn't know was that the Fords never have more fun than when they are in each other's company, and preferably by themselves, or with some old cronies. Their old cronies don't come from the movie set, though they see quite a bit of John Payne and Gloria DeHaven and a couple of others.

Sometimes, Eleanor frankly admits, she likes to go places.

"Glenn," she said one day, "I met the most interesting woman today. She's really interesting. And she invited us to dinner."

"Oh, honey, you know how I am about that formal crowd," said Glenn.

"Well, we'll go, just this once," Eleanor decided.

"I just wish you'd get a little of that drawing room polish," she tells him.

She doesn't make him take her dancing any more. They learned right from the start that it was simply no go. Glenn is a good dancer, but not an expert. When he and the famous queen of the dance, Eleanor Powell, stepped onto the floor, the crowds sort of faded back to give them room and expected something special.

"I just get nervous and shake all over and then break out in perspiration," Glenn told Eleanor. "I have the best instruction in the world available, but I'm afraid I haven't made much use of it."

"But honey," Eleanor told him, "you're really a very good dancer. Honestly."

"I'm sorry, but I just can't go to those places."

Recently Eleanor had the time of her life. Edgar Buchanan had a real old western party at his ranch, with square dances, a big barbecue, and even a hay ride.

"I've always wanted to go on a hay ride, all my life!" said Eleanor. "This party is super!"

When the dancing started, Glenn and she both entered it wholeheartedly. Under his breath, Glenn even called the dances.

"Why, Glenn, where did you learn to call square dances?" she demanded.

"Oh, I picked it up in pictures I was in," he smiled.

"This kind of party can't be very exciting to you," Edgar said, as they left. "We sort of fold up around here by 10:30."

"You'd be surprised!" Glenn laughed. "We're the 10:30 folding kind, ourselves."

When Glenn's making a picture, he takes the characterization home with him, too. During the making of "Gilda," in which he was a hard young gambler, he came home and sat glowering into his newspaper.

"Glenn, for heaven's sake, take that scowl off your face," said Eleanor.

"I can't. I've got to keep in character," said Glenn.

"I hope your next character is less tough," said Eleanor. And it was—a nice, likeable character in "Gallant Journey."

"Why can't you just go on playing parts like this all the time?" asked Eleanor. "You're so nice. I hope they never give you a gangster part. You'd probably come home and murder somebody."

even-stephen . . .

One night Glenn came home and announced he would have to be away for the weekend. They were sending him to San Diego for the premiere of "Gallant Journey," one of the few times the Fords had been separated since the war. When he returned from the trip, he was all smiles, like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"Glenn Ford," said Eleanor, "what have you been up to?"

"Well, hon, I got even with somebody," he laughed.

"How?" she demanded.

"During the war," he said, "when I was stationed down there, Bill Lundigan and I went to a certain big suburban hotel, which is very famous, for dinner. Bill was a private, and I was a sergeant. When the waiter took us to the table, he said we'd find the service pretty poor, but we decided that was just because of the war. You see, before the war, I'd been there, and that hotel had been anxious to have me around.

"But this time, we just sat there, while everybody all around got waited on. Pretty soon a waiter came over and whispered, 'You won't get waited on here, bud. This is an officers' hotel.' Bill and I tried it a couple of times after that, just to be sure, and every time they shunted us off to a corner table and gave us bad service or none at all.

"So this weekend when I went down, that hotel insisted that I stay there. So I did. But when it came time for dinner, I went over to the Marine base, and I

(*Continued on page 82*)

Wonderful to

know about!

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DO THIS FOR FAST RELIEF!

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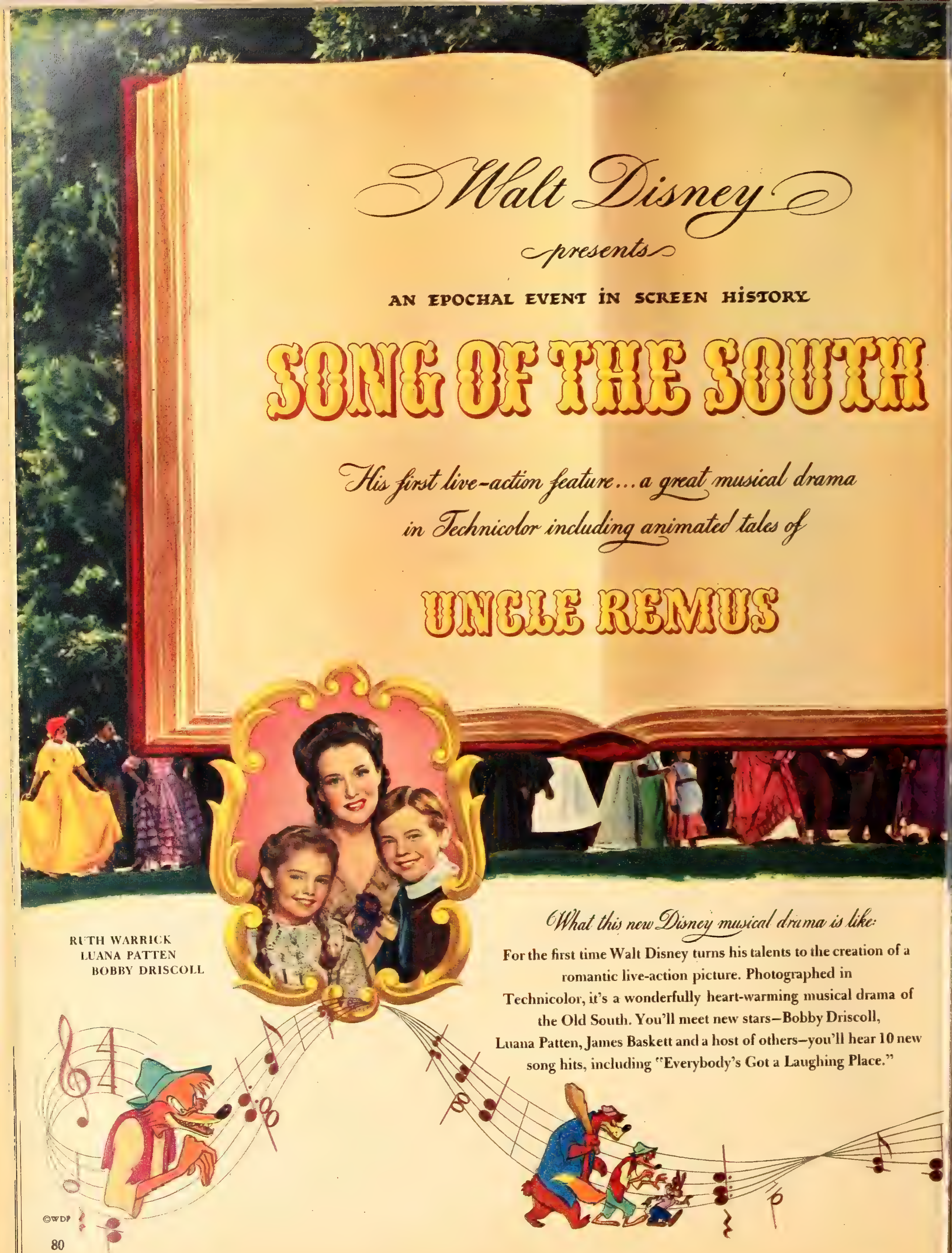

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AN EPOCHAL EVENT IN SCREEN HISTORY

SONG OF THE SOUTH

His first live-action feature... a great musical drama in Technicolor including animated tales of

UNCLE REMUS

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What this new Disney musical drama is like:

For the first time Walt Disney turns his talents to the creation of a romantic live-action picture. Photographed in Technicolor, it's a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and a host of others—you'll hear 10 new song hits, including "Everybody's Got a Laughing Place."

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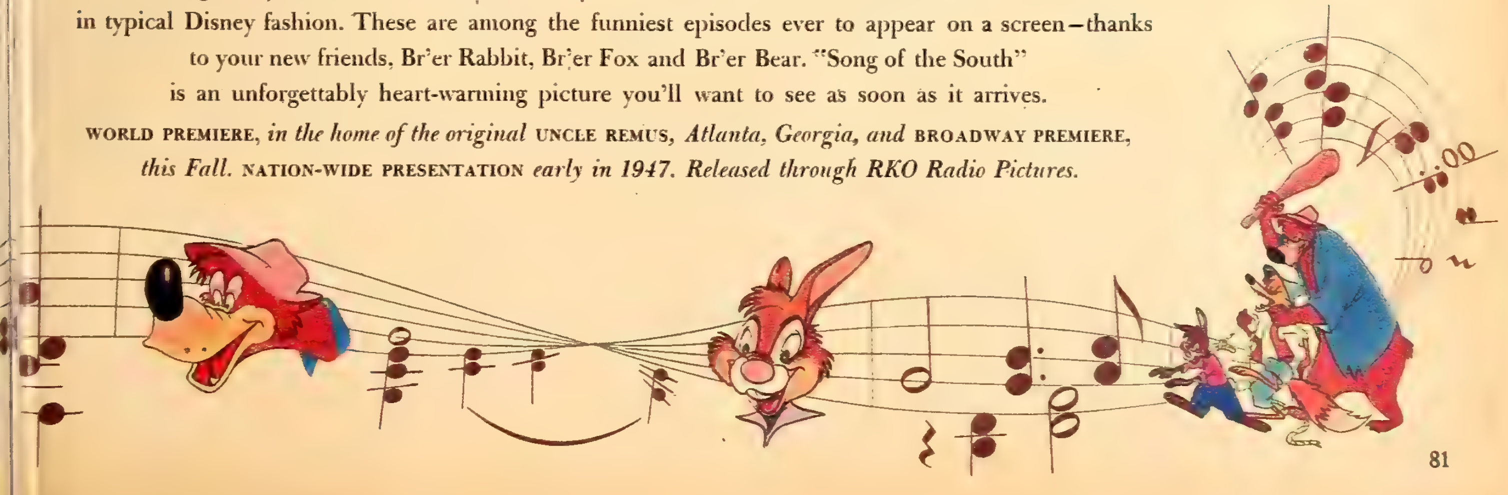
Delightfully woven into the real-life story are the famous tales of Uncle Remus—told in typical Disney fashion. These are among the funniest episodes ever to appear on a screen—thanks to your new friends, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear. "Song of the South" is an unforgettably heart-warming picture you'll want to see as soon as it arrives.

WORLD PREMIERE, *in the home of the original* UNCLE REMUS, *Atlanta, Georgia, and* BROADWAY PREMIERE, *this Fall.* NATION-WIDE PRESENTATION *early in 1947. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.*



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Fill plastic fountain-pen-like Shaper with
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center of each nail with movable tip,
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Complete Set
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$2.00 complete plus 22c Fed. tax.
At all Cosmetic Counters.

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(Continued from page 79)

rounded up four of the rawest, red shoe recruits that you ever saw, and I took them over to that hotel, and I took them to the best table in the dining room, and I made that hotel serve them everything in the house. Someday I'm going to tell that manager what I think, too."

The Fords like to do things which they can share with Peter.

"What I can't understand," Eleanor complains, "is how he has learned to say 'daddy,' but he hasn't learned to say 'mama.' "

"But Ellie," Glenn explains, "all kids do that. They say either 'daddy' or 'mama,' and they call everybody by one or the other. It doesn't mean a thing."

"It does, too," says Eleanor. "Here I spend all my time with him. I don't have a nurse for him, or anything. Then I go out calling on one of these mothers who sees her child only 15 minutes a day, and he calls her 'mama.' And then I ask my offspring, 'What's my name, honey?' and he says, 'Daddy.' There I stand with mud in my face. I can't understand it."

They like particularly their riding trips, because Peter can go with them.

"Let's go to the stables today," Glenn will suggest, and Eleanor's all ready.

tomorrow is forever . . .

"We'll take the open car," says Glenn.

"What, again?" Eleanor demands. "Here I spend an hour getting this hair straight, and you always take the open car. When we get any place, I always look like I've just come out from under a shower."

When they discuss the future, Eleanor's are the big plans. Most actors have an idea of becoming a director or producer or something of the sort.

"I just want to be an actor," says Glenn.

"And you will be," says Eleanor. "But someday I want you to go to Broadway and do a play. I want you to feel the thrill of a first night. I want you to feel the thrill of a big audience, and of appearing in a success. Someday you'll go to Broadway. And then to South America. I want us to go to South America together. I could dance at the Copacabana in Rio, and you could make personal appearances."

"Aw, now, bless your heart, Ellie, you shouldn't. . . ."

So ends the big dream of the future—for the moment. But for the immediate future, Glenn dreams of going east with Eleanor, and of meeting her family up in Springfield, Mass. Particularly grandpa. Glenn has never seen him, but because Peter looks like grandfather's pictures, Glenn calls Peter "Grandpaw."

Too, he thinks that he and Eleanor will develop a new mutual interest. He wants to go trout fishing. Up in Quebec, where he was born, people want to take them fishing. Maybe, if Eleanor gets interested, they'll take up surf fishing, too.

"I used to fish," says Eleanor. "As a kid, I used to fish for trout. I'd like to try it again."

Meanwhile, Hollywood and the night spots may see little of the Fords, but that's simply because a couple of small town folks are managing, somehow, to live their own lives without outside advice.

DECEMBER ISSUE

On the stands in time for Thanksgiving (November 12), the December MODERN SCREEN talks turkey in a story about Jeanne Crain—who's on the cover, too!

PLENTY OF EVERYTHING

(Continued from page 61)

cried Lenore, happily. "In my bedroom. I do the laundry lists and menus on it. I'll get it for you when you go up. Right?"

"Oh, fine," said Mr. Welles, glumly.

Upstairs, Lenore gave him the typewriter, followed him as he shuffled down the hall with it, and helped him set up a table, get paper and pencils arranged, and a proper light. "Now you're all set," she told him. "Genius can burn undisturbed."

"You're a dear to understand. These deadlines—"

"Of course, darling. Good night."

She found Joe in his room, standing beside a bureau with a look of intense concentration on his face. "Did you see what he did?" asked Joe, scowling.

"Poor Orson. Sometimes I think he works too hard even for him."

"My eye! As we left the living room he picked up those two murder mysteries I brought home today. He'd had his mind on them ever since dinner. He just wanted to get away so he could go to bed and read them."

"Why, the skunk," Lenore said affectionately. "And me making all that fuss about the typewriter—what are you going to do?"

"Wait here." He fumbled for a moment in a bureau drawer, and then went softly out. Presently he returned grinning. "All fixed. He was in the bathroom and I found the books on his bed-table. I put a booby trap between them. When he picks one up . . ."

At that moment there came a sharp report from Orson's room, followed by a bellow of fright; then silence. Then, ringing through the house, peals of laughter.

Life at the Pacific Palisades house had been relatively quiet for the past month, because Joe had been working on "Duel in the Sun." But it was finished now, and Lenore was awakened at eight the next morning. New York was calling.

"Darling," said the voice of a very old and dear friend, "I hear Joe's out of work, and I've been wanting to come out there anyway, and will you put me up for a few days?"

"My dear," Lenore said, "I've promised three people already. They're all arriving today by plane and ox-cart, and my daughter's got a school chum who's already here, and so is Orson Welles, and I simply can't do it—unless you want to move in with Orson."

"Orson would hate that, darling. *Please* let me come. I wouldn't think of staying anywhere in California except at your house. *Everybody* stays at the Cottens'."

"Yes, I'm aware of that," Lenore said. "All right, you can have my room and I'll go into Joe's. But there's a new cook, and she's in a foul temper because day before yesterday I ordered dinner for 10 and we all went to La Rue instead."

well-dressed man . . .

Lenore hung up and raised her face for Joe's morning kiss; he was already dressed, and she observed his garments—stained levis, cement-covered shoes, a sweat shirt and a peaked flier's cap—with dismay. "But you finished the wall," she said. "You said it was all done, to the last pebble."

"This," Joe told her, the light of a fanatic in his eye, "is going to be a patio. Up under the trees above the pool, where the clothes line is now. The clothes line," he added, "will have to go."

"How nice for the laundress."

"Naturally before the patio goes in there

Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke

A member of the old Colonial family from whom Rutgers University takes its name, Alice Rutgers Duke is active in the education program for wounded veterans. Busy young Mrs. Duke is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "Results show right away," she says. "My skin feels softer . . . looks clearer and more alive!"

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Foundation
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Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

will have to be a retaining wall so it won't slip into the pool."

(A guest had once said to Lenore, "You'd really think Joe would have that work done. Simply back-breaking, and it takes him forever."

"You don't understand," Lenore had said. "That is what Joe does, it's his life work. He just takes time out occasionally to make a living in pictures. But with the walls he's really creating something.")

"Three cars just stopped. They don't look like—Oh."

little army . . .

Lenore bounded out of bed and came to peer over his shoulder. Up the driveway a little army of girls and older women ranging in complexion from light to dark, was marching toward the service entry. "That wonderful Ruby!" cried Mrs. Cotten, ecstatically. "She's psychic."

"Ruby?"

"You remember Ruby. How do you think I keep the house going, with everyone quitting every two days and the help shortage? Tomorrow morning there'll be 7 breakfast trays to go up, and all day long trays to you at the new wall, and iced coffee to Orson by the pool, and drinks to the tennis court, and snacks to everyone in the house."

"Yes, but Ruby. How—"

"Ruby was a cook here about a year ago. The one who got married. I told you about it and you sent flowers and we dressed to the ears and went to the wedding, remember? So Ruby has loved us like her own kin ever since. She keeps a finger on the pulse of this household and when she hears I'm in a spot she says to her friends, 'You just go right on out there and give the Cottens some help.'"

"I see. I wondered why some of them called you 'madam' and some of them 'honey.' Do you ever get to know their names?"

"Of course. I keep bumping into them in bathrooms and halls and I say, 'Hello. What's *your* name?' And they say, 'Evangeline, madam,' or 'Harriet, honey,' as the case may be. And we all love each other."

"Do you love all those people dearly who are piling out of that cab in the driveway?" Joe asked.

Lenore dropped her hairbrush and came again to the window. "Why, do you know, I completely forgot. I asked them for breakfast when I was so certain we wouldn't have anyone else this weekend."

Joe paused at the door. "Send me a tray down at the new wall, will you? If I stay to meet them I'll never get started."

"Tell one of those new people as you go out. It'll be quicker."

Joe and Lenore smiled across the room at each other, and there was shared humor and contentment in their eyes. The day was beginning as a madhouse, which was right and proper.

Lenore was just ordering a second cocktail for the gang of fifteen people who had just dropped by for one drink on their way home from the beach, when Pete, the gardener, appeared at the French doors leading to the west terrace.

She excused herself and slipped through the door. It was almost dusk. "Mr. Cotten," said Pete, "would like you to come down and look before it gets too dark."

She glanced back at her party. It was going beautifully on its own momentum.

Joe was waiting by the pool. His face was streaked with dirt and sweat, his hands were caked with cement, and he smelled like a gymnasium, but his face was beatific. "You won't believe this," he said, "but it's God's truth. The cement came out just right. I don't mean to the shovelful, or even to the *handful*. There was just exactly enough to fill in that last chink. I had to smooth it in with my fingers. What do you think of that?"

"A miracle," said his wife. "Darling, this is really museum stuff. The use of the big square piece there was sheer inspiration. *I'd* have put it in the center."

"Better subordination of space in the red stone this way," Joe said.

"Yes, and I can see there's probably an engineering principle involved. It bears all the stress, doesn't it?"

Joe looked at her with admiration. "You are a very satisfactory woman," he said.

Three hours later she glanced at her wrist watch. It was nine o'clock and the fifteen people who had dropped in, augmented by her regular house guests plus the ones who had arrived that afternoon, were delightfully engaged in the living room. It was a charming party, and Joe had never been wittier, she thought, or handsomer in the tan he had got that day.

Then the butler caught her eye. "The cook," he murmured. "Could you see her for a moment, madam?"

In the kitchen she took one look at cook's face—almost beige with rage—and turned her head. "The people will be leaving very soon, I'm sure," she said. "Then we can have dinner."

"*How* soon, madam?"

perennial madhouse . . .

Lenore made her decision. "I'm sorry, Stella, but it's always like this in our house. I'm sure it will never make you anything but unhappy. Perhaps you'd better go."

"Gladly, honey," said Stella, and flounced from the room. Sighing, Lenore stood looking at the stove, covered with steaming pots and kettles. She had just finished turning everything off when she heard the bell ring at the service en-

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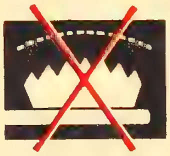
Straight Line Design



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There are only 3 basically different brushing surface designs found among all leading tooth brushes: straight line, convex and concave. When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best — by more than 2 to 1 — the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best!

Most people's teeth are *not* set in curved rows. They lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows that Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits *more* teeth *better* than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

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Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

wood. He loved action and adventure, and the fact that his strict parents forbade it, only made him seek it more. The continental Wildes returned to New York when the Bela Kun rebellion was finally crushed, and Louis Wilde tried to pick up the strings of his abandoned importing business. But they still raised their boy with upperclass Budapest standards in the apartment on Convent Avenue. He was supervised and sheltered—and discipline was the keynote.

Cornel was strictly forbidden to play in the streets, like the rest of the kids. Sometimes, when his father was gone, he would sneak on to the pavements and join the neighborhood stickball game, but those delightful opportunities were rare.

a dreamer . . .

All Cornel's early excursions into the throbbing city that beckoned him to explore its mysteries were carefully guided and aimed at instruction. His mother took him to the Bronx Zoo, where his eyes sparkled at the awesome caged beasts he imagined himself hunting in the jungles. The Museum of Natural History, down by Central Park, was a gala treat, too—especially the stuffed animals from all over the world. He learned something from early gleanings. But the dreams that whirled in his brain were not statistical. He draped every simple thing that actually happened to him in dreams.

Like the place on Staten Island owned by friends of his family, where Cornel and his sister, Edith, sometimes were trusted to spend the summer. It was just a vacation cottage on a big lake surrounded by a green park, all very quiet and safe, with the city's skyscrapers rearing urbanely across the harbor. But Cornel's imagination made the place into a wilderness. Once he came flying back from the little stream that gushed through the meadow. "I've been hunting crocodiles," he announced importantly. "I caught two. I had an awful fight." And he went into gruesome detail of a struggle to the death. But Edith only scoffed. The story finally got around to the grown-ups. They investigated. The "crocodiles" were frogs.

But these actual adventure treats were rare for Cornel. Most of the time, kept close to the apartment, he fed his yearnings for excitement on books. Books were things the elder Wildes approved of and the little public library card they got for Cornell was purple with date stamps in no time at all. He read everything they'd let him have in the children's department, but his favorites were action tales in faraway lands—Kipling's "Jungle Book," Dumas' "Three Musketeers," and, most of all, "King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table." It wasn't by chance that the books he treasured most were full of lunging, thrusting, slashing sword battles. Sabre fencing is the national sport of Hungary and Cornel's father, Louis Wilde, was an excellent swordsman in his day. Cornell's black eyes would pop as his father told of the great Imperial army fencing bouts. "King Arthur," too, was tailormade for Cornel's inherited love of singing steel.

Of course, steel wasn't for boys of six and seven, but even in cramped Manhattan, you could scare up a stick or two from the grocery man. Cornel Wilde's first sword was a blade he whittled from the slats of an orange crate. His first duel was with the kid next door. As was to be usual with Cornel Wilde, he won, although it was a costly victory. He was using his mother's best pot top for a shield in the armored clash and it got all bent to pieces with mighty smites. He got kept in the house that time for three days.

But even that was a minor tragedy, because Cornel was used to devising enter-

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- Just sponge on creamy smooth Solitair. Note how it clings in blemish-hiding silkiness for hours—sees you through day or night looking *naturally* lovely.
- It's the feather-weight, precision blended make-up—for breathless beauty.
- As filmy sheer as your chiffon frock—Solitair never looks mask-like. Contains lanolin, so it smooths on evenly and quickly—helps guard against dryness. Remember, Solitair Cake Make-Up is enough . . . no powder necessary for complexion perfection. Solitair is a base and powder all in one!
- In sunshine or candle-light, Solitair gives fresh-looking, natural skin tones. You'll prefer it. Millions do. Compact and cosmetic sponge—$1.

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And, Your Lips! For easier shaping and precise outline—use Solitair "Fashion Point" Lipstick—in golden, jeweler designed, metal case. $1.

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Contains Lanolin

tainment for himself at home. Although his urge always was to break away and explore, the public playground on Riverside Drive was his most distant safari for a long time. He'd go there with "Bill," whose real name was Wilhelmina, because she was a female pup. It took a good deal of fast talking by the Wildes to keep Bill in the apartment, but after he came back from Budapest without his big collie, Leo, Cornel wailed until a new pup arrived. She was an "Italian greyhound," or so Cornel firmly believed. She wasn't really—just a mutt—but somehow he imagined her that royal breed (if one exists) and to Cornel it was very, very real.

One day, of course, Bill wandered away and the Big City swallowed her up. Cornel threw caution to the winds then and raced up and down the sidewalks of his neighborhood, stopping everyone he saw and tearfully asking, "Have you seen an Italian greyhound around here?" People laughed. They thought it was a funny joke—who ever heard of an Italian greyhound? Cornel never found Bill, but that verboten excursion opened up new vistas and from then on Cornel broke the family stay-home law more and more often.

The Wildes tried to keep their children busy at home. Renée played the piano beautifully, and Cornel's dad played the violin. Sister Edith was deep in piano lessons and Cornel studied with her teacher. They organized family concerts in the evenings, but it didn't work with Cornel. He was far too fidgety to sit still on a piano bench and plug away at the too, too mathematical scales. Soon the teacher explained to Renée Wilde that she was an artiste and a teacher, not a jailor. Cornel's lessons were dropped. The se of paints and the easel were more successful. They were a birthday present, the most thrilling present Cornel remembers a a kid. For a while he was firmly convince he'd grow up to be a painter. But tha soon gave way to dreams of being a doctor although Cory Wilde never tired of painting pictures and if paint and easel weren' handy, he could paint them in his min But he still itched to get out and awa off the block.

School, and particularly a pair of rolle states, helped emancipate him. With th ball-bearing jobs he could scoot ove plenty of sidewalk cement, explore sid streets and alleys on his way to an from the 141st Street public school. Cornel's first buddy in these exciting adventures was a Turkish boy he met at scho He was older and sophisticated, and lik Cornel, with a foreign way of looking things. It was with him that Cory Wil

(Continued on page 96)

Diana Lynn

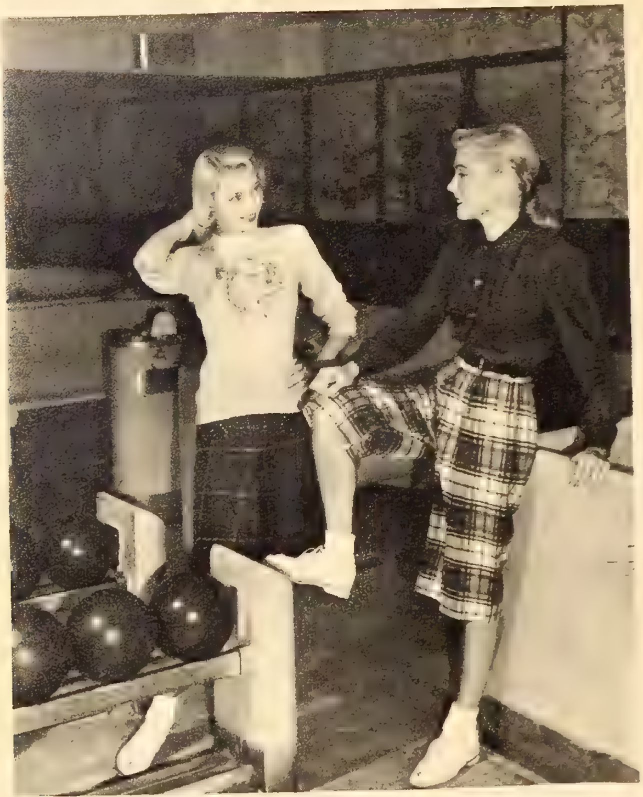
. . . currently appearing in "Our Hearts Were Growing up"—a Paramount picture—wears a colorful plaid sport outfit by Boreva. It consists of slacks and vest in the American Woolen Company's magnificent white background plaid, worn with a black wool jersey open neck shirt. Diana had just bought the bright red bag and belt, and refused to be parted from them even for a minute, so here they are in our photograph, even though you can't buy them!

To find out where to buy this outfit, as well as the other fashions in the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Section, turn to page 95.

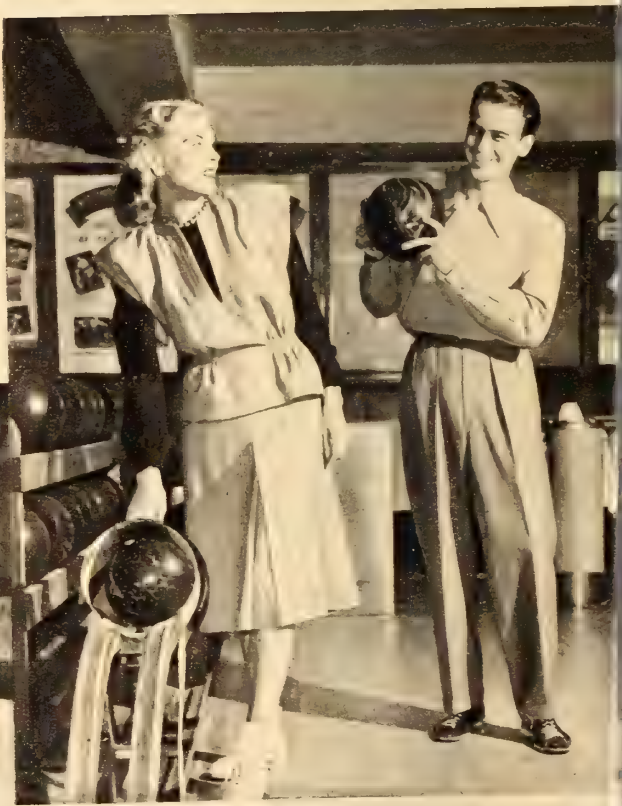
Modern Screen

Favorite

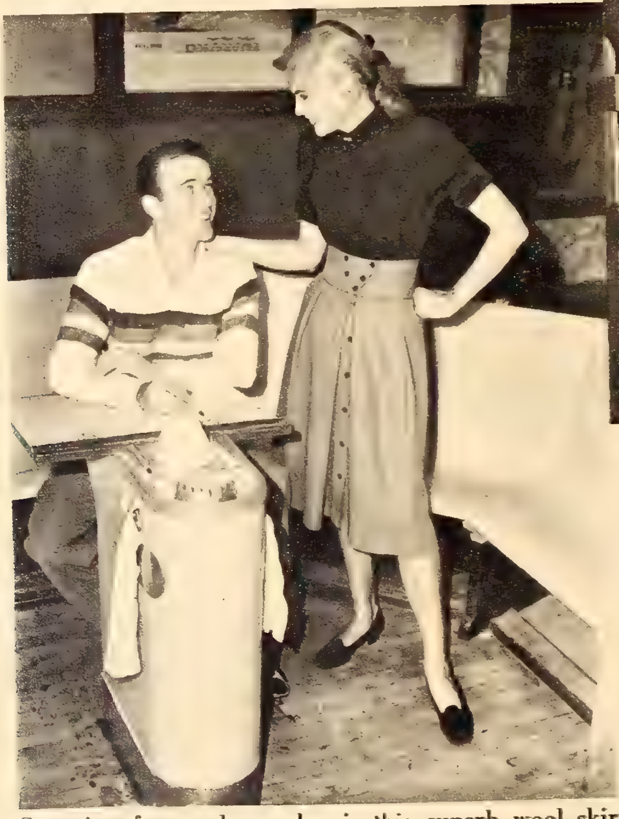
Work or play in high style
wearing these sturdy but
beautiful sport clothes.



The girl on the left wears a Jitterbug sweater from Spuncraft—$4.00, and a plaid wool skirt, about $9.00, from Juniorite. Her companion wears plaid pedal pushers and jersey shirt by Boreva, $8.00 and $6.00 respectively.



Cut full enough for the most strenuous game, ye beautifully tailored is this bright wool jumper out fit by Sporteens. It's about $15.00. Wear it wit a long sleeved blouse by Jerry Gilden—$6.0



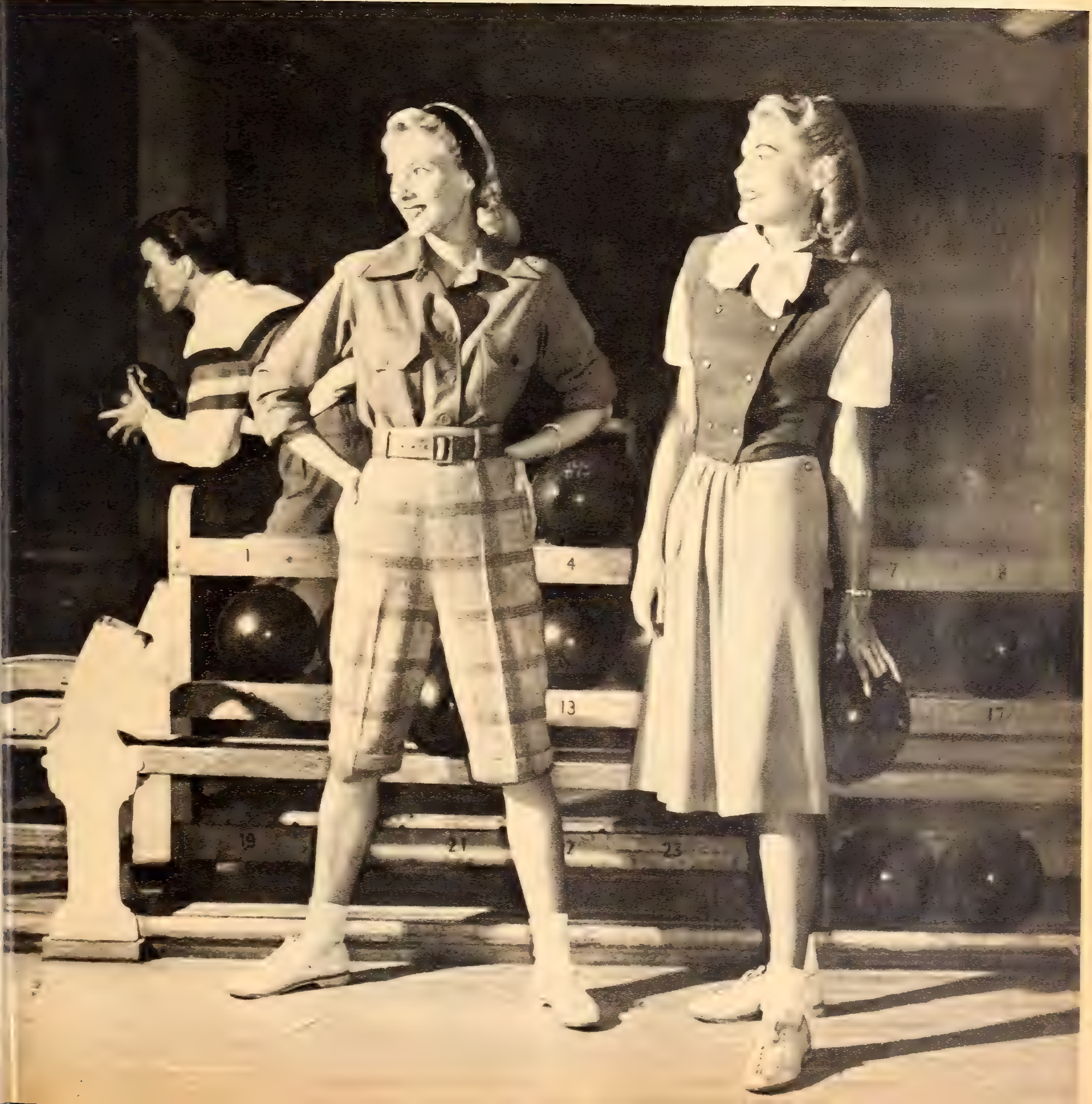
Stunning for work or play is this superb wool skirt from Sporteens. About $8.00. It's shown here with a black jersey blouse by Juniorite—about $8.00 That terrific sport shirt on the boy is by McGregor.

indoor sports

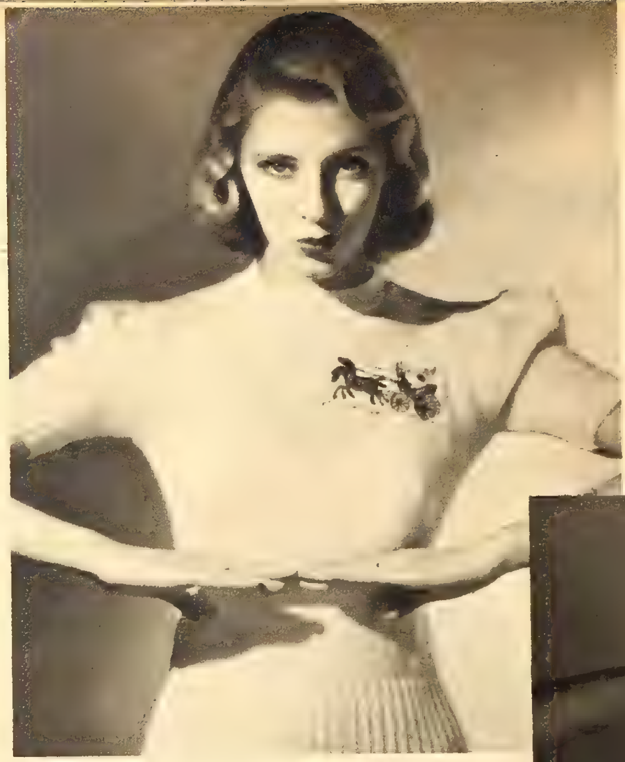
by Toussia Pines

Left---red flannel shirt. grey and red pedal pushers by Juniorite—about $8.00 each. Right—grey skirt. red vest by Sporteens—about $15.00. blouse by Gilden—about $6.00.

Photographs taken at the Roxy Bowling Center in New York.

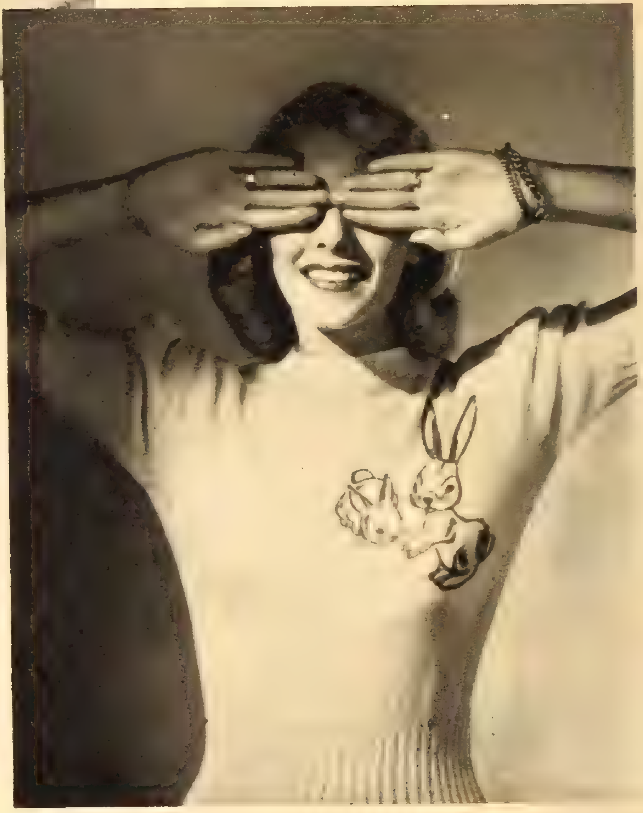


Knit News

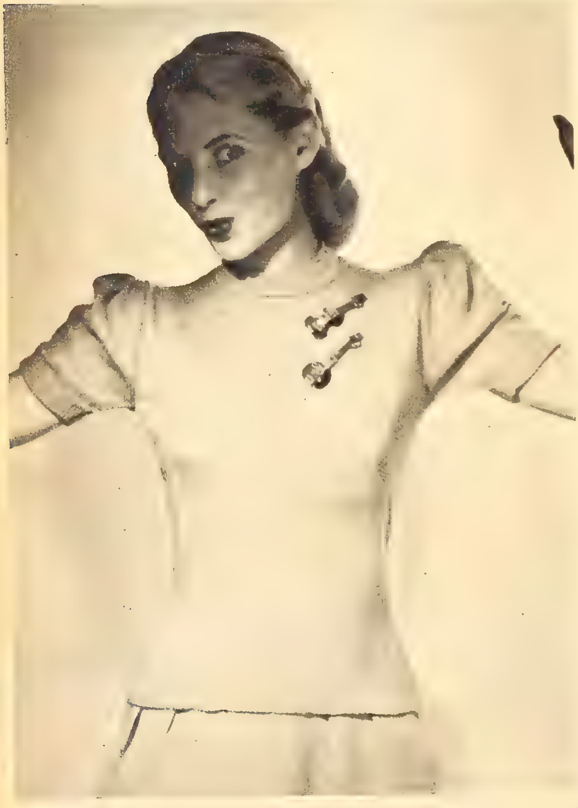


Spuncraft puts the well-known "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" right over your heart in this luscious pullover in pastel shades. Price: About $4.50.

Another Spuncraft lovely, in pretty pastels, has appealing bunnies painted on one side. The manufacturer says the process is washable. About $3.50.



A beautiful basic sweater to wear with all your suits. Spuncraft—about $3.50. The tiny banjo and mandolin are by Alpha-Craft, called "Hum 'n' Strum." They're $3.00 each.



SPORTSWEAR MIX TRIX

With sweaters, jackets and skirts the mainstay of your wardrobe, you'll never be at a loss for a smart outfit to wear! Buy all your separates in coordinated colors, and mix-match 'em all the way down the line.

On our fashion cover and spread this month, we feature just such a collection of mixables. Of course you don't need them all—just three or four items will keep you well dressed, from school hours through informal dates.

Suppose you start with the grey and red striped pedal pushers from Juniorite, the grey skirt and red vest-jacket from Sporteens, and the black jersey shirt from Boreva. The pedal pushers go with blouses, sweaters, and your black shirt alone, or plus the red vest-jacket. The grey skirt is a knockout with the black jersey shirt and your new wide belt—and it goes with the red jacket designed for it.

Now how about another set—Take the Boreva pedal pushers, a Spuncraft sweater, the white bow blouse from Jerry Gilden and the stunning royal and black plaid skirt by Juniorite. Pedal pushers plus blouse, same plus sweater, the black and royal skirt plus blouse, ditto plus sweater. But in this case we'd cheat just a little on our rule of four, and add the lush black jersey blouse by Juniorite. It's a knockout with the bright plaid of the p.p. and it makes a smooth outfit with your plaid skirt.

Well, getting into the spirit of the thing, let's take the 2-piece jumper outfit from Sporteens, the black blouse by Jerry Gilden, the grey skirt already mentioned above and the red jacket that goes with it. Here we have the jumper outfit as pictured, the green skirt with a white blouse and the red jacket, the green skirt with the black blouse and red jacket, the grey skirt with black or white blouse and green top.

And all this, of course, doesn't even mention the odds and ends, and mix-matchables that you undoubtedly have in your closet—like that old pair of grey flannel slacks. Let's take—oh, you do it—I've run out of space!

Classic Allure...
LOVELY JOAN SMITH, selected as Miss Stardust of 1946, now a Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl.
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GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR
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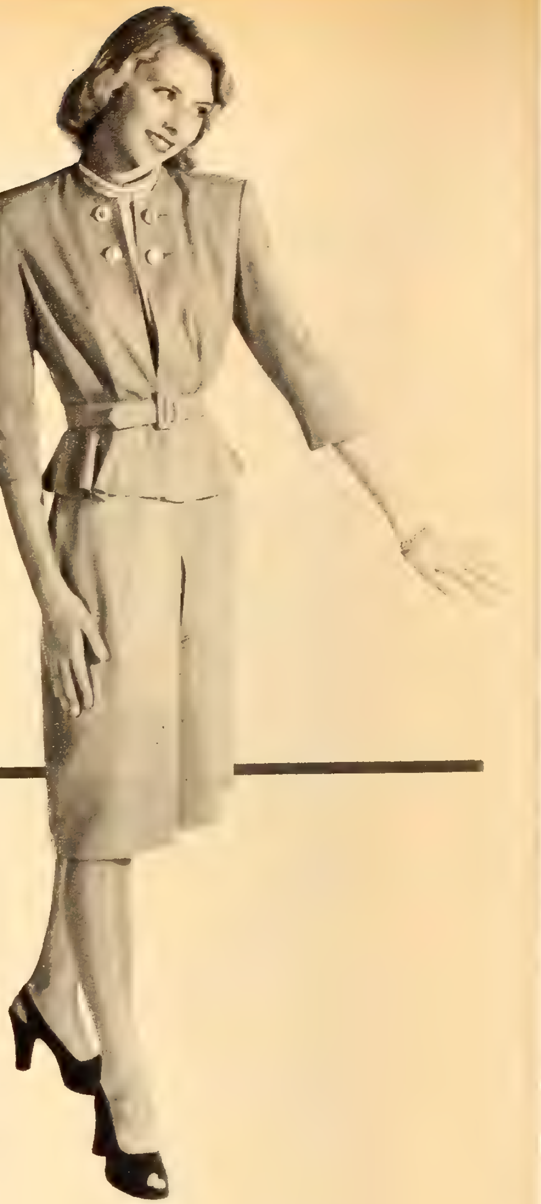
BY THE MAKERS OF Stardust FASHION-WEAR

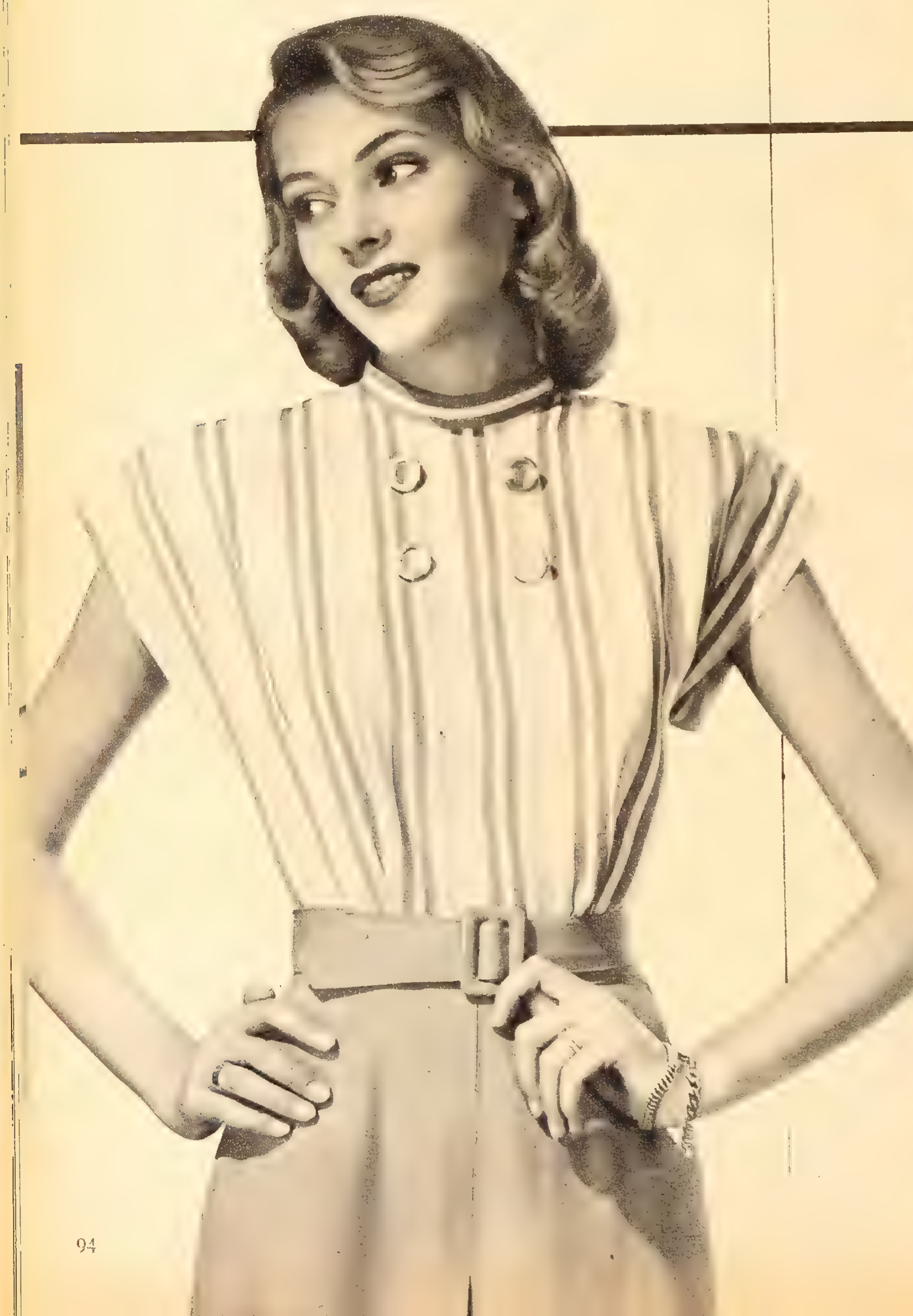
BESTFORM
Girdles
Brassieres
All-in-ones
no finer fit at any price

Double Dater

Right: A perfect, *perfect* date suit dress by Petti, in a crisp wool and rayon mixture, done to a turn in the best dressmaker tradition. Note the pretty peplum on the jacket, the easy skirt, the way the jacket buttons onto the blouse in front. The sleeves are three-quarter, to do right by your bracelets.

Below: We love this suit so much, we've shown it to you in two views—here it is without its perky jacket. The blouse is shantung, in multi-colored stripes, and it makes a charming dress when worn with the skirt alone. The jacket and skirt cost about $15.00, the blouse is separate—about $5.00.





modern screen fashions

BUYING GUIDE

BOREVA SPORTSWEAR (pages 89 and 90)

Akron, Ohio—Polsky's
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
California, Hale Stores
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34 St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer and Fuller
Washington, D. C.—Woodward and Lothrop

OR WRITE TO BOREVA SPORTSWEAR, 318 WEST ADAMS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

JUNIORITE (pages 90 and 91)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Dallas, Texas—Titche Goettinger
Detroit, Mich.—Ernest Kern
Los Angeles, Calif.—I. Magnin
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Milwaukee Boston Store
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Lord and Taylor
Saks-Fifth Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer and Fuller
San Francisco, Calif.—I. Magnin
Seattle, Wash.—I. Magnin

OR WRITE TO JUNIORITE, 1359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

SPORTEENS (pages 90 and 91)

WRITE TO SPORTEENS, 1359 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

SPUNCRAFT (pages 90 and 92)

Akron, Ohio—O'Neill's
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Dallas, Texas—Titche Goettinger
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer's
Los Angeles, Cal—May Co.
Madison, Wisc.—The Emporium
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson's
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
San Francisco, Cal.—Hale Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche

OR WRITE TO SPUNCRAFT, INC., 141 W. 36TH ST., N. Y.

PETTI SPORTSWEAR (page 94)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F & R Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumler Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker's
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer and Fuller
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

OR WRITE TO RHEA MANUFACTURING CO., 1350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

McGREGOR SHIRT (pages 90 and 91)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium

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CORNEL WILDE

(Continued from page 88)

first learned about women—and oddly enough it was at his very first movie. He certainly had no idea he'd be making them himself one day. In fact, after his first exposure he was pretty thoroughly awed and shocked.

They were racketing down the sidewalk on skates one afternoon after classes had been dismissed unexpectedly early. Cornel knew he should head straight for home but the chance to explore at the side of the worldly wise Turk was too much. They passed a neighborhood movie house, gaudily decorated with alluring posters. "Let's go in," said the Turk.

Cornel was game. But the ticket taker merely snapped, "Beat it, kids. Adults only!" Obediently, Cornel turned away, but his Turkish pal wasn't dismayed. "We'll sneak in," he said confidently. So they stashed their skates and the minute the usher's back was turned, shot through the door. The movie was an experience Cornel Wilde still remembers, and it still shocks him. It was something with Adolphe Menjou and a flock of beautiful girls and the scene that made Cory's eyes jump was a lavish harem set, full of a dozen naked girls. Cornel still swears they were absolutely undraped—Hays office or no Hays office—but even if they were partly draped, he was horrified. He rolled home that evening nursing his dark secret. He never told his parents, of course.

Maybe that terrifying sight was what made Cory Wilde shy of girls. Or maybe it was the fact that his first infatuation was a mad crush on an impossible love. She was his French teacher, oddly enough, named Miss Sullivan, and Cornel thought she was divine. All he could do to prove his devotion was to shine in French, which started him with a sound basis for the host of tongues he was to learn later on. A smile from Miss Sullivan was enough to make Cornel study all night. But the skirted moppets his own age left him shy and tongue tied. He stuck with the boys, although sometimes it was rough going.

Cory Wilde wasn't a husky kid. The steel muscled torso he owns today was developed by determined, persistent body culture and unending fencing in his high school and college days. When he started school he had recurrent bad tonsils, flu and colds. He was skinny, a strip of bones and bacon underneath the black curls that covered his top like a Raphael cherub. And he was no politician or peacemaker. He rarely passed a day at recess without a fight. He usually won, but sometimes he got his ears knocked down, too.

big business . . .

A craze for punchboards was sweeping Alexander Hamilton School around that time. Kids were buying boards from vendors and peddling punches around under desks and in the halls between classes—and Cornel could see with half an eye that they were cleaning up. He decided to get in on the easy money. Again he saved up enough allowance to put down on the punchboard and then dragged it out at school. Unfortunately, Cornel sold all his chances to one boy, and unfortunately that boy lived in the same apartment building as the Wildes. Cory came home with the $6 profit he'd made—and the kid had lost—congratulating himself on his financial scoop and wondering why he hadn't thought of the racket before. But that night the phone rang and the man downstairs yelled, "Louis Wilde, you come right down here this minute and bring that kid of yours with you!" The bilked school-

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chum had not only lost his own allowance, but also a few dollars of his mother's money with which he was supposed to do shopping, and Cory had to give back not only the money he'd made but take a sound licking to boot. He decided right then that fast finance didn't pay. From then on every cent Cornel made, he made the hard way.

a reflection on pop . . .

Louis Wilde could forgive such moral misadventures of his son, but there was one thing he would not tolerate—scholastic failure. That he considered a reflection on his own brains and breeding. There were no excuses in the Wilde home for a sorry report card. The family pressure, and his natural craze for reading made Cory Wilde a star pupil. Languages were a breeze, and literature was pure fun. History, civics, art, mythology—everything but math, which he could master only by sweat, stuck to his brain like glue. He was such an all-around pupil, in fact, by the time he was out of junior high, that he decided to compete for entrance in Townsend Harris, a public high you could only enter by passing competitive exams, the toughest in New York. Cory tackled that with a purpose. At Townsend Harris the regular four year high school course was breezed through in three, and Cornel Wilde was impatient to get going.

He took them in a big hall with dozens of others of Manhattan's brightest. They lasted all day, with time out for lunch. The only thing that scared him was math, as usual. But Cornel knew he wouldn't fail and he didn't. His marks registered in the top ten. He was thirteen then; and he was sixteen when he graduated and entered Columbia University. There every fraternity on the campus rushed him. Because, by then, Cornel Wilde was a marked man. Except for a few near trip-ups in math, he was an honor student. He was captain of the Townsend Harris fencing team—with a huge purple and gold "H" on his black gym sweater. He was city high school foils champion. And he was one of the best looking freshmen.

All of that had been a fairly soft touch for Cory Wilde. His looks came naturally, from the blend of European blood and handsome ancestors. He had no trouble with fencing opposition. Josef Vince, an Hungarian sword instructor, had taken him under his wing and polished him to near perfection. His arms were like whips now, although he was still light. He was naturally studious and no hey-hey high school cut-ups diverted him from his lessons. Because Cornel still stayed clear of girls and dances and puppy love. There was a good reason. He didn't have

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While on K.P. in Camp Roberts, California, I was on my hands and knees scrubbing the floor when the platoon corporal came in and said, "I have a new rookie for K.P. with you." I looked up at the guy and we smiled at each other. He was redheaded, so I just said, "Okay, Red, let's get to work," and we became very friendly. It wasn't until several days later that I discovered my "pot-wrastling" companion was also my favorite comedian, Red Skelton.

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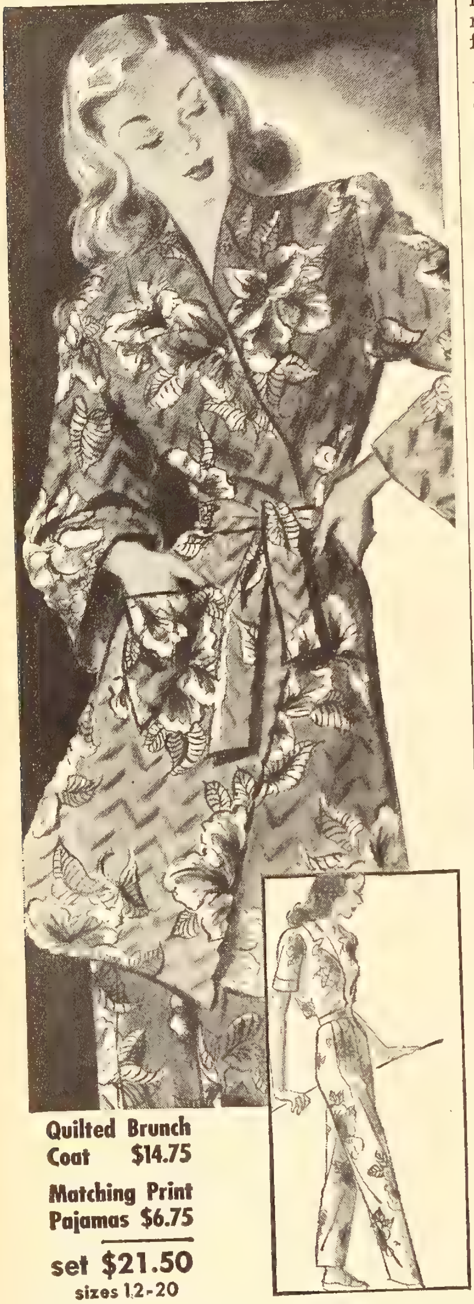

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the money; the Wildes were having a stretch of hard times as Cornel grew into young manhood; his father's health began to fail. Shell shock and cholera in the war had their aftermath and made it increasingly hard for him to work. From what he managed to make there was nothing left for Cornel to fling around on foolishness.

That was one reason he turned down all the fraternity bids that swamped him at Columbia. He couldn't afford to join; and also, to the continental upbringing of Cornel Wilde, secret collegiate mumbo-jumbo didn't make sense. Financing his college education he knew was his show. Fortunately he had a little stake.

In high school his fencing had brought him in contact with New York public recreation directors. Summers, he'd grabbed jobs as counselor at public city playgrounds, assisting athletic direction of under-privileged boys' groups. It paid only $8 a week but, after his punchboard experience, Cornel was satisfied to earn honestly what he could. The summer before he went up to Columbia he won a counselor's job at a summer camp in New Jersey, which paid more, and he saved every cent. His fencing fame shot him right over to the Columbia Employment Office the minute he registered. Like all colleges, Columbia saw that their varsity material managed to eat. And Cornel didn't have to fill a token job. He could really earn his way, because he was no dumb hunk of beef but a top student. He bagged a job tutoring a rich invalid boy. It paid him $18 a week, which was plenty for his tuition and book expenses.

He wasn't too sure what he wanted to become, so he signed up for a B.A. The courses he picked were stiff, but the elective system let him off the hook which had pained him since childhood. Carefully, Cornel avoided any kind of math. That gave him time to plunge into athletics, and he went out for every team on the campus, notably fencing.

His success with swords had made him believe he could tackle any sport and win. He hadn't tried teams in Townsend Harris, because he was too busy completing four years of high school in three. But now he went out for football. Being too light for that he picked the prize back-breaker of collegiate sport for his next athletic try. Cornel didn't count fencing. He made the freshman team the first day and in a week was elected captain. He could fence rings around anyone there, and that winter he won the championship cup of the Amateur Fencing League of America in a tournament at the NYAC. It was a one-point dead heat at the finish, but Cornel scored the final *touché* to win a prize pair of French foils which he treasured until—just the other day—he left them in his dressing room and somebody copped them.

Fencing was fine for winter months, but when the spring breezes blew, Cory Wilde had the audacity—with his short-weight body, to try out for freshman crew.

featherweight . . .

Cory Wilde lasted on the squad until the stroke got up to 33. He could take the freezing blasts of the East River. He could hoist his shell with the rest of the squad and pull a steady oar without catching a crab. He beat his thin body to the limit, because a husky giant named Sykes was stroking the eight (Sykes later made varsity stroke)—but there was a limit. One day, quickening the stroke past 33, the coxswain noticed Cornel wobbling in his seat. He stuck out the heat, but when he'd climbed on the dock Cornel thought his insides would surely spill out. He lost his dinner and his place on the crew at the same time.

Cory Wilde was always trying to outreach himself that way at Columbia. He didn't believe anything could lick him and it was always a surprise when it did.

His father's condition had waxed progressively worse. New York doctors shook their heads and fell back on the tried and true out, "A complete change." Louis Wilde had enough experience to know they were as baffled as he, but his shell shocked nerves were getting out of control and he had to do something. He decided to go to Europe.

search for health . . .

Cornel had a counselor's job lined up at a boys' camp in the Adirondacks. He had planned to save another stake in the vacation months and return to Columbia in the fall, but his father's illness changed all that. Louis Wilde wanted his family intact, so that spring they sailed—Louis, his wife; Cornel and sister Edith on an Italian steamer. It was cold when they docked in Trieste and so stormy that they had to be landed in bobbing motor launches. The icy winds set back Louis Wilde's condition. He travelled south to Naples, but he didn't improve. The search for health wound through the Mediterranean, Switzerland, Vienna and finally his home city of Budapest where the Wildes settled down and nerve doctors did their best to restore the ravages war had wrought on Cornel's dad's health. Cornel couldn't have been in a more heavenly spot. Budapest was the fencing capital of the world. He took up the sabre, a new weapon, and one which only Hungarians had really mastered. His father found an expert instructor among his old army friends. In between gym sessions Cornel kept busy. He studied French, German and Italian, took a course in typing and shorthand and entered classes in his first love, painting. He paid for what he was learning by teaching English in the Berlitz School.

Hungarians had little respect for American swordsmanship, and despite the fact that Cornel was the son of a Hungarian officer, they pooh-pooed his ability. He wanted to test his skill against Budapest experts, so when a regional foils tournament came up, Cory walked to a select sword club's rooms and asked to join.

Cornel couldn't miss the smiles and raised eyebrows that shot around the room when he said, in Hungarian, that he'd like to try for their team.

"You are American, yes?"

Cornel nodded. He didn't have to say he was a Hungarian's son; they knew that.

"I think it best you go home so you will not get hurt," said an older member patronizingly. Cornel seethed. Maybe he was no European master at swords, but he swore if it was the last thing he did, he'd show that arrogant bunch. He entered the tournament unaffiliated. He didn't win, but he reached the finals and one of the fencers he whipped soundly was the champion of the club that had turned him down.

When the Wildes finally sailed back to New York, the pressing issue was a job—any kind of a job. The Wilde family funds had melted in Louis Wilde's vain search for health. He was still too ill to plunge back into business. College for Cornel was out of the question. He was 18 and a man. He had to earn his way from then on, that was plain. He read the want ads and hit the pavements.

Cory Wilde answered everything and tried everything. Only the thing he was after—a paycheck—was a will o' the wisp. There were plenty of sales jobs "on commission." He tried these. He peddled electric refrigerators, washers, cookers. That is, he offered them for sale, from door to door. But he didn't make any sales. Cornel was no peddler, for one thing; for another, the depression was swinging low and people were turning their installment plan electric gadgets back, instead of

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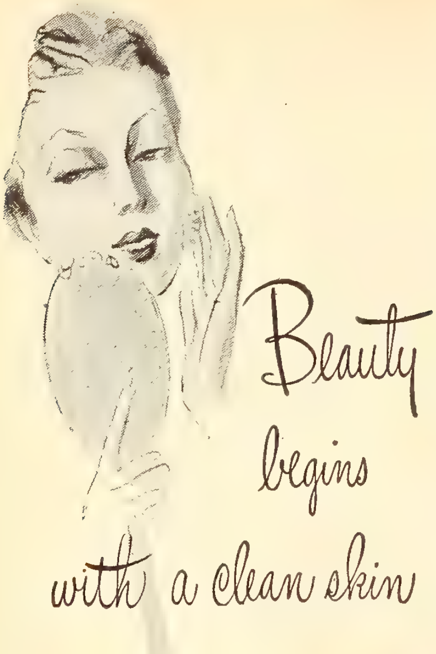

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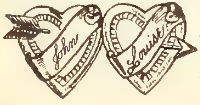

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contracting for more. Cornel switched to real estate. The results were just as sad. By then, Christmas was approaching and it didn't stack up as a very merry one for Cornel. But Christmas brought him his first job—at Macy's, helping out in the holiday rush. They parked Cornel in the toy department, squeezing toy accordions for hopeful moppets, buzzing electric trains and popping jack-in-the-boxes. Cory didn't mind. He liked kids, always had, and more important, the job was a steady check—$25 a week. Of course, he didn't know then what a real break that Christmas clerk's job was. How could Cornel Wilde ever guess that a motley shopping mob would steer him into his life's work?

He sold accordions with another Christmas sales clerk and in the slack seconds Cornel would mimic the customers, frantic, tousled—a hundred different types, jabbering away in a hundred local accents.

His counter pal was a perfect audience. "You know, you're good!" he marvelled. "You're a natural born actor. Ever try anything that way?" Cornel shook his head. "Oh, I took a dramatic history course in Alexander Hamilton," he grinned. "School plays and stuff."

"What do you do nights?"

"Read and rest these," laughed Cornel, wiggling his aching feet.

"Theodora Irvine has an evening class in acting. I'll bet she'd take you on."

"Who's Theodora Irvine?"

She ran a dramatic school, his colleague explained, in an apartment house on 67th Street near Central Park West. Lots of actors now on Broadway had got their start with her; many still came back to iron out footlight kinks. Miss Irvine could tell right away if Cornel had real talent.

"But I don't want to be an actor," argued Cornel. He thought he meant it. The values he had been brought up with always made an actor's life seem vain and gaudy. But still, Cornel remembered, much of the reading he liked best had been plays. He knew hundreds of them, almost by heart. He even liked to read them aloud in his room. Why, he'd been acting by himself plenty—and enjoying it! One evening he found himself catching the bus to 67th Street.

Cornel was frank with Theodora Irvine. "I haven't any money," he told her. "I can't pay tuition. But I'd like to study acting." She pretended she hadn't heard that. "Here," she said, "read this for me."

"I have a feeling you sincerely want this, whether you're sure of it or not," Miss Irvine said later. "I think you should have a chance. Do you want to enroll in the evening class?"

"But the tuition. . . ."

"Never mind that. We'll find a way. You're a fencer, aren't you? Maybe you can help out teaching that. Fencing's very important to an actor, you know," she smiled.

That was the beginning of Cornel Wilde, actor. In the hands of Theodora Irvine he was guided to techniques that were instinctive, purged of beginners' faults that were minor. And he loved it.

Finally, all Cory Wilde's thoughts focused, day and night, on the activities at the Irvine school. At first he was mildly terrified at actually stepping out on a stage before lights and acting. But soon it fascinated Cornel. Among the students were a girl named Marsha Hunt and

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd AND 3rd CHOICES—AND THAT'S ALL!

Cornel Wilde (Life Story, part one) .... ☐
MODERN SCREEN *Goes To Sea (Dana Andrews)* .... ☐
Here Come the British! (Peter Lawford) .... ☐
Valiant Lady (Susan Peters) ..... ☐
Me and My Big Mouth! by Hedda Hopper .... ☐
The Goblins'll Git you! (June Allyson—Roy Rogers—Lizabeth Scott) .... ☐
The Flying Cowboy (Gene Autry) ☐
"The Razor's Edge" (Production Story) .... ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ... ☐
Adventure in Contentment (Eleanor Powell-Glenn Ford) ☐
"He's Crazy, But I Love Him" (Dane Clark) .... ☐
She Gets Away With Murder! (Margaret O'Brien) ... . ☐
Those Little Ordinary Things (Payne-DeHaven) .... ☐
Plenty of Everything (Joe Cotten) .... ☐
Dark Angel (Gail Russell) .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.... ....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference...

....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference..

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SHAMPOOS

two boys named Jeffrey Lynn and Jess Barker who were to make their mark in Hollywood—although Cornel had a Hollywood nibble before either of them. In fact, it came after the first full-length school play he did. It was "The Last Mile," the gusty drama that started Clark Gable off to Hollywood from Broadway. Cornel had a good part of a condemned killer and one of the ever-present Hollywood studio scouts, who made the rounds of the drama schools to catch promising youngsters, spotted the tall, dark guy with the tumbling curls and the flashing eyes. He said to drop by the Twentieth Century-Fox casting office and interview the boss.

deep secret . . .

By now, Cornel had sold himself completely on the idea of being an actor, although it was still his dark secret. He didn't dare tell his family yet. But he chased over to the TC-F New York office with high hopes. Right then was when his first acting desire began to fade.

A man who shall be nameless sat behind his desk in a swivel chair. He had his feet propped on the desk and was reading the racing form. When Cornel was introduced, he dropped neither the paper nor the feet. He didn't offer his hand, say "Sit down" or even "Hello." He just stared at Cornel rudely and barked, "No. If you looked like James Dunn, maybe. Butcha don't—so it's 'no.'" He waved his cigar indicating the interview was over. That was Cornel Wilde's first brush with Hollywood and he wasn't impressed. James Dunn was very hot then and that's all the short-sighted New York director was interested in—another Jimmy Dunn.

By now his parents knew what Cornel was up to—and they didn't like it, not one bit. He could draw no sympathy from his family, who thought acting was frivolous. The thing to do now was make some money and show them it wasn't.

So, although he was still learning, Cornel set out to land himself a paycheck on Broadway. He heard about a play being cast with the part of a Russian prince. It turned out the only Russian word he used was "Da," which means "yes," but he got the right accent and he got the part, which wasn't as lucky a break as it seemed.

At the time, however, Cornel was all steamed up—so much so that he ran a temperature every night at rehearsal. The grind of trying to make a living and study at the Irvine school at night had been going on over a year and Cory Wilde's body was beginning to show the strain. Maybe that's why he took "They All Come to Moscow" too seriously, expected too much. The director wasn't any help. He told Cornel ominously right before opening night curtain, "You'd better improve tonight—or you get two weeks' notice!"

But the critics beat him to it. Nobody, including Cornel Wilde, made an impression on them and they razzed the play to pieces. It closed in ten days.

Cornel's virgin experience with show business left a bitter taste. His hopes were dashed and that climax to the nervous strain he had lived under for over a year left him weak and wobbly. In this state, he viewed everything connected with acting very dimly. A doctor he consulted advised him to get away in the country and get his health back. Again, Cornel looked up his old contacts and begged a job as counselor in a boys' camp in the Poconos. That summer Cory Wilde had lots of time to think things over and make up his mind. He would go back to college again and study medicine. His parents were right.

His choice this time was City College of New York. He couldn't possibly afford Columbia. There was no tuition at CCNY, although, like Townsend Harris you had to pass competitive exams to get in. Cory hadn't cracked a textbook for two years. But he lodged in the top bracket and then feverishly loaded up on courses—half again as many as he should have taken—because, even though CCNY was free, he still had to earn his living. But he was determined to finish his pre-med in two years and win admission to Columbia's Physicians and Surgeons College. He knew only top grades would do it. Again he was voluntarily putting himself on the spot and daring himself to come through.

The best night job he could find was in a famous old German apothecary shop, Bendiner and Schlesinger's, way down on 10th Street and Third Avenue. Cornel was cashier from 5 until 11 o'clock every night and every other Sunday. It wasn't a hard job, but there wasn't time to study, so Cornel would tackle his lessons on the long subway rides and after he dragged into his room at night.

His only possible exercise, which his athletic body demanded, was his first love—fencing. It took little time and Cornel was so superior that again he was elected captain of the CCNY foils team the first year and trusted with the most important bouts.

Winning tournament after tournament, even against the best that other colleges had to offer was glory enough to make up for the long grind, but Cornel soon collected another kind of glory. He won, not only admittance to the exclusive Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, but a scholarship. His medical education seemed assured. His parents were happy. So was Cornel, or so he thought. He paid his enrollment fee, matriculated and was all set to begin his medical studies in the fall. Then for some bizarre reason he still can't explain, he cut class one wind-up day of summer school at CCNY—and wandered over to Broadway. Just for a lark, Cory told himself, he'd stroll into the agents' offices and see if there were any acting jobs.

Two men sat in the office. The first looked up at the familiar sight—a good-looking, obviously hopeful young actor standing before him with the age-old question in his eyes. He growled,

"Nothing today, Bud. Goodbye now."

Cory Wilde smiled. It was brutal, bu somehow it was familiar and somethin inside him responded—even to a kick i the pants like this. "Okay," he turned t leave. Then he heard another voice.

"Wait a minute! Hey, Bud—can you d an Italian accent?"

Cornel smiled again—and nodded.

"It's a gigolo—see? The play's castin now for tryout in the sticks. No road t riches, but—well, are you interested?"

Cornel should have laughed right ou loud by all rights. He should even tal about a bit part in a shoestring straw ha circuit play that would probably never ge within shouting distance of Broadway! H had other serious, worthy matters on h mind. He was going on to medical scho to be a great doctor.

make up yer mind, bub . . .

Or was he?

Well, he was a cinch for a Columb M.D. with the prize start he had. Acting he had flopped at it.

"Okay, Bud, okay—snap out of it. Wha the answer? Want the part—yes or no?"

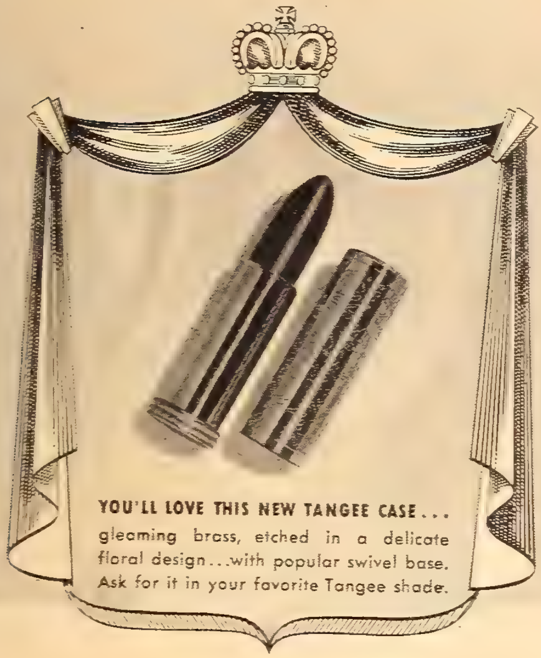
Cornel grinned slowly. Something li a warm wave seemed to pass over him a he went down and down. Four years mo grinding day and night on medicine, br liant prospects or not, seemed like a lo barren, uninteresting road. He knew was crazy, but he knew also he would an actor now or else. He stretched lazi

"Sure," he answered. "Sure I do."

(Cornel Wilde's life story will be co cluded in our December issue.)

New Queen of the Reds

Red Majesty



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gleaming brass, etched in a delicate floral design . . . with popular swivel base. Ask for it in your favorite Tangee shade.

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"Stunning!"

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"Exquisite!"

MRS. GARY COOPER

"Dazzling!"

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Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

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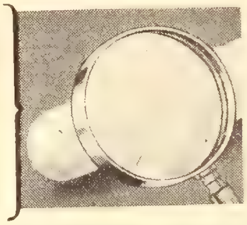
FIBS have rounded ends

FOR EASY INSERTION

See those smooth, gently rounded ends—they tell you insertion can be really easy with FIBS. And the first time you use FIBS* tampons, you'll discover how true this is.



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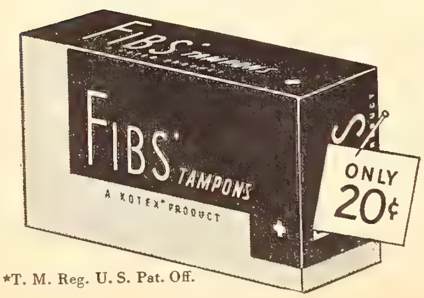
FOR COMFORT, FOR SAFETY

There's comfort in "quilting." It controls expansion . . . keeps FIBS from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

FIB'S quilting is a *safety* feature, too. Because quilting helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues . . . a FIBS safeguard women always appreciate.

Next time switch to FIBS



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 16*)

duplication at the moment is "I Guess I'll Get The Papers And Go Home." If another one by *that* title comes along, I guess I'll just stop getting the papers altogether.

I GUESS I EXPECTED TOO MUCH—Harry James (Columbia), Dolores O'Neil (Cosmo)—The Cosmo recording of this tune marks the re-emergence of Dolores O'Neil, a very popular vocalist of a few years back. She used to work with Bob Chester, and she also appeared regularly on the Basin Street show. She married Alec Fila, the trumpet player, and went to live in Philadelphia (yep, Philadelphia again) and had four handsome children, and now she's gone back to work. As for Alec, he's playing with Elliot Lawrence (yep, Elliot Lawrence again).

RUMORS ARE FLYING—Betty Rhodes (Victor), Saxie Dowell (Sonora)—There's one big thing the matter with Betty Rhodes' version of this number, and that is that you can't see Betty Rhodes. She's the most beautiful girl making records at the moment (not counting movie stars who make records, although she can hold her own with them too) and you really ought to listen to her discs with a big picture right in front of you. "Rumors Are Flying" and the number on the other side, "How Could I?" were both written by the authors of "Oh, What It Seemed To Be," and I'll stick my neck out and say that by the time you read this, they'll be on the Hit Parade. If they're not, you have my permission to write nasty letters. To Al and Henry.

WHICH WAY DID MY HEART GO?—Teddy Walters (Musicraft)—I've talked about Teddy Walters before. He's the boy who's sung with Tommy Dorsey's band, and Jimmy Dorsey's band, although originally, he was a great guitarist. I'm glad that on his new Musicraft releases, he's doing a little playing as well as singing. Incidentally, record labels are getting sillier. Teddy's listed now as Teddy Walters, His Voice and His Guitar. And the other day, I got a new record with the label to end them all. It read, "Claude Lakey, His Saxophone, His Trumpet, and His All-Veteran Orchestra!"

BEST HOT JAZZ

ROSE ROOM—Benny Carter (De Luxe)—Any time Benny wants to, he can bill himself as Benny Carter, His Compositions, His Arrangements, His Saxophone, His Clarinet, His Trumpet, His Mutes (a fine assortment) and His All-Star Orchestra. He's really a genius, and plays everything wonderfully. His big all-star band for "Rose Room" (the other side is "Digga Digga Do") includes Flip Phillips, Don Byas, J. C. Heard and Emmett Berry. The fellows turned out the records at a four to eight a.m. session.

GONE AWAY BLUES—Mezz Mezzrow (King Jazz)—Mezz Mezzrow, at forty-seven, is one of the most fabulous characters of the century. He's played the clarinet for years, off and on. He likes old-fashioned, simple blues, and hates bebop music. (He's what some musicians call a moldy fig.) Although he doesn't claim to be a great musician himself, he's made records with the great ones—Fats Waller, Benny Carter, etc.—and he's been more of an influence on jazz than a jazz artist. He's been a sort of general hanger-on and personality. Now he's written a book for Random House (he collaborated on it with Bernard Wolfe) and it's one of the most fascinating jazz histories I've ever read. Interwoven with Mezz' personal experiences are the stories of the musicians he's known, and he's known them all. The book's called "Really The Blues" (the name of a Victor Record Mezz made in 1938) and it ought to make him some money, too.

TENOR SAX ALBUM—Ike Quebec (Blue Note); TENOR SAX ALBUM—Volume III (Savoy)—Suddenly, everybody wants tenor sax records. Suddenly the tenor sax is the fashionable instrument, and suddenly Ike Quebec, the very able sax player with Mr. Calloway, has a whole album out under his own name. Not only that, but the Savoy people have put out a tenor sax album in which Ike appears too. Other tenor saxes featured on the Savoy records are Vido Musso from Stan Kenton's band, Charlie Ventura, who was with the Gene Krupa trio, and Allen Eager, who sounds more like Lester Young than Lester Young. And what I want to know is, whatever happened to the clarinet? Nobody puts out an album of clarinet music. Hardly any of the big bands feature clarinets.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

NIGHT AND DAY—Cole Porter Album: Artie Shaw (Musicraft); Title Song: Claude Thornhill (Columbia); Selections from Rosalie: Frankie Carle (Decca); I've Got You Under My Skin: Lee Wiley (Decca)—I bumped into Lee Wiley the other day. She was walking down the street with her husband, Jess Stacy, the band leader, and I asked them what they were doing. They said they were playing at this place out in Jersey, and I asked Lee if she'd made any records lately. "No," she said, "but I've heard that a re-issue of an old 12-inch Cole Porter number I did is going fine." She couldn't even remember what tune it was, but she did remember how she came to make it. Victor Young had asked her to, and she wasn't especially keen on the deal, and then the morning of the waxing, she didn't show, and Decca called up and asked howcome, and she got herself over there finally, and made the record. Then she forgot about it. Louis Armstrong met her a couple of years later, and told her

ARE YOU TOO BEAUTIFUL?

Of course, if you're *too* beautiful, we don't presume to be able to help you. But—if you can stand some improvement (and who can't?), turn to the Super Coupon (page 24) and find the chart that solves your particular problem. Under 18 and graceful like a kangaroo? "Glamor For the Teens" is your meat. Straggly, mousy hair? Try "Hair Dos and Don'ts." Clumsy with your rouge? "How To Use Makeup" will have you patting it on like Elizabeth Arden in a matter of minutes. Just check, clip, mail—and all this priceless know-how will be your own private bag of glamor tricks.

Solid... you said it!

BENNY GOODMAN
AND TODAY'S TOP POPULAR STARS
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Columbia Records

Benny Goodman wows 'em on the dance floor . . . he wows 'em in the concert hall—with his full band, with his sextet, or with his solo virtuosity. There's nobody else in all the world who plays the clarinet or leads a band like our "BG." "BG" records exclusively on Columbia Records . . . as do these other stars who stand alone in their fields of popular music . . . Frank Sinatra, Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Frankie Carle, Count Basie, Kay Kyser, Tommy Tucker, Elliot Lawrence, The Charioteers . . . Why do the top stars choose Columbia? Just listen to the perfection with which the unique Columbia "laminated" record reproduces 'em! Listen, for example, to the sensational Benny Goodman "Sextet Session" album and see why "BG" chooses Columbia . . . and why Columbia's the choice for you, too!

"GOODMAN SEXTET SESSION"
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MARROW'S
Mar-o-All Creme
Shampoo
CONTAINS MAR-O-OIL

Mar-o-All Creme Shampoo comes to you from the makers of famous Mar-o-Oil, the *Original Oil Shampoo*. Mar-o-All Creme Shampoo contains genuine beneficial Mar-o-Oil. It cleanses quickly and thoroughly, rinses easily—leaves your hair glamorously soft, full of life, and easy to manage. Get a big, economical jar of Mar-o-All Creme Shampoo today. You'll like it.

In 25¢ and 75¢ Sizes, at Drug, Department, and Ten-cent Stores

Beth Farrell, dancing star says, *"Mar-o-All is the Creme Shampoo I've been waiting for"*

he knew her from that record, and she could hardly believe it. She still couldn't remember the name of it the other day, when I left her and Jess. It was, ridiculously enough, "I've Got You Under My Skin," and it's selling like mad right now.

More "Night and Day" stuff: Claude Thornhill recorded the song "Night and Day" in 1942, before he went into Artie Shaw's Navy band, but it was never released before now. Columbia has some records out by Thornhill's new band, too. "Under the Willow Tree," is one, and features Bob Walter on clarinet.

THRILL OF BRAZIL—A Man Is a Brother To a Mule: Andrews Sisters & Eddie Heywood (Decca)—Here's a song all about resemblances between the species male and the species mule. It's recommended for women only, since they will probably sympathize with the lyrics. Men will undoubtedly boycott it, as they should. So, till next month, this is Leonard Feather, His Column, and His Goodbye.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

BEGIN THE BEGUINE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY, MY BABY—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Tex Beneke (Victor)

FIVE MINUTES MORE—Skitch Henderson (Capitol), Phil Brito (Musicraft)

I GUESS I EXPECTED TOO MUCH—Harry James (Columbia), Dolores O'Neil (Cosmo)

I GUESS I'LL GET THE PAPERS AND GO HOME—Mills Brothers (Decca), Les Brown (Columbia), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Ray Herbeck (Four Star)

MAKIN' WHOOPEE—Tony Pastor (Cosmo)

RUMORS ARE FLYING — Betty Rhodes (Victor), Saxie Dowell (Sonora)

THE WAY THAT THE WIND BLOWS—Gordon MacRae (Musicraft), Dinah Shore (Columbia)

WHICH WAY DID MY HEART GO?—Teddy Walters (Musicraft)

YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Bobby Byrne (Cosmo)

BEST HOT JAZZ

LES BROWN—High On a Windy Trumpet (Columbia)

BENNY CARTER—Rose Room (De Luxe)

KING COLE TRIO—Album Number Two (Capitol)

DIZZY GILLESPIE — Oop Bop Sh' Bam (Musicraft)

WOODY HERMAN—Blowin' Up a Storm (Columbia)

MEZZ MEZZROW — Gone Away Blues (King Jazz)

IKE QUEBEC—Tenor Sax Album (Blue Note)

TEMPO JAZZMEN—When I Grow Too Old To Dream (Dial)

TENOR SAX ALBUM—Volume III (Savoy)

MARY LOU WILLIAMS — Sings of the Zodiac (two albums) (Stinson-Asch)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BLUE SKIES — Irving Berlin melodies: Wayne King (Victor)

CANYON PASSAGE—Ole Buttermilk Sky: Kay Kyser (Columbia)

CROSS MY HEART—That Little Dream Got Nowhere: Bing Crosby and Eddie Heywood (Decca), Dinah Shore (Columbia), Phil Brito (Musicraft)

EASY TO WED—Continental Polka: Henri Rene (Victor)

IF I'M LUCKY—One More Vote: If I'm Lucky: Perry Como (Victor)

NIGHT AND DAY—Cole Porter Album: Artie Shaw (Musicraft); Title Song: Claude Thornhill (Columbia); Selections from Rosalie: Frankie Carle (Decca); I've Got You Under My Skin: Lee Wiley (Decca)

TALK ABOUT A LADY—I Never Had a Dream Come True: The Ink Spots (Decca)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—I Like Mike: Helen Forrest (Decca); Somewhere In The Night: Helen Forrest (Decca); Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

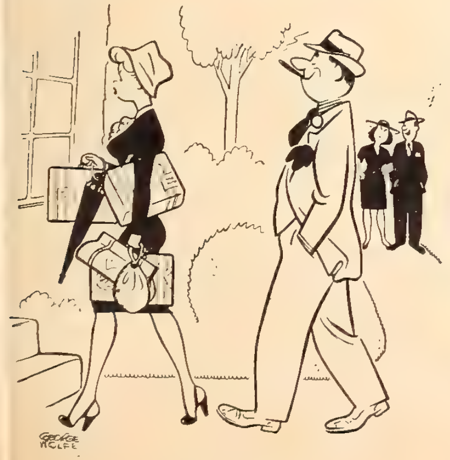
THRILL OF BRAZIL—A Man Is a Brother to a Mule: Andrews Sisters and Eddie Heywood (Decca)

"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 41*)

to shoot. Eighteen months were spent in research and preparation before the picture started . . . Although it was his first picture since his discharge from the Marine Corps, Tyrone Power stepped in front of the cameras for the first time in over three years without a trace of jitters . . . Anne Baxter delayed her marriage to John Hodiak a month, waiting the finish of the film, and during that time looked like anything but a bride. She played a dipsomaniac, and went around the studio with no makeup and stringy hair . . . To replace Tyrone's dogs, which had dwindled away during the war, Gene Tierney presented him with a white German shepherd dog which was named Olaf. Olaf spent his days on the set, in company with Butch, Gene's own shepherd. When a dog was required in a scene, director Edmund Goulding suggested using Butch, knowing how well Gene had trained him. But the plan didn't work. Butch was required to bark, and for five years spent on sets with Gene, each time he made the smallest noise, he was tied outside the sound stage. So the scene was set, and Butch walked into camera range, but he wouldn't let go with even a grunt . . . John Payne had his personal worries while working in the picture. Gloria DeHaven suffered an attack of penicillin poisoning, and John had to rush her to the hospital. Then again, there were the pop bottles. Living in a house on the beach, John was in constant fear of the neighborhood kids, who tossed pop bottles through his windows at every opportunity . . . Just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, Clifton Webb left the hospital to play his part in the film, wherein he dies. The death scene took three days to film, and Webb claimed that the studio paid him a bonus to leave his hospital bed, go to Fox and die properly for the cameras . . . Gene Tierney and Ty Power were ribbed unmercifully by the cast and crew when a canvas on the set became ignited during one of their love scenes . . . The prop man had to invent a special trick cigar for the scene where one of a mob plunges a burning cigar into Ty Power's neck. The problem was solved by inserting a lighted cigarette into the cigar, and while smoke can be seen coming from the cigar, the end is not actually lighted.



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RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

THOSE LITTLE ORDINARY THINGS

(Continued from page 59)

room, muttering. At seven-fifteen, he called up the stairs, informing his wife that he was fast becoming too tired to go to the party. At seven-thirty, they left the house. Gloria's hair was done in a sleek and shining page boy.

"You look beautiful," John told her. "But you also looked beautiful at six-thirty when you had it just growing out of your head and hanging down the way gravity took it."

Gloria shrugged. "Men don't understand," she said.

timeless marriage . . .

This inability of Gloria's to be on time has been the only fly in the ointment of their marriage. She tries, sincerely, to correct the fault. But other than that, the Payne household runs on all cylinders. Married only three months after they met, they have been agreeably surprised in the number of ways that their tastes blend. There was the question of eggs. Gloria and John both like them done to the exact second, with a quick flip to eliminate anything tending to stay undone. The Paynes are in perfect accord when a roast is in the oven. It comes out soon and rare. Furniture must be old and mellow, colors must be bright and breezy, friends fun and informal. Bridge is out, and gin rummy is in.

The new house posed a problem which was solved in mutual satisfaction. With the addition of Kathleen Hope to the family, John's Colonial house suddenly became too small and was sold. They moved to the house on the beach, which was to be a temporary thing until they found a home they really wanted. Finding it was not easy. John immediately started working in "The Razor's Edge," which left Gloria alone to do the house hunting. When "The Razor's Edge" was finished, Gloria started work in "Summer Holiday," and John was haunting realtors in a solitary state. Nothing they saw would do, and then one day on Gloria's set Agnes Moorehead let drop a sentence that will make the Paynes happy forever after.

"There is a house," said Miss Moorehead, "next door to mine that is for sale. It's an English cottage and—"

The Paynes bought it, naturally. They both wanted an English cottage, three bedrooms and three baths and servants quarters and a den. The furnishing will be no hurdle, as they have enough already except for the den, and John has in Virginia plenty of colonial furniture to fill the den appropriately. They agree that there will be no decorator to come in and tell them what they want. Gloria is already shopping for antiques, praying while doing so that the dealer really is selling her something two hundred years old, and not a piece of soft pine that just last week was punctured with an awl to produce worm holes. John is planning a workshop to be installed in the rear of the property, where he intends to keep drills and plugs and miles of wiring and all the things people are always needing and never have.

Gloria's first purchase turned out to be a radio, approximately five inches square in size. John hooted with laughter when she brought it home.

"Does it make any noise?" he wanted to know.

"Most certainly," said an offended Mrs. Payne. She plugged it in and out poured a perfect cacophony. "Besides," she added, "I bought it for my studio dressing room."

can't get excited about anything even if he tries, while Gloria has inner earthquakes at the drop of a hat. John invariably commands the situation immediately and Gloria subsides, admiringly. They both prefer staying home in the evenings. By the time they have dinner after getting home from the studio, it is usually eight or nine o'clock (this includes getting Julie into bed), and film stars rise with the roosters when they are working.

Gloria hasn't quite yet adjusted herself to John's love of sports. She is not an athlete in any sense of the word, but living with John, who builds his life around health, has gradually taught her that people who live part of their lives outdoors are healthier for it. She nurses a great yen to be able to do the things that John does, and intends doing something about it.

She did surprise John one day at Carmel. He had decided to initiate her in golf, and steered her to one of the lovely courses sprawled out by the sea. The day was clear and crisp, and the Paynes presented a handsome couple as they approached the first tee.

"I'll go first, and you watch me," said John.

"Okay," said Gloria, leaning on her club.

He swung a mighty swing and the clubhead whished through the air, and connected with the ball, which sidled off to starboard and landed in a clump of bushes. John coughed slightly.

"Now," he said. "That's not exactly the way to do it. You hold the club this way, see? And then do this, and keep your left arm straight. But the object, which I didn't quite make, is to hit the ball straight. Understand?"

Gloria nodded and stepped up to the ball. She swung gracefully, almost too easily, John thought, and when the clubhead had completed its arc, Gloria's ball was heading straight down the fairway.

"You sure," he said, "you haven't done this before?"

Gloria smiled. "Oh, a few times, maybe."

But then Button Payne is always coming across with surprises. Like the night recently when they were getting ready to go to Walter Lang's birthday party. There was a half hour to go yet before the deadline set for Gloria had arrived, and John was nonchalantly struggling with his tie. The click of heels sounded outside his dressing room and the door burst open. He turned to face a glowering Mrs. Payne, who had obviously gone through her four hair-dos and was completely dressed.

"REALLY, John!" she said. "I've been downstairs waiting for you for fifteen minutes! What in the world are you doing?" John dropped his tie clasp, then the tie, then the collar button rolled under the bed. He looked up from the floor.

"You know," he said, "you're wonderful."

GEORGE WOLFE

"For goodness sakes—*Where* were you playing today?"

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VALIANT LADY

(Continued from page 51)

Being an only child, Dick spoke with authority, though for him the curse had been taken off by three cousins—Tom, Dick and Harry Quine—close to him in age, and highly congenial.

So they decided on a minimum of two, and probably three. If it's to be three, they'll keep the girl for last, so she can have two big brothers to boss. If there's any doubt, they'll take the girl second, to make certain they get one of each.

They got their eldest last spring. "As soon as you're strong enough," the doctor had promised Susan. "So it won't matter if you spend more time taking care of the baby than yourself—" Then they had to wait some more for the right one, because modern psychology says that a child of Latin stock, for instance, shouldn't be given to parents who are mostly Irish. When the general backgrounds and coloring blend, the kids are more likely to feel that they belong. . . .

Susan, says Dick, had her labor pains on the phone. Between calls back and forth to the home, she'd chew her nails and say, "Now let's be calm" in a wobbly voice. There was one false alarm when she heard indirectly that Mr. Right had shown up. But in response to her frantic call, they said no, not yet, and advised her in the kindest way to hold her horses. . . .

"All right, let's be calm," said Susan for the umpteenth time. "Let's not even *think* about it for a month—"

Three days later came the wire. "Your baby arrives flight so-and-so tomorrow—"

baby roué . . .

They hadn't bought a thing, hoping things would be easier to buy before the great day dawned. Susan got busy on the phone. Tommy, her masseur, rubbed a couple of sticks together and produced a miracle—1 bassinet, 1 bathinette, 1 pair of scales. Dick chased around and returned under a load of shirts and diapers—

"Two things I didn't buy—a tricycle and boxing mitts—" Susan felt his brow. "No kidding, honey. That's what my dad bought me when I was three days old—"

"And you're planning to return the compliment—?"

"No, I don't have to. I've still got mine—"

The plane was due at 11 p. m. Sid Guilaroff went along to hold the baby on the way back. Other friends came in to wait with Susan. "The minute you see him," she implored, "give me a ring and tell me what he looks like—" But at Palmdale the plane was grounded, and the passengers transferred to a bus—

It was 2:30 before the phone rang. "He's beautiful," Dick reported, "only he's got bags under the eyes from the bus ride—"

For Susan to fall in love with him at sight, he didn't need to be beautiful. He didn't need to be anything but a baby. When Dick pulled the blanket back, all she could see was long black hair and a face. Then the head turned, the eyes opened, and he stared straight up at her.

She took him into her arms. "Higgledy piggledy, our son John," she laughed softly. "One sock off and one sock on—"

They didn't call him John though. Susan wanted another Richard, but Dick said that two Richard Quines in the family were plenty. And after three years they'd given up Kim. . . .

Kim had been Dick's idea. Early in their married life, he'd sold it to Susan as a name for their eldest son. "Kim Christopher. Then we can call him Casey from his initials—"

"Why not Casey to begin with?"

"That would be too simple—"

But they never bothered to put the two names together till all of a sudden Dick said "Kim Quine" one day, and his eyes glazed. "Sounds horrible—"

"Like a kumquat," said Susan—"

In the end they settled for Tim, which wasn't too far from Kim. Timothy Quine sounded good. "Timothy Richard sounds better," said his ma, so that's what it is.

To listen to them, you'd think they were raising their fifth. One day Dick came in to find his mother feeding his son. He eyed them critically. Then he frowned. Then he said: "That's a strange way to hold a bottle—" Then he lifted bottle and baby to his own lap. "You're used to handling horses, Mom—" (she breeds 'em). "Look, here's how it's done—"

go by the book . . .

'Twas not ever thus. Those first nights, before they got a nurse, weren't too restful. Timmy slept in his bassinet between their two beds—

"Now we're not going to spoil this child," they'd tell each other sternly. "If he cries, he cries—"

The trouble was he didn't cry. "Dick. Why doesn't he cry? He's smothering!"

Dick would pile out. "Uh-uh. He's breathing nice. First in, then out—"

"D'you think you should wake him up?"

"What for?"

"Give him a chance to exercise his lungs—"

"Is that what the book says?"

She'd pick it up from the bedside table and start hunting. This theme, with variations, would be played several times a night. . . .

There was also the matter of his head. "Look, it's pointed!" cried Dick, going pale.

"That's all right, they're all pointed—"

"Ooooh, *no*, you don't talk *me* into having been a pinhead—"

"Dear, every baby's a pinhead till this thing on top closes up—"

"Dear, I've seen pictures of myself as a mere blob, and my head was round—"

He got her so scared that she called his mother. From alarm, her expression relaxed to one of perfect content. "Tell *him* that, will you, Mom?"

He picked up the phone warily. "Sonny, you should have seen yourself," said Mom. "You looked like a gourd—"

At dinner one night Susan had a partner whose approach she recognized. He was going to be oh so careful not to hurt her feelings while he prodded to find out everything he could. Finally he said: "Well, at any rate, Susan, you've kept *some*thing of your old self—"

"Yes?" she asked serenely. "What?"

"Your beautiful hair—"

That's the kind of thing that infuriates her friends, but not Susan. She just thinks

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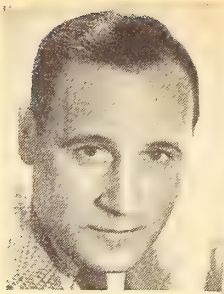

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it's silly. As a matter of fact, there's nothing of her old self that she's lost but the use of her legs. Her eyes are as clear, her head as proudly held, her face as softly molded, giving you the same sense of freshness and fragrance. Her humor rings as true, and she talks with the same direct honesty. She doesn't dwell on the subject of her disability, nor does she avoid it. Nothing distresses her more than people who knock themselves out to be tactful, or go all hushed on her as if she were a stained glass window. The fact that she can't walk doesn't make her an angel or a freak. It hasn't made her a Pollyanna either. Without Dick, things might have been very different—

In a way, it was worse for Dick. In a way, it's easier to bear your own load than that of someone you love. But they feel the same way about facing facts. Refuse to look at them, and you're sunk. Accept them, and you get the stuff to go on with. If Dick had been the type to my-poor-little-wife her, she'd have lost her mind. Okay, there are certain things she can't do for herself, she's got to be helped. But in all other respects, she wants to be treated like anyone, not like something special. That's how Dick treats her. Gets as mad as he ever did when she makes him mad, tells her off just as loud. In the course of one argument, she threw a glass of water at him, so he calmly picked the pitcher up and doused her. Another time, as he was carrying her downstairs, she started tickling him—

"Quit that, or I'll put you down—"

"*Yes,* you will," she scoffed, and tickled him some more. So he put her down and left her there till she promised to be good.

just the same, but more so . . .

He and her brother Bob are two of kind. Bob's on the quiet side, a little gruf where his feelings are concerned. They'v always been close, but never demonstrative. Susan went to the hospital recentl for minor surgery, and a friend was upse because Bob didn't come every day. Susa smiled. She knew her brother, she knew he'd come when he could, stand in th doorway—"How do you feel today? Anything you need?" If he'd changed, if he' shown any hand-holding tendencies, she' have had a fit.

She hates being fussed over. On the other hand, she's learned how truly kin people can be. Not only at first whe their emotions are stirred, but day afte ordinary day. The neighbors, for instance. When she's going out at night, they com in to see if her clothes are all right, to hel with her hair. When the living room ru was dyed, she and Dick were maroone upstairs, so one neighbor cooked a beautiful breakfast—French toast and baco and jelly and coffee—and Dick hauled up to the second floor in a basket. No will Susan forget those nights when sh couldn't sleep, and Dick would run movie to try to keep her mind off the pain. Yo could hear the sound track all over th place, and though strangers living thre blocks away complained, the folks in th court swore they'd slept like babies.

. . . And, for another instance, the studi Studios get lots of brickbats heaved them. Susan would like to redress th balance by pointing out that M-G-M ha kept her on salary from the day she wa hurt, without collecting one lick of wor in return. What they'd have done otherwise, with Dick in the service, she has n idea. Thanks to the studio, that was on problem they didn't have to face. Wh M-G-M handed them on a silver platte was financial peace of mind.

When she started feeling better, th thought of doing nothing drove her nut Now she's doing lots of things that the said at first she couldn't do—all of the ore fun than sitting round feeling sorry or yourself. At Malibu she went fishing ith the boys off the end of the pier, aught just as many tired old mackerel as hey did and made just as big a splash hen she threw them back in. If swimmings out, at least she can sit by the ater's edge and kibitz—and if she can't ance, she can still enjoy the music and oorshow and gaiety of a nightclub. . . .

She can work. Her last broadcast was Dark Victory" on the Encore Theater, and looks as though her radio jobs would be mited only by doctors' orders. She can ook—though with Dick around, she's always played second fiddle in that departent. He's the master—no mere steaknd-chop man, but a chef of parts who xperiments and uses leftovers, and trusts er with stuff like pies and pancakes.

Driving's a cinch now. She's got one of hose new Fords, made specially for vets ith spinal injuries, where everything's orked by a single lever. When Dick came ome from New York, she surprised him y driving to the airport to meet him. He lmost caved in. Now he pays her compliments. "You're a better driver than hen you used your feet. Less like Barney ldfield—" They got so cocky that they verstepped a bit. Dreamed up an idea for saddle fitted with leather to lace up usan's legs, so she could ride again—

hief chef . . .

Bob put a stop to that. "Suppose the orse stumbled, and she couldn't get oose—"

"Well," said Susan, "it was nice while lasted—"

Dick's just finished "Cockeyed Miracle," is first picture for M-G-M since leaving he service. Till he starts working again, he day's routine opens with breakfast by uine. That's their first bone of contenon. For Susan he produces some masteriece like baked eggs or fried hotcakes nd bacon. For himself, he eats nothing nless it's a dish of ice cream under the aircase. Dick's a solitary ice cream-eater -partly because he swallows it by the allon, which embarrasses him—partly to eep from being heckled. When Susan eckles him, he calls her Bridget. In realiation, she calls him Ichabod. Any diference of opinion comes under the head f heckling—

Right now there's a difference of opinion bout his moustache.

"I wish they'd put you back to work, you'd have to shave that thing off—"

"More respect, woman. All the Quine en wear moustaches—"

"It's so blonde you can't see it anyway—"

"Where's your mascara?—we'll touch it p—"

"Okay, but next time you go out, buy me moustache cup. I can't kiss you without omething to hold that handlebar up—"

From 10 to 11:30 Susan gets the baby herself. Not quite to herself, because he dog, Thunder's, there too, but Thunder retends a lofty indifference to Timothy. ccasionally he'll hoist himself to his feet, mble over, cast an Olympian glance at the bject on the rug, and go back where he ame from. To regard Tim as serious cometition is beneath his dignity. It's all ght with him if you play with the baby— ast as long as you remember to pet Thuner at the same time.

Once or twice a week they go out to inner or a nightclub. Friends drop in ften—the Charlie Bickfords, the Jackie oopers, Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks, esar Romero, Lucille and Desi Arnaz, a ouple of Quines. Susan's crazy about all he Quines. They've got a marvelous cook ow who doesn't care how many guests hey have to dinner. In a cook, they feel nice nature is just as important as ulinary skill. Maybe more important.

Rita rode off on a spirited horse

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Home alone evenings, they listen to music or play cards. Dick refuses to play for less than ten cents a point. Susan has a nickel limit. This argument goes into endless ramifications and waxes as hot as if either ever paid off. Someone sings a catchy tune on the radio, and Dick whistles along—

"Teach it to me, dear, we've got the rest of the night—"

That's a joke, son. All her life Susan's yearned to be able to sing or dance or play the piano—just one. The piano's beyond her. In the old days she'd say, "Honey, will you teach me a little dance routine?" and it took her six months to learn six steps—

sunlight marriage . . .

"I've got two left feet," says Susan, "or did have. Now I've got four—"

As for singing—"It's not that she can't carry a tune," Dick explains, "but unless you stay right with her, she starts thinking about the rug she's making, and all of a sudden she's in a different key—"

He's collecting stills of the houses built for "Christmas in Connecticut" and "Where Ladies Meet." With these spread out before them, he tells Susan exactly what their own house is going to look like. . . .

It'll be a rambling New England farmhouse, but they'll have to wait for it. Because, the way things are now, they couldn't afford to let it ramble more than two rooms. It'll be one story, because Susan's so tired of stairs. And it'll be in Bel-Air, full of sweet air and sunlight, surrounded by the rest of the Quines, with all the children growing up together. Cousin Tom doesn't have any yet, but the other Dick has two and Harry's rich with three—

There's plenty of sunlight at the Quines right now—courage and health of mind and unforced laughter—

"Of course I have my moods," says Susan, "but who doesn't have them, good legs or bad? Mine often come for what may seem silly reasons—when I'm lying down, for instance, and my book or cigarettes are out of reach.

"Of course we'll miss things. Dick and I wanted to travel. We'll still travel, but some of it'll be a hardship instead of fun Then, I'd always dreamed of teaching my kids to ride. I can't do that now. But maybe there'll be something else I can teach them instead—"

Yeah, honey, if you don't mind a voice from the blue. Teach 'em to take after their folks, and that's all they'll need.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently, several stars were scheduled to appear at the military hospital where I am employed. The stars were to have lunch in the mess hall at a given time, and we civilian employees who were fortunate enough to have a rest period at that time were hovering around the mess entrance, eager for a close-up of the celebrities. A soldier on crutches was standing at the edge of the crowd, patiently awaiting the appearance of his idol. "Gee," he remarked worriedly, to a pretty, dark girl standing nearby, "Dottie Lamour is supposed to be here, but she hasn't shown up yet." "Well," the girl twinkled, "she has now."

"You're Miss Lamour," the embarrassed soldier stammered, looking as though he wanted to pass out—and he almost did! Charlene McCarroll
Penryn, Calif.

"HE'S CRAZY, BUT I LOVE HIM"

(*Continued from page 63*)

me when I'm sore at him. He's got to watch his weight. He'll work like a dog to get out of working round the house. He leaves the bathroom a mess, and he'll wade kneedeep through haberdashery before he'll pick up so much as a shoelace. You know the story of the kid who met a bear in the backyard, only it was a stray dog all the time? That was Bernie. With Bernie, everything's a bear. He's been known to hang on to a grudge, and when I call him on that, he disarms me by saying, "I won't take any guff from anybody but you—" No matter what he spends on clothes, he always looks like a bum, and I just gave away his last pair of striped socks. For the last five years, he's been singing me the same little love song eight bars long, but to keep it from getting monotonous, he adds verses. He's got a fast eye for neat figures and a pair of trim legs. When he stops noticing those, then I'll really start fretting. Sometimes I look at him, and wonder what the screaming's all about. Other times it hits me. Handsome he ain't, but he's *alive*. . . .

He's younger now than when I first knew him. That was a funny combination, Texas and Brooklyn, and as far as the eye could reach, not a bond between 'em—

He was rehearsing for the roadshow of "Stage Door." A friend of mine in the show had this grand pash on him, but made the mistake of introducing us. I couldn't figure him at all. By my books, if a guy kept asking for dates, he also made some slight effort to be smooth or charming or interested or interesting. Not Bernie. Bernie was dark and dour and frantically serious, and when he proposed marriage some six weeks later, you'd have thought from his face he was tolling his funeral knell. Poor darling had never been in love except with the theater before!

But it was now or never (that's what *he* thought) because I was going back to my designing job in California. If you'd asked me then, I'd have said never. The gent was attractive in a somber way, but not my type. One of these dominating do-it-my-way-or-you're-a-dead-pigeon characters. I'm no Sweet Alice myself, and I didn't propose to take on any Ben Bolts. Still, there was something endearing about him, though at the time I couldn't have said what it was, he clamped the lid on so tight. Anyway, I pulled the big sister act, but kept the door open. "In six weeks," I said, "nobody knows *what* he wants—"

tough hide, tender heart . . .

Then came his letters. I don't say *all* the defenses came down right away, but at least he gave me a peek behind the bars—enough to make me realize that I'd figured him wrong, and that he *could* be cream masquerading as skim milk.

Another year, and I was back in New York. I knew by then what his young life had been like, why his nerves were tied up in knots, why he didn't laugh easy. What's more, I was falling in love. It worked two ways. The surer he grew of me, the more he relaxed. The barriers he'd thrown up against being hurt caved in—for me, anyway. Having made up my mind to marry some unmoody guy who'd coddle *my* moods, one day I found myself marrying Bernie. We sneaked up to Mount Vernon on a trolley, and celebrated by seeing a play from the second row. I forget what the play was. For a year we lived across the street from the Modern Museum in a tiny apartment with a radio, some nice prints, four thousand books (his) and a piano (mine). I look back on that apartment with great nostalgia.

Once he looked me in the eye and said: "I don't care about animals—"

I said: "Since you've never owned one, how do you know—?"

He smiled like a kind uncle. "It just happens I'm a guy that doesn't react to dumb beasts."

So we got our kitten for purely practical purposes, and named her Max before we discovered her gender. She turned out to be death on moths, but let a mouse show the tip of his whiskers and she'd run for her life, and I'll give you three guesses about where she ran to. Sure, sure, straight to the guy who couldn't react to dumb beasts. Lay purring in his lap while he stroked and crooned, and never even had the grace to look sheepish. When she got sick and couldn't be cured, he gritted his teeth and took her to the place himself, to see for himself that she was put away gently. Then he came home, washed out her two little bowls, stuck them in a box, carried them out to the storeroom, and showed up at dinner time with a fine case of pinkeye.

Now we've got a Great Dane. Some friends gave her to us, and a blanket along

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with her. She sleeps in Bernie's room, and it'll be so hot you can't breathe, but she still won't go to sleep till he covers her up. Every night they go through this silly routine. The dog stretches out, Bernie spreads the blanket over her, she throws the darn thing off.

please, no housework! . . .

My husband loves acting and sports. Anything else is ten years at hard labor. The paint had to be stripped from our house, we couldn't get anyone to do it, and I saw no reason why we shouldn't do it ourselves. Bernie'd just finished "That Way with Women," his first starring picture—I swore I'd drag that in if it killed me—and didn't have anything special on his mind. Every day he was going to start next minute. Thinking to shame him, I finally started alone. He thought that was wonderful. Boy, was he proud of me! I couldn't decide whether to blow my top or laugh my head off.

One day I asked him to buy a pickaxe to break out some earth, so we could level it off. Later, I came on his shopping list somewhere. The item heading it, so help me, was "1 very lightweight pickaxe." Also he's got a bottomless thirst for thanks. Say it's his job to water the ivy every other day. Dawns the fateful morning, and my husband appears, looking noble. "Is this the day for the ivy?"

I say, "Yes, dear," thinking how sweet of him to remember.

"Where's the basket?" Still grateful, I go looking for it. "Shall I use the bucket or the hose? Do you soak it good or just kind of sprinkle it? Hey, Red, this hose leaks." By the time I get through telling him what a great kid he is, I could water the ivy twice myself.

He does help me clean house though, and here's how it came about. First, I'd better explain that I'm one of those cranks who'd rather do my own housework than nag a maid to do it my way. And that Bernie's a rabid fight fan and likes to have me along. One night I said no, I'd been cleaning house all day and was pooped.

"Aw, honey, such a little house! How can that tire you out?"

About to do a slow burn, I reversed my tactics. "Let's make a deal. You help me with the house next time, and I'll go to the fights with you."

It worked. I taught him to use the vac, and together we got the job done in two hours and a half. At first it embarrassed him to be caught in the act, but he's nonchalant now. "Out of my way, boy, I got work to do—" Then he sprawls in a chair and beams at his handiwork.

He'll eat anything he can break with his bare hands. To me, food is something you sustain life with. I can cook after a fashion, but loathe it. He thinks he's good and, being no fool, I encourage him. His specialty's leftover omelet—eight eggs garnished with whatever's in the icebox.

Bernie's a lean and muscular guy, so every extra pound shows up where it shouldn't. Therefore he should avoid sweets and nibbling between meals and eating late at night—all cherished habits.

When he's overweight, I lacerate him by calling him Chubby. When he's nice and thin, I call him Mouseface. When poundage doesn't enter, I call him Hon, varied by Honya. From a Texas gal, he thinks Honya is fonya. He calls me Red or Chopper. Chopper's gangster slang for machine gun. In New York before we were married, he'd been having a tough time getting jobs, but wouldn't try radio. Radio was a mishmash and a bastard profession and he'd be a soandso thisandthat before he'd soil the hem of his Art with radio. I finally tore off a few words about people who sat around Walgreen's, telling the world what great actors they were. Instead of swinging back, as I'd expected, he heard me through. "You can sure mow me down," he said when I'd finished, and it's been Chopper ever since.

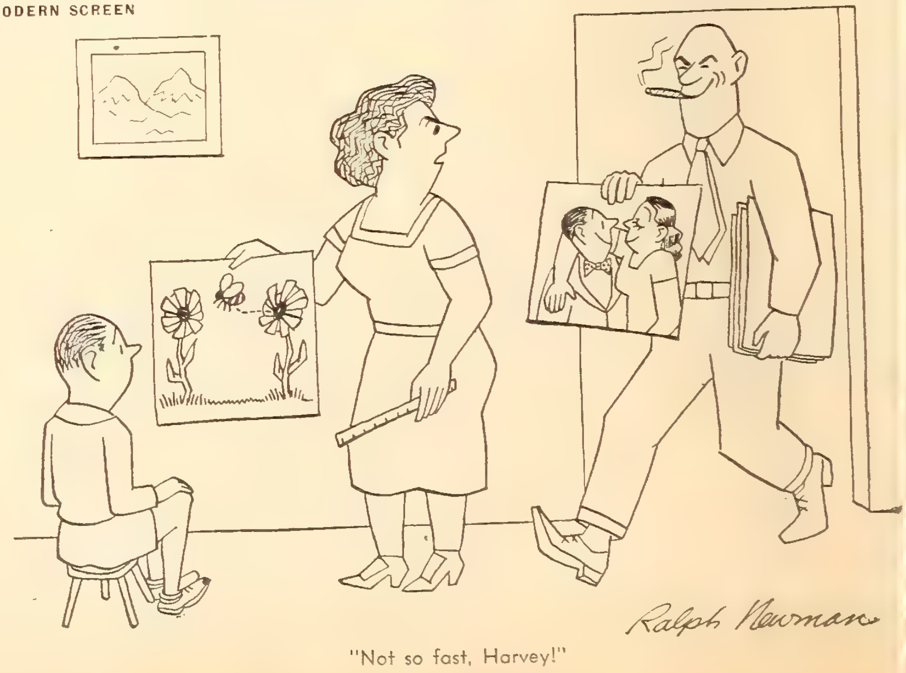
no greater love . . .

More to the point, he took himself over to radio and did very well. Then we came out here and he started again from scratch. I don't think I've ever admired my husband more than during that period. In order not to have to borrow money, he went on Mary Astor's Showcase, where you had to stand with a placard over your head while the audience applauded. Whoever got the most applause came back the next week. He went back for eight weeks at thirteen bucks a throw. I know he died five slow deaths every time that placard went over his head as if he'd been a prize porker, but he stuck it out. For my money that took guts.

Neither of us really believed it when Warners signed him, it was much too fabulous. Dozens of times he'd been told

(*Continued on page 121*)

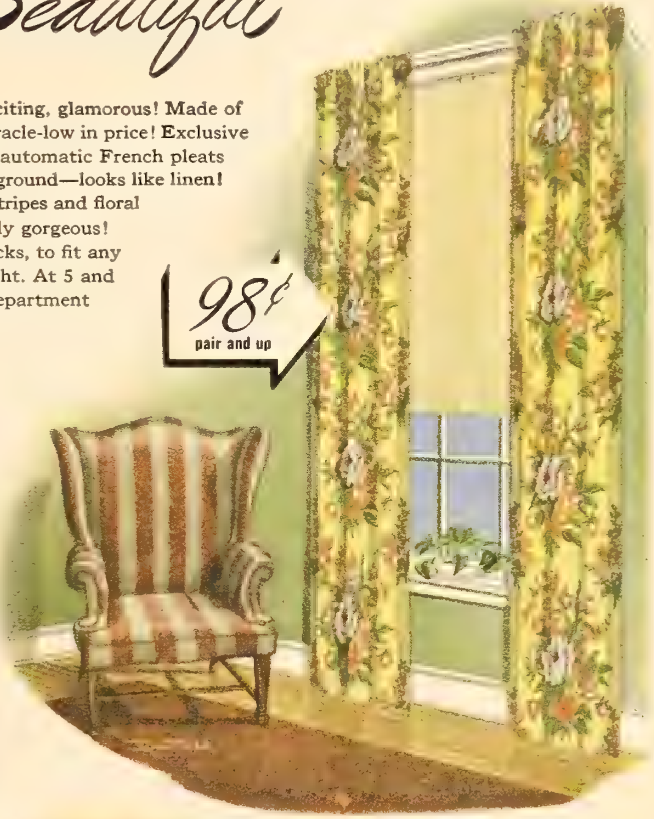
MODERN SCREEN



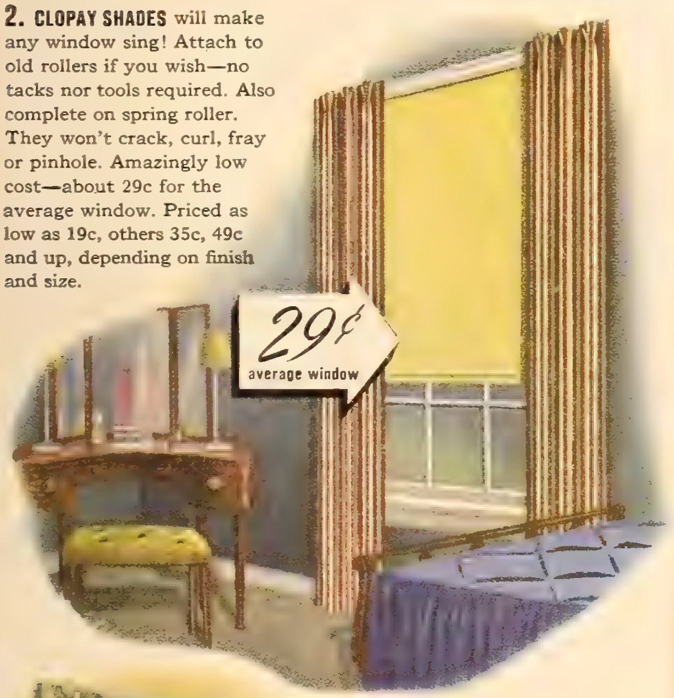
"Not so fast, Harvey!"

4 thrifty ways to make your windows Beautiful

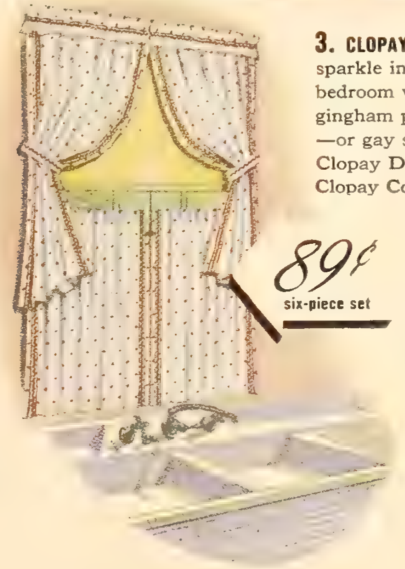
1. CLOPAY DRAPES are new, exciting, glamorous! Made of plasticized cellulose, they're miracle-low in price! Exclusive features are: Reinforced edges, automatic French pleats and Lintoned fabric-effect background—looks like linen! Gay, dashing designs: colorful stripes and floral patterns—rich-looking and really gorgeous! Complete with matching tie-backs, to fit any window up to 2⅔ yards in height. At 5 and 10c stores, neighborhood and department stores—as low as 98c per pair.



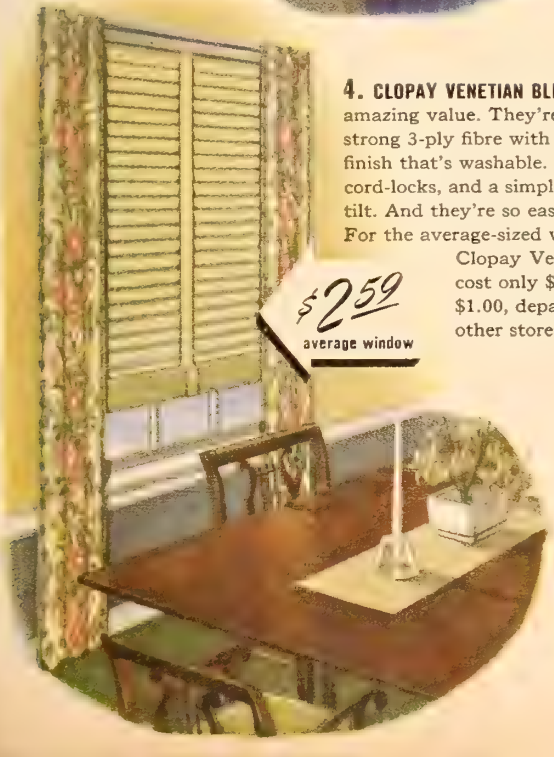
2. CLOPAY SHADES will make any window sing! Attach to old rollers if you wish—no tacks nor tools required. Also complete on spring roller. They won't crack, curl, fray or pinhole. Amazingly low cost—about 29c for the average window. Priced as low as 19c, others 35c, 49c and up, depending on finish and size.



3. CLOPAY COTTAGE SETS put sparkle into your kitchen, bath or bedroom windows! In fetching gingham patterns—or polka-dots—or gay strawberry design. Like Clopay Drapes, these 6-piece Clopay Cottage Sets are made from strong, plasticized cellulose. You've never seen anything quite so charming. Not yet available everywhere, but try your 5 and 10c store, neighborhood or department store. Only 89c for a set of six pieces—two tops, two sash panels, two tie-backs.



4. CLOPAY VENETIAN BLINDS are an amazing value. They're made of strong 3-ply fibre with a painted finish that's washable. Automatic cord-locks, and a simple, easy-action tilt. And they're so easy to install! For the average-sized window Clopay Venetian Blinds cost only $2.59—at 5c-$1.00, department and other stores.



CLOPAY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Beautiful windows at low cost!

Now available at leading 5 and 10c stores, 5c to $1.00 stores; department, variety, neighborhood and general merchandise stores.

Prices necessarily subject to change without notice.

He's Helpless
in your hands
with the New Hinds
faster
soothing
lanolin-enriched
Hinds
Honey & Almond
Fragrance
cream
NET CONTENT

FOR EVER . . . EVER . . . EVER . . .
You'll hold him with your hands—ravishing, *lovely* hands that use the beauty-bringing NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—*instantly* make them feel smoother . . . lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic—because of this special *softening* ingredient your skin *eagerly* takes in. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects *longer* against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1.00 plus tax

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

KIRK DOUGLAS, who scored in "Strange Love of Martha Ivers," was born in Amsterdam, N. Y., on Dec. 9, 1916. He is 6' tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has green eyes and blonde hair. Is married to Diana Dill, and has one child. Write to him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, California.

Lovely CYD CHARISSE was born in Amarillo, Texas, in 1921. She is 5' 5½", 115 lbs. in weight, and has brown eyes and hair. Is married and has one child. Excels in the ballet. Her latest picture is "Three Wise Fools," and she can be reached at M-G-M.

HANK DANIELS came to your attention as Gavin in "The Green Years," and as Sam in "In Old Sacramento." He hails from Plainfield, N. J., where he was born Jan. 27. He stands 6' in height, and weighs 170 lbs. Has blonde hair and green eyes. Is unmarried. Mary Thompson, Ocean Drive, Bandon, Oregon, has his fan club.

Ada Epstein, Elmira: Richard Benedict was Bernay; Richard Webb, Parker; and Gloria Sauders, Sparky in "O.S.S." All at Paramount. George Zoritch was the male dancer in the "Begin the Beguine" number of "Night and Day." Milada Mladva was his partner. Tom D'Andrea was Tommy, and Dorothy Malone played Nancy in that pic. Tito Reynaldo was the prince in "Anna and the King of Siam."

Jo Taylor, Ohio: Linda Mujer, El Lobo, And Dreams Remain, Someone to Love, Say it Over Again, Les Filles De Cadiz, Ava Maria, Italian Street Song, and The Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto were the numbers featured in "Holiday in Mexico."

Dolly A., Mass.: Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Shirley Frohlich, Fan Club Director, MODERN SCREEN (see address below) for instructions on starting a fan club. Dorothy Fling, 4961 Rubican Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., has Jimmy Stewart's Club . . . Amena Peacock, Rt. 5, Box 287 H, Tampa 4, Florida, has Vincent Price's, and Gloria Pettit, 472 Gramatan Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has Bob Alda's.

Be back next month . . . but in the meantime how about those questions you've been storing up! Send them, and a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

(Continued from page 118)

"You're off the beat in appearance, you're not the movie type, your voice is fuzzy—" I loved his fuzzy voice, I'd always thought it an asset, but I wasn't a studio. When things started popping, I was in Texas where I'd been called by my father's death. By the time I got back, Bernie was Dane Clark with a black-and-white contract and a case of arrested hypertension.

The first thing we did was sign a three-year lease on a fleabag in the Valley. Houses were hard to get, and on an April day this one looked charming. The trouble was, little creatures shared our fondness for it. We were wakened out of our first night's slumber by what sounded like a terrific soccer game. "Country noises," said Bernie, the kid from Brooklyn. Getting up to make the coffee next morning—he always makes the coffee because he thinks mine stinks and he's right—he looked around for the doughnuts he'd brought in the night before. No sign of a doughnut, no bag, nothing. Just a gnarled, motheaten cabbage on the kitchen floor. The sound that came from his throat I could hear in my bedroom, and by the time I arrived, he was past speech. I couldn't help giggling, him and his country noises. . . .

"Trade rats," I told him. "Cabbages for doughnuts—"

he birds and the bees . . .

Well, neither would I have elected to hare my home with field rats but, stuck vith a lease, what could we do? The next risis came when we got home late one ight and found the living room occupied y bees. Their hives were in the wall, but ur landlady had thoughtfully hung a picure over the hole, and everything would ave been fine except that the picture had allen while we were out—

"Bees," said Bernie, "I am not familiar ith at all. Let's go to a hotel—"

"If you don't fight a bee, he won't fight ou—"

"That's in Texas. In California maybe ney've got different rules—"

"We'll have to build a smudge pot—"

"What for?"

"To get 'em drunk—"

With garden gloves on my hands and a wel over my mouth, I was too busy for while to pay much attention to Bernie, it never have I been closer to hysteria an when he next crossed my line of vion, holding a tea strainer over his nose ith one hand and stalking bees with a fly vatter in the other. . . .

It was six o'clock before we picked up e last bee, and tacked a cardboard over e hole in the wall. Bernie was real eased with himself. I was pleased with m, too. Now that he'd been initiated, I ped we'd have no more trouble with ld life. But I was wrong. One day a rmless little snake slithered in to steal ax's food, and my hero jumped thirty et into the air. "It's either the snake or ," he said, so I killed the snake.

We've got our own place now—three rgeous wonderful acres in the Riviera tion above the fog. I've been thoroughly fish about it and Bernie's been a darg. He's much more gregarious than I , loves being with people. But me, there times when for two or three weeks at tretch, I don't want to see people at all. rnie understands and indulges me and nink that's pretty wonderful.

Our house is small, and some day we're ng to build one. Meantime we dote on The living room's warm and comfort-e with vivid colors—the kind you don't nt to get out of, once you're in. Bernie's ponsible for its charm. His taste is per- The one flaw I ever detected in it o do with striped socks and sweaters, I suspect it was a planned eccentricity.

"Follow Me"
(SUIVEZ-MOI)

Ever been knee-deep in wolves? Use Varva's inviting fragrance Follow Me— and see what happens! Follow Me Toilet Water is especially wonderful to make every day super-super. It's luscious—and lasts and lasts!

Follow Me Perfume $1 to $15. Same fascinating scent in Face and Bath Powders, Talc. Bubble Foam. Sachet, Soap.

Treat yourself to Follow Me Toilet Water today. Use it liberally; you *can*—three ounces are only $1. Also $2.50 and $4.50 sizes.

VARVA

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!

How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets.

THOUSANDS of women have lost the fresh glow of youth while they're still young. Thousands look "washed out"—frequently feel "ready to drop." And so often, the reason may be a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

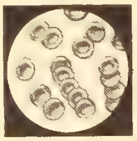
Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. Their red blood cells are too pale and puny to release all the energy they ought to have. They need to build up their red blood cells—their supply line of healthy pep.

Ironized Yeast Tablets to Help Build Up Blood, Energy

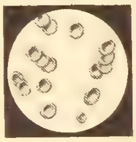
So if you look and feel "old before your time" due to a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to combat this Borderline Anemia, to help bring red blood cells back to normal size and color and in this way to restore the energy and the appearance of health.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy and good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. Let them help you build up your red blood cells—win back your natural vitality!

*BORDERLINE ANEMIA
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast
TABLETS

Besides, for himself he can't be bothered. He'll buy good clothes and go to a good tailor, but if two garments match when he gets them on, it's an accident. "So they won't ask me to pose for Calvert's," he says lightly.

It's *my* wardrobe he's really interested in. A month before my birthday, he'll come staggering in under boxes, and I've got to put on a style show in advance. He's a wizard, because I'm 16 in the arms, 14 in the shoulders, and the rest of me's 10, but whatever he buys me fits. The first time he brought home a dress was in New York, and my jaw dropped all the way down to there—

"You mean you walked into a shop and *asked* for it—"

"Yeah, like a thief in the night—" he boasted.

mink à la mode . . .

I rarely ask for things. First, with Bernie you don't get a chance to ask, he's always ahead of you. Then, possessions don't mean a great deal to me. So I thought he'd be enchanted when I asked for a mink coat. But the man's full of surprises, he bit my head off at this normal female request.

"What're you trying to do, impress the Joneses?"

When I convinced him that it had nothing to do with the Joneses, that I lovec little pussy for herself alone, he relented I now have a mink coat. Every time put it on, Bernie revolves around me twice lost in admiration.

He revolutionized my clothes habits. A a designer, I used to wear things that wer extreme. He hated them. "You're not th most beautiful girl in the world, Chop, bu you've got one distinctive feature—a hea of red hair. Use that for decoration, an keep your clothes simple—" I have listene to him with great success.

No, I don't mind being told I'm no beautiful. He'd have to be an awful lia to say anything else. I know he *likes* th way I look, and that's enough for me. Incidentally, he seldom calls a girl beautiful. "That's a very handsome woman, he'll say in measured tones. High prais from my fella.

His one serious ambition is to realiz himself as an actor. Compared with tha all his other wants are pikers. In hi lighter moments though, he'll plan a po or a "horst"—for his own good reason that's what he calls a horse. The pool is s he can lie in the sun and say, "I could swi if I wanted—" The horst is to get squa with a cop who doesn't know he's o earth. . . .

In New York once in a while he use to hire a nag and go galumphing alon What he knew about riding w practically zero, but the spirit of knigh hood-in-flower appealed to him. One d the saddle slipped. Bernie slid off a couldn't hoist himself back on again matter how he tried.

Along comes this cop, cantering like whole herd of Errol Flynns, and reins beside him. . . . "Oh, a wise guy, hul One o' them trick riders. Well, you ke your hi-jinks for the rodeo, bub, an' g back on that horse before I runya in f obstructin' traffic—"

revenge . . .

"Yes, sir," says Bernie. Over the r we draw a curtain, except that as the s sinks in the west, we catch a final glim of him and his horse trudging the th miles back to the stables together, eyi each other in disgust.

"Gonna get me a horst," mutters Be nie, lying in the sun beside his imagina pool. "Gonna show that flatfoot—"

'At's my boy. He's a character, an love him.

HERE COME THE BRITISH!

(Continued from page 45)

Kid, he became an angel, and she had him asleep in practically zero minutes. "Now," she went on, "we'll just rinse out that little suit in a jiffy, and then some tea for all of us. And Peter, you might be telephoning around for some hotel accommodations."

It was over the tea that I discovered that Pete was in the movies. "What do you do?" I asked him, and he said,

"Oh, I do a bit of acting. What do you do?"

"A bit of writing," I said. Then when Layng and I, completely restored, were leaving (he *did* get us a hotel reservation), Pete and I made our bargain.

"When I'm a big-time actor," he said, "and you're a full-fledged author, you write a story about me. Okay?"

"Sure," I said. "And will you promise to come see us when you come East?" He promised. And just a couple of weeks ago, he made good!

the best is yet to come . . .

These have been a busy two years. Pete's whizzed from "Mrs. Parkington," to "Son of Lassie," to "Two Sisters from Boston" to "Cluny Brown." And now M-G-M is starring him in "A Star from Heaven." I wish I could say that I've just written a best seller, but unfortunately, 'tain't so. However, I'm pretty proud of my name on the MODERN SCREEN masthead, and when Pete called not so long ago, he said that that was good enough for him; that our deal was still on.

So he came up to our house in Stamford, and I *almost* got a story out of him. Except that he was having so much fun with the kids in the neighborhood that I couldn't get a query in edgewise. He played ball with Jerry and Jack, and autographed the big Welcome sign Marge had played hookey from work to make. He sang in Shendy's ear and had his picture taken with Louise and Audrey and was overheard making wolfish plans to crash Anne-Marie's school dance. He mowed our lawn and carried our child piggyback and was so darn much fun to have around that I couldn't be mad at him for skipping the interview.

"I tell you what," he said as he was going. "You write me up when I've won the Academy Award and you've done a sequel to 'Forever Amber!' Okay?"

"Sure," I said, and he thinks it's a big joke, but I'm halfway through my sequel already.

What do you bet I get that story yet?

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer, when Bob Hope's bond shows were appearing in South Bend, he had his old friend, Bing Crosby, as his guest star. While Bing was singing, several girls in the audience started screaming as if they were swooning. Bing stopped singing, held up his hand, and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Please, girls! I'm an old man with four kids!" and then continued singing.

Margie Wiltfong
Mishawaka, Indiana

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Some of you have written asking me about my five children. The "baby" of the family is Dan, Jr. Next in age come Gay, Paula, Sally and finally, Scotti -- my eldest girl who has just finished school.

Mrs Dan Gerber

Just suppose you are the mother...

You would want to be real sure of the food this baby is waiting for. It is more than likely you would do as so many mothers do—serve Gerber's. To make these quality baby foods we use only selected vegetables and fruits. Next, we wash them in pure, deep well water, then cook them by steam . . . to retain the minerals and vitamins baby should have. Made to appeal to the natural taste of babies—with smooth uniform texture for easy digestion. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the package.

Have you tried the new Barley Cereal ?

More variety for baby! Now Barley Cereal (yellow box) joins Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box) and Strained Oatmeal (red box). All three cereals are rich in added iron and B complex vitamins—needed by most babies. Pre-cooked, ready-to-serve—just add milk or formula.

It is wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 3 special Baby Cereals.

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FREE SAMPLES—Please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal. My baby is now .... months old.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE11-6, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada: Dept. DE11-6, 49 Wellington St. East, Toronto 1, Ont.

Name..

Address.. *City and State*..

OH, KAYE!
IT'S A PARTY!

DOUBTLESS DANNY KAYE, ON RECORDS, WILL HELP MAKE YOUR FALL PARTIES A RIOT!

By Nancy Wood

Danny Kaye and May McCoy, his favorite grocery-mixer, peek at what's for dee-nah and nothing could be fee-nah!

■ Danny Kaye eats like a nine-day wonder! Be it understood he eats *plenty*—the energy he puts into everything he does makes him very hungry. But what leaves us dumb with amazement is that here is a man who is actually indifferent to the most luxurious steak! He likes very exotic foods and loves to hunt restaurants where they'll give him concoctions the average man would escape in head-long flight. He's interested in dietetics and knows what traffic conditions are in the alimentary canal. In short, he eats like the frustrated doctor he's always wanted to be.

Wouldn't it be fun to have such a charmingly daffy guest at a Halloween or football party? There's no reason, of course, why you can't use Danny Kaye's latest record album as an ice-breaker at your party. Between that and those swell refreshments you're planning, you'll work up a reputation for being a really skilled hostess!

SNACK TRAY

Open-faced sandwiches will bear the brunt of the attack, so make up several kinds:

1. A mixture of cream cheese, finely chopped Brazil nuts and chopped olives. Moisten with mayonnaise.
2. Chopped hard-cooked egg, chopped watercress, finely minced onion and mayonnaise.
3. Cream cheese and crisp chopped bacon touched up with horseradish.

Photograph Courtesy General Foods

This Halloween All-Honey Chocolate Cake is going to do a disappearing act before your eyes, leaving only an unobserved crumb behind. It's good!

Ski-Ball, like football, has plenty of kick to it! Hot tea, fragrant with spices, is in excellent taste after the emotional uproar of the football game

4. Finely chopped chicken or crabmeat, moistened with mayonnaise and seasoned to taste.
5. Anchovy paste, in small amounts, added to grated American cheese.
6. Cottage cheese mixed with finely minced onion, chopped olives and chopped green pepper.
7. Hard-cooked eggs pepped up with deviled Smithfield meat (about a half teaspoonful per egg), a little minced onion and minced sharp pickle. Moisten with mayonnaise.

SKI-BALL

Place 1½ teaspoons sugar, 1 slice lemon stuck full of whole cloves and a cinnamon stick as a muddler in a tea glass with a handle. Pour strong, freshly made black tea over spiced lemon. Serve hot. Serves 1.

FORTUNE COOKIES

Write your friends' fortunes on snips of paper, fold, fasten to clean string and catch loose ends between two frosted cookies to form double cookie.

½ cup shortening
¼ cup peanut butter
½ cup sugar
2 cups corn flakes
1½ cups sifted flour
2 tsps. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
⅓ cup milk

Blend shortening, peanut butter and sugar thoroughly. Crush corn flakes to fine crumbs; mix with sifted dry ingredients. Add to shortening mixture alternately with milk. Mix well. Shape dough into rolls about 1½ inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill until firm. Slice carefully and bake on ungreased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 10 minutes. Makes about 60 cookies.

ALL-HONEY CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups honey
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
⅔ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together 3 times. Cream butter, add honey very gradually, by tablespoons at first, beating very hard after each addition to keep mixture thick. Add ¼ of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with water in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in 2 greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes or until done. Spread your favorite frosting between ayers or on top and sides of cake. Use melted chocolate to make the figures.

NOTE: For best results, beat like mad at each stage of mixing!

FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP
CHIPS

'Anything worth doing...'

It's an 'oldie'—of course. But even if you're a very new newlywed, you'll see how true the old proverb is—when you're washing clothes.

This is one housekeeping chore you can make pleasant and satisfying with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.

You don't have to *rub* the dirt out. Fels-Naptha loosens it—quickly and gently—then it's whisked away, *all of it*, in the mild suds of Fels-Naptha Soap.

Your clothes will be cleaner, brighter, sweeter-smelling. Your wash days—with Fels-Naptha—will be something to look forward to . . . *well, almost.*

FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP
CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

you DO NOT need to buy EXPENSIVE SHOES to safeguard your Toddler's feet **Why?**

No shoes at any price are better than sensibly-priced WEE WALKERS for a toddler's normal feet. Cost less because they are made by America's largest exclusive baby shoe manufacturer, and sold through mass distribution stores. The best safeguard is to not let baby grow *into* and *out of* shoes. Buy the correct size NOW and change to a larger size IN TIME.

Ask your doctor about WEE WALKERS . . . see them . . . compare them...try them...in Infants' or shoe department of stores listed. Birth to size 8.

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co. H. L. Green Co., Inc. I. Silver & Bros. Scott Stores McCrory Stores Schulte-United Charles Stores Co. Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc. Kinney Shoe Stores F. & W. Grand Grand Silver Co. McLellan Stores Montgomery Ward & Co.

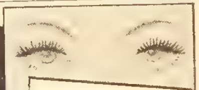
Smooth One-Piece Tongue:

Stops pressure on nerves, muscles, blood vessels caused by sewed-on tongue, still used on some shoes selling at top prices.

FREE: Pamphlet, "Look At Your Baby's Feet." Valuable information on foot care, and scale to measure size needed. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill.

WEE WALKER Shoes

FOR Wee WALKERS



Glamour-Eyes with LASH-KOTE

For bewitching, sparkling eyes...enhance their beauty with Lash-Kote. Water-proof . . . tear-proof . . . smudge-proof . . . harmless!

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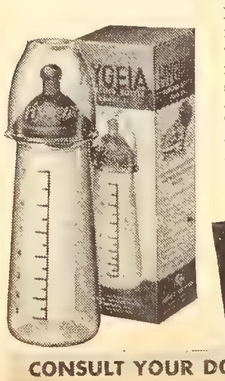

Hygeia NURSING BOTTLES NIPPLES WITH CAPS

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SHE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER

(Continued from page 57)

a collie all my very, very own."

Even so, Mother might have held out if Mr. Weatherwax hadn't lined up on Margaret's side, without knowing there *were* sides. Lassie—it's an open secret by now that Lassie's a boy—became the father of puppies, and on Margaret's first visit to the nursery with Aunt Marissa, this one little dog jumped right into her arms and started kissing her all over her face. Mr. Weatherwax watched as the face drowned in pure bliss—

"You know, Margaret," he said, "I'm taking the dogs on tour. But when we get back, I'm going to give you this puppy."

She stared at him, the heavens opening. "You mean for keeps? You mean—for my very own?" That's what he meant. "Oh, Mr. Weatherwax," faltered Margaret, and couldn't say another word.

Mother knew she was licked when her daughter lifted shining eyes that had seen a miracle. "He liked me, Mummy. Please may I have him, please? I'll buy him a brown leather collar with rubies and emeralds, and I'll feed him myself."

Had she asked for a performing elephant at the moment, Mother would have been hard put to it to say no.

theatrical crown jewels . . .

For though they're different types, Margaret's got one thing in common with Charlie McCarthy—she mows 'em down. Take Lionel Barrymore, no sentimentalist. He's played with children galore and probably liked them fine, but who got his grandmother's pearl-and-sapphire ring? Who but Margaret O'Brien? After a scene in their first picture together, a Dr. Gillespie number, someone caught him blowing his nose like mad, and he made no bones about why he was blowing it. "Dammit, she's the only woman besides my sister who ever made me cry."

Some days later a little box was delivered at Margaret's house. Inside was a beautiful pin, converted from the ring that had once belonged to Georgie Drew, matriarch of Broadway's royal family. The card said: "Dear Margaret, I don't know anyone better to carry on the tradition—"

It's Margaret who, for the first time in a movie, will recite from a speech of Franklin Roosevelt's. In granting permission, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote Ralph Wheelwright, producer of "Tenth Avenue Angel," that both she and the late President were O'Brien fans. That may have had something to do with it. So perhaps did a personal encounter in '45.

The President was at Yalta. But along with many others, the O'Briens had been asked to luncheon at the White House in connection with the Birthday Ball. A little nervous, she stuck tight to Mother and Aunt Marissa, till suddenly she was being introduced to a tall, kindly lady, who was the President's wife. After that there was nothing to be nervous about. Because she had lunch at a table with the Roosevelt grandchildren, and later Fala came in and they all played together and made quite a lot of noise. Bidding her hostess goodbye, Margaret dropped a curtsey. "Thank you, I had a lovely time," said the clear little voice. "It's very homey here, isn't it?"

Because she's such a lovable kid, people fall into the error of assuming she's a little angel. This amuses and sometimes distresses Mrs. O'Brien.

"What would I do with an angel? She can be as pesky as any child."

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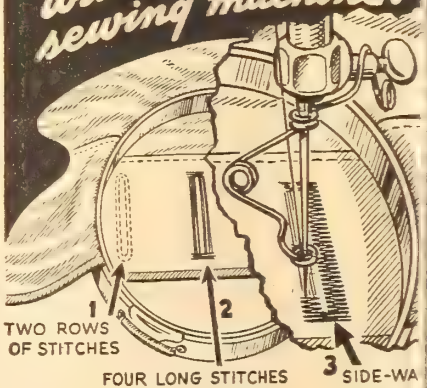

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Yet even her peskiness is in character. She's never been fresh, and she's no prankster, though like a chameleon she takes on the color of each part she plays.

She doesn't need a movie role, however, to teach her to stall. That's pure O'Brien. Margaret's such an expert at dawdling and poking along, it's a mercy they ever get to the studio in time. On the other hand, she's always on time for parties. Nancy, her best friend on the block, sent out invitations for a birthday party at two. At 1:30, Margaret was ready to go. Nancy lives only three doors away, so Aunt Marissa explained why you don't barge in on your hostess before you're expected. Margaret watched the hands of the clock move around to two. "Let's go now, Auntie—"

"Oh honey, let's wait a few minutes. We don't want to be the first—"

"Why don't we?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nobody wants to be first—"

That didn't convince Margaret. "Let's go anyway. Somebody has to be first, and it might as well be me—"

Give Margaret two minutes in a room, and its best friend won't know it. Because it'll be a farm littered with toy animals, or a drugstore stocked with every bottle in the house. That would be all right too, except she's allergic to putting things back. She's tired. Or she'll do it later. Or, "Oh, Mummy, can't you do it, please—?"

"Don't you like things clean and nice, Margaret?"

"Yes, Mummy, I like things clean but I don't like to clean them."

vintage wardrobe . . .

The principal point of difference between mother and daughter concerns spots on dresses. Margaret doesn't mind them.

"I do believe," says Mother, "that you'd put on a dress all spots, and go to church in it—" Margaret smiles absently. "Goodness, I remember at school how I used to spread my dress out so carefully, and feel so badly if it got wrinkled—"

Margaret looks up. "Maybe, if it was an old-fashioned dress, Mummy, I'd be more careful. I don't like to have spots on my old-fashioned clothes—"

Because, spots or no, she's definitely clothes-conscious. Only, to interest Margaret, the style has to date back thirty years or more. One scene in "Three Wise Fools" called for a pink organdy party dress, vintage 1907, to be worn with high ocks. She got into such a state over that costume, that finally Eddie Buzzell had to move the scene up and get it out of the way. And don't think Miss O'Brien wasn't pleased when she stepped out in her glamor gown and garnered a long, ow whistle from the boys! Just as pleased s on another occasion when a visitor to the "St. Louis" set admired her 1904 bathrobe. "Do you *really* like it? Well, ome into my dressing room and let me how you my nightie—"

She also seems to have a flair for hats. ne day Aunt Marissa invited her to unch at the Beverly-Wilshire Pharmacy, where they have the kind of chocolate malts she goes for—

"May I wear this, Auntie?"

"This" turned out to be an Easter basket with the handles snipped off. Auntie linked. "We-ell, I guess it *looks* like a hat. All right, go ahead and wear it—"

First thing you know, a man came ver to their table, said he was from ohn-Fredericks and Margaret better not t them see her hat or they'd copy it. ext thing you know, Dorothy Maguire alked in. Margaret has three favorite dy stars, and Miss Maguire's one. "*Where* d you get that adorable hat?" Miss aguire asked.

"Guess this *is* a hat," observed Mar-

"I'm tellin ya, honey..
No Double Trouble
for us !!"

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garet on the way home. So she tied
black velvet ribbon round it, and th
basket's now a part of her wardrobe.

Besides Miss Maguire, her other tw
lady favorites are Ingrid Bergman ar
Vivien Leigh. Her gentleman favorite
Gregory Peck, period. She's been that wa
about him ever since "Keys of the King
dom." Her girl favorite is Elizabeth Taylo
She keeps scrapbooks on all of them.

Her boy favorite used to be Roddy M
Dowall. It was a red-letter day for Ma
garet when he appeared on the set with
copy of "Our Vines Have Tender Grape
and asked her to autograph it. Woma
like, she turned on the charm—how d
lighted she'd be, how kind of him to as
etcetera and so forth. Then she sat he
self down, pen in hand, and went scarl
"Pardon me," she gulped, "but how
you spell 'Roddy?' "

Times are changing though. Rodd
pretty grownup and besides, there's a b
right on the M-G-M lot named Clau
Jarman, better known as Jody, after h
part in "The Yearling." It's been rumor
that he and Margaret may do "The Sec
Garden" together.

"If we do," said Jody, "will you lea
the English accent?"

"I don't know if I can—"

"If *I* can, it'll be a cinch for you—"

By way of thanks, she gave him h
shy smile. On their way to lunch t
day, they saw Jody approaching. Witho
a word, Margaret thrust Lucy into h
mother's arms, and walked sedately alo
as if a doll were the last thing on ea
she'd have any truck with.

storybook love . . .

Only once in a while does she give
feelings expression, and even then
expression's likely to be restrained. Th
was one period when, every day at ab
the same time, they used to pass a cor
where the red car stopped. A man wo
get off and two children, waiting w
their mother at the corner, would run
meet him. Margaret began to watch
this little scene, and to look disappointe
they missed it. Her own father had d
before she was born. Mrs. O'Br
couldn't help wondering whether the
which had desolated her was now gri
ing their child. At length she asked—

"Margaret, would you like a fat
like that?"

Margaret considered it. "Oh, I guess
keep my same monotonous family—"

But with all her reticence, there's
creature for whom she shamelessly we
her heart on her sleeve. That, of course
Lad. He's responsible for a lion's share
the spots on her dresses—

"Margaret, I declare if you don't
that dog grabbing and tearing at y
clothes, I'll have to do something drasti

"How shall I stop him?"

"Snap your fingers at him. Say 'Do
as if you meant it—"

"But I don't mean it, Mummy. I
him grabbing me—"

Margaret rarely cries. But when
found Mother feeding Lad one day, y
have thought it was the end of the w
The sobs racked her. "Oh Mun
don't take my dog away from me."

"But darling, what do you mean?
just feeding him because you said
were tired."

"Yes, but he'll like you better if
feed him, and I just couldn't bear it!

There's not much danger. For Lad, w
Margaret's around, no one else e
With little exaggeration, you might
the same of her. Their devotion, like
thing perfect, has a storybook qualit
each alone is hard to resist, imagine
the combination can do for itself.
there's one thing they don't get
with: Lad's not allowed to sleep on

garet's bed. Two pair of soft dark eyes mplore in vain—

"No, he's much too big. You'll have to ontent yourself with Maggie in bed—"

Well, Maggie's second-best, and any og in the world would be better than one. So her day begins and ends with aggie in bed. Some time after she's sleep, Mother tiptoes in and transfers he little dog to a chair for the rest of he night. She doesn't budge till Mother omes in next morning, then she opens ne eye. When Margaret says, "Please, may have Maggie in bed for five minutes?" he cocks one ear. When Mother says, All right, but only five minutes—" be-ore the words are out, she's on top of ne bed.

Mother tries not to waken Margaret till he last minute, but she's got to allow me for dawdling—dawdling with Mag-ie, dawdling with Lad, dawdling in her ath. Over breakfast she doesn't dawdle. elicate little Margaret has the appetite f a bear cub.

But the morning stall is nothing, com-ared with what goes on at night. You'd ink Margaret would be resigned by now the fact that once every twenty-four ours bedtime does roll around, and there's othing she can do to stop it. But no, e still tries. Brings the clock in, and oints out that it lacks thirty seconds to e hour. Gets Mother talking about some-ing interesting. Takes twice as long as e needs to in the bathroom, or starts acticing jacks—

All this frantic conniving rarely gains r more than five minutes. And the nny part is, once she's in bed, she likes She's allowed to tune the radio in to ft music or read for half an hour. You ed never ask what kind of a story she's ading, it's always a dog story. She owns out a hundred. Sometimes her eyes stray from the page to Maggie snoozing at the foot of the bed, and she smiles. After a while, Mummy tiptoes in and carries Maggie to the chair—

All actors, they say, must have in their makeup at least a trace of the exhibitionist, or they wouldn't be actors. If that's true, Margaret keeps her trace well-buried. She shies away from compliments. Among other children, she hates to be singled out. When "Our Vines" was released, Aunt Marissa gave a luncheon and matinee party for Margaret and seven of her friends. The minute they sat down to eat, Margaret launched her campaign. She didn't think they'd care about "Our Vines," she'd seen it herself and it wasn't much. Now if they really wanted to have fun, they ought to go round the corner to the Abbott and Costello show, that was a scream . . .

too much of a good thing . . .

"How do you know?"

"Because I've seen it."

"Do you want to see it again?"

"Oh, I don't care how many times I see a good show— Like 'National Velvet.' I saw that nine times."

Aunt Marissa didn't interfere, and in the end Margaret led her chums happily round the corner to the Abbott and Costello show.

Only once did she take advantage of being in the movies, and that was to meet a glamor guy named Santa Claus.

When she was tiny, Mother once took her to watch the Christmas parade ride down Santa Claus Lane. It was all gay and exciting, but for Margaret the vision of Santa, perched high in his sleigh, blocked out everything else. As Mother undressed her that night, she asked wistfully, "Does he let children ride with him in his sleigh?"

"I'm afraid not, honey, Anyway, not unless they're movie stars—"

During the war years, Santa Claus didn't ride. But one day last winter, Margaret looked up from where she was sprawled on the floor with the funnies—

"Mummy, am I movie star?"

From her, it sounded strange. "Why do you ask that?"

"It says here that Santa's going to ride down Hollywood Boulevard, and you told me once that he lets movie stars ride with him. Am I a movie star?"

"I don't know, honey. I suppose some people might think so—"

"Then why doesn't he ask me?"

"Maybe he doesn't know you want to—"

"Well, of *course* I want to. Does he think I've worked all these years for nothing?"

So it was arranged. All ardent and glowing, Margaret made her curtsey to Santa, who didn't know she still believed in him. He was an actor who'd once worked with Mummy and Marissa and, despite their frantic wigwaggings, he persisted in reminiscing. Whether Margaret still believes in him, nobody knows. From that day to this, she's never mentioned him.

But if she's lost an illusion, she's gained a flesh-and-blood friend, and if it came to a choice as between Santa and Lad, it's not Lad she'd give up. In fact, he's shown her where her future lies—

Ask Margaret what she wants to be when she grows up, and she'll never say, "An actress," any more than she'd say, "A girl—" One's as naturally taken for granted as the other. Usually her ambition varies with the part she's playing. Right now she thinks she'll be a ballet dancer.

"And a dog trainer too, of course—"

"That's a rare combination," says Mother. "I doubt if you could be both."

'Couldn't I?" says Margaret dreamily. "Well then, I'll be a dancer and a vet—"

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"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 41*)

undecided.

"I don't understand Larry," she said to Sophie Nelson, who was spending the weekend with her. "It isn't that he's lazy. He studies philosophy and things like that by the hour. But he simply refuses to take a job."

Sophie looked at her thoughtfully. "No, I don't think you *do* understand Larry. He isn't interested in making money, Isabel. He doesn't care about society and parties, either."

"Then what on earth does he care about?"

"You. Anyone could tell that, the way he looks at you. Isabel, it must be fun to be so beautiful and have such lovely clothes, and a rich uncle to visit from Paris and tell you all the exciting things that are happening in the world." Sophie's voice was wistful.

Isabel laughed. "My rich uncle Elliott is being a nuisance right now. I know perfectly well that mother sent for him to come all the way from Paris just to break up my engagement to Larry. He keeps saying why don't I marry Gray Maturin, who has all the money in the world, and he calls Larry a penniless young idiot."

"You couldn't marry Gray, when you're in love with Larry." Sophie was shocked.

"I know. But uncle Elliott doesn't believe in love. He says it's the silliest basis for marriage he ever heard of. He says that in France no one marries for love."

"Well, your uncle was born and raised right here in Chicago. Has he forgotten that?" Sophie asked dryly.

"He's done his best to. But he's really a lamb, and he knows all the right people."

"Is he having all the right people to this dinner party here tonight? If he is, I won't fit in. They'll take one look at this dress I whipped up for myself from a bargain basement remnant, and his reputation will be ruined forever."

"Don't be crazy." But on a sudden impulse, Isabel went to her closet. "If you're worried, I'll give you this blue dress. It doesn't go with my eyes, but it would be good on you."

Sophie's gamin face sparkled with happiness. "Oh, it's divine! Bob's never seen me in anything like that."

"Bob loves you no matter what you

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wear! Are you going to marry him?"

"Of course. And live happily ever after." Sophie grinned as she scrambled into the blue dress. This time it was Isabel who looked wistful for a moment. In a way, it would be nice to live a simple, uncomplicated existence like Sophie's. Bob MacDonald was a fine boy.

"Better hurry," she said lightly. "I told Larry to come early."

But Larry didn't come early. The other guests arrived and cocktails were served. Isabel, who was talking to a famous English writer named Somerset Maugham, kept looking at the door.

"Expecting someone?" he asked finally.

"Just my fiancé." She smiled at him. "Oh, there he is now." She hurried toward Larry.

"Darling, you're so late."

"I'm sorry." He didn't explain.

It wasn't until later in the evening that she found out what had delayed him. Then it was Gray Maturin who told her.

"My father talked to Larry this afternoon. Had a fine position for him in his office, selling bonds. You know, people would like to buy bonds from a man with Larry's great war record."

"Gray, what a wonderful chance for Larry!"

"Larry didn't think so. He turned it down."

"Oh, *no!*" Her beautiful mouth went tight with annoyance. Maturin was the biggest broker in Chicago. She would have to talk seriously with Larry about this, and get him to reconsider. She told her mother and Elliott about it before she went to bed.

Elliott gave her a grim look. "I tell you the fellow's mad. What does he expect you to live on, if you marry him?"

"Take him out to our country place tomorrow," her mother suggested. "You can talk things over."

Isabel's heart gave a traitorous little jump at the thought of a whole day in the country with Larry. It made no sense —she was really angry with him about this, but even being angry with Larry was exciting.

As it turned out, they didn't quarrel. For the first time, Larry tried to explain to her how he really felt about things. It had started, he said, when his best friend was killed, in the war, saving Larry's life.

"So now what am I going to do with my life, to make that sacrifice worth while? Just sit in Maturin's office and talk people into buying bonds they don't need? I can't see it."

She looked at him, her green eyes dark with tears. "Darling, I love you so much. I do want you to be happy. What do you want to do?"

Larry paced up and down restlessly. "I'd like to go to Europe for a year. Wander around. Study. Then if I haven't found the answers, I'll give up and come back and take a job."

Triumph slipped like a thief into Isabel's heart. A year wasn't so very long. Not really. She could wait a year. . . .

It was a year-and-a-half before she saw Larry again, and then it was in Paris, not Chicago. His letters had been brief and uninformative. He said nothing about coming home. At last Isabel talked her mother into accepting Uncle Elliott's long proffered invitation to visit him in Paris. She cabled Larry that they were coming, and got a cable back making a date or the night of their arrival.

Elliott met them at the station, looking dapper and worldly and smug. He started a recital immediately of all the titled dames who had invited them to parties n the next two weeks.

He's really an awful snob, Isabel

Are you in the know?

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☐ *Say your feet hurt*
☐ *'Fess up frankly*

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☐ *Apply lemon juice*
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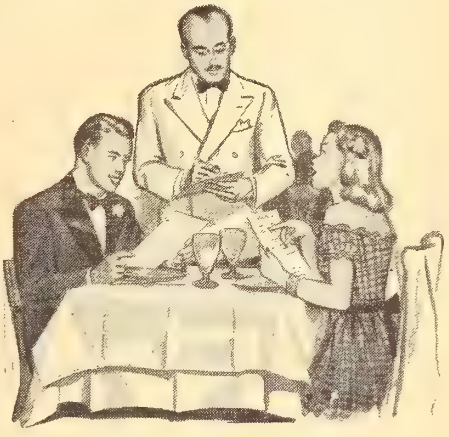

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☐ *To your escort*
☐ *Let your date choose your dinner*

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thought. But it's sweet of him to have us. Aloud she said, "I hope you haven't planned anything for me tonight, Uncle Elliott. I'm dining with Larry."

Elliott snorted. "Larry! That young cub is impossible. He's living in some hovel on the Left Bank like a peasant."

Isabel hardly listened. She was thinking of nothing but seeing Larry again. But when he called for her that night, she had a moment of misgiving. He looked older. His face was calm, controlled, in a way she didn't understand. Then he kissed her, and the old magic returned.

"I've missed you," he whispered. "I can't get along without you, dearest."

They went out to dinner, and drank champagne, and Isabel was happy for the first time since Larry had left Chicago.

"You're so beautiful," he told her. "I'd forgotten how beautiful you were."

She laughed. Excitement blazed in her green eyes and curved her crimson lips. "What have you been doing all this time, Larry, besides avoiding Uncle Elliott's 'right people?' "

"Oh, studying. Thinking. Trying to learn the answer to all my questions."

"What kind of questions?"

"Whether there's a God. Whether we have immortal souls. Things like that."

"Couldn't you have done that as well in Chicago, darling?"

"I don't think so. I want to travel all over the world. I want to go to India."

"India!" Isabel felt a cold fog of fear creep over her. "You mean—you aren't coming home with us?"

"Isabel, I want *you* to come with *me*."

"How would I fit into this mad scheme of yours?" Her voice was sick with disappointment.

They quarreled bitterly. At last, she took the engagement ring from her finger and put it on the table. Her eyes were as bright and hard as the diamond.

"Goodbye, Larry. I wish you luck." She left the room without looking back.

Everyone said it was a lovely wedding. Isabel made a beautiful bride, and Gray Maturin was a distinguished looking groom. If the bride's face was set in a harder mold than it had been a year ago, who was to notice? It was, everyone agreed, an ideal marriage. The Maturins became Chicago's best-known young couple. Isabel gave enormous dinners which ran very smoothly. People frequently commented on her resemblance to her uncle Elliott. And she almost managed not to think about Larry at all. . . .

Then the stock market crashed, and Gray lost his money. He began to suffer from terrible headaches, and couldn't work. When Elliott cabled them to come and live with him in Paris, Isabel wired acceptance immediately. They were soon ensconced in his elegant apartment on the Rue Jolie.

It wasn't long after their arrival that she saw Larry again. Somerset Maugham had turned up—the English writer whom Isabel had met at Elliott's dinner in Chicago years ago and he had seen Larry.

She persuaded Maugham to bring him to dinner a few nights later. Isabel couldn't keep her eyes off Larry. She had known the moment he walked in the door that she still loved him. That she always would.

They went out on the town that night after dinner, to celebrate the reunion and Gray's recovery. They ended, very late, at a tough Montmartre cafe. It was full of sailors and tramps and a sprinkling of apaches. They had scarcely sat down when there was a disturbance as a girl shoved her way through the crowd toward them. She was pretty, in a somewhat blowsy way, and obviously drunk. She came to the table and stood there, swaying slightly.

"M'old friends," she said. "M'old friends from Chicago."

Larry leaped to his feet. "Why, it's

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Sophie. What are you doing in Paris?"

"I guess you don't keep up with the gossip." She widened her eyes at him in alcoholic flirtatiousness. "They threw me out of Chicago."

She wandered off, leaving them staring after her.

"What has happened to her?" Larry asked, and his eyes were dark and troubled.

Isabel felt a quick stab of jealousy. He had always been fond of Sophie. "It was very sad," she said coolly. "Her husband, Bob, and their child, were killed in an auto accident. Sophie went completely to pieces. Turned into a drunk, and a tramp. Her inlaws got her to leave Chicago and come to Paris. You can see the result." She shrugged delicately.

She might have known that she had chosen the worst possible way to combat Larry's interest in Sophie. His compassion was now fully aroused. He began to see Sophie regularly, and reported that she had stopped drinking. Then one day Isabel sent word to Maugham that she must see him at once. Somehow she had sensed that he knew her feeling for Larry, and she felt more at home with him than anyone else. When he arrived he found her in a fury.

"Larry has said he's going to marry Sophie!"

Maugham was amused. "Well, there's nothing either of us can do to prevent this marriage."

Isabel stared at him absently. "Isn't there? I'm not so sure."

It was years before Maugham learned what Isabel had meant. He was sitting in a cafe in Toulon in 1931 when a woman swaggered up to him. She wore bright red slacks, and a French sailor's shirt. Her face was lined with dissipation.

"Hello," she said. "How about buying me a drink?"

Maugham rose. "Sophie! How nice to see you. Where's Larry?"

She stared at him suspiciously for a moment, then began to laugh. There was a note of hysteria in the laughter. "You mean you really think we got married?"

"Didn't you? When I left Paris for the Orient, the wedding was to be the next week."

Isabel sobered. "I know. Then Isabel—dear Isabel—asked me there for lunch. She told me she wanted to give me a wedding dress—a blue one she had seen at Mainbocher which reminded her of one she had given me years ago.

"Her talking about that other dress made me think of Bob and how happy we were then. After lunch she was called out, but she said for me to stay and finish my coffee. There was a bottle of brandy on the table.

"I hadn't had a drink for six weeks, and I was pretty proud of myself, but I was pretty jittery too. I thought just one drink might help. Well, I finished the bottle."

"What happened then?"

"Oh, I went on a bender. Left Paris without a word to anyone, and went to an Arab joint I knew about. I never saw Larry again." Her voice was almost indifferent, as if it had all happened too long ago to matter.

"And what are you doing in Toulon?"

Sophie smiled. It wasn't a pretty smile. "Having fun," she said. "Thanks for the drink." She drained her glass and sauntered off to meet a tough French sailor who was coming up the street.

He had no way of knowing that this one was a little too tough. No way of foreseeing that in a cheap room in a cheaper hotel that night, Sophie and her sailor would quarrel again. That her body would be found three days later in the bay. . . .

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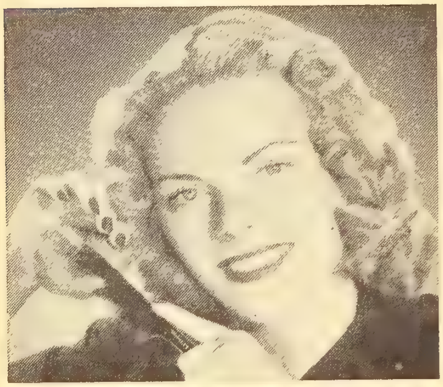

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it, and he and Maugham together visited the ugly little room where she had lived. In her trunk they found a bunch of letters tied with an old ribbon.

"The letters Bob wrote her before they were married," Larry said soberly.

"People make strange botches of their lives." Maugham was thinking of Isabel.

As if by thought transference, Larry asked suddenly, "Where are Isabel and Gray now?"

"Over at Cannes. Elliott is dying in his villa there."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I'd like to come over with you and say—good-bye—to him."

So they were all gathered together again under one roof. But Larry was somehow remote from them all, in spite of his kindness, his obvious affection for them. He stayed until Elliott died, and then told them he was off to America.

"What are you going to do?" Isabel asked curiously.

"I think I'll drive a taxi." Larry smiled at her horrified expression. "Taxi drivers can always get people to listen to them. And maybe sometimes people will get into my taxi whom I can help." He said it simply and without any self-consciousness.

When he left, Gray went to the door with him. Maugham stood watching Isabel's lovely face. "I've lost him," she said. "I know it. He's gone forever now."

There were footsteps behind her. "I wish you wouldn't cry," Gray said gently. "I know how much you love him, Isabel. But can't you and I have a little happiness together, yet?"

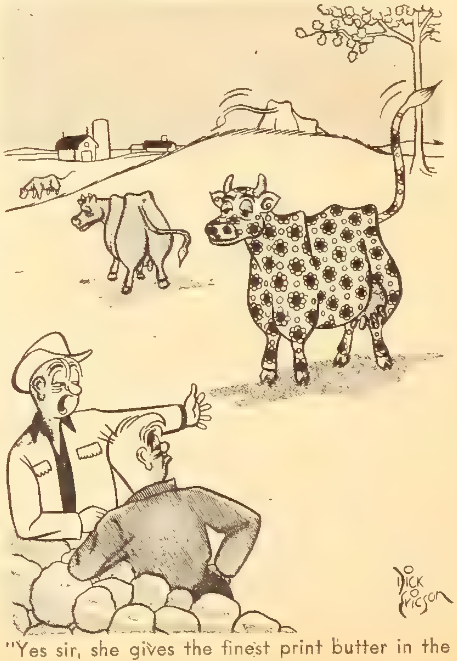
She turned to him, her beautiful eyes wet. "Gray, you're so good to me."

He put his arm around her and they stood close together. With a quick gesture, Isabel put her head against his shoulder. Over her dark hair, Gray gazed into the future, and smiled.

CAST

Larry Darrell	Tyrone Power
Isabel	Gene Tierney
Gray Maturin	John Payne
Sophie	Anne Baxter
Elliott Templeton	Clifton Webb
Somerset Maugham	Herbert Marshall
Mrs. Luisa Bradley	Lucile Watson
Bob MacDonald	Frank Latimore
Miss Keith	Elsa Lanchester
Kosti	Fritz Kortner

MODERN SCREEN



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DARK ANGEL

(Continued from page 65)

tomorrow the Russells must leave their home, half paid for, and move into a tiny three-room apartment.

Anyway, George would not have to share this humiliation with them. It was because her brother had gone into the army and his contribution to the family income had been cut off that this incredible thing had happened.

She thought, I'll make my mind help me. I'll think about other things. I'll think about being in love, about Stuart . . . no, I'll save that for later, for just before I'm ready to go to sleep. First I'll think about Chicago, about the time when everything was simple and safe and happy . . .

enter love . . .

She could remember the South Side Hyde Park apartment in Chicago, big and spacious, furnished with such charm in early American; and the grand piano, and the colored girl in her crisp, starched uniform; and the big Buick snug in its garage. She could remember being four, and developing a passionate regard for chop suey. And she had had a little fur coat to wear to kindergarten, and she had swiped all those little colored pencils and crayons and paper from school, and been found out and made to return them. And there was the afternoon Dave Somebody, the tall, red-headed boy, invited her over to this yard to play.

He had rigged up a good game. You stood up on a wall, clutching a rope that was tied to a tree limb. Then you swung out on the rope, in the Tarzan manner, and—if you were Dave—you described a nice long arc and landed on your little posterior in a pile of hay.

If you were Gail, you described a somewhat shorter arc, missed the hay, and broke your arm.

Then you went home, where George, five-and-a-half years older, poured a bottle of Sloan's liniment over your arm and wrapped it in a sheet; whereupon your mother, arriving from market, sniffed the violent air and began asking questions. Remembering that the circus was in town, and that if you were a cripple you might not be able to go, you giggled and put your arm behind you—and a whole week went by before it hurt enough to admit what was wrong.

Well, and there were the other little things, too, that completed the warm, bright picture of childhood and made her forget the rain, the hard floor, the intolerable tomorrow . . . There was the bike with the little wooden box on the handlebars, in which she carried Chip, her Angora cat, as she rode around Hyde Park. There were her thick, bulging scrapbooks devoted to Ginger Rogers, her idol of idols, and the occasional Rogers pictures, to which she could go right after school and sit through again and again until the theater closed, spanking or no spanking afterwards.

There was swimming every morning during the summer in the lake, until every bit of curl was gone from her hair; and there was Johnny.

She was only eleven the cold March day when young Johnny Powell took her roller skating down Michigan Boulevard in the teeth of the lake wind, and when her teeth began chattering suggested that they go into a nearby church to get warm. It was an Episcopal church, misty with stained-glass light and steam heat, and Chicago was not very pious that afternoon for they

"Romance was flickering out . . ."

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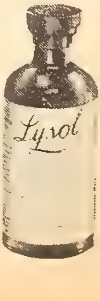

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were the only ones there. Johnny kissed her in the second pew.

She liked it. She was mildly aware that she shouldn't have, but she did anyway. There was no chance to give it a second try and make sure, however, because that was the year she and her mother, packed for a trip to Florida, changed their minds and headed for California instead.

And she would think now about Stuart.

There was no earthly reason, that she could see, why Stuart Buchanan should have chosen her, the shyest little drab in school, as the girl he wanted. They were in two classes together—history and English—and he was a whiz in history while she was generally able to manage English with comparative ease. Thus, over a coke at the local sugar bowl, they one day concocted a mutual aid scheme: on true-false quizzes in history, he would wiggle his right ear if the answer were false.

In English, she would put her hand to her forehead if the answer were true.

On the day they had decided to give it a trial, they met outside the classroom with something on their minds. They had both come to the same conclusion. It was too much like cheating, and beneath them. But by then they were friends, and one day he said (with that studied casualness that means something serious is afoot): "Doing anything tonight?"

rover boy . . .

And so it started. She had always wondered how he had come by that fabulous physique of his, and now she found out. He dropped by the house one day in his hot rod, picked her up, drove her at his usual blinding pace to his house, led her out to the garage, and proudly displayed a brand new set of weights and bar-bells.

"We'll start you with fifty pounds," he told her. "Build you up."

She looked at him doubtfully. "Do I need building up?"

"Everybody needs building up. Give you a few muscles here and there. Go on, pick them up."

She got them off the ground, grunting, and stood triumphant, waiting for his praise.

"Now over your head and up to arm's length—five times. Hup!"

At the memory of that horrible afternoon, and the way she ached afterwards, she giggled aloud, stopping short when she heard her father stirring across the room. In a couple of weeks she had been able to toss those weights around like an Amazon, and there was no doubt about it, they did something to the figure. Besides, you had to stay in condition to keep up with Stuart—all that swimming, and being crew on his boat, and the way he liked to dance. But it was fun. It was terrific fun, and Stuart was really wonderful, and she loved him very, very much, and just the other evening he had said, "When we're married we can get a bigger boat with a cabin, and take long vacations to the Islands, maybe Tahiti—"

april showers . . .

Outside, the rain had stopped. The streetlight had gone out and its glow was replaced by the first suggestion of dawn. The young, ebullient spirit of little Miss Russell asserted itself, and she smiled at the ceiling. Things were tough, but not that tough. Something would turn up soon . . .

Still grinning, she went to sleep.

William Meiklejohn, talent head of Paramount, was feeling in an expansive mood. He'd had a superb weekend in Balboa and there were no important worries waiting on his desk at the studio. Thus when he saw the two fellows hitch-hiking along the coast highway he stopped for them, and engaged them in conversation on the way

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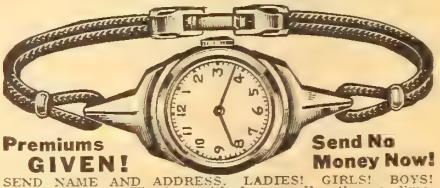

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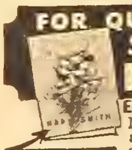

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home. He told them a little about his work, and they had something for him too—the name of a girl.

"You should *see* her!" they said. *"Boy!* We call her the Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica."

"Gail Russell. Santa Monica Tech. Right," said Meiklejohn, and when he reached his office dictated a note to his stenographer. The next day a slip of paper was delivered to Gail in class. It read, "Call Milton Lewis concerning a test at Paramount." It was just two weeks since that rainy night spent on the living room floor, and Gail—who had had enough gags played on her by the other gals at Tech—wasn't having any this time.

She threw the note in the waste basket.

An hour later, during a recess, she sneaked back in and retrieved the crumpled piece of paper. Feeling like a fool, but prodded by curiosity, she rang Paramount and asked if a Milton Lewis worked there. Milton Lewis did, it appeared, and was put on the phone.

"Come in and see me this afternoon," he said.

When she reached the apartment she was still too bewildered to think. "If you're not doing anything," she said to her folks, "would you drive me in to Hollywood?"

Her father looked at her blankly. "In what?"

She remembered. "I'll call Stuart, then," she said.

And it was in Stuart's jalopy, pipes roaring, that she rode to stardom, her pigtails flying in the wind. She wore a sweater and slacks and flat shoes and no makeup.

"But I don't *know* anything about acting," she said.

"We'll teach you."

"Look at the way I walk in these high heels. I've never worn high heels. I feel silly."

"You'll learn, and pretty soon you won't feel silly."

"I'm just a scrawny kid."

"You're beautiful."

"But—"

"Will you sign this contract, or won't you?"

"Certainly," she said, picking up the pen. "But you've plucked my eyebrows and I look like Ellen Drew."

"Is that bad?"

"I want to look like Gail Russell."

"You will," they said.

"Putting me in a formal with a bare midriff, and all that makeup. The test was awful, wasn't it?"

"Yes . . ."

And she said to Stuart, "It isn't the fault of either of us. It's so simple: You work at Lockheed until midnight, and I have to be at the studio at six. I just have to have some sleep, that's all. Besides, everything closes at twelve. What's there to do?"

"Ha!" said young, healthy Mr. Buchanan.

So that was that, and she was sad for a time, but not bored. There was the new house to get in Westwood, and furnish, and the solemn everyday business of trying to look and behave like a movie personality on the salary she was getting. For months she was consistently a little late to work, because the bus was off-schedule. When she gave that as her excuse they said, "Why don't you buy a car or take a cab?"

And she said, "I can't afford it."

Nor could she afford the wardrobe necessary to keep the dates the publicity department insisted on making for her, to attend openings and smart Elsa Maxwell parties and night clubs. "I can't show everywhere in the one evening dress I own," she said.

Wherefore they lent her clothes from the wardrobe department, and clothes from her pictures.

The months went by, and she made "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," which was a hit; then she learned an English accent

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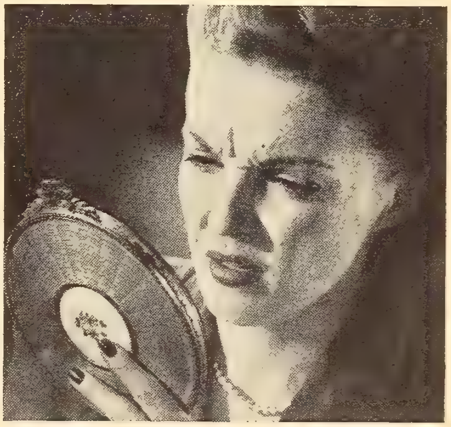

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in twenty-four hours, sitting through "The Young Mr. Pitt" three times and falling asleep during the second running of "Rebecca" in the process, and consequently got the lead opposite Ray Milland in "The Uninvited"; and there were raises, and bonuses, and things were all right.

Indeed they were. With Diana Lynn one evening, she met Guy Madison . . .

On the way home Diana said, "That Madison. How was he?"

"Hmmm?"

"You danced with him five times. The sailor. How was he?"

"Sensational."

"He didn't look that good to me. On the floor, I mean."

"Oh," said Gail, coming to. "He can't *dance.*"

There was something so perfectly right, so natural, about falling in love with Guy that she allowed it to happen without thinking, without consideration.

She taught him to dance and to ride, since he could do neither and she was expert at both; and he taught her to swim. She knew a little about music, from George, and Guy knew nothing about it but wanted to. So she bought records, and so did he, and they spent long enchanted evenings before the fire, listening and making choices and criticizing. And looking at each other.

People with a pencil and little pads of paper came to see her increasingly often, murmuring the names of important magazines. And, in his own interviews, Guy kept repeating, "Gail, who is tops in my life any day, every day . . ."

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "NOTORIOUS"

(*Continued from page 6*)

she didn't drive the entire staff of the U. S. intelligence department into a collective nervous breakdown.

I belong to the school of whodunit, whogetsit fans that considers it shocking, if not boring, to reveal the plot of a film that deals in intrigue and breath-holding, so you will get none here. But it is not spilling any top secret Hitchcock beans to mention that Cary Grant is Ingrid's boss and partner in the job of uncovering an atomic German plot in Rio de Janeiro, and that Claude Rains impersonates the quiet, murderous Nazi exile through whom she Learns All.

But why this talk of Nazis and undercover agents? Let's face it. Long after the story line is forgotten, "Notorious" will be remembered as the picture in which Ingrid Bergman gnawed at Cary Grant as if he were a pound of fresh caviar.

Small boys at Saturday matinees in small towns will jeer themselves hoarse at this point in the movie, fresh young stags will whistle, Hokinson ladies will blush and a few Cary Grant fans may go out and kill themselves, but whatever happens the scene will be talked about, and any audience that sits through it without murmuring, at least, is either darned sophisticated or dead.

Possibly the most interesting performance in the film is given by an actress named Madame Konstantin in the role of the Nazi's mother. She worries you the minute you see her on the screen, the way Judith Anderson worried you on sight in "Rebecca." She is small and plain and taut, and manages by a sort of drained pallor to suggest the most sinister quality, as if layers of psychopathic complications lurked beneath the tight quiet surface.

Hers is a gilt-edged piece of acting in a bit of Hitchcockiana not to be missed.

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THE FLYING COWBOY

(*Continued from page 49*)

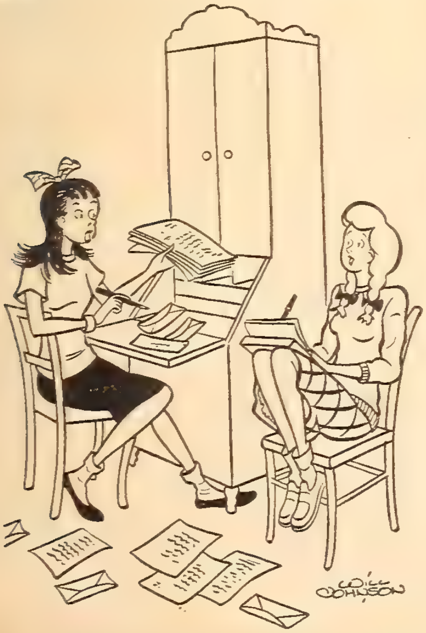
Corps, the main worry on his mind was his movie mount, Champion. Gene arranged for perfect care of Champ while he was gone, but just the same he worried. He made John Agee, his trainer, promise the minute Champ seemed off his oats he'd let Gene know, no matter where he was. That's how Champ became the first horse to join the Air Corps.

Because it hadn't been but a few weeks until Gene got reports that weren't good. Champ wouldn't eat; he was losing flesh until his ribs stuck out like a xylophone. He heaved and sighed and wobbled around the corral. John called in three veterinarians before he wrote Gene. They thumped and tapped and gave Champ a thorough exam and then made the diagnosis. "Nothing wrong—he's just lonesome for Gene." That's the message Gene got, down at Luke Field in Arizona. Gene was just a rookie then but he collared his commanding officer and asked if there was any Air Corps regulation against a horse at a flying field. Turned out there wasn't, so Gene and his buddies rigged up a stall in an old hangar and John got the order to ship Champ along. He stayed there all the time Gene was stationed at Phoenix—the only horse in the whole U.S. Air Corps!

air steed . . .

Gene's still that crazy about his horses. He's got all his ranches—at Dublin, Texas, Gene Autry (yep, that's a town) Oklahoma, and at the big new ranch he's just bought near Winslow, Arizona. He knows every nag in his big rodeo string by name and they know him. But the buzzing motor broncs with wings he rides up in the sky are his favorite mounts.

"Heck," Gene drawls, "I'm up in the air more than I'm down on the ground!" He can warble, "I'm Back in the Saddle Again," on his radio show, but the saddle, nine times out of ten, that Gene Autry means these days is the pilot seat in his twin-engine Cessna. He's piled up over 2400 flying hours of his own, besides around 100,000 miles air travel here and yon around the globe. As a flight officer in the



"But supposing Robert Hutton, Zachary Scott, John Hodiak, and Gregory Peck get together and discover all their letters are identical?"

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Air Transport Command, Gene herded two B-29's from America to India and a half dozen B-24's. He's flown the Pacific so much he knows every mermaid along the way, and he hopped over the Himalayan Hump a couple of times into China.

One day Gene had a day or two on terra firma, so he took out an up and coming Champion and galloped off in a cloud of dust. He tore off that way—yeah—but Gene came back in on a gentle trot, standing up in the stirrups.

The corral gang gathered around him. "How was it, Gene?" they asked.

"Well," he drawled forlornly. "I'd say—pretty stiff. Yep, pretty tender. Pretty sore. In fact, pretty lousy."

John Agee broke the silence with a cough. "Now, Gene," he cheered. "Don't you worry. That horse has the stuff. He's gonna be all right."

"I ain't talking about the horse," grinned Gene. "I mean me!"

Gene Autry loves to tell a joke like that on himself. Gene can ride and shoot and rope with the rest of them, but he never presumed himself in the league with the real roundup champs who compete in his rodeos.

When Gene was a rookie sarge in the Air Corps, they trotted him out with the rest of the green peas to the pistol range one morning, handed him a service automatic and started him blazing away at targets. Well, practically every buddy of his knocked over some kind of a score. But Gene couldn't hit the side of a barn. The sarge in charge came up finally and saw the unpunctured target. He put his arms on his hips and exploded.

"Ain't you Gene Autry, the cowboy guy?"

"You've got me," grinned Gene.

"Then," barked the disgusted trooper, "what the hell's the matter with you? Forgot how to shoot? I could do better with my eyes closed!"

Gene chuckled. It struck him funny.

"Well, I'll tell you," he explained. "You see, in the movies I got used to shooting straight from the hip, and that's the only way I can hit anything."

The sarge snorted. "You shoot from the hip, Buddy, and you never will hit anything for sure."

"In the movies," laughed Gene, "you don't *have* to hit anything."

But if Gene got rusted up in his cowboy tricks in the service, he got sharp as a hatchet on his new hobby, skyriding. Gene had fooled around with wing jobs before the war, but he didn't have enough hours to solo. The bug was biting him away back then. That's why he picked the Air Corps instead of something more true to his type, like, say the Cavalry. But when Gene put on a uniform there was no secret that the AAF wanted to use his talents to boom along morale and entertain the hosts of flyers and would-be flyers all over the country.

Gene went from Luke Field to Love Field and around a bunch of other fields and the more he saw of aviation the less he wanted to bang his guitar and sing on AAF shows. Like a million other American males, Gene wanted a part of the real deal—and as singing has always been fun for him, it didn't carry the same kick, not when the shooting was going on. So he turned down a bunch of commission chances in morale departments and settled on his Tech Sergeant job for keeps. That is, it would have been for keeps for Gene's choice, because he could duck the glamor as a GI and be just Gene—and the GI life suited him to a T. He doesn't smoke or drink or give a hang about high life. He likes good hard work, plain chow and plain guys to buddy with. So he stayed in the ranks and the only reason he ended up a flight officer was because

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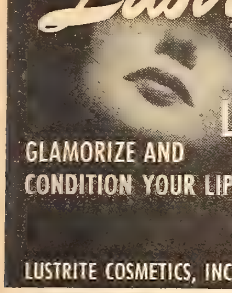

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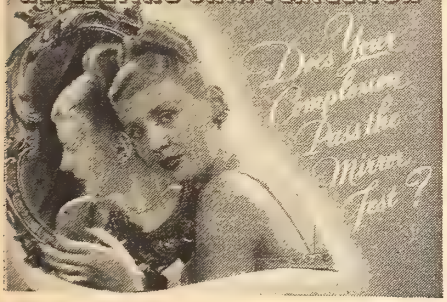
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they don't let enlisted men fly overseas and that's what Gene hankered to do soon as he got handy herding a plane.

He really worked at that, too, on his own time, going up at night after his duties were over and learning how to handle the big ones until he could qualify for his commercial pilot's license. Flyers liked Gene; he's the aviation type, which as any Army pilot knows is a special breed of men. Gene knew he could never fly a fighter, he had too many strikes in years against him for that. But he had his eye on the Air Transport Command and he never took it off—although there was a time or two when Gene would have felt mighty comfy on Champ's saddle.

Once, for instance, Gene and an officer who later turned into a pal of his, Hal Murray, hopped off from San Antonio for Dallas, with a bunch of paratroopers aboard. It was a short flight, so they took along the minimum gas, 300 gallons. But as they came over Dallas, the radio said, "Dallas Field closed—all planes land in Wichita Falls." They circled and tried that. The word there was the same—field closed. They went back and had a crack at Fort Worth. But the ceiling was low there, too, and the words were, "Climb to 9000 and hold it."

"That's just dandy!" snorted Major Hal Murray. "Hold it with no more gas. I'm going down somewhere." So he dropped to 500 feet and looked for a spot to land, because by then there wasn't enough gas left to light a cigarette, the way aviators figure. That's when Gene heard the Major tell the soldiers in back, "Fasten your belts." He thought he meant landing belts until finally they'd nosed through and sat down, with just 18 gallons left—good for maybe ten minutes more in the air. Then Gene did a double take—just like in the movies. "Major," he asked. "What kind of belts did you mean up there?" The officer grinned. "Parachute belts," he said. "I figured we'd have to bail out."

Gene made a bunch of new friends in the service to add to his hundreds of Hollywood pals. Like those in "hoss" opera and radio circles, they're all people Gene worked with. Two of the best are Hal Murray and Clarence Chiles, both commercial air line pilots now. Hal's the veteran of 68 flights over the Himalayan Hump and Gene saw a lot of him in India.

Once the Governor of Oklahoma sent a plea to General "Hap" Arnold to let Gene come up to Stillwater and lead the Armistice Day Parade. The governor said he wanted Gene in movie character like people knew him. So Autry sent a quick wire to his wife, Ina, to dig down in the mothproofed boxes of piped shirts, doeskin pants and high-heeled boots and send him an outfit. That came along with General Arnold's official sanction and Gene cakewalked his borrowed horse to lead that parade in true Hollywood style.

Gene's always been ready to knock himself out for anybody he likes and his hitch in the Air Corps—instead of turning his mind from his old friends—made him more loyal than ever. Gene lost his best pal in the war. Not in action, but just about the same thing. Johnny Marvin gave Gene his first break in show business. Away back when Will Rogers told the Oklahoma telegraph operator to hit for the big town and sell his personality and songs, it was Johnny who wangled him an audition for the cowboy recordings that made Gene Autry a famous name long before he came to Hollywood. They were the closest of friends up until the day Johnny died of malaria he caught on a Pacific area GI entertainment tour with Joe E. Brown. Gloria, Johnny's wife, stayed with Ina, Gene's wife, when they were away and Frankie Marvin, Johnny's brother, is now Gene Autry's best buddy

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and the steel guitar player in his radio band, besides having a guaranteed part in every picture Gene Autry makes.

That's the kind of a friend Gene is; he sticks like flypaper to the people who have given him boosts up the path to fame.

Gene's a real sucker for loyalty that way and one of the things he's proudest of right now is the way his Gene Autry Fan Club pitched for him while he was off to war. Gene has always had about the most hard-working batch of fans of any Hollywood star. And when Gene put on a uniform, Dorothy Crouse, the president, organized a "postcard patrol" for Gene that never faltered for three and-a-half years. All Autry fans pledged to send postcards to their favorite magazines, newspapers, radio, record and movie producers, at regular intervals asking for Gene Autry stories, Gene Autry pictures, Gene Autry shows and records. The idea was to keep Gene's career from withering while he served with Uncle Sam.

Gene Autry has always been one of the canniest business men ever to stick on a ten-gallon hat and a six-shooter.

For instance, Gene once bought a lot in Burbank, near Hollywood. He paid $2000 for it and his friends thought he'd fallen on his head or something. The lot looked like a jackrabbit heaven and that's about all. But in no time at all the city bought Gene's weed patch for a park and paid him $25,000. That's typical.

Gene's the first of the great show cowboys to make travelling rodeos pay off. Every one from Buffalo Bill on down the line—Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Tim McCoy—practically all of them lost their fancy shirts on their travelling shows. Gene has never been in the red since he started and, whether he likes it or not, the Flying-A Rodeo circuit is making money for him and all the cowboys who compete.

Gene thinks it's because he offers the biggest prizes in the business. His partner, Everett Colborn, took the whole rodeo over during the war, but now Gene's back in the thick of that. And with three ranches at Gene Autry, Oklahoma; Dublin, Texas, and the new, 128,000 acre ranch south of Winslow, Arizona he's getting his two-million dollar investment reconditioned with tough horses and sassy steers to make it interesting. But even that sprawling sideline isn't half enough to keep Gene Autry out of mischief. Since he came back to Hollywood he's gone out of his way to make himself busier than a cranberry merchant at Christmas.

One Thursday a few weeks ago, Gene opened his Flying-A Rodeo at the Pan-Pacific Stadium in Hollywood. He had to star in it seven nights that week and two matinees. On Friday he started shooting "Sioux City Sue," his first movie in four years. Sunday he switched his Melody Ranch radio show back from 15-minutes to a full half hour, and as Gene runs the whole deal himself, that meant he had to huddle with writers, cast parts, hear music, and rehearse at CBS. All the time calls poured in from Everett Colborn at the ranch, Lloyd Rust in Dallas and his radio manager in Phoenix. His sponsor wanted to see him in Chicago. Gene buzzed up there, stayed an hour and whizzed back to Hollywood for a conference. The next day he hopped up to Canada, to check some new rodeo stock. He was back in time for his next radio show on Sunday. Oh yes, and along the way, Gene recorded songs for Columbia Records!

Right now, Gene's off to a second start that's bound to lead into the greatest years of his movie life. He had a problem right after he got out of the ATC. Gene liked Army chow too well and there were about twenty pounds too much for his jeans but now he's all slimmed down and plenty handsome.

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Actually, the only real worry Gene has at this point is really a sentimental tug. His horse, Champion, is getting along in years and it's right in the cards that he'll have to go to pasture soon.

What most people add up as Gene's greatest headache is really a good-natured chuckle with Gene. The Hollywood air was crammed with feud rumors about Gene and his closest rival, Roy Rogers. The idea was: when Gene stepped out of his Hollywood cowboy spot, Roy stepped in, calling himself "King of the Cowboys" and went to town. Sure—that's true enough. But Gene never had any resentment about it. The way he looks at it, there's room at the top for others besides himself, and that's the way he always did view the situation.

Few people know that Gene has helped Roy along consistently, since the days when Roy was Dick Weston, playing small western parts on the same Hollywood lot, Republic, as Gene did. In one of the many contract squabbles Gene had with his bosses, he walked out and Republic picked Roy as a likely pinch-hitter. Put him in a star cowboy role and started to build him up. Then Gene's troubles blew over and when he came back, the decision was to let "Dick Weston" go fly a kite. That's when Gene stepped in.

"No, sir," he said, "you've given the boy a boost, now give him a chance. He's a good boy and he's got the stuff."

But as to any "feud" between these two buckos—well, all I can do is mention what happened on the set of "Sioux City Sue" not long ago.

It seems there was a scene where his leading lady is purring, "Why, just think! You might be a hit! You might even turn into a big Hollywood singing cowboy star!"

Gene had to grin. "You mean," he came back, while the camera whirred, "like Roy Rogers?"

"Cut!" yelled the director. "Now Gene —what the . . .?"

But Gene was still grinning. "Aw, leave it in," he begged. "It's a good line, isn't it?"

"Too darned good!" said the director, firmly. So he called for another take and Gene Autry was a good boy and stuck to the script. But he still thinks it's a good line and he might use it one of these days soon when he's cooking up his own pictures. He knows darned well the laugh it would hand his friend, Roy Rogers.

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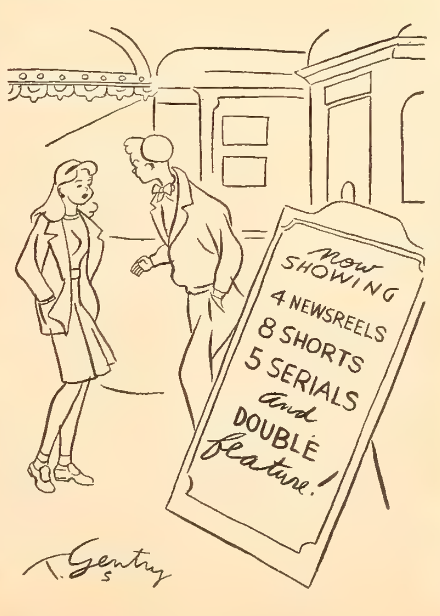

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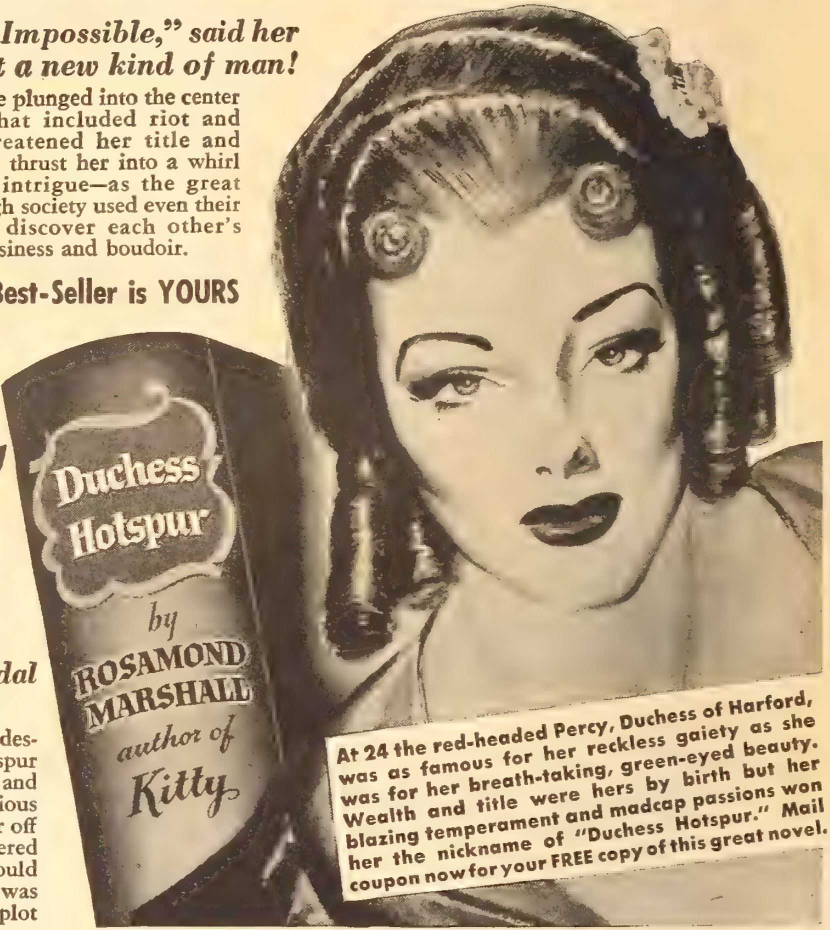

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Modern Screen

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A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL

JEANNE CRAIN . . . how could sweet 16 be so bitter? (p.30)

NOV 15 1946
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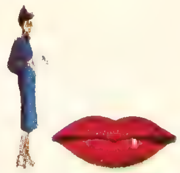
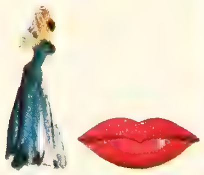
CLEAR RED



BLUE RED



ROSE RED

BLONDES......	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1
BRUNETTES....	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
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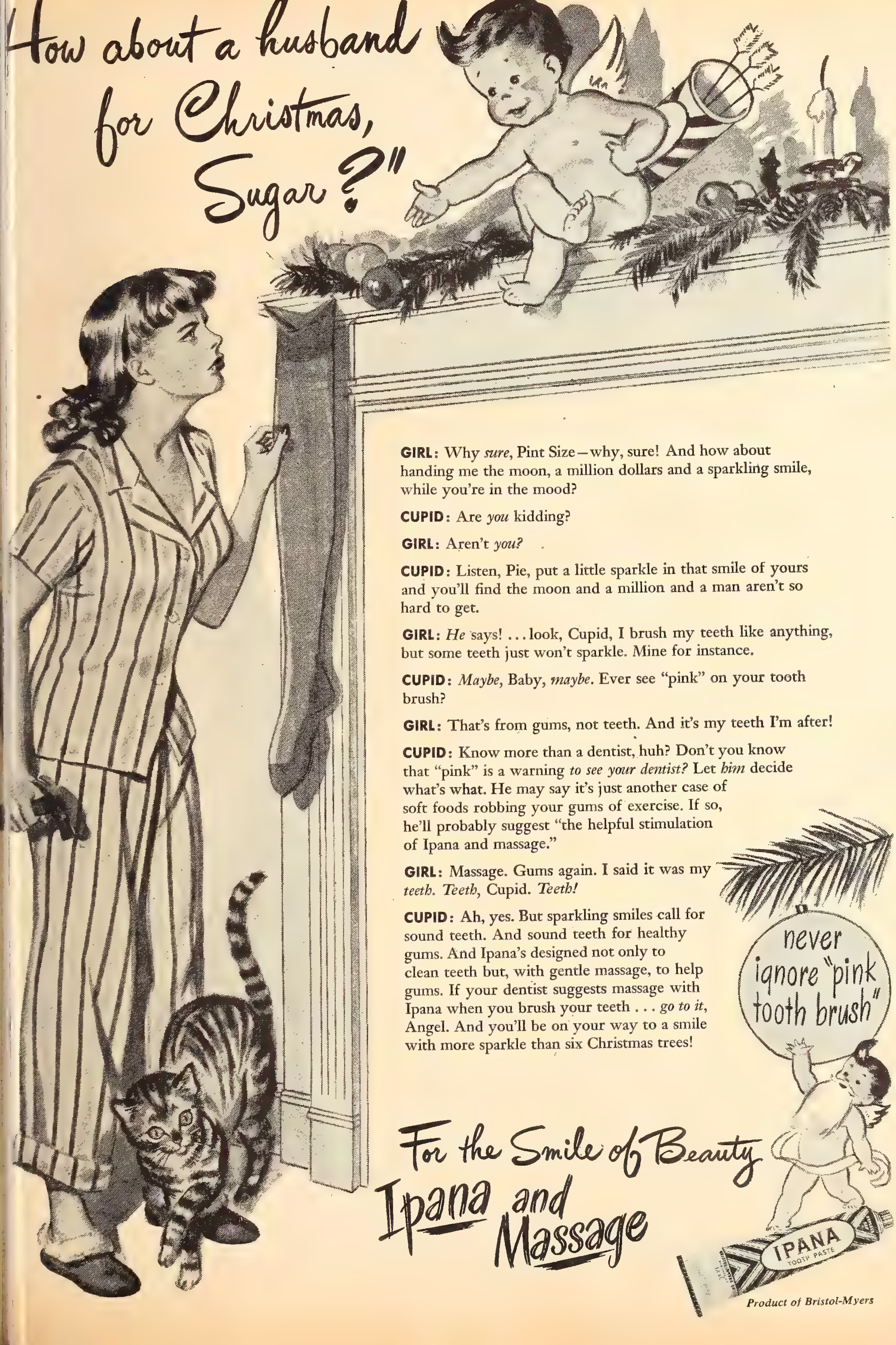
never ignore "pink tooth brush"
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GIRL: Why *sure*, Pint Size—why, sure! And how about handing me the moon, a million dollars and a sparkling smile, while you're in the mood?

CUPID: Are *you* kidding?

GIRL: Aren't *you?*

CUPID: Listen, Pie, put a little sparkle in that smile of yours and you'll find the moon and a million and a man aren't so hard to get.

GIRL: *He* says! . . . look, Cupid, I brush my teeth like anything, but some teeth just won't sparkle. Mine for instance.

CUPID: *Maybe*, Baby, *maybe*. Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: That's from gums, not teeth. And it's my teeth I'm after!

CUPID: Know more than a dentist, huh? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning *to see your dentist?* Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Massage. Gums again. I said it was my *teeth. Teeth*, Cupid. *Teeth!*

CUPID: Ah, yes. But sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth . . . *go to it*, Angel. And you'll be on your way to a smile with more sparkle than six Christmas trees!

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Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!

From Lexington, Kentucky, comes a romantic tid-bit . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

The whole town's in love with a horse!

★ ★ ★ ★

So are Detroit and Toledo, Pittsburgh and Wheeling, Buffalo and Binghamton. So are more than 30 other cities that she's visited in her palatial trailer.

They're all in love with "Bess," the gleaming chestnut steed that won Hollywood's heart and is now making countless friends across the country.

★ ★ ★ ★

They call her "The Horse With The Human Mind."

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder they give her the keys to the city (which she accepts personally), clamor for her autograph (she never says nay), and wine and dine her at hunt clubs!

★ ★ ★ ★

Of course, "Bess" can't visit every town in the land, but you can see her in M-G-M's thrilling adventure story, "Gallant Bess," soon to be screened at your local theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll see "Bess" as she really is, for Harry Rapf has produced "Gallant Bess" in glowing natural color by the Cinecolor process.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a crisp, authentic flavor to Jeanne Bartlett's story. She got its true-to-life feeling from an incident narrated by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR.

Keep your eye on Marshall Thompson, who is best friend to "Bess", in the picture. As a star, he's mounting. You can see he loved his role; gave it power, conviction. With him, you'll see George Tobias and Clem Bevans—stalwart, two-fisted pals who thrive on rough going.

★ ★ ★ ★

Altogether, the picture is a credit to Andrew Marton's expert direction.

★ ★ ★ ★

So here's our Stranger-Than-Fiction Fact For Fall: You're going to fall in love with a horse, when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess" in action color.

—*Leo*

DECEMBER, 1946

modern scree

the friendly mag

stories

THANKSGIVING FOR JEANNE (Jeanne Crain)
THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN (Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman)
I LOVE GRETA GARBO by Billy Rose
MODERN SCREEN GOES TO CATALINA (Bob Mitchum)
PIPE DREAM RANCH (Alan Ladd)
NO GREATER LOVE . . . (Bette Davis)
STATE FAIR (Roy Rogers)
LIFE OF THE PARTY (Hatfield-Andrews-Korvin-Fontaine)
MORE THAN YOU KNOW . . . (Olivia de Havilland)
WATCH BEVERLY TYLER! by Hedda Hopper
"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" (Bob Walker-Judy Garland-Van Johnson)
HAPPINESS—TAYLOR MADE (Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor)
CORNEL WILDE LIFE STORY (concluded)
THE SECRET LIFE OF DANNY KAYE

color pages

JEANNE CRAIN in 20th-Fox's "Margie"
JANE WYMAN in M-G-M's "The Yearling"
RONALD REAGAN in Warners' "Stallion Road"
BOB MITCHUM in RKO's "The Locket"
ALAN LADD in Paramount's "The Big Haircut"
BEVERLY TYLER in M-G-M's "My Brother Talks to Horses"
ROBERT TAYLOR in M-G-M's "Undercurrent"
VIVIAN BLAINE in 20th-Fox's "Three Little Girls in Blue"

features

PICTURE OF THE MONTH: "The Jolson Story" selected by Dorothy Kilgallen
EDITORIAL PAGE
GOOD NEWS: by Louella Parsons
PARTY POSTSCRIPTS: by Louella Parsons

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS: by Virginia Wilson
INFORMATION DESK
RADIO: Radio Award by Ed Sullivan. Radio Gossip by Ben Gross
MUSIC: "Sweet and Hot" by Leonard Feather
SUPER COUPON
BEAUTY: "Carol's Christmas Gifts"
FASHION: by Toussia Pines
COOKING: "Starred for Thanksgiving"

THE COLOR PORTRAITS OF JEANNE CRAIN, BEVERLY TYLER AND ROBERT TAYLOR ARE BY WILLINGER. THE COVER PORTRAIT OF JEANNE CRAIN IS BY NICKOLAS MURAY.

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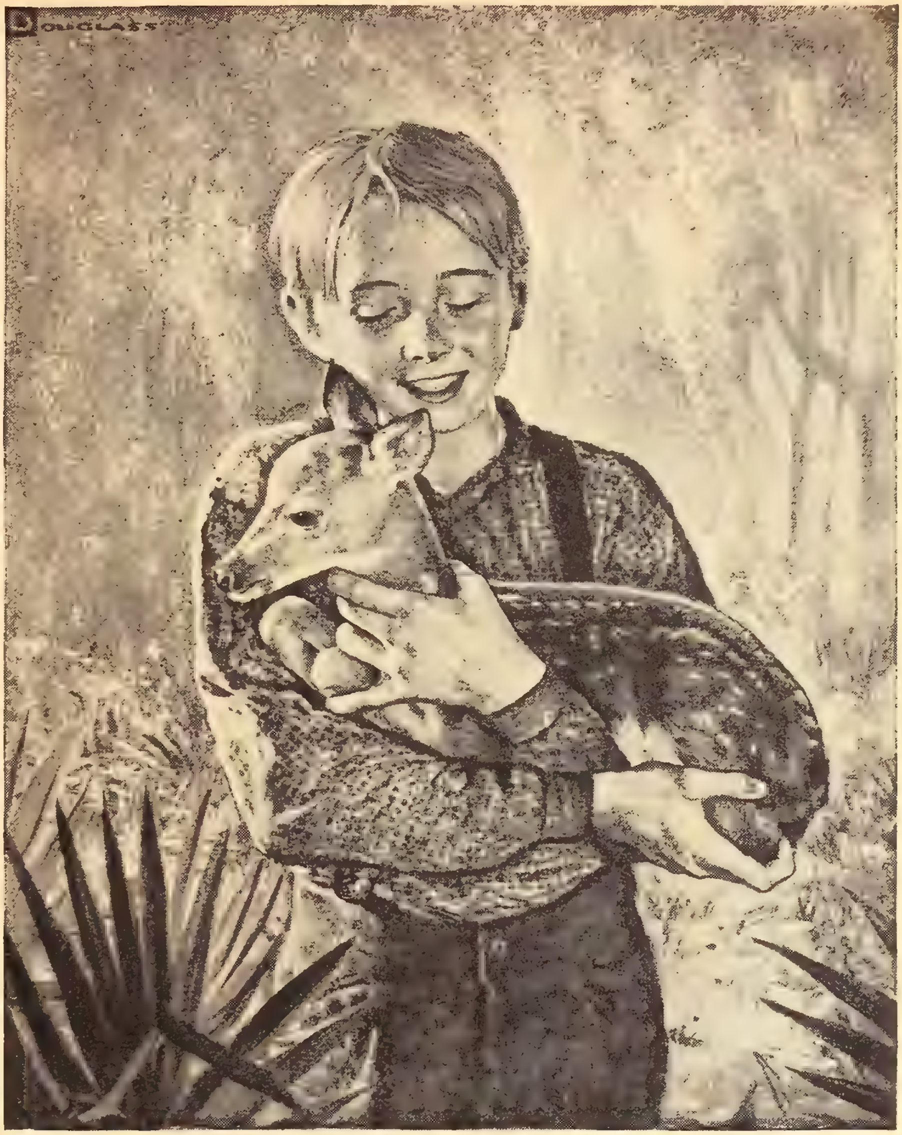
This is the year of "The Yearling"

...AND IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR!



Love conquers a wilderness!

A feud flares into violence!

M.G.M. presents in Technicolor

THE YEARLING

starring

GREGORY PECK • JANE WYMAN

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

CLAUDE JARMAN, JR. as "Jody" • Clem Bevans • Margaret Wycherly • Forrest Tucker • Screen Play by Paul Osborn • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings • Directed by Clarence Brown • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

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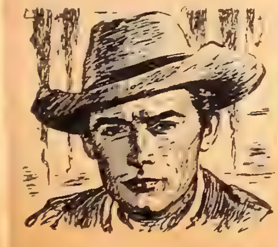

Peck's finest performance!

It's kill the bear.. or starve!

THE
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A great book comes to life!

FREE! A beautiful 8" x 10" four-color reproduction of the painting by Douglass Crockwell shown above. It portrays Claude Jarman, Jr. as "Jody" in M-G-M's Technicolor production "The Yearling" and comes autographed, suitable for framing.

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PICTURE of the MONTH

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

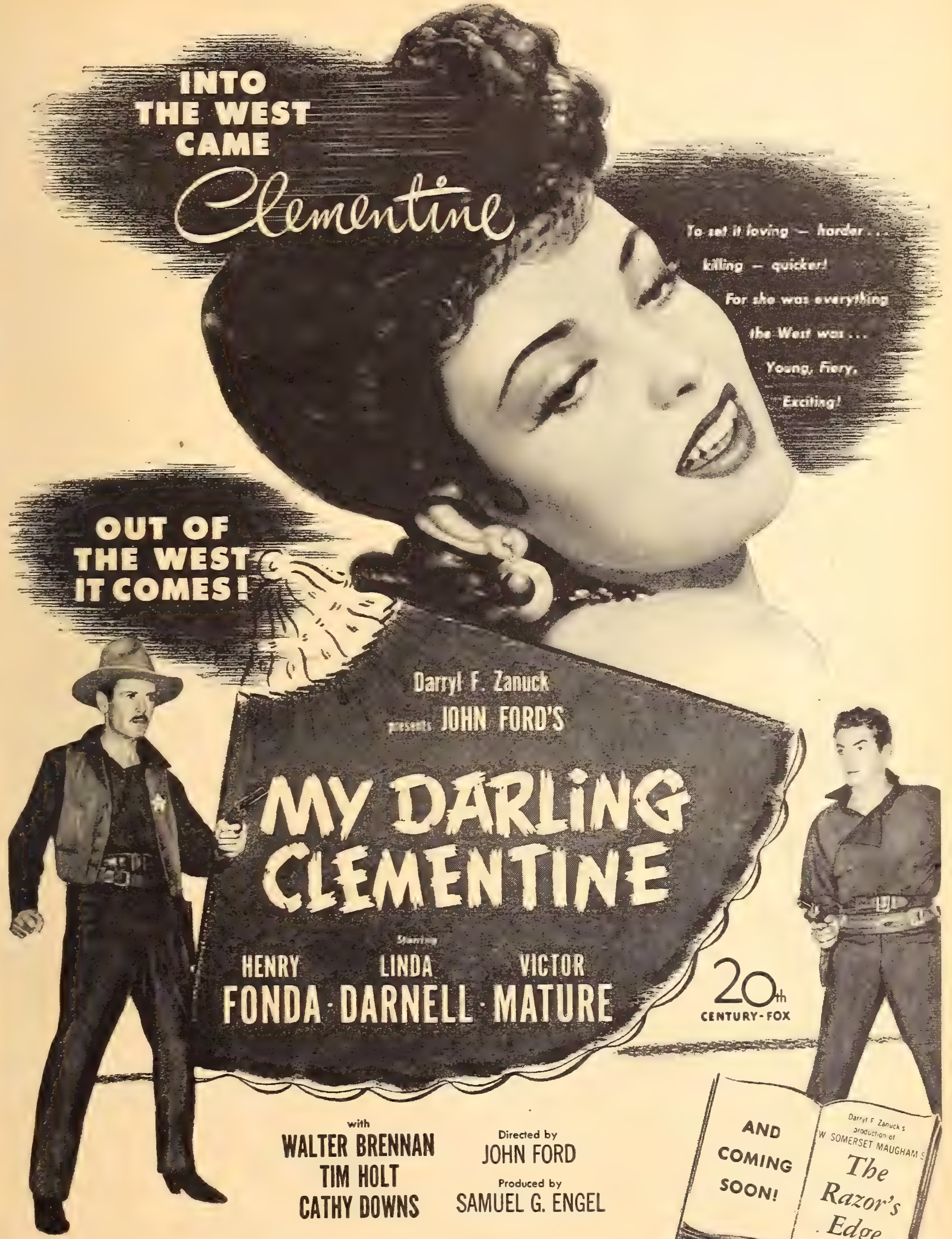
SELECTS "THE JOLSON STORY"

■ To a few score of friends on Broadway, several hundred acquaintances in New York, Miami and Hollywood, and a handful of newspaper readers with retentive memories, Al Jolson is a suntanned multimillionaire, multi-married theatrical performer with a passion for racehorses and pugilists, female beauty, and good food, and a predilection for lawsuits involving large sums of money.

But in making the lavish and dazzlingly scored musical film "The Jolson Story," Columbia Pictures has, quite properly, ignored this small portion of the population which might be familiar with the facts and concocted a scenario for the entertainment of those millions to whom Al Jolson is a name vaguely associated with white cotton gloves, a watermelon mouth and a seemingly indestructible left knee. The result is a diverting if historically omissive biography in which the comedian is portrayed as a young man with an uncanny resemblance to Fred Waring,

(*Continued on page 8*)

Julie (Evelyn Keyes) visits Al Jolson's (Larry Parks) parents (played by Tamara Shayne and Ludwig Donath), chokes on spicy food.



INTO
THE WEST
CAME
Clementine

To set it loving — harder . . .
killing — quicker!
For she was everything
the West was . . .
Young, Fiery,
Exciting!

OUT OF
THE WEST
IT COMES!

Darryl F. Zanuck
presents JOHN FORD'S

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Starring
HENRY FONDA · LINDA DARNELL · VICTOR MATURE

20th CENTURY-FOX

with
WALTER BRENNAN
TIM HOLT
CATHY DOWNS

Directed by
JOHN FORD
Produced by
SAMUEL G. ENGEL

Screen Play by Samuel G. Engel and Winston Miller · Based on a Story by Sam Hellman · From a Book by Stuart N. Lake

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whose sole fault (aside from a tendency to sing too many encores) is a yen to ply his trade over the unfathomable objections of his disagreeable little wife.

One example should be sufficient to indicate the whimsicality of the authors in handling the characterization of Jolson. There is a scene backstage at a burlesque house in which the dapper young blade is greeted with definite warmth by a covey of leggy daisies. His partner suggests that Al might do well to make a date with a girl some time.

"Girls?" scoffs Al. "I haven't got time for girls!"—a statement guaranteed to send the regulars at Lindy's into peals of apoplectic glee, but presumably having no effect on those members of the Jolson public who have forgotten that he found time to be married to Henrietta Keller, Alma Osborne, Ruby Keeler and Erle Garbraith during the periods when he was not being romantically charmed by Eunice Healy, Adele Jergens, Jinx Falkenburg and Gloria Cooke, to name only those who leap instantly to mind.

However, the vagaries of the screen writers can be dismissed as amusing but unimportant, since this is not their picture. "The Jolson Story" belongs to the music department from start to finish. These talented workers—M. W. Stoloff, Saul Chaplin and Martin Fried—have created a triumphant sound track, fast and bright and suitable from the vocal under the title of the orchestral crescendo accompanying the fadeout, and every yard of it deserves applause. The picture contains a staggering number of songs, and despite an attempt on the part of the scenarists to give the impression that Mr. Jolson discovered jazz, the stark truth is that his taste in songs was consistently banal. "I'd walk a mill-yun miles for one of your smi-hiles, my little mammy" is scarcely a Dorothy Parker lyric, and the tune that goes with it is depressingly compatible, but the master craftsman who had charge of arranging the notes and playing the music succeeded in lifting even "Ma-ham-my" into the realm of high excitement.

The sound track is further enhanced by the fact that the Ol Massa himself does all the singing, and no doubt about it, when he takes a tune he nails it down and makes it a Jolson song forever and nobody else ever sings it quite that way or quite that well.

Visually there are two Jolsons—Scotty Beckett, who gives a touching, enchanting and to all indications, accurate performance as the boy Jolson, and Larry Parks, who essays the more trying task of impersonating the full-grown mammy singer. Mr. Parks is good-looking, charming, a conscientious mimic of the familiar Jolson mannerisms, and a pleasant actor, and the fact that he is nothing at all like Jolson as a performer or an individual is no reflection on his talent. Nobody is like Jolson.

The large cast assembled for this Technicolor venture is on the whole excellent, with fine work contributed by Ludwig Donath as Cantor Yoelson, the comedian's father, and Tamara Shayne as his mother. Evelyn Keyes is the one wife in the film, and although she is called "Julie Benson," no attempt is made to conceal the fact that Julie Benson is pronounced Ruby Keeler. Miss Keyes' acting in "The Jolson Story" is about two notches above Ruby Keeler's in "Flirtation Walk"; her dancing is several notches below.

Al Jolson may be surprised at what he sees when he views his screen biography, but if he is any kind of a movie fan he will have a good time at it.

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How long is it since you've had a present from us? Oh-oh. That'll never do. We're just dying to send you the January, February and March issues of MODERN SCREEN ABSOLUTELY FREE! But you'll have to help just a *leetle* bit. Simply fill out the Questionnaire below *very carefully* and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. We'll select 500 at random to be the lucky recipients of these THREE MONTHS' gift issues.

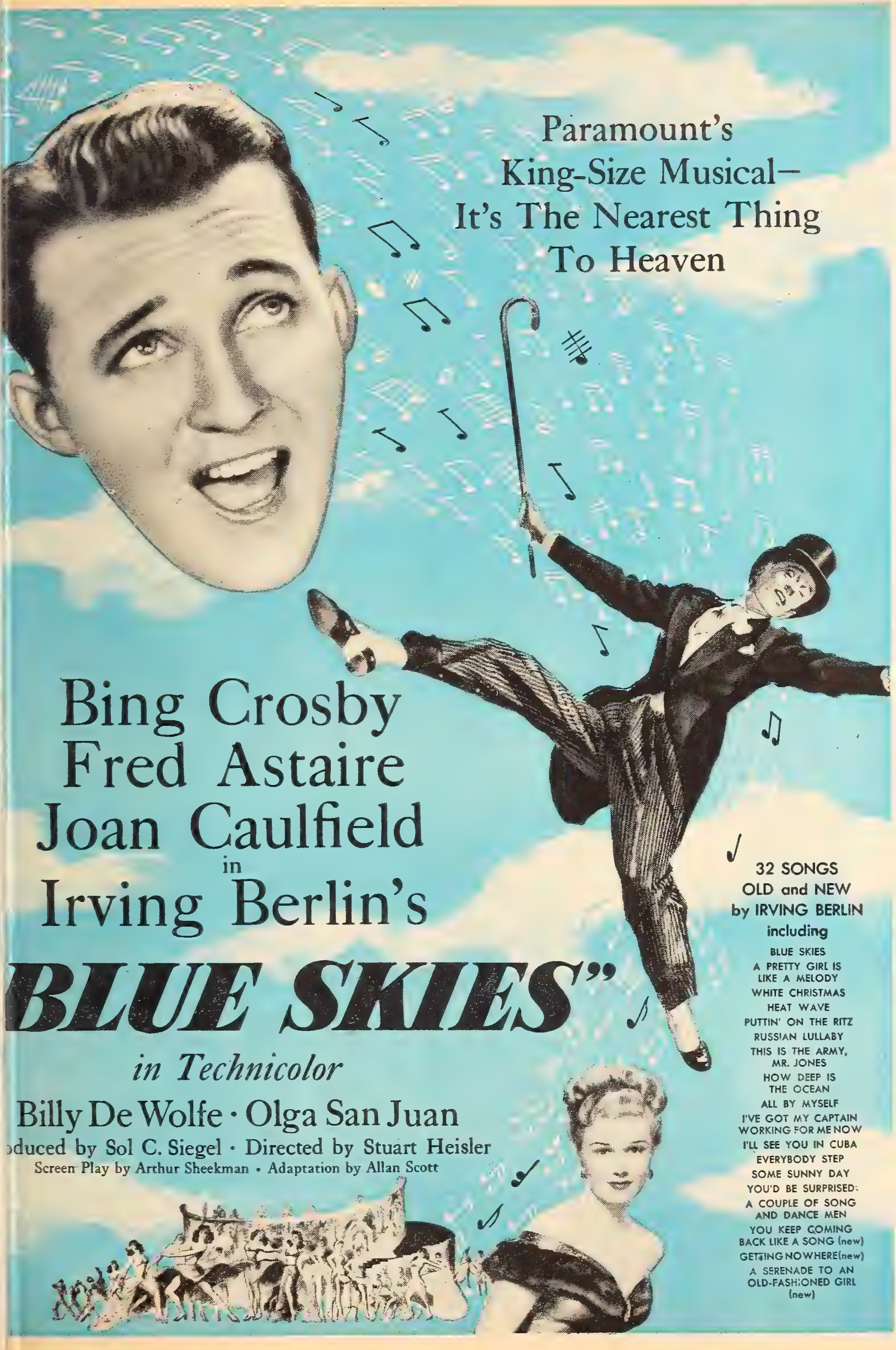
QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd AND 3rd CHOICES—AND THAT'S ALL!

Thanksgiving For Jeanne (Jeanne Crain) . . . . ☐
The House They Live In (Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman) . . . . ☐
I Love Greta Garbo, by Billy Rose . ☐
MODERN SCREEN *Goes To Catalina (Bob Mitchum)* . . . . ☐
Pipe Dream Ranch (Alan Ladd) . . ☐
No Greater Love . . . (Bette Davis) ☐
State Fair (Roy Rogers) . . . . ☐
Life of the Party (Hatfield-Andrews-Korvin-Fontaine) . . . . ☐
More Than You Know . . . (Olivia de Havilland) . . . . ☐
Watch Beverly Tyler! by Hedda Hopper . . . . ☐
"Till the Clouds Roll By" (Production Story) . . . . ☐
Happiness—Taylor Made (Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck) . . . . ☐
Cornel Wilde Life Story (Concluded) . . . . ☐
Good News by Hedda Hopper . . . . ☐
The Secret Life of Danny Kaye . . ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?. . . . .
What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. . . . .
What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. . . . .
My name is . . . .
My address is. City. . . . . Zone. . . . State. . . . .
I am . . . . years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Paramount's
King-Size Musical—
It's The Nearest Thing
To Heaven

Bing Crosby
Fred Astaire
Joan Caulfield
in
Irving Berlin's

BLUE SKIES"

in Technicolor

Billy De Wolfe · Olga San Juan

oduced by Sol C. Siegel · Directed by Stuart Heisler

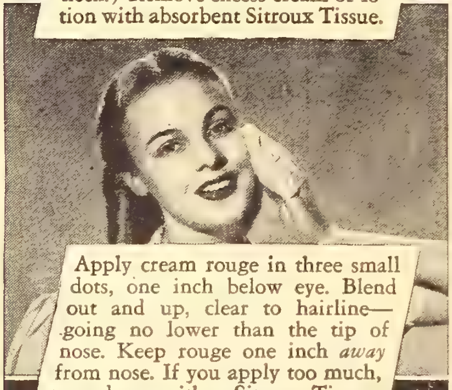
Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman · Adaptation by Allan Scott

32 SONGS
OLD and NEW
by IRVING BERLIN
including

- BLUE SKIES
- A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY
- WHITE CHRISTMAS
- HEAT WAVE
- PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ
- RUSSIAN LULLABY
- THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES
- HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN
- ALL BY MYSELF
- I'VE GOT MY CAPTAIN WORKING FOR ME NOW
- I'LL SEE YOU IN CUBA
- EVERYBODY STEP
- SOME SUNNY DAY
- YOU'D BE SURPRISED
- A COUPLE OF SONG AND DANCE MEN
- YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG (new)
- GETTING NOWHERE (new)
- A SERENADE TO AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL (new)

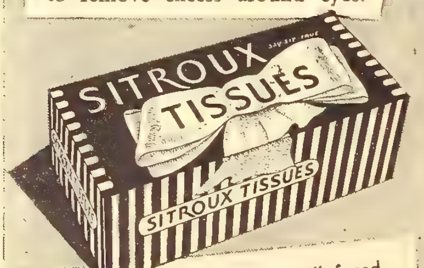
TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!

After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.



Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch *away* from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.

With cotton pad, firmly *press* powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with *downward* strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—*pat* entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue* to remove excess around eyes.



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE TISSUES

by Virginia Wil

MOVIE REVIEW

"Undercurren

■ There's a curious and exciting pattern to this new picture starring Kath Hepburn, Robert Taylor and Robert Mitchum. It's a closely-woven sto a girl from a quiet New England town who is swept suddenly by a si undercurrent into dangerous waters.

Ann Hamilton (Katharine Hepburn) is the daughter of a college prof Alan Garroway (Robert Taylor) comes to see her father on a scientific ter, and his appraising, experienced eyes see great possibilities in charming simplicity. He sweeps her into a whirlwind marriage and c her away to Washington to meet his important, sophisticated friends soon makes her over into a strikingly beautiful and stunningly gowned w but not before he has let everyone see her as a dowdy country girl. Ann understand this, but she soon finds there are many things about Alan she can't understand.

He has a consuming hatred of his brother, Michael (Robert Mitch who has, he explains to Ann, stolen money from him, as well as ruined personal relationship that has meant anything to him. He hasn't hea Michael in some time now, and hopes bitterly that he is dead. Alan Ann to the impressive Garroway estate in Virginia, and she would have very happy there if it weren't for the strange incidents which kept occu She overhears a mystifying conversation about a black horse and th who tries to master it. Then there's Alan's rage when she plays a c piece on the piano. And the discovery of a book of Michael's which faint uneasiness in her heart.

They go to San Francisco where Alan's factory is located, and there Sylvia Burton (Jayne Meadows) who bears an almost uncanny resembla Ann as she looks since her marriage. She tells Ann a weirdly strang frightening story. Events spin along with growing speed in the strea unexpressed hatred which has come to flood tide through the years, and is caught in the undercurrent.—*M-G-M.*

(*Continued on pag*

Alan Garroway (R. Taylor) sweeps Ann Hamilton (K. Hepburn) off her feet—into

ERROL FLYNN **ELEANOR PARKER**

in Warners' GREAT BIG HIT with the GREAT BIG LOVE!

"NEVER SAY GOODBYE"

See it! See it!-You'll never forgive yourself if you don't!

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TALKING PICTURES Warner

with
LUCILE WATSON · S. Z. SAKALL · PATTI BRADY FORREST TUCKER DONALD WOODS
DIRECTED BY JAMES V. KERN · PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS
Screen Play by I. A. L. DIAMOND and JAMES V. KERN • Original Story by Ben and Norma Barzman • Adaptation by Lewis R. Foster

He'll Sing His Sweetest ON THE TESTED TWELVE*

For the joy and brightness he brings to your home, a canary needs but little care. Keep him healthy and happy, and he'll reward you with his cheeriest singing. Always feed him French's Bird Seed and Biscuit—a carefully measured, thoroughly tested blend of *twelve* proven aids to health and song. Millions of *singing* canaries have made French's "Tested Twelve" the most popular bird diet in America!

*TESTED TWELVE INGREDIENTS—PROPORTIONED WITH A PURPOSE!

Canary Seed
Red Millet Seed
Yellow Millet Seed
Rape Seed
Soy Bean Grits
Yeast
Sesame Seed
Poppy Seed
Corn Syrup
Cuttlebone
Charcoal
Wheat Germ

French's BIRD SEED AND BISCUIT

IN ONE ECONOMICAL PACKAGE

P. S.

Katharine Hepburn rehearsed in her familiar slacks, then switched into stunning Irene designed gowns when sequences were ready to be filmed. For the shooting of short scenes, she changed attire as many as four times in an hour with record speed of two minutes. . . . Kate's famous working garb, however, has seen its last days, if cast and crew of the film have their way. Their farewell gift to the star, upon completion of her last scene, was a dress. . . . During production, Bob Taylor acquired a most unusual good luck charm—the bald head of prop man Solly Martino. Before going into each scene, Bob conferred with Solly and gravely rubbed the shining pate three times. He announced that he has complete faith in the charm, but fears the prop man on his next pic may not be bald. . . . Marjorie Main, searching in vain for a housekeeper, had to become one, both at home and studio. She was in the midst of cleaning her own house and trying to prepare meals when Metro informed her that she was "hired" to perform the same chores for Kate and Cecil Kellaway.

NOCTURNE

To quote Gilbert and Sullivan, "a policeman's life is not a happy one." Detective Joe Warne (George Raft) couldn't agree more. Here he is with ten murder suspects and they're all beautiful brunettes and all called Dolores. Furthermore, he isn't supposed to be conducting a murder investigation at all. The official police verdict in the case of Keith Vincent, a successful Hollywood composer, is suicide. But Warne is sure it's murder and goes off on his own to prove it.

His first job is to identify the ten girls whose smiling pictures adorn the walls of Vincent's den. Susan (Myrna Dell), Vincent's pert housemaid, says he called them all Dolores. But Susan has a police record and maybe her word isn't good for much. Warne traces several of the beauties, who come up with an assortment of alibis, good, bad, and indifferent. Then he makes a startling discovery. One picture is missing from the collection. His search for the missing link takes him to a glamor photographer, to a cheap cafe, and finally to the set of a motion picture studio and lovely actress Frances Ransom (Lynn Bari). Frances is the logical suspect since she offers an obviously phony alibi and admits she was at Vincent's house the night of the shooting. But Warne finds himself curiously reluctant to believe she did it.

He is relieved when evidence turns up which involves a burly hoodlum, Torp (Bernard Hoffman). Unfortunately that trail leads straight back to Frances, her young sister, Carol (Virginia Huston) and a pianist called Fingers (Joseph Pevney). Warne is now so close on the trail that the murderer gets panicky, and kills the photographer who took all the pictures. Susan, the housemaid, tries a spot of blackmail, with unfortunate consequences. The chase goes on and death lurks again in the shadows.

"Nocturne" has plenty of suspense, and you'll like the authentic Hollywood background.—*RKO.*

P. S.

A major love scene was completely ruined for George Raft and Lynn Bari from the most unexpected source—a sharp-eyed critic—who insisted on voicing his opinion. The sequence was going along smoothly; the director was grinning happily. Then suddenly from the rafters a shrill voice screamed: "Terrible! Terrible!" The entire company went into action trying to find the intruder. The culprit, they discovered was a parrot who'd escaped from its cage on another stage and had flown over to personall give Raft the bird!

THE MAN I LOVE

I want you to meet Petey Braun (Id
Lupino). If there were more girls lik
Petey around, the world would be
pleasanter place. She's warm and hone
and gay, and if she had just two nicke
to her name, she'd give you both of then

Petey is a New York night club singe
who has come to California to spen
Christmas with her family. The famil
consists of her sister Sally (Andrea King
who has a job as waitress while her hus
band is in a Veterans' Hospital; anothe
sister, Virginia (Martha Vickers), wh
takes care of Sally's young son, Budd
and a brother, Joe (Warren Douglas) wh
is headed for trouble as a petty racketee
Petey finds that Sally is terribly worrie
about her husband. It seems he has a
aggravated form of battle fatigue, and h
been quite violent on her last two visi
to the hospital. Sally has another prob
lem—Nick Toresca (Robert Alda), the lo
cal night club owner, is making a pl
for her. Sally doesn't know how to har
dle him. "*I'll* take care of Mr. Toresca
Petey promises. "I've been exposed
guys like that for years, and I know
the answers."

Virginia has a problem, too, although
takes Petey a while to realize it. Acro
the hall live a young couple named Johnn
and Gloria O'Connor. Johnny (Don M
Guire) is a nice lad, devoted to his wi
and baby. Gloria (Dolores Moran), a
most as beautiful as she is stupid, neglec
Johnny and the baby in favor of nig
life. Virginia is secretly in love wi
Johnny, and it's torture to her to see t
way Gloria treats him.

Petey goes to work as a singer at Nick
night club, sidetracking his attention fro
Sally. Then she meets a big strang
named Sam Thomas (Bruce Bennet
once a famous jazz pianist, and forge
Nick and everything else in the world b
love. She has both happiness and unha
piness with Sam, but he's her guy a
nothing will ever change that. In t
meantime, she manages to straighten o
the tangled lives of those around her.

Ida Lupino is wonderful as Petey, a
"The Man I Love" is a picture you
remember.—*War.*

MAGNIFICENT DOLL

That noise you hear is James Madis
fourth President of the United Stat
spinning in his grave. This unaccustom
activity is occasioned by a picture bas
on his wife's life which is about as hi
torically accurate as "The Wizard of O
In spite of the liberties taken with histo
"Magnificent Doll" is thoroughly ente
taining. Ginger Rogers, Burgess Mered
and David Niven play the leading roles

Dolly Payne (Ginger Rogers) is one
the prettiest girls in Virginia. Like
pretty girls, she loves parties and is vas
unhappy when her father sells their hu
plantation and carts the family off to
quiet Quaker life in Philadelphia. He
sists on Dolly marrying the son of
Quaker friend there. John Todd (Hor
McNally) is a fine man, but Dolly rese
not having been allowed to choose her o
husband. She keeps their marriage a c
and formal affair until John is strick
with the plague. Then—too late—
realizes that she loved him.

After John's death and that of Doll
father, she and her mother open a v
de luxe lodging house. Their first "pa
ing guest" is the dashing Senator, Aa
Burr (David Niven). He immediat
begins a siege of Dolly's heart, and fo
time she is responsive. Then she me
the quiet little Congressman, James M

ALL OR NOTHING! In gambling... In love!

When a girl who never gambles meets a man who always wins–WHO GIVES IN? See the amazing, amusing answers in this grand romantic comedy, set in that famous city of gaiety — Las Vegas.

RKO
PRESENTS

ROBERT YOUNG
BARBARA HALE · FRANK MORGAN
in

Lady Luck

with
JAMES GLEASON · DON RICE · HARRY DAVENPORT

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • Produced by WARREN DUFF
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN • Screen Play by LYNN ROOT and FRANK FENTON

R K O
RADIO
PICTURES

"Start Young to fight DRY SKIN"

SAYS Nancy Coleman Starring in "Her Sister's Secret" A PRC Production

"I Keep that Dewy Fresh Look with these Rich Lander Creams containing OLIVE OIL"

Your young skin has *enemies* like wintry wind, indoor heat and dirt that dry it out, steal its bloom!

That's why even very young Hollywood stars use and recommend Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. It's a super-rich *special formula* for dry, sensitive skin. This fluffy, white cream softens, smooths, cleans exquisitely! You look radiantly alluring!

And for lovelier hands, use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. It's so rich and soothing! Get both these luxury creams at your 10¢ store today.

LANDER'S CREAMS WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢ AND 25¢ EACH

LANDER'S
COLD CREAM
LANDER'S
HAND CREAM
Olive Oil
LANDER

Plus Tax

ison (Burgess Meredith). On the face of it, he isn't a man who could offer Burr much romantic competition, but Dolly has acquired a sound sense of values. She sees that Madison has as brilliant a mind as Burr, and is considerably more stable in his political opinions. She marries Madison, to Burr's anger and disbelief.

When Thomas Jefferson is elected President, Madison becomes his Secretary of State, and Dolly is official White House hostess. Burr, reaching always for power, organizes a revolt he believes will end in his being declared Emperor of America. Instead it ends in jail, with Dolly saving him from a lynching by an angry mob. It's quite a picture.—*Univ.*

NO TRESPASSING

It's good to have Lon McCallister back on the screen, especially in as enthralling a picture as "No Trespassing." The contrast between the homely, farm background and the weird events that take place there is particularly effective.

Young Nath Storm (Lon McCallister), High School senior, takes an after-school job as hired hand at the Morgan farm. Morgan (Edward G. Robinson) is a middle-aged man with a wooden leg and a fanatical devotion to his adopted daughter, Meg (Allene Roberts). He lives a great deal of the time in a mysterious world of his own involved with "a red house" and "screams that you hear the rest of your life." No one but his sister Ellen (Judith Anderson) knows what he's talking about when he gets one of these spells, and she has kept the secret for seventeen years.

The first night on the new job, Nath thinks he'll take a short-cut home through the woods. That's when he first hears Morgan tell of the "screams in the night." Nath has a stubborn courage which makes him take the short-cut in spite of Morgan's insistent warning. He is attacked by a mysterious figure in the woods, and badly beaten. A few days later he and Meg, who worships him shyly, do some exploring, but find nothing. However, the following Sunday, Meg goes alone to the woods and stumbles on a trail which leads to the Red House. She is shot at, and falls over a cliff, breaking her leg.

Nath blames himself, because he has been out with Tibby (Julie London), a sexy little number who doesn't really compare with Meg's sweetness. By now Morgan has forbidden him to come near the house, and Nath worries about Meg constantly. Tibby, angry at his preoccupation, starts going around with Teller (Rory Calhoun), the big woodsman whom Morgan pays to keep trespassers off his property. Morgan becomes queerer and queerer until it's obvious that he is insane. One murder results, and Meg's own death seems sure unless Nath can save her.—*U.A.*

SECRET OF THE WHISTLER

The Whistler—like The Shadow—KNOWS! In this case, the Whistler knows what goes on in the mind of Ralph Harrison (Richard Dix), and an unsavory mess it is, too. Ralph, an artist, is married to Edith (Mary Currier) who is rich enough to support him in the luxury he likes. He married her for her money and she married him for love, which Ralph considers a fair exchange. He is kind enough to her to salve his conscience—until Kay Morrell (Leslie Brooks) enters the picture.

Edith has serious heart trouble, and knows quite well that she won't live much longer. She even orders her own tombstone—a proceeding which is to have far reaching developments later. The thing that keeps her going is her confidence in her husband's love. One night Ralph gives a party at his studio. Of course Edith can't be there, as her heart trouble keeps her almost an invalid. One of the artists who attends brings his model—Kay. She's a voluptuous redhead with a mercenary mind and a heart like a concrete mixer. When she finds out that Ralph's wealthy wife will soon make him a widower, she goes to work on him. She manages it cleverly. She makes him think she loves him, but tells him that since he's married nothing can come of it. Their romance, however, continues.

Ralph doesn't know that his wife, under the care of a new doctor, has been improving. One day she is allowed to go out, and she stops in at his studio to surprise him. She is just in time to overhear him telling Kay that he's sure Edith won't live much longer, and then he will immediately make her the second Mrs. Harrison. Naturally the first Mrs. Harrison finds this a considerable shock. She manages to get back home, and when Ralph arrives that evening, she informs him that he is to move out immediately and she is going to change her will. This is an invitation to murder, but it doesn't work out quite the way you would think.—*Col.*

SMASH-UP

Drink is never a solution to anything. "Smash-Up" is the story of Angie Evans (Susan Hayward) who finds this out almost too late. Angie is lucky, in the beginning. She's beautiful, she has a good voice, she's in love with Ken Conway (Lee Bowman) who's crazy about her. Life looks as gay as a birthday cake.

Then things start to happen. Ken is arrested for an automobile accident and sent to jail. When he comes out, Angie is so happy to have him back that she gives up her singing career and marries him immediately. She was to do an audition for radio executive Roger Elliott (Carleton Young), but she persuades him to listen to Ken instead. He is only mildly enthusiastic. Still he admits that Ken has something, and gives him and his guitar playing pal, Steve (Eddie Albert) a fifteen-minute spot at six o'clock. "Six o'clock!" cries Angie, delighted. "That's a *wonderful* time!" "Not *this* six o'clock," Ken says gloomily. "This one's in the morning."

However, he and Steve gradually win popularity, even at that early hour. The day Angie's baby is born, Ken sings a song he has written especially for her. It's so good that it gets him a spot on an evening program. Before long he's a top radio star, with his own secretary, Martha (Marsha Hunt) and every minute filled with bustling activity. That's when things get rough for Angie. Martha seems to have taken over Ken's life. She picks their apartment, has it decorated, gets a nurse for the baby. She advises Ken about everything. There's nothing left for Angie to do but go to cocktail parties or sit at home and lap up brandy by herself, which she does with increasing frequency. Soon she becomes a problem to Ken who tries to get her to stop drinking, but doesn't realize the true cause of it.

When the baby gets pneumonia, Angie lays off liquor completely, long enough to nurse her over it. Then after a quarrel with Ken she goes back to the same old routine. If Dr. Lorenz (Carl Esmond) hadn't happened along, the dramatic smash-up of her whole life which ensues would have been irreparable.—*Univ.*

THE NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

By Webster's definition, a gentleman is "a well-bred man of fine feelings, good education and social position." By Rex Harrison's interpretation, his "Notorious

Are you in the know?

Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ *A kingsize design*
- ☐ *A petite pattern*
- ☐ *Neither*

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, *you, too*, can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for *you*. What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty.

For lip-appeal *plus*, should you—

- ☐ *Wear a sultry shade*
- ☐ *Use a lip brush*
- ☐ *Revise the shape of your mouth*

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red: on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip-appeal *plus*; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra *protection*, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* to keep you super-confident!

Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

- ☐ *If it's more practical*
- ☐ *To show you're not stuffy*
- ☐ *Nay, nay, never!*

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! *Unless* there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ *Back out gracefully*
- ☐ *Make like a martyr*
- ☐ *Grin and bear it*

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that *lasts* because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!

IRVING NURICK

Kotex
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More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

BURT LANCASTER of "The Killers," was born in New York City, on Nov. 2, 1913. He is 6'2" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. He's still single. You can write to him at Hal Wallis Studios, Paramount, Hollywood, California, where his next picture is "Desert Town." He has no fan club.

VAL VALENTINOFF just signed a new film contract and is being hailed as one of the greatest dancers of our time. He, too, comes from New York, where he was born on Mar. 23, 1919. Is 6'2" tall, and has hazel eyes and black hair. Unmarried. Just took time out to appear on Broadway in "Gypsy Lady," but you can address your mail to RKO for a picture and further info on him.

DICK DICKERSON was the blond sailor on the train in "Without Reservations," and he hails from Virginia. Was born Aug. 25, 1922, is romantically unattached, and is just out of the Navy. Real name is Claude Wyatt Dickerson, he's 6' tall, and weighs 175 lbs. Is now concentrating on a film career, and if you'd like to help it along, send lots of letters to him at RKO, Hollywood. His next pic is "I'll Be Yours."

B. Kent, Seattle: The Conrad Janis Fan Club is headed by Patti Wohl, 975 Walton Avenue, Bronx, New York. Rosemarie Marino, 1751 W. Chaffee Pl., Denver, Colorado, has Glenn Ford's, Louise Ritchie, 5748-25th N.E., Seattle, Wash., has Bill Williams', and Nancy Imbush, 3117 West Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., has Glenn Langan's.

Margaret Olsen, Bronx: Stewart Granger *was born in London, May 6, 1913. He's 6' tall, with brown eyes and hair and is married and has one child. Write to him at Gainsborough Films, 142-150 Wardour Street, London. Same address for* James Mason. Rudy Wissler *was Rudy in "Boy's Ranch." He was born in Los Angeles, June 21, 1928, is 5' 5", and has brown eyes and black hair and can be reached at M-G-M.* Darryl Hickman *was Hank in that pic, and he was born July 28, 1932, has brown eyes and hair, and can be reached at 20th Century-Fox.*

Julia Freid, Brooklyn: No, Stephen Bekassy *who was Liszt in "Song to Remember," didn't disappear. He'll be seen with Bergman in "Arch of Triumph," and can be reached at Enterprise Productions, Universal, Universal City, Calif. And* Tito Reynaldo *was the young Prince in "Anna and the King of Siam." He's at Fox. "If You Could Care" was the name of the song that John Lund sang in "To Each His Own." The "Stolen Life" music is untitled.*

Gentleman" is a frustrated, confused and lovably worthless wastrel.

Vivian Kenway (Rex Harrison) has always had too much animal spirit for his own good. Thrown out of Oxford for his wild shenanigans, his sympathetic titled father pulls wires to have him employed at the South American coffee plantation of an old friend. But there again, Vivian refuses to realize that discretion is the better part of valor and is spectacularly fired. On the town again, he goes on a rootin', tootin' spree which ends up with his landing in the clink and having to be hauled out by Sandy Duncan (Griffith Jones), an old classmate now grown to repulsively respectable stature. Sandy invites Vivian home with him when lo and behold, Viv discovers that Sandy's cherished wife, Jill, is none other than the campus widow whom he—and practically the rest of the Oxford undergraduate body—had romanced during his university days.

With Viv, the wish is father to the thought, and with one tilt of his eyebrow, he makes Jill succumb again and flit off with him to a cozy hotel room. Sandy accidentally comes upon them, and true to type, plays the outraged husband to the extent of wiping the floor up with his old pal and suing his wife for divorce, naming Vivian as co-respondent.

Still at loose ends, he becomes a midget auto racer and is currently risking his fool neck in Vienna when a charming but terrified young Austrian girl not only pays his long overdue hotel bill, but begs him to marry her, in return for which she will pay off all his old debts and divorce him as soon as they reach England. She is half Jewish, she explains, and can escape Vienna only by assuming British nationality.

His ready sympathies touched, Vivian agrees to the bargain, never realizing that he had overestimated his wife's fortune and that, even more tragically, Rikki (Lilli Palmer) is falling in love with him.

Desperate, he takes her to his father's place in Somerset where Rikki, shocked by his affair with Col. Kenway's secretary, Jennifer (Margaret Johnston), tries to drown herself.

Tragedy gains momentum for Vivian from that point on. Driving while blind drunk, his car crashes and his father is killed. In an agony of conscience, Vivian drops out of sight and is found, months later, working as a gigolo in a cheap dance palace. Jennifer, sincerely in love, tries to "rescue" him, but Vivian is a lost soul. The war breaks out, and soon, headlines announce the heroic death of Vivian Kenway, England's most notorious gentleman. *—Univ.*

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

This has everything a really top flight Western needs. Gun fighting, fist fighting, a dazzling dance hall queen, and a less dazzling, but still lovely, heroine. It starts with the four Earp brothers who are on their way to California with a herd of cattle. Near Tombstone, Arizona, the cattle are stolen and the youngest brother killed while he's on guard. Wyatt (Henry Fonda), the oldest, decides they're going to stay around Tombstone till they get the killers. He's well-known throughout the West, for he used to be Marshal of Dodge City. He now becomes Marshal of the wide open town of Tombstone, and little by little starts closing it. His brothers who have been made deputy marshals, help.

Drunks who start shooting up the Crystal Saloon or Miss Kate's "Boarding House for Young Ladies," find themselves unexpectedly sobering up in the jug. Crooked gamblers learn that Tombstone is a good town to stay away from. And gradually Wyatt begins to have a fairly clear idea that Old Man Clanton (Walter Brennan) and his desperado sons were responsible for the killing of his brother.

"Doc" Holliday (Victor Mature) is one of Tombstone's wildest characters. Doc is not only a handy man with a gun, but he has brains and he admires Wyatt's intelligence and courage. To everyone's astonishment, he starts siding with law and order. This sentiment is not shared by his girl, Chihuahua (Linda Darnell). Chihuahua, Doc explains, is a lying, cheating little two-timer. "Why go around with her then?" Wyatt inquires. Doc's answer is ready—and sardonic. "Because she'll make such a beautiful mourner at my funeral." And Wyatt learns for the first time that Doc is near death from tuberculosis.

One day the stage from Tucson brings a new visitor to Tombstone. She is Clementine Carter (Cathy Downs) and she was engaged to Doc back in Boston. Now there is Doc's illness, which he is determined to protect her from. He uses Chihuahua as an excuse, but Wyatt tells Clementine he thinks she should stick around awhile. Maybe things will change. They do—but not the way anyone expects. *—20th-Fox.*

MARGIE

High school in 1928 was much the same as high school today. Oh sure, it was Rudy Vallee the kids swooned over instead of Frankie, but a swoon's a swoon, isn't it? "Margie" is a Technicolor flashback to the era of coon coats, rolled stockings and "My Time Is Your Time." You'll love it.

Margie (Jeanne Crain) is a Senior at Central High. She's a sweet girl, but nobody's idea of hot stuff. She's President of the debating team and she'd gladly exchange that any day for the privilege of having Johnny Green (Conrad Janis) drive her home from school in his roadster. Johnny, however, concentrates on blonde Marybelle (Barbara Lawrence), who can't debate at all but does a wicked Charleston. Margie's only boy friend is Roy Hornsdale (Alan Young). Roy has a chronic cold in the head and reads poetry—aloud. Definitely not a dreamboat.

The Senior Class, or at least its feminine half, is agog over the new French teacher, Mr. Fontayne (Glenn Langan) Here, they feel, is a man of the world. To be sure, Miss Palmer (Lynn Bari), the school librarian, seems to have him pretty well hooked, but a girl can dream, can't she? Even Marybelle admits that Mr. Fontayne is the smoothest thing around. Margie's first encounter with him is hardly a romantic one. She is losing her bloomers and rushes into the seclusion of the library to fix them. Along comes Fontayne, but being a man of the world, he pretends not to notice, thereby making her his slave.

Margie lives with her Grandma (Esther Dale), an outspoken old lady who likes Mr. Fontayne but has no use for Johnny. Margie's mother is dead, and her father (Hobart Cavanaugh) is terrified of his young daughter. But she does persuade him to come to hear her debate. He surprises them both by suddenly developing into a proud parent. There's a skating party after the debate, and joy of joys! Johnny asks Margie to skate. So what happens? She loses her bloomers again. Only Mr. Fontayne's presence of mind saves the situation.

There's more—lots more—with a tender little love story woven through the fun.—*20th-Fox.*

IF A MAN CAN'T HAVE ALL OF A WOMAN'S LOVE, HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE NONE!

Can a woman give her lips to one man and her longing to another? This was the question that tormented her soul...A stirring emotional experience enriched by the magic of music and Technicolor.

FRANK BORZAGE'S

PRODUCTION OF

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

A Distinguished Motion Picture in Romantic

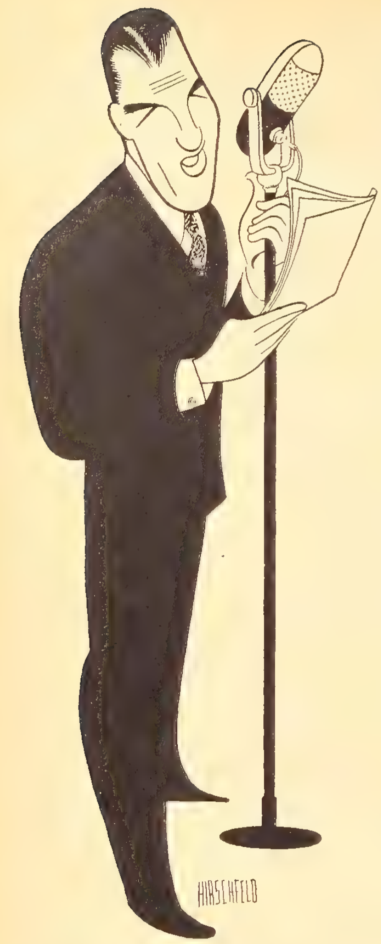
TECHNICOLOR

PHILIP CATHERINE
DORN • McLEOD
WILLIAM
CARTER
MME. MARIA OUSPENSKAYA
Felix Bressart • Fritz Feld
Elizabeth Patterson • Vanessa Brown
Lewis Howard
Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by
Borden Chase
Adapted from his
American Magazine
Story "Concerto"
Piano Recordings by
Artur Rubinstein,
World's Greatest
Pianist

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN



■ "Wait, Mary, until I show you the silly things that Bob brought back from overseas," said Dolores Hope, getting up from the table to fish through a chest of drawers. She came out with a tablecloth: "It was a bargain," said Bob Hope, stubbornly. "The guy who sold it to me told me it was a very rare and ancient tablecloth." The three gals at the table let out shrieks of laughter.

"I don't see anything funny about it," objected Jack Benny. "It looks very nice to me." Hope nodded his thanks to his supporter. "Sure you think it's nice, Jack," whooped Mary. "You brought one back just like it!"

"That," said Benny glumly to Bob Hope, "is what husbands get for being thoughtful."

Later we went upstairs and Bob showed us other things he'd brought back; a magnificent piece of tapestry, a gold swastika embossed on blood-red silk; some personal stationery, engraved "Adolf Hitler"; all sorts of guns, a regular arsenal of them, along with swords and daggers; Japanese beaded bags, grenades, a scorched bit of fabric from a Jap Zero that had been shot out over Okinawa, Japanese currency, some more guns. "Now don't play with those guns," warned Dolores Hope. "It's perfectly safe," insisted Bob.

Mrs. Hope turned to us: "Perfectly safe! Look what happened one night when he was showing his guns and playing cops-and-robbers." She pointed to a lower drawer. A bullet had smashed through the heavy wood and when she opened the drawer, you could trace the path of the bullet as it finally had come to rest. "He just missed hitting one of his radio sponsors," announced Mrs. Hope.

That night, in Bob Hope's house, I made up my mind that we had to give him something that wouldn't explode, kill a radio sponsor or arouse femme visitors to screams of laughter. So this month, I'm presenting Bob Hope with the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan gold plaque of radio excellence, the identical plaque which we awarded Jack Benny last season before he went off the air for a summer vacation.

I have a hunch where Bob will hang this MODERN SCREEN plaque, in the playroom on the ground floor, off to the left of the comfortable living room. We spent a lot of time in that room. Movie actors and radio actors generally are not very good pool players, but there are exceptions to the rule: If the movie star or radio star is a former vaudeville performer, then make up your mind that he *can play pool.* Between vaudeville shows, in the old days, vaude performers utilized the intervening hours in small towns and cities in the pool rooms. Benny played a lot of vaudeville, so did Bob Hope. What they did to your correspondent

(*Continued on page 22*)

and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS

■ **Stories They Tell On Radio Row . . .** "You've got to be careful when you make a gag," Eddy Duchin, the famous pianist-orchestra leader, remarked the other day. "Sometimes, what you say in fun may prove to be real and not a joke at all." As proof, he cited this incident: Some time ago, on NBC's "Music Hall" show, he commented jibingly on the commercial possibilities of the word, "atomic." "Why, before you know it, some one will be putting on the market a lipstick named 'atomic'."

Well, just a few days later, Eddy received by mail a complimentary box of lipstick. And, sure enough, on the fancy label were the words, "Atomic Red." With it came a note from the manufacturer reading, "Dear Eddy: Thanks for the plug!"

* * *

Autograph hunters are forever going in for new wrinkles. By now, having a radio celebrity inscribe his or her name on your shirt, your blouse or even on the palm of your hand has become outmoded. However, a member of the studio audience of NBC's "Honeymoon in N. Y." really came up with something different. She insisted that emcee Durward Kirby autograph her marriage license!

Some musical numbers are given their titles in curious ways. For example, long after a certain midnight, David Rose was working feverishly in his studio, completing an original tune for his CBS show, "Holiday With Music." His nerves were taut, for the composition, although as yet unfinished, was scheduled for performance on the following evening's broadcast. It had to be copied, rehearsed and ready to go on the air within a few hours. "Can't wait a minute longer," said the copyist, who stood beside Rose's desk. "Let's have it!" Suddenly, David realized that he had no title for his work. "Hurry, hurry!" the copyist insisted. Rose looked at his watch. It was exactly 4:20. So he merely wrote on the top of the sheet, "4:20 A.M." And that is how this popular number got its name!

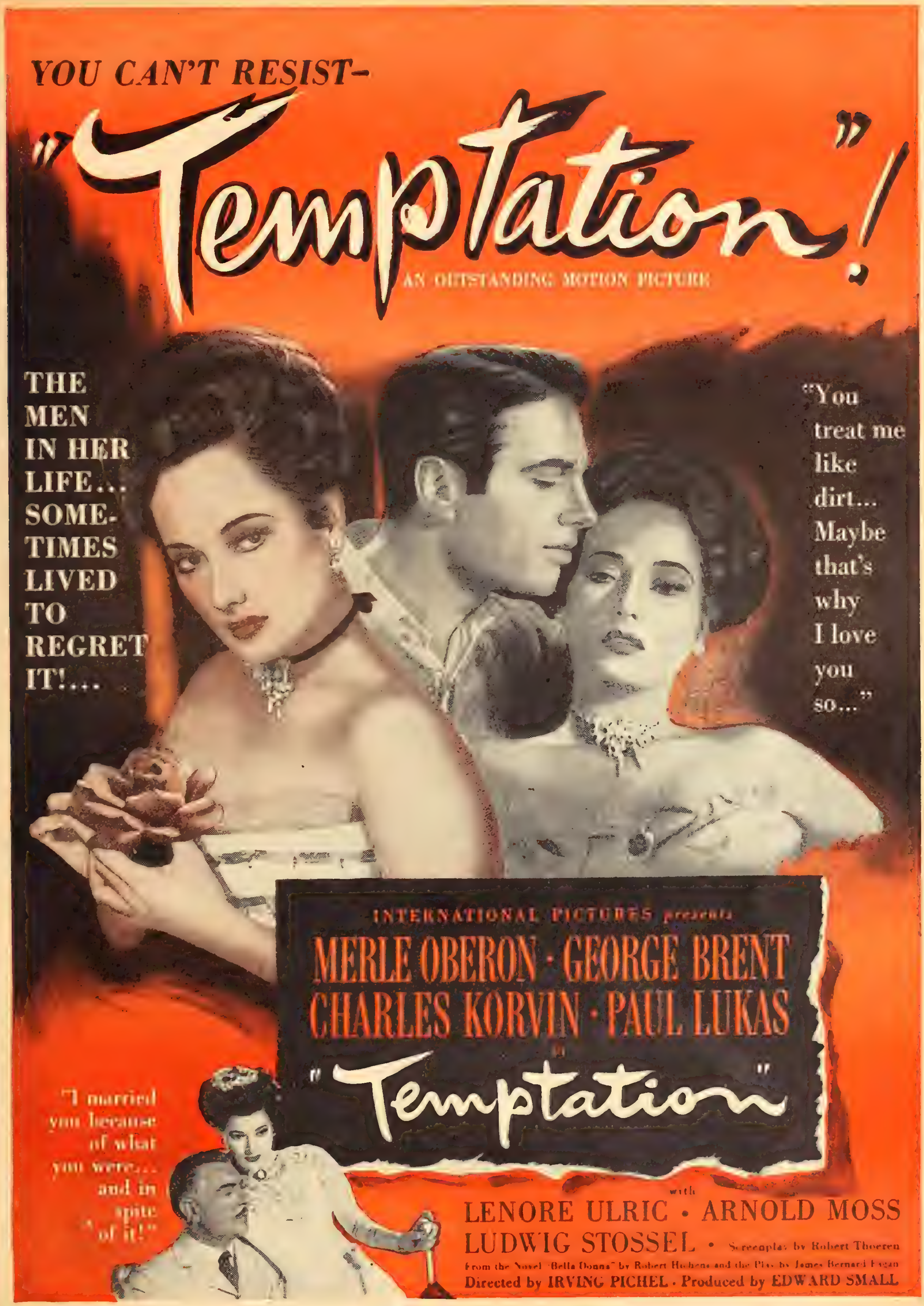
* * *

The Program Book . . . The Radio Santa is here again. His cherry-red cheeks glowing, and with a paunch that food shortages have not reduced, St. Nick's spacious bag bulges with Yuletide programs. As he climbs down the aerials into the loudspeakers of the land, he brings his gifts of carols, fantasies and festivities from all over the world. And even though you may not suspect it after reading the newspaper headlines, his message is still "A peaceful and joyous Christmas time!"

With the season of big shows now in full swing, every star of the airwaves plans a special program during the holiday week. And in addition, as usual, there will be gala pickups from every section of the globe, including services from strife-torn Palestine, London, Paris, Rome and far away Tokyo.

Among the radio folks celebrating the season, the Quiz Kids have exceptional cause for rejoicing. To these marvelous mental moppets, the Santa of the Airlanes has been more than kind. Since they went on the radio, six years ago, these youngsters have accumulated tidy bankrolls. Laying aside the $100 Government bond each Quiz Kid receives per broadcast, Richard Williams, for example, found on his graduation from the show last Christmas that he had collected a total of $21,000. Ruthie Duskin, 12, has already earned herself a

(*Continued on page 20*)



YOU CAN'T RESIST—

"Temptation"!

AN OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURE

THE
MEN
IN HER
LIFE...
SOME-
TIMES
LIVED
TO
REGRET
IT!...

"You
treat me
like
dirt...
Maybe
that's
why
I love
you
so..."

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES *presents*

MERLE OBERON · GEORGE BRENT
CHARLES KORVIN · PAUL LUKAS

in

"Temptation"

"I married
you because
of what
you were...
and in
spite
of it!"

with

LENORE ULRIC · ARNOLD MOSS
LUDWIG STOSSEL · Screenplay by Robert Thoeren
From the Novel "Bella Donna" by Robert Hichens and the Play by James Bernard Fagan
Directed by IRVING PICHEL · Produced by EDWARD SMALL

"TEMPTATION"... *You can't resist it*—See It Soon At Your Favorite Motion Picture Theatre

(*Continued from page 18*)

nest egg of $9,400. But, the chances are that the biggest money maker of them all will be six-year-old Richard Weixler. He has already received $1,900 in bonds and he still has ten years to go on the program.

* * *

Another radio personality, although hardly a Kid, who has reason to be grateful this Yuletide is Ted Husing. As you know, he recently resigned his staff job with CBS to become a free lance sports announcer and a disc jockey for WHN, an independent New York station owned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. To some it might seem to be a come-down for a celebrity such as Ted to leave a network merely to turn platters on an independent outlet. But there's financial method in Husing's seeming madness. It is estimated that during the next five years on WHN he will earn for himself at least $1,600,000. Anyway, he has been guaranteed a minimum salary of $260,000 a year! No wonder so many youngsters these days would rather be a mike-man than President.

* * *

And while on this topic, how many boys and girls are there in this country who have their eyes-and ears—on radio? No one really knows, but you may make a guess, after reading what goes on in New York City alone. There, Bessie Mack, who is in charge of auditions for the Arthur Godfrey "Talent Scouts" show on CBS, receives more than 3,000 telephone calls a week from would-be-performers. And these, it must be pointed out, are not from amateurs, but from those who already have had some professional experience.

* * *

The Lux Radio Theater, which you hear on Monday nights over CBS, rehearses anywhere from 16 to 20 hours to give you less than 60 minutes of weekly entertainment. Helen Hayes, however, once appeared on the program with only one hour of rehearsal. That was the time she was brought in as a last-minute sub for Margaret Sullivan, who was taken suddenly ill.

JANUARY ISSUE

So you think you know Sinatra? Well, wait'll you see our January issue (on the stands December 13) with a story by his manager, an article by Billy Rose, AND a cover—all devoted to the fabulous Frankie!

Just to give you an idea of the tremendous amount of work that goes into such a show . . . one that is heard once and then no more . . . here is the weekly schedule of this feature: On the Thursday before the broadcast, the stars meet with the producer in Hollywood for a preliminary reading of the script. On Friday, the entire cast assembles in the studio before a microphone, with orchestra and sound effects. Another practice session follows on Saturday. Then, there is a full-dress rehearsal on Sunday afternoon and also one on Monday, just before the program goes on the air.

* * *

Gags of the Month . . . (But remember, please, I don't write them. I merely print 'em):

Jack Kirkwood: No sugar in my coffee, thank you. I'll just drop these sleeping pills into it.

Lillian Leigh: Sleeping pills?

Kirkwood: Yes . . . so the coffee won't keep me awake.

* * *

Durward Kirby: Remember the good old days when we spoke of having two cars in every garage?

Herb Sheldon: Those were the days!

Kirby: Yes, and now it is two *families* in every garage.

* * *

Tom Howard: Know what a girdle is?

Harry McNaughton: No.

Howard: A girdle is a device used to keep an unfortunate condition from spreading.

* * *

Ish: If you had three Andrews Sisters and divided them by two, how many would you have?

Art: You'd have one-and-a-half Andrews Sisters.

Ish: Kind of scares you, don't it?

* * *

Helen Forrest of the Dick Haymes show overheard this one in a Beverly Hills restaurant:

First Middle aged Lady: I just can't trust my husband anywhere. He's such a flirt.

Second Middle aged Lady: I wouldn't worry. He's probably only reverting to type.

First Lady: No. He's reverting to typists.

* * *

Tommy Dorsey: In making one of the scenes in our picture, the director told my brother, Jimmy, and me to act like a couple of struggling musicians.

Ann: How did it go?

Tommy: Jimmy took the first two out of three falls.

* * *

Eve Arden: I have a new bathing suit. It's skimpy and daring. It's here in my purse. How do you like it?

ADVERTISEMENT

JOHN W. FROST

"Ze Pepsi-Cola, she'sa hit ze spot."

Jack Haley: Gee! . . . that bathing suit as five legs.

Eve: Silly . . . that's my glove!

* * *

Personality Paragraph: She was born n a taxi that was speeding toward a Deroit maternity hospital, in February, 1920. ttending the Cass Tech High School in hat city, she made her first "professional ppearance" singing at an alumni dance. he pay: Three dollars. Later, sang in ight clubs and on Chicago radio shows. hen, on to New York, where she became he first "Chiquita Banana" girl of the singng commercial. Her voice, as she advised steners never, never to put bananas into refrigerator, won raves but she herself emained anonymous. Finally, she auditioned via a record for the new Arthur odfrey show on CBS. Result: An engagenent. While on the program, she fell in ove with its director, Ace Ochs, and maried him. Shortly thereafter, the network tarred her on her own period: "Waitin' or Clayton." Now she is also a guest on uch big timers as "Texaco Star Theater" nd "We, the People." Her name? Oh, yes . . it's Patti Clayton.

* * *

Names Make Radio . . . Walking through he lush corridors of Radio City the other ay, I saw a good-looking Spanish girl mbling gracefully into an ABC studio. othing unusual about that, as the place bounds in fetching female pedestrians. ut what drew my eyes to this Senorita as that her shoes did not match. One as a smart leather "wedgie" and the ther, a practical flat-heeled brown numer. "How come?" I asked. The answer is hat the gal, Rosa Rio, is a staff organist ho has to be available at any moment to o on the air as a "fill-in." So she must, hile on duty, wear at least one flat-heeled hoe, in order to play the bass notes of the rgan. For it seems that narrow high heels asily slip off the long, narrow wooden edals that produce those rich low ounds.

* * *

If you never want to worry about the olf at the door—and who worries about he other kind?—all you have to do is to rite a smash play and radio series, such s "Abie's Irish Rose." Maggi McNellis, he NBC commentator, recently revealed hat Anne Nichols, author of the comedy, as earned ten million dollars in royalties ut of her work. . . . And speaking of

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The guest star at the Milton Berle radio show was Alan Ladd, so I got there early to get a seat down front, since Alan is one of my favorites. Then Milton Berle introduced his famous guest. I was sitting next to a very nice lady, and near the end of the act, I turned to her and sighed and said, "Isn't he wonderful?" "I think so," she answered. Then Milton Berle called for Mrs. Alan Ladd (Sue Carol), who was in the audience, to step up onstage. To my amazement, the lovely lady next to me got up and was escorted to the stage by her famous husband. As they walked off together, she turned and looked at my gaping jaw, and winked down at me.

Gilda Gentile
Brooklyn, New York

But a honey color won't keep you winter-sweet!

YOU'RE RIGHT on the sun beam, Pet. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help *if you stay nice to be near.*

True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but—winter or summer—you still need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

Mum better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers

GIRLS! Want quick curls?

EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. *Your* hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! Watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!

NEW
WILDROOT
HAIR
SET
25¢ + TAX

NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

THE PIN WITH THE LASTING GRIP
SMOOTH FINISH INSIDE AND OUT
Scoldy Lox Lasting Grip BOB PINS
Scoldy Lox BOB and HAIR PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

OUCH!
Ease that pain of
COLD WEATHER JOINTS
... with ABSORBINE Jr.

Maggi, she and Jinx Falkenburg, are the true fashion plates of Radio City these days. The girls around New York's broadcasting center, performers and office workers alike, are always commenting on the clothes and the hairdos of these two recently married mike celebs. Their getups are the joy of fashion and beauty photographers and the despair of imitators.

Do you recall Agnes Moorehead's thrilling performance in that chilling radio drama, "Sorry, Wrong Number?" The chances are you do, as this play has been broadcast no less than four times in the "Suspense" series. Now Agnes is recording it for a commercial recording company and you will soon have a chance to hear her in this prize exhibit of an actress' art on your own phonograph.

John Plummer, of the NBC music library, was telling Paul Lavalle, the Cities Service maestro, that while overseas in the Army, he had indulged in a "bull session" with several other soldier musicians. One fellow remarked, "I remember a clarinet player named Joseph Usifer. He seems to have disappeared . . . but, boy, was he great!" . . . "Well, I dunno," said Plummer, "did you ever hear Paul Lavalle toot that licorice stick before he went in for orchestra leading?" . . . "Lavalle!" the man replied contemptuously, "why he couldn't hold a candle to Usifer!" Paul laughed heartily on hearing this—for years ago he had been a clarinet soloist on the radio under the name of Joseph Usifer!

At last, the "great unheard" of the broadcasting world are coming into their own. These are the thousands of studio workers behind the scenes. Out in Hollywood, they are winning fame with a dramatic program, although neither you nor anyone else has ever heard it on the air. It is known as "The NBC Workshop" and is the combined effort of the network's non-professional employees. They write, produce, direct and act each show. Their productions have been recorded and, according to those who have heard these transcriptions, it is a certainty that many members of "The Workshop" will soon land within the regular—and highly paid—acting and writing ranks of the air.

* * *

Radio Remarks: "In Hollywood, the people you've just met call you 'darling'; casual acquaintances call you 'honey'; only your close friends know you well enough to use your name"—Eve Arden.

* * *

Letter of the Month . . . "Why are radio programs so unaccommodating to their listeners? I have often written to some of our big shows and asked them to sing or play certain numbers and not once did any of them grant my request."—Paula Fields, Chicago.

ED SULLIVAN RADIO AWARD

(Continued from page 18)

at the pool table in Hope's playroom shouldn't happen to Winchell, if you'll forgive the phrase.

From now on, I'll stick to golf against Robert.

Certainly there's never been a better-natured companion than Bob Hope. His gaiety is natural and unforced. There was the afternoon when he and professional Ed Dudley played our course, the Westchester Country Club, at Rye, N. Y. Hope was off his stick badly, and he was nettled, as any golfer would be, but certainly the gallery never got any reflection of his inward "burn." As we came up to the 9th green, near the clubhouse, a gallery of two hundred or three hundred members ringed the green and the adjacent 10th tee. "How do you like our course, Mr. Hope?" a pretty girl called out to Paramount's leading hacker. "It must have been designed by Boris Karloff," ad libbed Bob.

There are many factors which enter into Hope's faculty for comedy, and his persistent good nature. The most important, I think, is the fellow's fine health. I've never heard him complain of a toothache or headache, an upset stomach or an aching back. He is physically strong, he has a good appetite and an apparently indestructible stomach. That kind of a physical makeup is tremendously important to anyone, particularly to a comedian. You can't be funny, or feel funny, if you're sick.

His physical capacity for work was illustrated in his USO-Camp Show tours all over the world, making all kinds of airline hops in all sorts of weather and then playing shows in rain, snow or heat. He was a glutton for work and after the shows were over, he'd think nothing of meeting and talking with hundreds of G.I.s and their officers. Like Eddie Cantor, each person he meets spurs him to a gag or a joke. "It's the 'ham' in me," he grins. "I'm always onstage."

But there was one night in Paris when Bob did want to relax. The Army fliers who had flown his troupe around the E.T.O. had been very swell, so Bob suggested that when they reached Paris, they'd all sneak away and have a real, honest-to-goodness champagne evening. "Boy, it will be a relief to me, and to you, too," said Hope, "not to hear any gags from Hope."

They found a spot, a small Parisian night club. Champagne corks popped and they sat there, luxuriating in the knowledge that this was the kind of a holiday they'd earned. "This," sighed Hope, "is the life. No jokes, no bits of stage business, no nothin'." And just as he said it, there was a pre-emptory roll of drums from the little French band. "No," groaned Hope. "NO, NO, NO!!"

The French master of ceremonies walked eagerly to the "mike." He looked proudly at the table where Hope cringed behind the fliers: "Messieurs et mesdames," gurgled the mc. "Attendez!" Then, to the chagrin of Hope, he went on in English: "Tonight we have a very celebrated American cinema star in our midst. You and I know him intimately from the moving pictures he has created out of his own superb talent." By this time, the fervor of the introduction had mellowed Hope. It was impossible not to like the master-of-ceremonies, who evidently was a connoisseur of talent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exulted the m.c., almost knocking himself out in his pleasure, "may I present you, my friend, your friend, the friend of the world—the Eiffel Tower of Entertainment, Bob Haipe!"

"How do you like that—Bob Haipe," groaned Hope as he told me the story. "The guy not only didn't even know my name, he confided later to the Army fliers that he thought the cinema was a particularly low and degrading form of the drama, and he said that he was reluctant to believe that I was an actor, because my eyes did not reflect the soul of an artist."

This month's MODERN SCREEN Award goes to Bob Hope because, in the face of abnormal popularity and earning power, he has remained completely normal.

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The FOXES of HARROW
THOMAS B. COSTAIN
The Black Rose
THOMAS B. COSTAIN
The Black
Before the Sun Goes Down
Before the Sun Goes Down
The Strange Woman
The Strange Woman

THE FOXES OF HARROW

by Frank Yerby

FROM disgrace and the gutters Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city in the world"—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. For Stephen Fox loved danger and intrigue—and women loved Stephen Fox. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore him a son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, whose love he threw away—then braved disgrace and ruin to get it back! A gripping 740,000-copy best-seller—soon to be a spectacular movie. "Here are love and lusts and greeds, quadroon balls, voodoo, pistols at dawn. Fresh and fascinating."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE BLACK ROSE

by Thomas B. Costain

THE thrilling historical romance of a lovely harem girl and the outcast adventurer who risked death by torture to give her freedom—then found himself a slave to her beauty. An excitingly vivid picture of a man and a girl, alone against many enemies, with love and the treasure of the Orient at stake! No wonder the *New York Times* calls this two million-copy best-seller "romantic, colorful, exotic—a grand historical novel that swashbuckles with the best!"

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

HE knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willowspring—the scandals and the love affairs, the hopes and regrets. He served the town's royalty as well as the people across the tracks—and he knew that their offspring had a way of getting together to learn the facts of life first-hand. But no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! The year's $145,000 prize-winning novel.

THE STRANGE WOMAN

by Ben Ames Williams

THE astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra"—as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. This is a novel that will hold you breathless through more than 500 gripping pages. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager — an amazing woman who seemed a saint to the world at large but combined the mystery and fascination of Scarlett O'Hara and Lucrezia Borgia in her ruthless destruction of the men who gave her devotion.

HEDY LAMARR

The seductive and lovely film star plays the title role in the $2,000,000 motion - picture version of the sensational best-seller, **The Strange Woman**, a Hunt Stromberg Production, produced by Jack Chertok and released through United Artists.

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Sweet and Hot

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

Since I'm just back from California, where the oranges are big as your head, we'll dispense with the column's usual format this month, and I'll tell you about my gay, mad life.

This was the first time I'd been to the coast since my original column in the May, 1945 MODERN SCREEN, and I went mainly to make some records, and to talk to Woody Herman and Duke Ellington about some jazz concerts I was helping to plan.

When I got there, the cupboard wasn't bare—it had three people living in it. Hollywood is even more impossible than New York, when it comes to finding a place to live.

Once I found a home, I went on over to Billy Berg's. Billy Berg's, on Vine, near Sunset, is about the only remaining hangout for real swing fans in Hollywood. That is, it's the only place that still hires small jazz combinations. I was in there every other night all the time I was in California.

Billy Berg's is also the place where Slim Gaillard's "Ce-ment Mixer" started, but don't hold that against it.

And it's the only place I've ever been to that had three openings on three straight nights.

Opening nights in Hollywood are complete with klieg lights in front of the door, so people in the street can say, "Ha, there's an opening."

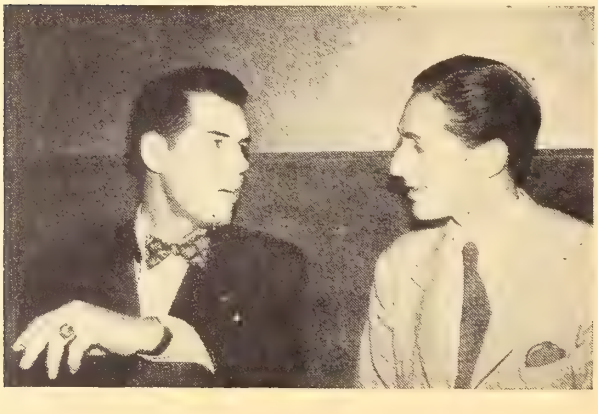
Well, Billy Berg's had been closed for two weeks, and was supposed to re-open with Eddie Heywood's band. The big klieg light was lugged out into the street, and the thing was flashing around in the sky outside, and the stage was all set. No Eddie. He was in San Francisco, and couldn't make it.

So Art Tatum opened, with the Vivien Garry trio, and Slim Gaillard, who apologized for Eddie's absence. The next night, they hauled the klieg light out all over again. In the middle of the evening, Eddie showed, all by himself. The rest of the band had missed the train from San Francisco. Eddie played a few piano solos, and *he* apologized.

The night after that, the klieg was on view again, and the band finally opened. Then Tatum's contract ran out, and so he closed and Errol Garner opened. Ever since then, no matter what's going on, at some point in the conversation, Slim Gaillard will say, "Tonight is opening night at Billy Berg's."

(*Continued on page 86*)

At rehearsal for the new Meredith Wilson show, the Vivien Garry Trio takes time out for a breather. From l. to r.: Annette Warren, L. Feather, Vivien Garry, Ben Gage, Wini Beatty, Arv Garrison and M. Wilson.



At H'wood's Palladium, L. Feather talks over Tex Beneke's plan to drop the line, "Glenn Miller's Band" when he tours with that crew this season. A fine showman, Tex has revived many of Glenn's numbers.

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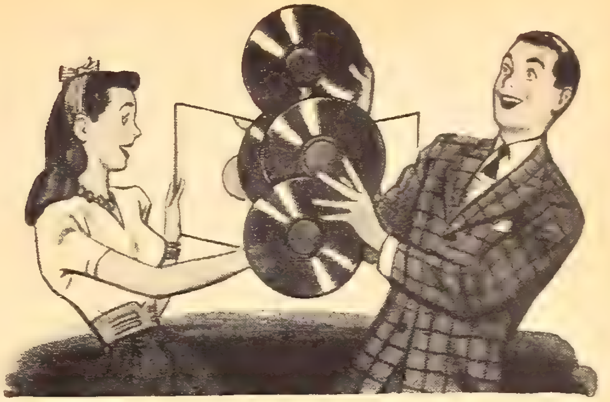

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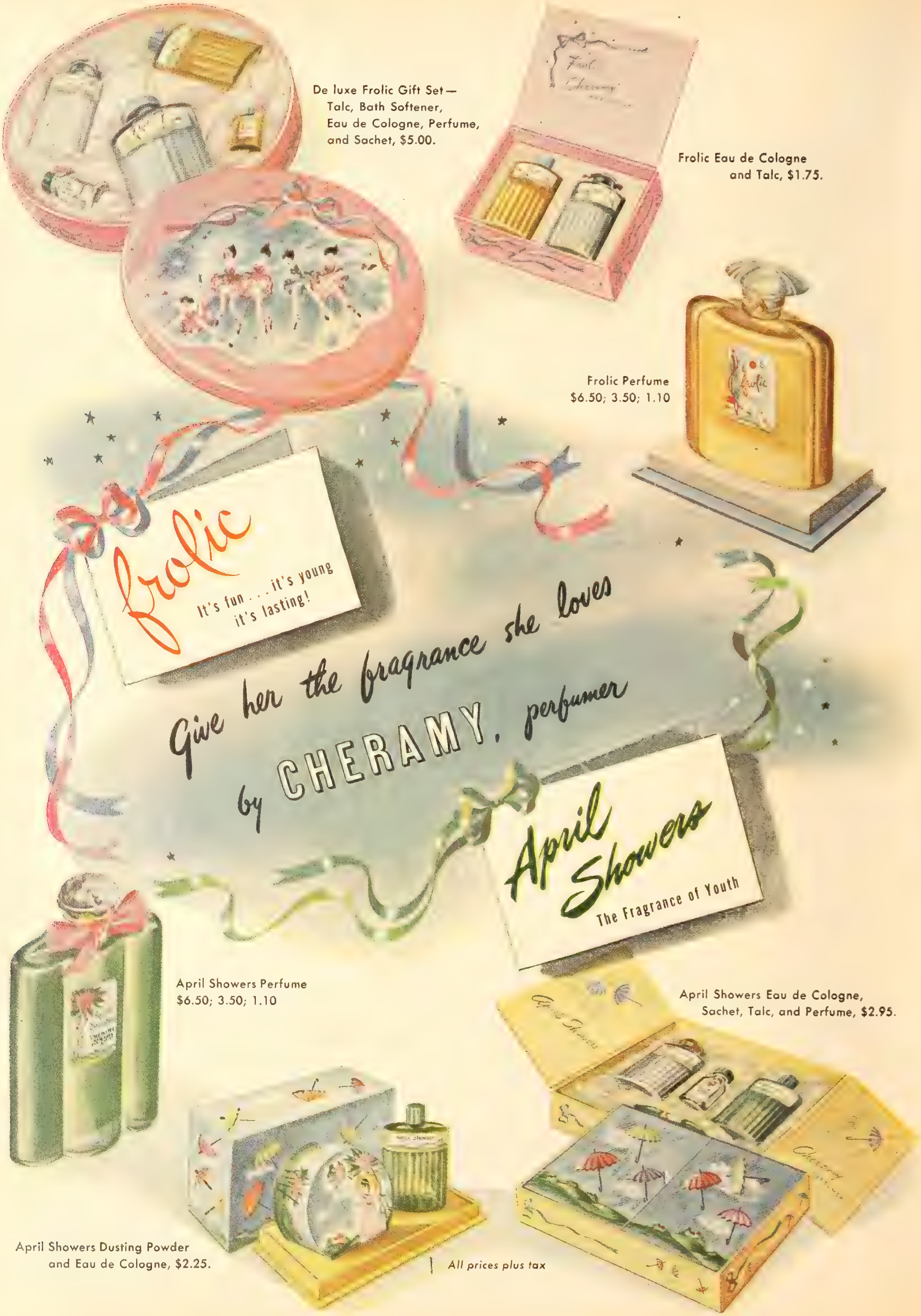
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To our Readers

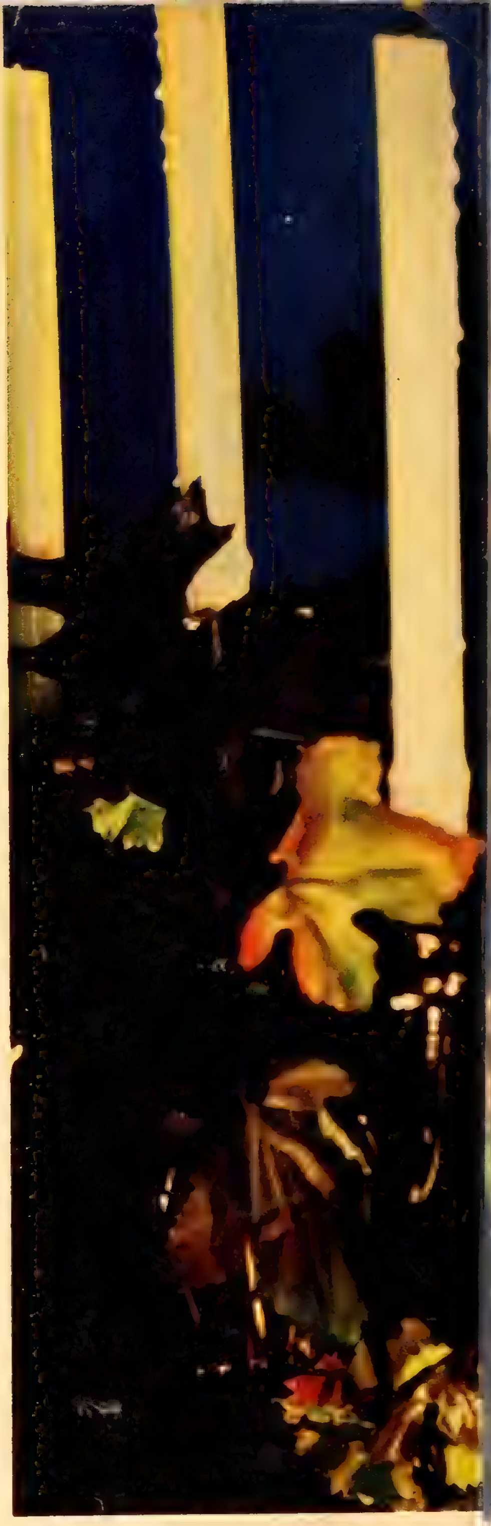
■ Editors and writers are natural enemies. Even the kindest of editors thinks nothing of kicking a writer in the ankle. Henry Malmgreen diapers babies and talks to horses. But he's absolutely death on writers. I'm no better. As we see it, the trouble with writers is that they can't take writing or leave it alone. It starts with maybe a mild adjective after dinner—and pretty soon they're using double metaphors before breakfast. Bluntly, we tell our writers that you readers want facts—not literature. You don't want a sonnet on Bob Taylor's profile. You want to know what happened that day in New Orleans when the cop lugged Taylor's frau down to the courthouse (p. 58). We sum it up like this: "Don't *write*. Just say something!" . . . That was a grand rule until Billy Rose (p. 36) came along. Billy breezed into my life shortly after the atomic bomb. To wean myself from the bomb, I started reading his brilliant Diamond Horseshoe ads in the New York *Daily News*. Pretty soon, I was turning to Rose ahead of Dick Tracy. Then I knew I had it bad! The way I felt about Billy's stuff, I didn't want to just read it. I wanted to play it on my piano . . . Writers hated Billy Rose. Grudgingly they admitted his column was good. But they predicted flatly that he could never keep up the pace. There was a rumor around town that one of the Horseshoe waiters was secretly writing Billy's stuff for him on the back of a menu . . . The day I met Billy Rose, all my doubts were resolved. He talked the way he wrote, and he wasn't reading off a menu. After he'd agreed to write for MODERN SCREEN, he dropped me a short note: "Any rules?" he asked. I wrote back, "Dear Mr. Rose—only this—please don't *say* anything. Just write!" And then and there Henry and I took a pledge never to kick Billy Rose in the ankle.

Al Delacorte

The toughest
lesson Jeanne had to learn was
that happiness is
where you find it, even if it
doesn't always come
the way you'd expected.

By IDA ZEITLIN

Thanksgiving for jeanne



"Over the river and through the woods,
To Grandfather's house we go—
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow—"

■ Humming softly, Jeanne pushed the door open and smiled at the chrysanthemums that lay like a burst of sunlight in the pantry sink, crisp and golden as if they'd just been cut. That's sweet of you, she thought, not to be the least bit wilted, I appreciate that—and went on out into the morning freshness of the garden—

Jeanne chuckled. Under her feet the grass grew green, and there was a riot of flowers along the hedge. The old song didn't make much sense in California—no snow, no sleigh, no wind to sting the toes and bite the nose and, as far as the Crains were concerned, no river or woods because Grandfather's house was right next door. But she loved it anyway. It had the feel of Thanksgiving, and the

feel of Thanksgiving was the same all over . . .

For a minute she stood at the garden gate, resisting temptation. It was only seven. Though her own house was still asleep, Mom was sure to be up. Mom was her grandmother. In babyhood the Crain girls had imitated their mother in calling their grandparents Mom and Dad, and the names had persisted. Their own parents were Mother and Father . . .

For years Jeanne and Rita had been trying to get up early enough to see the turkey into the oven. They'd never made it—Mom and the turkey always beat them to it. But they'd never been up at seven. If she ran over now, Jeanne felt that she stood a chance. Only she knew she wouldn't run over. Not without Rita. It wouldn't be fair, nor as much fun, either.

Besides, she'd come out for a little quiet hour to herself between excitements. As she dropped into the swing, a hummingbird flew low and stopped right in front of her, Jeanne (here autographing on the "Margie" set) has been reported (1) an expectant mama, (2) owner of a lion cub.

This isn't just play-acting for the niteclub photogs: Jeanne and Paul are still the ecstatic newlyweds. Forswearing that remarkable resemblance to Errol Flynn, Paul's abandoned acting dreams, will manufacture radios.

Thanksgiving for jeanne

Jeanne, who gets her first top-star billing in "Margie," was almost torn apart by frenzied fans when she made a "Centennial Summer" personal appearance in Philly poised for a moment as if on some invisible wire, before soaring away. Her eyes followed and outdistanced him, coming to rest on the fathomless blue of the sky. It was going to be a lovely Thanksgiving, maybe the loveliest yet. That was the wonder of it. Because if you'd told her so three months ago, she wouldn't have believed it. Three months ago it had seemed to Jeanne that she'd never be really happy again . . .

To the Crain girls, St. Mary's was like a second beloved home. They'd been attending the school for seven years. It so happened, however, that their father taught Romance languages at Inglewood High and from the time they were very small, he'd looked forward to having his girls at his own high school. . .

Jeanne was supposed to transfer for her freshman year. All through the seventh and eighth grades, the prospect hung over her like a cloud. It was during those years that Sister Mary Miles did so much to help her. Jolly and gay herself, still Sister Mary Miles understood Jeanne's painful shyness. She knew that Jeanne wasn't aloof, just scared as a rabbit—a girl who couldn't make small talk, who longed to be friends with the others and only hung back through fear of being rebuffed. Deftly, Sister Mary Miles led her out of the maze of her own inhibitions. Among other things, she encouraged her to try out for the class play. Jeanne got the lead and, (*Continued on page 96*)

They have become passionately domesticated, picked all the furnishings for the new house, mostly red. "I'd rather have an arm cut off than have anything happen to the furniture!" Jane says.

Mike (here in playroom with Maureen and Mom), is now 18 months old and terribly affectionate. He'll kiss everybody in a room, then work up to smooching the furniture, toys and air itself.

On a clear day, the Reagans can see Catalina from the attic. While the house was being built, they stored all the flooring, planking, etc., in the basement of a restaurant to avoid their being swiped by roving souvenir hunting kids.

AFTER A WHILE, A HOUSE GETS A HEART, CRADLING YOUR MEMORIES AND HOLDING YOUR HOPES. THAT'S HOW THE REAGANS FELT, THAT'S WHY THEY COULDN'T LEAVE...

by Jane Wilkie

The house they live in

■ They stood before the front door, Ronnie fumbling with his keys and Jane standing behind him, idly inspecting the porch design.

"You know," she said, "I wonder why we ever put a New Orleans porch on a house that's supposed to be English something or other."

Ronnie grinned as he opened the door.

"As I remember it," he said, "we decided that the architecture would be merely Comfortable Reagan."

They headed simultaneously for the icebox and hauled out two pepsis. Ronnie removed the bottle caps and poured the contents into two glasses.

"Now, about the new house," he said. "Do we want it modern—or don't we? We won't build for about two years, but we may as well start working on plans now."

From behind her glass, Janie's eyes looked at him a little sadly, and suddenly grew misty. She brushed one hand across her face.

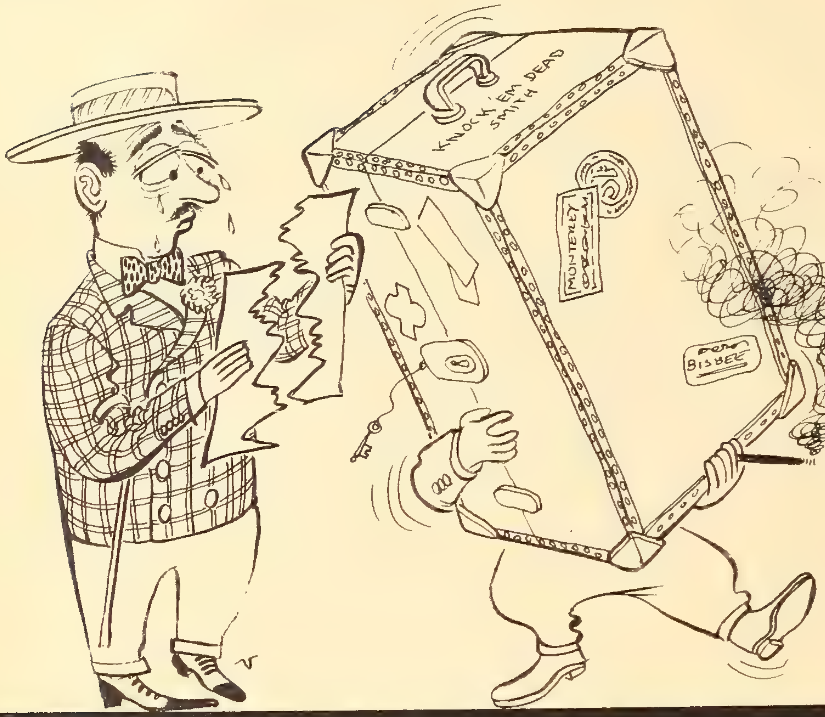
"Ronnie—I sort of hate the thought of leaving this house."

"Well, we are terribly crowded, but maybe we won't build for three or four years."

"Skoal!" said Janie. "I feel better already."

It is small wonder that they hate the thought of leaving it, as the happiest part of their lives is woven into it.

There were the days of planning during the first year of their marriage, when they lived in a tiny apartment. While Ronnie pored over floor plans, Jane turned her energy toward furnishings. Her urge to (*Continued on page 122*)



“I Love Greta Garbo”

by Billy Rose

TO THE REST OF THE WORLD, SHE'S GARBO, MYSTERIOUS, ALOOF, A PRINCESS IN AN IVORY TOWER. BUT TO BILLY ROSE SHE'S GEE-GEE—HIS ALL-TIME GLAMOR GIRL.

■ My barber is going to marry Ingrid Bergman. He tells me it's all decided. One or two little things have to be cleared up first. (a) He has to dispose of her present husband. (b) He has to meet Bergman. As soon as this is taken care of they will leave on a long honeymoon.

I know a shoe-shine boy who is in love with Margaret Sullavan. He loves her so much he has forgiven her three children by another man. I tell him he ought to forget her, she's happy with this other joker, he's foolish to waste away his youth on her. The shoe-shine boy says he is proud to waste away his youth on a girl such as Margaret Sullavan. He says he is willing to wait.

Well, I think they have both picked out fine girls, and I wish them every happiness. But get this straight, I'm not envious. I admit I'm attracted by Ingrid, fond of Margaret—but I happen to be in love with Greta Garbo.

Gee-Gee—that's what I've always called her—came into my life years ago, when I saw her in “Anna Christie.” She played a jezebel in that picture, a woman of the streets. “It doesn't matter what your past has been,” I said to her. “My love is strong enough to purify us both.” It was a deeply emotional moment. I think we might have reached an understanding then and there, except that an usher came and led me out of the theater.

Ever since, I've carried a small picture of her next to my heart. I treasure the inscription, “I always drink Moxie. Greta Garbo.”

I'll never forget the night I saw her as “Queen Christina.” I sat there in the theater and wept. Her regal remoteness stabbed me to the heart. How could a queen ever care for a commoner like me?

Imagine my joy a few years later when I saw her as a

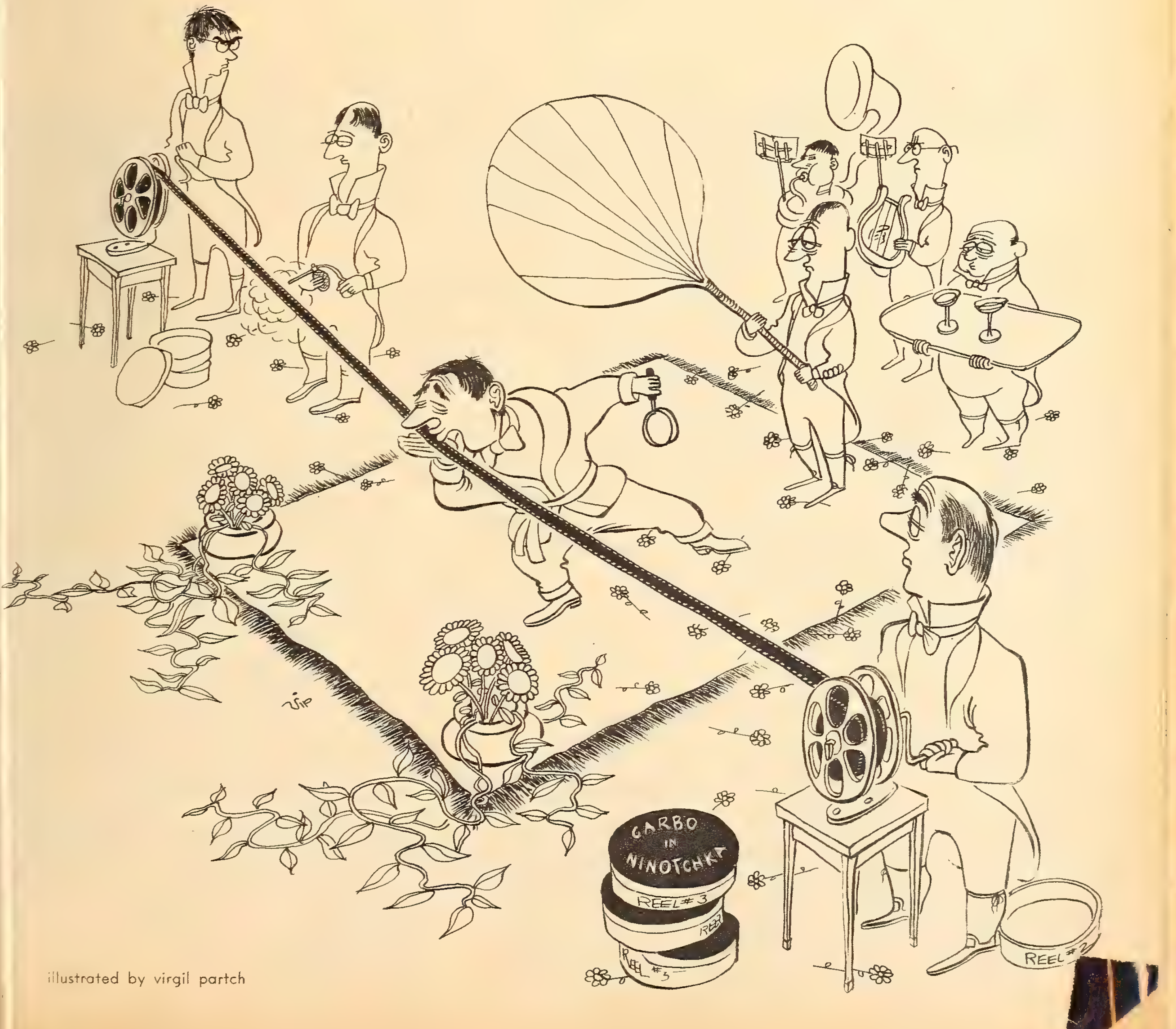
Communist in "Ninotchka." I felt my humble origins would now make me splendid in her eyes. I envisioned the day when I would clasp her in my arms and whisper, "Nas drovya, Tovarich!"

Ah, those rare and lovely days when Dark Glasses would creep into New York between pictures! I would skip over the pavements with winged feet, knowing my dearest was within a twenty-mile radius. The Swedish flag flew from my office window, and I haunted the smorgasbord shacks hoping to catch a glimpse of her.

When an uncouth comedian in one of my shows dared to suggest she had big feet, I cancelled his contract and personally threw his trunk into the alley. When Dr. Hauser put her on a vegetable juice diet, he didn't know it, but he put me on one, too.

It has been four years since my goddess appeared in a film, and more since she appeared in a good one. The Bijou Theater has tempted me with Lamour, Lamarr, Grable and Jane Russell. But not a kopeck of my money has the cashier counted. If the manager wonders who draws mustaches on the pretty posters of those upstarts, I could tell him. What do these Jenny-Come-Latelies know about glamor? They may overflow their bathing suits, but Gee-Gee is mystery and music—the princess in the tower. Why don't the Hollywood Big Brains use her? Are they worried about box office? I personally would go 30 times.

You may wonder why I married Eleanor, when my heart belongs to Greta. Well, before we went down to City Hall, I told the little woman about this fatal passion. She understands. When there's a Garbo movie in town, she goes and stays with her mother.



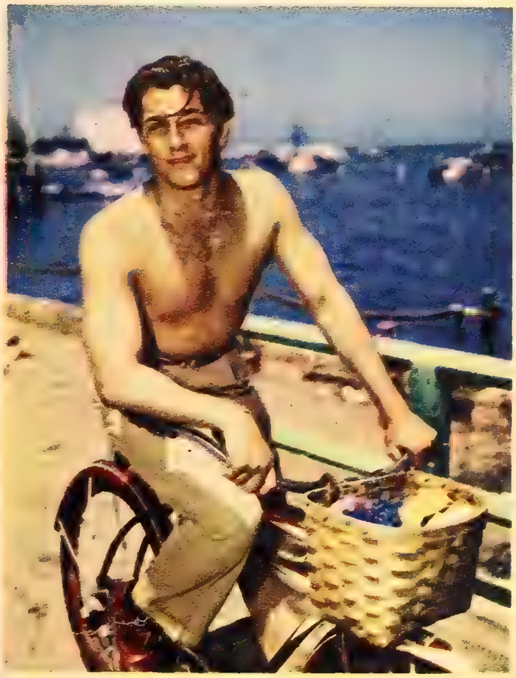
illustrated by virgil partch

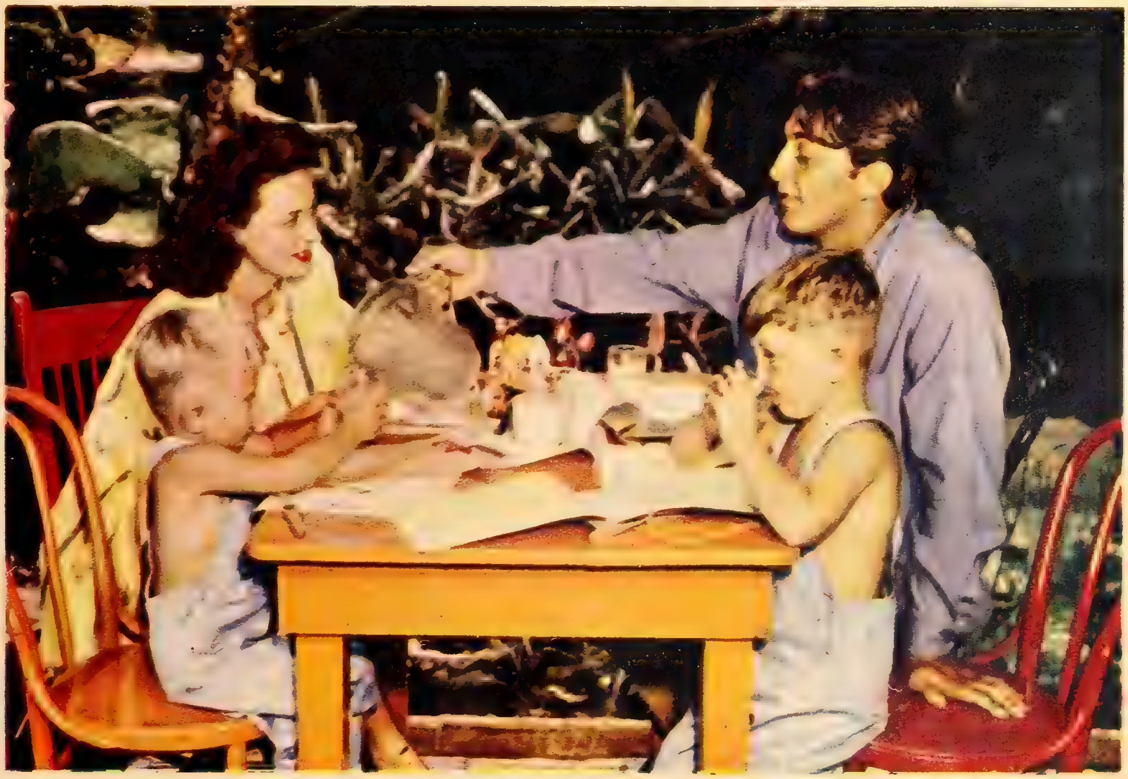
Recipe for a gay time: Sparkling water, bright sand and sun, spear fishing, dancing barefoot—and those four marvelous Mitchums!

Modern screen goes to CATALINA

John, four, the great dictator of the Mitchum ménage, insisted on perching on dad's knee while Pancho, the famed artist, sketched Mitch in caricature.

After Bob had this first fling on his rented bike, he installed a basket on the handlebars and Chris in the basket and wheeled him all over the island.





Dottie and Bob had to keep the kids in the stern of the boat to keep them out of mischief—but the fumes got them so sick that they had all they could do to guzzle their milk rations. First moment out on the boat, Mitch it a cigarette, cracked, "This is the first time in five years I haven't tried to quit smoking in the morning!"

MORE PICTL

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO CATALINA

Out on the fishing pier, Josh and Chris were fascinated by the rods and reels. Both of them wandered away to watch the harbor activities, and Bob was kept busy steering them clear of dangling fish hooks. Even so, J. had a close call.

The water was freezing, and both kids yelped—but stuck it out. Little Chris was called "Jeb" during the trip so's he'd get used to his screen name. He'll play Bob's son (a natural for him!) in Bob's latest, "Pursued."

The boat moored at the Isthmus, "the prettiest part of the island," Bob said. He changed into trunks and then wrapped Chris' loin cloth bathing suit round 'n' round.

Beautiful Avalon Harbor enchanted all the Mitchums, especially Bob, whose first vacation this was since being discharged from the Army. He'd awakened with a fever, but insisted on going, although Dot protested.

b had tried his hand at spear fishing from the boat, but no ck. "I'm an actor," he growled, "not a fisherman." But Josh ved the day; he found a string of fish caught under the dock!

At the hotel dining room, the pianist played requests for the dancers, who removed their shoes, parked them on the floor, and danced in bare feet! Dot and Mitch requested "To Each His Own" and waltzed around just like in their courtin' days.

PIPE DREAM RANCH

BEING A MOVIE STAR'S JUST FINE—WHILE IT LASTS. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO REAL, SUBSTANTIAL LIVING ALAN LADD'S GOT HIS WIFE, HIS KIDS, AND HIS CROPS.

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ The big California moon rolled up over Hidden Valley and sprinkled silver spangles through the pepper tree leaves on Alan and Sue Ladd. Night birds chattered in the acacias, crickets chirped in the grass, cows lowed softly in the distance. It was lazy, it was romantic, it was swell.

Alan reached for Sue's hand. "A-h-h-h-h," he sighed. "This is the life. Honey, let's take a moonlight ride."

"But darling, the dishes—"

"Nuts to the dishes," said Alan. "On a night like this! I'll saddle up. We'll have a ride we'll never forget."

He led Jonesy out of the barn for Sue and Lucky for himself. He put one halter on So Sad, the mare Sue had given him for Father's Day, and the other on Marijuana, the mare he'd given her on Mother's Day. They were thoroughbred mares, wearing horse halos, expecting colts. It would be swell to take them along for exercise. He tied them to their bridles. Then the Ladds trotted down the long lane of pepper trees and out on the valley road.

This *was* the life, Alan reflected. Here on the ranch, riding in the moonlight with the girl he loved, his favorite saddle horse clopping rhythmically along under him, his prize mares trotting patiently beside. Laddie lazily stretched in the saddle and sighed again, "How peaceful can you get?" (*Continued on page 66*)

Alana surprised her daddy by turning into a real Outdoor Girl. She's learning to swim, though most of her time in the pool is spent sailing her boat, which will be officially christened when A. chooses a name.

Counter-*cake*wise are the hired laborers, Wayne Morris, Billy De Wolfe, Alan, Pat Morris, with Sue and Alana at the eatin' end.

(right) needed some rest after planting geraniums all over the Ladds' estate. So far ing's grown, but Alan doesn't mind; at least the ground gets plowed! Wayne, after four s as a Navy flyer, loves to loaf around the lake and specialize in "just doin' nuthin'."

Ranching isn't done movie style; Alan (now in "The Big Haircut") really *works.* Luxury touch is the porch radio, which Sue turns on *loud* for him.

no greater love...

■ Two pictures, snapped nine years apart, are pasted side by side in the Davis scrapbook. Both are of Bette and her mother. In one they look bewildered and naive, in the other they look elegant . . .

The first was taken during Bette's first grim year as a little stock actress with Universal. She'd finally landed a crumb of a part in "Seed," and, as a member of the cast, they'd given her a pass to the Carthay Circle premiere. A preem at the Carthay means flash. You walk up a long walk on a red carpet between fan-packed bleachers. Cameras click, and mikes are shoved under the noses of hot-shots. Not being even a lukewarm shot, Bette felt good when a photographer snapped her and her mother. But the picture came out hideous. They buried it under a pile of stuff and made believe it hadn't happened.

Nine years later a movie called "All This and Heaven, Too" was premiered at the Carthay. By now Bette was allergic to her own premieres. They made her jittery. She preferred to do her nail-chewing at home. But for reasons that have slipped her mind and don't matter anyway, she went to this one. Again with her mother—just the two of them . . .

The same theater, the same red-carpeted walk and fan-packed bleachers, the same two women. Only this time, as they stepped from the car, the crowd rose up at them and roared their acclaim. For a second, the eyes of mother and daughter met. This was it, the moment of glory, visible evidence that what they'd fought and bled for together had been won. *(Continued on page 105)*

Studio reports on "Deception," Bette's latest, claim the possibility of a battle with Joan Crawford's "Possessed" for Academy Award honors. Added fame for B.: She's just been named most popular actress in Switzerland.

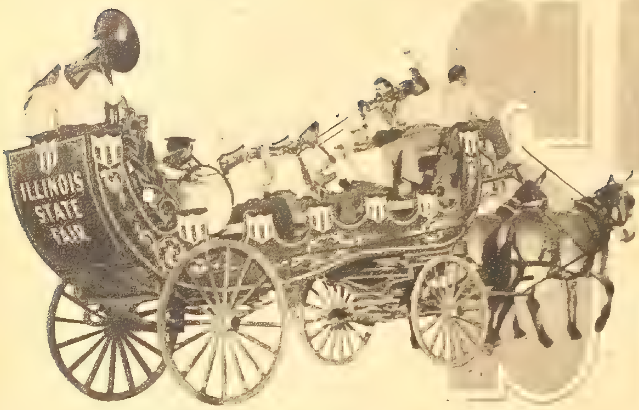
Here's Mom "Ruthie" and daughter Bette when they arrived in Hollywood in 1930. Now Mom's rejoicing at the prospect of becoming a grandmother when B gives birth in May.

Ruth Davis gave her daughter more than life or tears. She gave her courage and a bright faith in the future. And Bette will always be grateful.

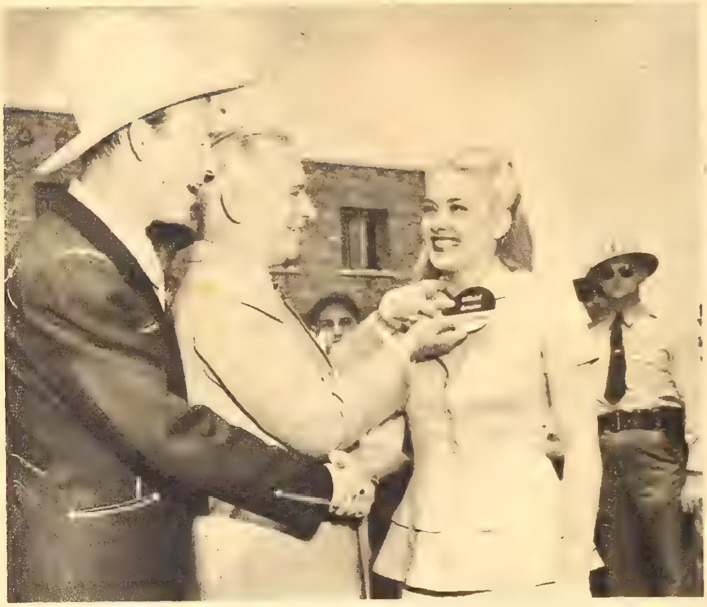
By CYNTHIA MILLER

ette's third marriage—to William Grant Sherry—has been a happy one to ate. The bridal party here includes (l. to r.) Bill's mother, Mrs. Marion nerry, Bill, Bette and Ruthie. Artist Bill's an ex-sailor, ex-pro boxer.

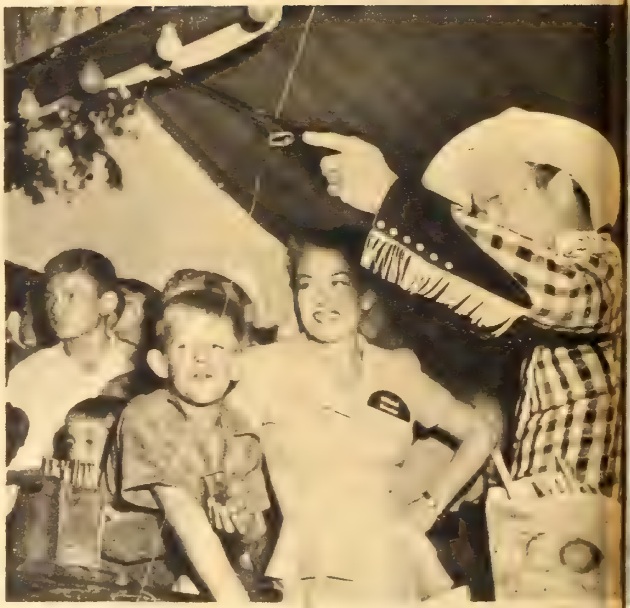
Bette has reason to brag about her N. Y. fan club: It scraped up money to send ten underprivileged children on a vacation through the Greenwich House camp fund. (Her card-playing partner's Glenn Ford.)



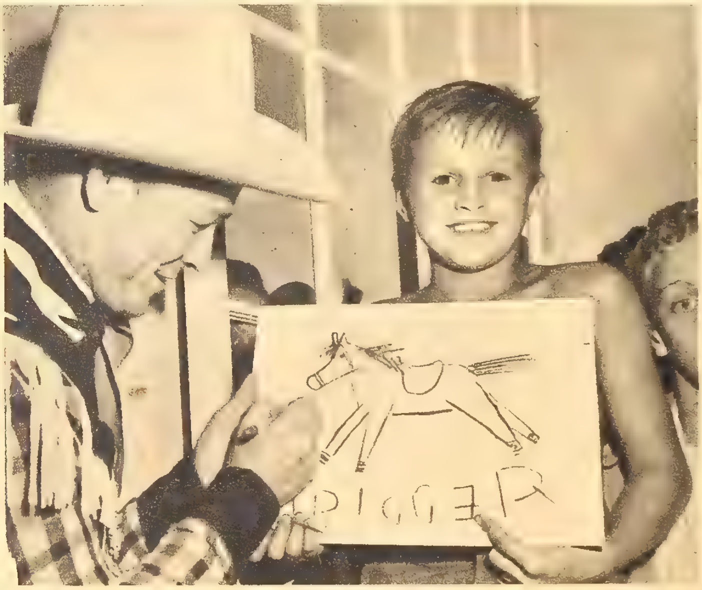
STATE



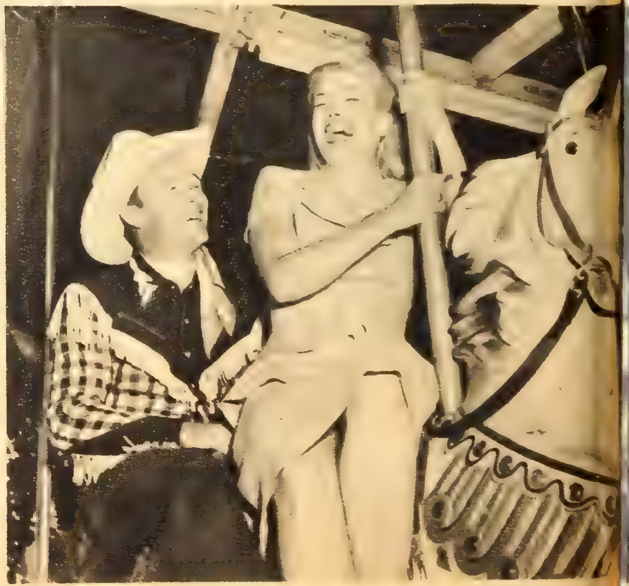
At the Springfield State Fair, lucky 4-H Clubber Donnah Larson was appointed official greeter to honor guest Roy Rogers by Dwight H. Green, governor of Illinois. This fair is the biggest show of its kind in the world.



Roy's one movie cowboy who can uphold his rootin', tootin' reputation without having the cameras grind. At this range, he shot the bull's eye almost every time, missed once out of 15 shots!



Anticipating an epidemic of skinned knees and bloody noses, fair officials erected a children's first-aid hospital on the grounds. Here, 11-year-old Sunny Rumble nabbed Roy for an autograph on his own masterpiece.



Luckily for them, the merry-go-round did not break down for those two grown-up kids, but instead kept whirling about so fast, Donnah got dizzy and had to be practically *ladled* off!

FAIR

They all came

out — flying flags and tooting

horns, a gay swirl

of confetti and laughter —

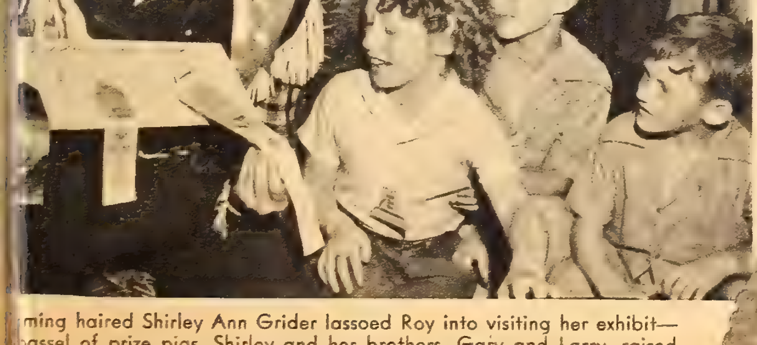
they all came

out for Roy Rogers'

visit to the

Springfield fair.

month before the fair opened, station WLS started announcing Roy's arrival,
came the big day, mobs of kids flocked over with their parents, some from
distance of 300 miles. (Here, examining an entry before the judging started.)



ming haired Shirley Ann Grider lassoed Roy into visiting her exhibit—
passel of prize pigs. Shirley and her brothers, Gary and Larry, raised
porkers themselves, had a sign indicating prizes they'd won in past.

Jimmy Hankins sure believes "Patience is its own reward" 'cause he followed his hero all around the fair—even when Roy was jeep creeping!

Frantic parents haunted Roy (here, using a fan's head as a desk), so as to keep their kids in sight! Gov. Green gave him 2 white jeeps to cover the fair's 366 acres, but R. was too scared to use 'em—kids might be underfoot!

Roy and Donnah poked their heads into the hospital, found Wayne McReynolds, 9, nursing a sprained ankle. So to cheer him up, Roy gave the boy a cowboy outfit—and promptly got "held up!"

STATE FAIR

Roy had been judgin' and speechin' and rehearsin' for the 5-hour National Barn Dance show so, his throat felt like a prairie graveyard—but Donnah's cool grin (and a slug of orangeade) soon fixed that.

The prize pig exhibit had a special fascination for Roy, as it hadn't been so long ago that he'd been a member of a 4-H Club and won a prize for his hog. Harry Roberston here, was a proud pig exhibitor.

"Along the Navajo Trail" was one of the favorites Roy and the Prairie Ramblers sang. Later, Roy joined a square dance, showed quick thinking when he ducked just as his partner sprawled to the floor in a tumble.

Exhausted, poor Roy had to pop into the infirmary for some foot first aid. No sooner had Nurse Hart whipped out the band-aids than Roy discovered a gallery of fans clustered outside to offer moral support.

The Dana Andrews home was already bulging with guests one night when the doorbell rang and Dana answered it. Three people stood on the doorstep; a young couple who were good friends of the family, and behind them, an attractive blonde girl.

The party was a great success, made more so because of the girl, who was not only lovely, but a brilliant conversationalist as well. After the guests had left, Mary Andrews asked Dana who the girl was.

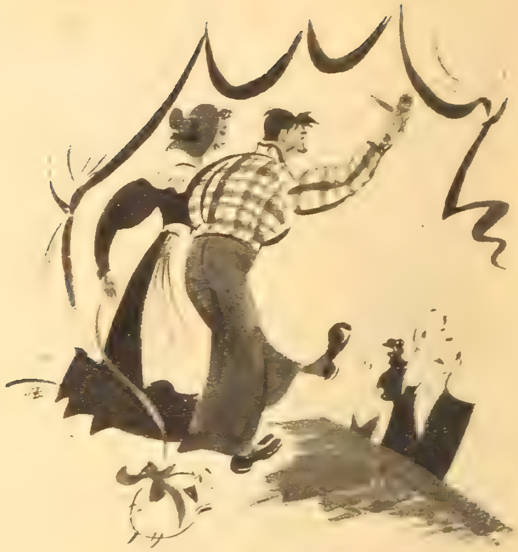
"Don't know," he said. "The Carmichaels brought her and we never were introduced."

Mary called Mrs. Carmichael the following day.

"Who was that charming girl you brought with you last night?" she asked.

"Who?" said the friend. "We didn't bring any girl. I thought she was a friend of yours!"

Dana's only explanation is that the charming stranger, who had arrived in a Cadillac and who was obviously dressed for a party, had wandered into the wrong house and liked it so much she decided to stay. Her identity remains a mystery to this very day.



Charles Korvin and his wife were in a flurry of preparation trying to find costumes typical of country square dancers for the "country hayride" Cinemaphotographers' Ball, which was given at a nightclub last spring. After much rummaging, Charles unearthed from his store of Continental keepsakes a pair of bright red pants which were once used by a French sailor. To top it off, he used a loudly checkered shirt. Helena found an old pinafore and spent all day mending ripped seams, laundering and pressing it.

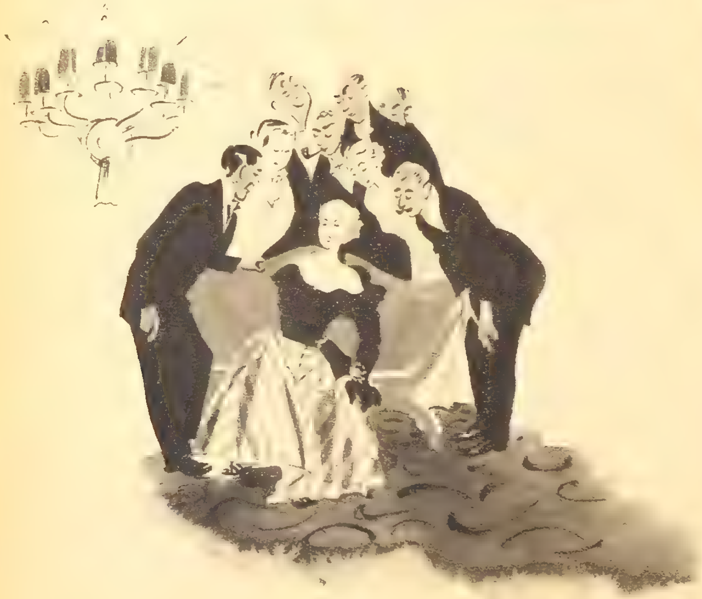
Completely "hicked up," they alighted from their car in front of the nightclub and started up the steps. Charles nodded to the doorman. "Are there many people here yet?"

The doorman hesitated. "Well—no," he said.

"Are they all in these kind of clothes?"

"Well—" said the doorman, and trailed off into speechlessness.

In all their corny glory, Charles and Helena walked into the foyer and found themselves the center of shocked attention from the other guests, who were sleekly dressed in dinner clothes. The Korvins were just one week early!



LIFE OF THE PARTY

by Prince Michael Romanoff

CROWN PRINCE MIKE ROMANOFF, HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ENGAGING HOST, RECALLS SOME PARTIES THAT RESULTED IN FAUX PAS INSTEAD OF FUN

Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier were invited to dinner at Samuel Goldwyn's home three weeks before the occasion. They were to be there at eight, and on the named date Bill picked Joan up at the studio and they dashed home to dress. A few minutes before eight, they pulled up in front of the Goldwyn home.

"Oh, Bill, let's not go in yet," said Joan. "There are no cars, so no one else has arrived."

They drove around for five minutes and returned. Still no cars.

"I hate to be first," said Joan. "Let's drive around some more."

They spent the ensuing hour rolling around the neighborhood and the Goldwyn curbing remained free of automobiles.

"Are you sure this is the right date?" asked Bill.

"Positive," said Joan.

"Well, I'm going in even if I have to settle down with a book for a while. We can't drive around like this all night."

They parked and entered the house, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, alone, eating dessert. It hadn't occurred to them that the affair was not to be a glamorous dinner party, but merely a cozy foursome.

Hurd Hatfield saw the one sight I would have lost my restaurant to see.

He was attending a fairly large party and by late evening the house grew too crowded for comfort. Hurd wandered alone out into the patio, and proceeded to take a walk through the gardens. Suddenly, from the end of the property came the mixed sounds of laughter and applause. Curious, Hurd ambled down the lawn to see the cause of it.

Behind a clump of trees he spotted a group of people standing in a circle. In the middle of the circle were a man and a woman executing a fast and furious jitterbug routine. It constituted some of the neatest jitterbugging Hurd had ever seen.

The man was Clifton Webb—and the woman was Greta Garbo.

More than you know . . .

■ Olivia de Havilland stood at the window of her room in the Lawrence Langners' Connecticut home and looked down at the bustle of preparation taking place in the gardens below. They were beautiful gardens at this time of year, with the rich green of ivy on the stone walls, and the dark cedars, and the maples just beginning to turn. Indian summer, Olivia thought, but spring for me. The beginning of everything . . .

She watched a line of florists cross the lawn and walk across the bridge to the little island, set, like a small but exquisite gem, within the larger jewel of the pool. They began festooning the Japanese willows with enormous blooms, and lining the edge of the pool with white hydrangeas and gladioli.

A small delivery truck drove across the lawn and a couple of workmen, directed by an anxious woman in chiffon and a starched lace hat, unloaded a great gold harp, carted it across the bridge and disappeared into the summer house with it. Mrs. Langner had managed it after all, then—an hour before the wedding. She must be in a stitch, Olivia thought, grinning.

The knock at the door was the butler, holding a jack-phone. "Your Hollywood call, Miss de Havilland," (*Continued on page 117*)

Though frantic to make an 8:30 curtain at the Westport Playhouse, Liv posed with hostess Mrs. L. Langner, Mark, and best man George Seaton (right).

Their feud forgotten, Liv and sis Joan Fontaine are planning to make a picture together—playing sisters! Joan and her brand new hubby, Bill Dozier, are now forming their own production company.

Livvy wanted everything traditional at this, her first wedding. There was the triple-tiered cake, a double ring ceremony and a near-nervous breakdown for bride and groom.

SHE WAS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FAMOUS BACHELOR GIRL. AND THEN SHE MET THE MAN OF HER HEART—AND KNEW WHY SHE'D WAITED.

By Sidney Yudain

WATCH BEVERLY TYLER!

Bev's a hundred-pound tomboy with
lue eyes, a delicate air,
and a secret passion for plumbing!

Their Westwood home is so pleasant that Beverly spends most of her time there. Bev thinks that her parents spoiled her, but they deny it emphatically, say she was "easy to raise."

twist of the wrist, and Hedda Hopper fastened on the uen watch which Beverly Tyler won as the most promising r of the month. Bev's in "My Brother Talks To Horses."

y HEDDA HOPPER

■ I've heard the greatest singers of my day, and have, in fact, shredded a tonsil or two myself, but the first time I heard Beverly Tyler sing, I knew she had a Voice.

It happened one day when I was ambling around the M-G-M lot and minding my own business pretty well—for me. I was passing one of the bungalows along what they call music row, when through an open window billowed a high, clear note. It sounded like one of St. Mary's bells, or *(Continued on page 84)*

In spite of Mom's coffee, Bev grew an inch after making "The Green Years." Her parents are "the kind that rarely happens," says Bev, because "they never interfered with my stage ambitions."

"Till the clouds roll by"

Jerome Kern followed a song to the ends of the earth—and found fame there, and a girl to love

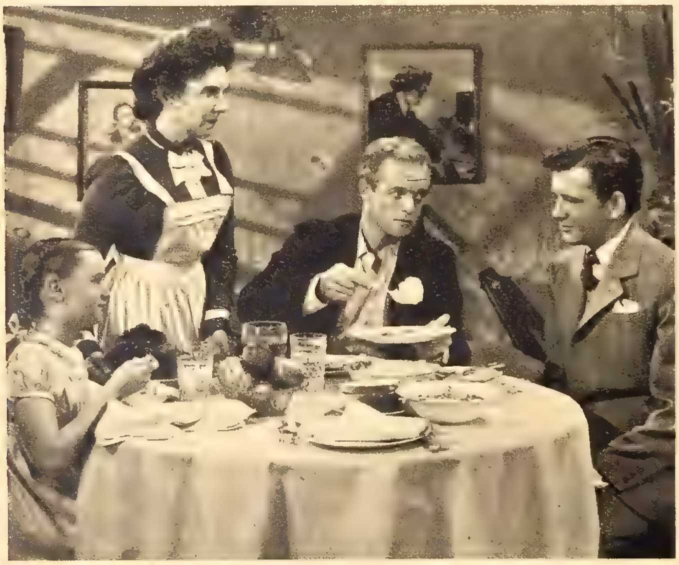
By Maris MacCullers

STORY It was a brownstone house, like a dozen others in the block. Tall, with narrow windows, and a bent rail by the steep front steps. But the windows sparkled clean and bright in the spring sunshine, and by the bent rail was a sign that said "James Hessler, Music Arranger." This was the place.

Jerry Kern took a deep (*Continued on page 69*)

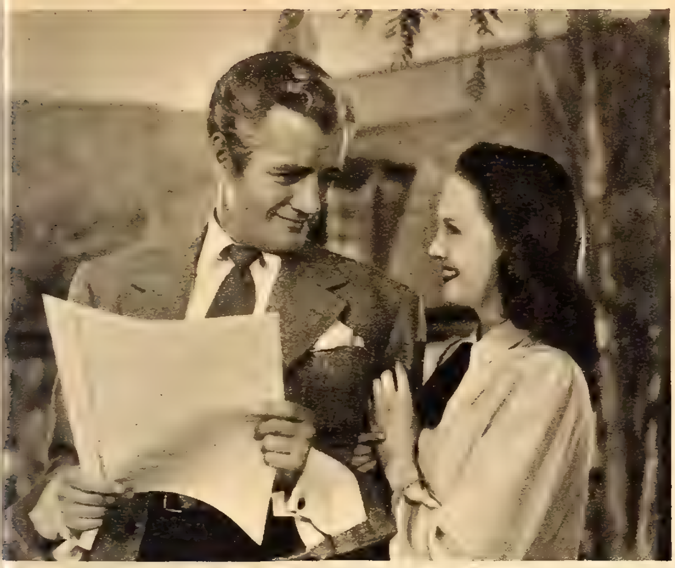
PRODUCTION Judy Garland consented to dye her hair blonde in order to play the role of Marilyn Miller, but had it changed back to its natural dark brown the day after shooting finished. "After all," she said, "I'm a mother now." . . . June Allyson took off a weekend during shooting to appear at a San Francisco airport. She was chosen by the National Skyway Freight Company, an or- (*Continued on page 100*)

2. After a while, Jerry gets to feel like one of the family, so when the Hesslers move to England, he follows; partly to be with them, partly because England is now the music center of the world.



1. Young Jerome Kern (Robert Walker), is a discouraged young song writer when he calls on music arranger James Hessler (Van Heflin). Hessler's daughter, Sally, pleads, "Let's feed the poor man!"

3. Frantic to find a piano on which to complete a tune that's humming through his head, Jerry pops into a strange home to borrow one, there meets and falls in love with Eva Leale (Dorothy Patrick).



4. Ten years pass, and Jerry has had his name on Broadway many times. Sally Hessler (Lucille Bremer), his old friend's daughter, is grown now and thrilled over her big song number in Kern's "Sunny."

5. During rehearsals, however, lyricist Oscar Hammerstein (Paul Langton) decides that star Marilyn Miller (Judy Garland), should do that number. Jerry hates to disappoint Sally, but "the show must go on."

6. But disappointed wasn't the word for Sally. Furious, she accused Marilyn of deliberately stealing her routine and rushes out of the theater, muttering, "I'll show them!" M. becomes the toast of B'way.

7. Always troubled by a weak heart, the shock of Sally's disappearance is too much for the aging Hessler, and dying, he makes his old friend promise to find his daughter and take care of her—always.

8. Heartsick over the death of his beloved crony, Jerry goes to pieces. Unable to live with himself or compose, he mourns until word comes that Sally is dancing in a cafe with the band leader (V. Johnson).

9. After seeing her perform, Jerry reassures her, "You don't need me, Sally. You're already started on your career." And later, a new star is born in Kern's Hollywood version of "Showboat"—Sally Hessler.

happiness-Taylor made

In Navy lingo, Bob Taylor's "a 4.0 gent." Which Barb Stanwyck translates into "the swellest husband ever."

By HOWARD SHARPE

MEMBERS ONLY

As special treat and last pre-school fling for handsome son Skip, 14, Barbara lunched him at The Club in Beverly Hills, ordered her favorite rare steak, his favorite spaghetti.

arbara took special piano lessons from Alex Steinert for her part in Arch of Triumph." Her newest: "California." Bob, a solid team-mate of atie Hepburn's in "Undercurrent," will co-star with K. again for Metro.

■ Lt. Commander Paul Short, U.S.N.R., of the Navy Air Corps, and his room-mate, Lt. Robert Taylor, U.S.N.R., were falling all over each other in their New Orleans hotel room, trying to dress. Lt. Taylor's wife, one Barbara Stanwyck, had wired that her train would be late in reaching New Orleans, and close on the heels of this announcement had come a message from Admiral O. B. Hardison, U.S.N.

Having heard that Mrs. Taylor, whom he had always admired, was to be in town that evening, the Admiral had decided to give a party. There would be dinner at Antoine's first, and after that a special showing of "Waterloo Bridge," the Admiral's favorite picture, which "just coincidentally" starred Lt. Taylor.

"I *had* a clean shirt," Paul said, standing in the middle of the room (*Continued on page 101*)

cornel wilde life story

"Something's bound to break,"

Cornel prayed. And then his agent phoned

"Your option's dropped. Merry Xmas!" (Part II)

By **KIRTLEY BASKETTE**

■ When Cornel Wilde scuttled his brilliant M. D. prospects at Columbia University to take a gigolo bit part in a fly-by-night play, he was asking for trouble. He knew it and he didn't care.

His parents not only were shocked, but disappointed. His father exploded, "You must have lost your senses!" On the evidence, Cornel had to admit, they were dead right. But he couldn't help doing what he had done or feeling thrilled to be back in grease paint again—even when the flimsy play blew sky high, after one week's tryout in Saugerties, New York, and left him stranded on Broadway again—and broke again.

Cory Wilde had an ace in the hole to keep him independent in the face of his family's wrath, when his frantic job hunts fizzled down to "Sorry, nothing for you." He knew he was bucking the Broadway season too early and he wasn't discouraged. But meanwhile he had to live. He called up his friend, the basketball coach at the College of the City of New York. The coach ran a summer boys' camp. Cornel was the perennial counsellor. More than once a camp job had solved his vacation problem and given him a stake to start school.

The coach had offered that spring when school ended, "Come up and help me run the camp."

"Sorry, no," Cornel explained. "Thanks just the same, but I've got a new plan and I've got to make it work." His dark brows knit seriously.

"What's the big plan?" his friend wanted to know.

"I'm going to be an actor." Cornel looked defiant.

His coach pal grinned. "Well," he said, "more power to you, but if what I think will happen, happens—then get in touch with (*Continued on page 88*)

Cornel doesn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed because both Selznick and M-G-M want his screen play about Lord Byron—but neither wants him to play the lead in it. However, he's holding out, and won't sell otherwise.

One of his best talents, Jeanne Crain assured C. on the "Leave Her To Heaven" set, is eating. He loves foreign food, will try anything!

rs. Cornel Wilde (Patricia Knight) gets a boost around the pool her husband, as well as a boost for her career. Cornel wants to ake a picture with her; later they intend doing a play on B'way.

Cornel, busy working on "The Home Stretch," takes time out to play with P. and Wendy, who'll be four on Washington's Birthday. Cornel was supposed to star in "Forever Amber," but he's taking a much needed vacation instead.

At a Screen Guild broadcast, Bing Crosby consoles Ingrid Bergman, whose husband (Dr. Peter Lindstrom) was then in Sweden. The couple will meet in N. Y. when she goes east for her play.

Walter Pidgeon had Jane Powell giggling at "Holiday in Mexico" preem when he told her about his visit to a bull fight. Seems they let a small bull into the arena who ignored the matador, walked over and licked W.'s hand instead!

Postwar plan of Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell (at "Gallant Journey" premiere) is a trip to Canada, so their son can be christened in the little church Glenn attended as a child.

At the Schwab party held in honor of Sidney Skolsky, Evelyn Keyes toasted him over the microphone while Laraine Day cheered from the sidelines. Evelyn recently eloped with Walter Huston's son, John, after a three weeks courtship.

good news

■ I've never been so sentimental or more proud over any scoop I have ever had than over breaking this story that Bette Davis is expecting a baby next May.

Believe me, there's a story behind this story. Last year, in fact, at the time Bette married William Grant Sherry, we had a misunderstanding. We are both pretty independent gals, I admit, and I'm sure Bette would. For many months we were not good friends. But during my long five months of illness, I had a chance to think over many things and one of them was that there isn't room in life for feuds or bad blood between any old friends.

When I first received the whisper that Bette and her husband were going to have a baby, my first inclination was to "break" it without letting Bette know I had the story.

Then I changed my mind. I picked up the telephone and called her private number. Evidently, she was not in a mood to speak to me, either—at first, because when I gave my name she said, "not in."

"Listen, Bette," I said, "I happen to know that you are expecting a baby. I know how wonderfully happy you must be. I want to break this story—but even more than that I want your friendship again. We've been friends for too long and I've liked you too much for any silly misunderstanding to stand between us."

And right then and there, she proved herself the "big" person I've always known her to be. She could have fibbed about the baby. Other players, far more friendly to me, have done so from time to time.

But not this person who is one of the most honest persons I have ever met. "It's true, Louella," she said, "and I, too, am happy that we are friends again."

How much this baby will mean to her can never be expressed in print. She has been such a wonderful "mother" to her little niece whom she adores. This rich happiness could not happen to a finer woman.

* * *

The race horse bought by Sue Carol and

ther guests at Ciro's stared at Bill Powell's bright red hair hile wife Diana laughed. It's for his "Life With Father" le. Diana says Bill really admires himself as a carrot-top.

avier Cugat helped Lana Turner duck the crowds at a preem. ana's shed fifteen pounds since this picture was taken, and letting her hair go back to its natural color, light brown.

party postscripts

■ There's been every kind of a party in Hollywood this month from a Luau through a formally gowned "game contest" to the sparkling, bejeweled, be-champagned affairs, straight up to a wonderful wing-ding at Schwab's drug store.

I've never seen such a variety of fiestas with costumes ranging from bathing suits to brilliant studded evening gowns, and refreshments from salads set in ice boats and illuminated by colored lights to vanilla ice cream sodas at the good old corner drug store soda fountain.

Seldom has there been such a fun party as the one Elsa Maxwell gave at the palatial Jack Warner home. When Elsa does things, she does them up brown.

For instance, the "prizes" she gave ranged from ruby brooches to gold cuff links. Each was a valuable piece of jewelry—and here is how our glamorous girls had to earn them:

Twelve beauties were selected to be "models" and twelve male guests invited to drape gowns and hats on the fair figures. The results were lovely, ludicrous, silly—and some were even darn good.

Irene Dunne, winner of the first prize, was simply delightful done up as an Amazon with silver breastplate made of tin foil—Vincente Minnelli, who designs all the gowns worn by his wife, Judy Garland, was Irene's "designer."

Rosalind Russell furnished the laugh of the evening when she and Director Eddie Goulding changed clothes. Roz was done up in Eddie's dinner jacket while he donned her black lace evening gown and added to it a big black hat. I've never heard such howls. He looked so much like one of our actresses that the place was in hysterics.

Lana Turner, whose own gown made her look like a plump ballet dancer—I didn't like it at all—was much prettier after Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's husband, draped her in black cheesecloth. Oleg is a top designer and Lana would do well to employ him permanently.

Edgar Bergen did Claudette Colbert up as sort of a D'Artagnan with black mustachios, a big hat and hip boots. Millicent Rogers, the Standard Oil heiress, who has (*Continued on page 120*)

Tony Martin's still carrying the torch

for Rita Hayworth; the Alan Ladds scramble names;

George Raft likes to go to the dentist's—

to watch!; and Van J.'s found a Cinderella!

by louella parsons

lan Ladd has been named "Allsuladd," a mbination of their names Alan, Sue and dd. Their baby is named Alana—which en the Esquimos know is Alan with an "a" cked on it.

Even the fans have caught on that the dds like to combine their names for every-ing. They are getting much fan mail ith other appropriate combinations. Any eas?

* * *

Well, did I get my head taken off going to the Crillon for dinner the other night? There was I, all sassy and dressed up—d there, parked right in my path were five the cutest 'teen (*Continued on page 109*)

All right, so I'm *not* an Eagle Scout...

I still know how to find the cookies Sylvia hides . . .

He's the kind of
a guy who goes to a
night club or a
show, shushes the audience,
and applauds like
mad for a newcomer

BY JACK WADE

And I can telephone and juggle at the same time!

the secret life of DANNY KAYE

■ One day, when Danny Kaye was making "The Kid From Brooklyn," he spied an old pal on the set, dancing in a musical number. Danny hadn't seen him since they'd toured together in the Marcus Show, a road revue ten years before. But Kaye has a memory like a herd of elephants. He not only remembered the old show mate but all about him.

Danny dragged him home for dinner and they plunged into a memory bull session.

"Where's Betty?" asked Danny the first thing. "Ever see or hear from her?"

"Gee, no—I haven't the faintest idea where she is."

That disturbed Danny Kaye. Because what he remembered was a young love match he'd helped boost along 'way back when. The girl was the show boss's relative and he'd forbade this dancer to see her. But Danny's nimble wit had found ways and means to get boy and girl together. Instinctively, he came up with a bright idea again.

"Let's get her on the phone—right now!"

"But I don't know where she is. Honest, Dan, I haven't seen her for ten long years."

"I'll bet she's still in Boston at the same address." His old *(Continued on page 113)*

Walt Disney

presents

AN EPOCHAL EVENT IN SCREEN HISTORY

SONG OF THE SOUTH

His first live-action feature . . . a great musical drama
in Technicolor including animated tales of

UNCLE REMUS

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For the first time Walt Disney creates a romantic live-action picture . . . a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and others! You'll hear 10 new song hits! And you'll roar with laughter at Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear—in the famous Uncle Remus tales that are delightfully woven into the real-life story. It's a picture you'll want to see again and again. Watch for "Song of the South" at your favorite theatre. *Released through RKO Radio Pictures.*

Br'er Bear Br'er Fox Br'er Rabbit

© W. D. P.

PIPE DREAM RANCH

(*Continued from page* 43)

A jackrabbit bounded across the road and Marijuana reared. The halter snapped and the mare shot off like a thunderbolt. The other horses danced and skittered. "Whoa!" yelled Alan. "Steady! Hey, Sue, she can't run like that! She's gonna have a colt. Get Joe with the truck!"

Joe's the young ranch hand at Alsulana Acres. Sue did a Paul Revere back to the ranch and Alan jumped off to tie his mare to a fence. Then—wham! So Sad kicked the fence in, snapped her bridle and away she went, too.

Alan dug his heels in and pounded away. It was a ride he'll never forget.

the wild mares . . .

He was in the saddle three hours, galloping all over Hidden Valley, up hills and across alfalfa fields. In and out of ranch neighbors' gates, getting the mares cornered and then having them plunge and run, neighing and snorting.

Every greenhorn rancher has moments like that and Alan and Sue Ladd are no exceptions. Since they set up home headquarters at Alsulana Acres they've had headaches designed for a couple of aspirin factories—and they've had moments strictly from heaven, too. Sometimes, they'd have sold out for a nickel; other times all the Rockefeller millions couldn't have bought a square foot of the ranch.

To get to Alsulana Acres you drive out of Hollywood and bowl north through San Fernando Valley. Alan and Sue skipped it. They went farther out. You're practically in Santa Barbara before you turn off the highway, along oak dotted hills and wavy grain fields. You come to a cluster of mailboxes where a wooden gun swings from a signpost "Alsulana Acres—Ladd," it says, and below the warning, "This Gun *Not* For Hire." The studio carpenter gang made that for Alan when he went ranchero. The pistol points down the lane to his ranch, a dreamy slice of good earth hugging the foot of a curving hill, and perching on a shelf, spying over the whole stretch of Hidden Valley, prettiest farm spot in Southern California, is where you find a tiny white ranch cottage, a big white barn and—the Ladds. Alan, Sue, Alana, Jezebel the dog, thirteen other mutts, seven horses, four cats, eight chickens, two rabbits, and twelve rattlesnakes—(all dead by now!).

Alan's as brown as an old army boot and about as tough. He's lost eight pounds sweating with the muscles. His hands are horny, his hair's streaked by the sun. He was in sneakers and muddy shorts hoisting water pipe stacked and strewn all over the ground in crooks, angles, and valve joints. You never saw so much pipe. Alan looked over and grinned.

"It's a big, beautiful, wonderful pipe dream," he laughed. "Owning a ranch, that is!"

"Pipe dream—it scares you? Or pipe dream—you like it?"

"Both," sighed Alan. "But I'm really not kidding. I dream of pipe. Pipe for the pool. Pipe for the well, the tank, the irrigating system, the fields, the hills, the barn, the house. There's never enough pipe—and you can't get pipe!"

Alan had a birthday coming up after he turned rancher. Sue worried about what to get him. She had in mind maybe a hand tooled leather saddle, a new Stetson sombrero, some silver Chihuahua spurs. But she couldn't make up her mind, so she came right out and asked, "What do you want for your birthday, Laddie?"

"Pipe," came back Alan pronto. "All the pipe you can find!"

Sue climbed in the pick-up truck and roamed all over three counties, chasing pipe. She finally collected a load, wrapped a big red ribbon about it, wrote "Happy Birthday, Dear" and clanked it off by the table, beside Alan's cake. He couldn't have been happier.

Last year, cement was even harder to find than it is today and Alan needed the building mix to make his ranch house livable. He did find some after extensive sleuthing, hauled it out to the ranch, packed it carefully away in the barn and stationed Joe to guard it like the gold at Fort Knox. One midnight Alan was slumbering peacefully away in town at the Hollywood house when the phone rang. It was Joe. "It's raining hard," said Joe, "the water's come down from the hills and the barn's flooded. The cement—" That's all he had to say. Alan yelped, dropped the receiver, tossed a leather jacket over his pajamas and raced the car out of the garage. He croaked something at Sue about cement and roared off. He drove the fifty miles through the storm, like a country doc on a life and death case. He waded around in his pajamas helping Joe hoist the precious cement to safety. A couple of bags got wet and hardened, and to Alan that was worse than losing his wallet. He pulled in again at Paramount, red eyed and draggy, without any sleep, and when he said what he'd been up to, Director Irving Pichel on "OSS" said frankly, "I think you're nuts!" But that's the way you get.

Alan caught the fever away back when Paramount prepped him to make a rancho picture, "California." He had to learn to ride like a caballero for that one. He never made the picture, but the riding at Griffith Park made Alan hopelessly horse happy. Sue caught the virus, too. Next day they had to have their own horses. Alan bought Salty for Sue and Lucky for himself. Jonesy came next and there Alan was—with three fine saddle horses and no place to keep them.

Alan long had needed a hobby. He's nervous, high strung, and he tackles everything, especially his career, all-out, like concentrated TNT. Until he started kicking his boots around the ranch his tummy was chronically tied up in knots and only Sue knows how hard it was to make him eat. Before he clicked, Alan never had the money to ride as a hobby; after he did, he didn't have the time. He got to the point where all his success was bringing him was more work and worry. He's no country club chappie for golf or tennis, never was. But he took to horses like a bee to honey. He fell so head over heels that he wanted to raise them himself. He got to talking to his friend, Joel McCrea, who has a big prosperous ranch out Hidden Valley way. Joel has made it pay him dividends in dollars, health and happiness for over ten years. He's a local California boy like Alan. He said, "What you need is a ranch. Because," said Joel wisely. "There's no better fun than plain outdoors work."

MODERN SCREEN

CLEOPATRA KELLY

Linda and Jerry Walter

"Oh, Slug, it's *our* song—'One Meatball'!"

So that's what was buzzing around under his haircut the day Alan and Sue rode up the Valley highway with their good friend, Chet Root. Chet's an antique dealer and the mission of his trip was to deliver a desk to a rich ranch home. Alan went along to help heft it. They rolled down into Hidden Valley. Alan was sopping up the fertile fields, long white fences, horse barns—and the country scenery that swept around him. He could sniff the hay and hear the neighs and it really got him.

no place for a star . . .

"Is there a ranch around here for sale?" inquired Alan.

Yep, there was one that could be bought, he was told by the wealthy rancher. Right across the Valley—but—well, it was just twenty-five acres. No house—only a big old barn, a garage, a tumble down bath shack and a beaten up old reservoir. The man didn't say it but what he meant was—"No place for a movie star—like you, Bub!"

"Let's run over and take a look," Alan suggested to Sue. They looked fifteen minutes. That's all it took. On the way home, they hunted up the owner and bought it—cash on the barrelhead.

That was last January and Alan was deep in a picture. It's a wonder he ever finished it. He'd bounce from a "take" into an agricultural huddle with anyone who'd listen to him. He pestered all the side-line ranchers at Paramount, asking them silly questions, as every tenderfoot rancher does. He bought all farm magazines, horse books, sent for every government agriculture bulletin. He spent his noon hours in Sears-Roebuck shopping for things he'd never thought about before—rakes and hoes, shovels and feed bins—levis, lanterns, bits, bridles, traces, tools.

Alan couldn't even wait to finish the picture. He had to move out there right now. He hired his Man Friday, Joe Cisneros, to stick on the place. Joe's a capable, loyal, Spanish-American boy who has entered right into the Ladd ranch family by now. But there was work for a dozen men and every minute he wasn't there, Alan jittered around like a hep-cat. He decided the only cure was to move out—ready or not. It was not—definitely.

Sue will never forget that first week on the ranch. It was February and the breezes bit like a cold knife. Ice skimmed the fish pond at night. Alan and Sue loaded the car with cots, canned goods, a coal oil stove, lanterns—and piled their camping plunder in the old garage. Four drafty car stalls it had, and a lean-to roof for fertilizer and plants. No doors, no windows—to close, that is! No lights, no plumbing,

Joan Caulfield

starring in Paramount's Techni-color Triumph "Blue Skies"

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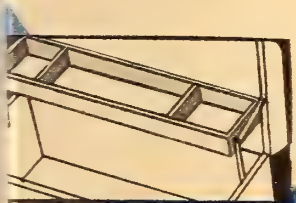

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no heat, no furniture, no telephone.

Every minute, it seemed, there'd be a rustling noise. Field mice, chipmunks—they sounded like elephants in the still night. Tiny wings whirred around the dark stall room and Sue imagined flocks of bats nesting in her coiffure. A skunk strolled by and wafted shocking perfume in the night air. Alan and Sue lay wide eyed till morning.

The Ladds fixed up a lot of comfort items that week. They had no ice box, but Alan found you could keep pepsis and milk cold in the frosty fish pond. He promoted a couple of portable Chic Sales from the studio and gasoline lanterns to light the place at night. Sue uncovered a three-burner kerosene stove on which she could turn out the same kind of wonderful meals (she's a super cook) she did back in the big Los Feliz kitchen. They got another one to heat up the place and some temporary windows to keep the cold out. Then Alan got a welcome surprise.

life saver . . .

A truck rolled up the drive the second day they'd moved in. A telephone lineman knocked on the door. "Say," he inquired, "can I sell you folks a telephone?" Alan and Sue almost swooned. That was back when a new phone was something you just didn't dare dream about.

The phone was a life saver. They put it in the barn in the tack room (where it still is) and whenever the Ladds got overwhelmed by nature in the raw they called up their city friends for sympathy. When it was a dream day and they felt swell they called them up and gloated. But best of all, the phone paid off in peace of mind about Alana. Alan and Sue didn't mind being cut off from civilization but Alana's barely three and if an emergency came up where a doctor was needed or anything—they wanted to get in touch quick.

The population of Alsulana Acres got off to a flying start the minute the Ladds moved in. Joe brought three sheep dogs and two cats, who promptly obeyed the Lord and multiplied. Came Easter and Alana got two bunnies. They're still—miraculously—two bunnies, the only pair on record, Sue insists, who've remained just two for six months. Then a young actor friend of the Ladds found himself in a spot with an expectant female dog and a tiny Hollywood apartment. The landlord said pups meant he could start hunting. Alan and Sue invited the mutt out to the ranch for her blessed event, and now she's there with her family of four. I already told how Sue gave Alan "So Sad," the mare in foal, for Father's Day and how he came back with Marijuana, another halo horse—so that added two more and two more-to-be. Then Alan made the mistake of going to a yearling sale at Santa Anita race track. The farthest thing from their conscious minds was buying a race horse. Alan planned to watch and learn and keep his mouth buttoned up in the bidding. What he knew about picking racehorses he could put in his eye. And so look what happened. Racing colts from a famous French studhorse, Firozepore, were on the auction block. They were beauties, but so were the prices, way up in the thousands. They led one out, from a dam named "Cheeky Sue," and Alan found his hand up in the early bidding, just for a sentimental thrill. But the prices zoomed on past him. Another colt came out. It was fun, Alan found, to stick up his hand and make a bid in the early stages. He didn't run any danger of buying a horse, because they were all way past his purse—or so he thought.

But this time when he made his bid—in the hundreds—he didn't have any competition and the auctioneer slammed down his hammer. "Sold," he yelled. Alan had himself a racehorse, and nobody was more surprised than himself and Sue. They were twice as surprised when they saw every other Firozepore colt sell for ten times what they paid. Alan had a funny feeling when he stepped up to his friend, Joe Hernandez, the race horse expert, and asked, "Joe, what's the matter with the horse I bought? How come he's so cheap?"

"What's his number?" Joe asked. Alan said, "Thirty two." Joe whistled. "Migosh, Alan—that's the colt with the bum leg!"

Of course! There had to be some reason. Alan groaned. "It should happen to me!"

They found all the smart horsemen at Santa Anita in the ring gathered around Alan's new colt, pinching and feeling him. They were shaking their heads and swearing. One said, "Can you tie this? An auction crowded with horse experts like us—and a damned ignorant actor gets the steal of the sale!"

Alan barged in. "What's wrong with him?" he asked timidly. One of the horse fellows barked back, "Not a thing—dammit! Just a scratch on his leg from a splinter—but it fooled all us wise guys. I'll give you a thousand dollars more than you paid right now."

MODERN SCREEN

P. EASTMORE
MAKE-UP DIRECTOR

"I just saw your column, Louella—is it true that I'm having a baby?"

Alan shook his head, but he didn't sleep soundly that night. Racing horses is expensive and Alan's far from rich. He wondered if he hadn't bitten off an overly ambitious hunk. Sue couldn't help him make up his mind; but she had her doubts, too. Next morning Alan had Sue call up the colt's seller. "Alan's decided to sell the horse back to you," she began.

"That makes me very happy," came back the horseman. "He never should have been sold. It was all a mistake—"

But Sue was looking at Alan's face, and it was pretty droopy. "I'll call you back," she said. Then she turned to Alan. "We'll keep that race horse if it busts us," she smiled. "I can see that's what you want."

Seems like ever since Laddie has been at the ranch he's been digging or hammering, sawing, fitting pipe, laying brick and tile—or bossing someone who is. One day he had a cement mixer grinding, a buzz saw ripping, dynamite exploding, a steam shovel puffing away and the bulldozer snorting—all at the same time. That's the day Warner Brothers picked to shoot location scenes for "Stallion Road" in Hidden Valley, across from the Ladd ranch. It wasn't long before the director roared across in his car.

"Say," he shouted. "What the heck's going on here—another Boulder Dam? Listen—I'm shooting pictures—or trying to. You gotta stop all this racket. I—" then he recognized Alan. "Oh, hello, Ladd," he said, "so you're the heavy! Now, you're in the business—you ought to know I've got to have quiet to shoot. I've got fifty men working."

Alan sighed, and they finally worked out a flagman deal at the house so that when the whistle blew, Alan's help stopped busting microphone drums.

Even Alan and Sue's friends were getting the rugged treatment whenever they ventured out to see the Ladds. There's nothing as attractive as a new ranch and Alsulana Acres is just a handy weekend drive-out distance—fifty miles from Hollywood. Sue and Alan are famous for their hospitality—and it never flagged all the time they were torn upside down—although some of the dropper-inners got put to work. Like movie grouch Bill Demarest—one of Alan's best Paramount friends. Bill turned out to be a handy paint man and ended up coating the whole ranch house. Another friend, Pat Lane, turned out to be an expert gardener. The Ladds put him to work fast.

Henry Willson, Guy Madison's pal, and Diana Lynn's fiancé, brought Diana out one Sunday. He strolled around the swimming pool inspecting Alan's handiwork when suddenly Sue heard Diana scream. Henry had disappeared from the face of the earth! They found him down in the filter hole and yanked him out. He took another stroll and disappeared again—this time down the drain hole. Diana hustled Henry home before she turned into a widow before she was a bride.

Most Ladd guests have remained hale and hearty, though, and now that the rough work is over and the place has blossomed, they pile out in droves. That suits Alan and Sue.

I sampled one of those Ladd ranch spreads the night I visited Sue and Alan, because of course I had to stay for dinner, and so did Boo-Boo Howell after he'd brought the groceries. Joe, the ranch hand, joined us at the big table on the flagstone porch that makes Alan's back ache every time he looks at it (he fitted every flag in place). The pot roast was tender, the potatoes brown, the gravy rich and the salad crisp. The California moon was in there pitching, too, and after dinner Al lit a cigarette and tipped back his chair.

an eye to the future . . .

"What I want to do is make the ranch self sufficient—" he began.

"Total produce so far," interrupted Sue, "is one egg every three days—"

"What I mean," continued Alan, rising above that, "is I'd like to build a little future security here. Suppose I'm lucky enough to last in pictures another ten years. That's about all I can expect, unless I turn into the Grand Old Man of Gower Gulch. By then, if this farm is producing horses, hay, vegetables, milk, well, what's wrong with that for an ace-in-the-hole?"

I knew what Alan was thinking about in particular. Along about next January, there'll be a new baby brother or sister for Alana. Laddie's a very thoughtful guy underneath it all and he takes his responsibilities seriously.

so as to the farm . . .

"I don't know," mused Alan Ladd. "Maybe that's just another pipe dream, too—"

But then maybe it's not. Not if you're really working at it—like Alan Ladd.

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 57*)

breath that tightened his worn jacket over his thin shoulders. He'd been to see so many people, and none of them were interested in an unknown young song writer. New York, they told him, was for successful people, not for kids from the country with nothing to offer but the dream in their hearts. But maybe Mr. Hessler would be different. Jerry walked firmly up the steps and gave the bell a determined ring.

The door opened almost immediately. A severe featured woman, wearing an apron, surveyed Jerry and his brief case.

"You're late," she said inexplicably. "Get on upstairs right away. And be sure you kill all of them. Every one."

Jerry swallowed. He said, "Uh—I don't—"

"Of course he doesn't," said a child's impatient voice. "He's not the exterminator, Mrs. Muller. The exterminator smells."

Jerry grinned at the little girl with the bright blue eyes and coppery hair. "I'm afraid I just write songs," he admitted.

The housekeeper swelled in indignation. "A song writer! Well, Mr. Hessler doesn't want to see any songwriters."

"Daddy might want to see just this *one,*" the little girl said meditatively. "He looks so hungry. He looks as if he might faint."

"Faint?" Mrs. Muller was alarmed. "Here, let's get him into the dining room. Your father will give him some roast beef."

Jerry, feeling like a stray puppy about to be thrown a bone by a kind-hearted cook, found himself in the dining room. It was a big, untidy room with musical instruments and stacks of sheet music everywhere. In the midst of all this, an arty looking gentleman in a velvet jacket and flowing tie sat at a table, eating lunch. His alert eyes took in Jerry's shy, hopeful expression, his young awkwardness.

starving songwriter . . .

"A song writer," he decided. "And you've come to the greatest arranger in the world for help. I'm sorry, my boy, but you're too late. I will bother no more with tinsel tunes for sequinned chorus girls to sing off-key. I'm going to write a symphony."

"Daddy," the little girl interrupted, in a carefully dramatic tone. "He's starving!"

"Eh? Oh. Well, sit down, young man. Have some roast beef." Hessler piled a plate with beef and vegetables, and passed it to Jerry who surveyed it helplessly.

"Don't be bashful," Hessler urged.

"Thanks, it's very good of you, sir. Only—only I just finished lunch before I came over here. It—it was roast beef, too."

Hessler burst into a roar of laughter. "Sally's instinct for drama runs away with her." But behind his back, Sally winked gravely at Jerry, who gave her a quick smile of gratitude.

After lunch, Jerry and the seven-year-old Sally began to play one of Jerry's songs as a duet on the piano. Hessler lounged over to them. "Not bad, with the right arrangement. 'Ka-Lu-A,' eh? We might be able to do something with that."

So instead of starting his symphony, Hessler began to work with Jerome Kern. They accomplished a great deal together, and Jerry soon felt like a member of the family. Then Hessler and Sally went to England, and Jerry had never been so lonely in his life. England was the center of music now. Charles Frohman had made it fashionable to import English talent. Jerry decided to go over himself.

As soon as he got to London, he took a train for the little village where Hessler

(*Continued on page 73*)

New Color Beauty for your home!

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CHARM TRED

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Add the touch of warm, vibrant color to your home. The lovely pastel shades and rough texture of Charm Tred Ruff Cord Rugs make an exciting combination... brighten every living room, bedroom, bathroom or den. Easily laundered... Ruff Cord Cotton Rugs are available in SEVEN NEW SHADES: French Gray, American Beauty Red, Dusty Rose, Cool Green, Ivory, Nordic Blue and Golden Yellow. Oval and oblong sizes—from 24 inches by 36 inches to 4 feet by 6 feet... and surprisingly low in cost—from $3.95 to $19 95. For authentic modern colors... and fine cotton rug craftsmanship... look for the Charm Tred label—at leading rug, furniture or department stores

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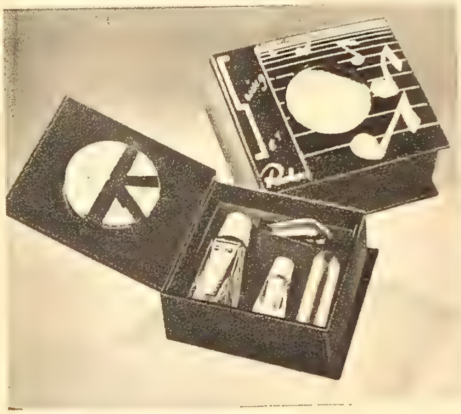
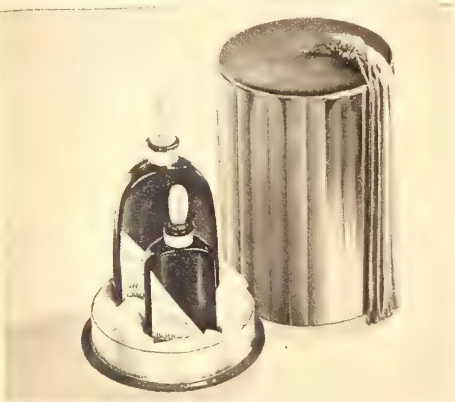
You don't have to be a whiz at math to know that Miner's eau de toilette, "Orchid No. 6," and "Spice Bouquet No. 8" add up to glamor. $1.00.



Revlon, a pretty hep crowd, designed this "Swing Set" album and for a sweet 'n' low $1.85 include powder, lipstick, polish, Adheron.

Carol's Christmas Gifts

Your Beauty Editor, Carol Carter, is aglow with the spirit of St. Nick and it's *not* only because my name suggests Christmas tunes. Principal reason is the wonderful gift material seen when making the rounds of the cosmetic houses. I knew you MODERN SCREEN-ers would want to say "Merry Christmas" to your pals with just such presents, so I piled the Beauty Dept. high with them, had them photographed and here is the collection . . . ready for you to make your choice. And can't say I blame you if you get an extra gift or so for yourself!



Want a gift sophisticated yet feminine? Bourjois has the answer with "Evening in Paris." This perfume and toilet water set costs $4.75.

Westmores of Hollywood
Westmore

Yuletide greetings with movieland glamor are the theme of this kit which the Westmores of Hollywood fill with their super makeup, $1.00.

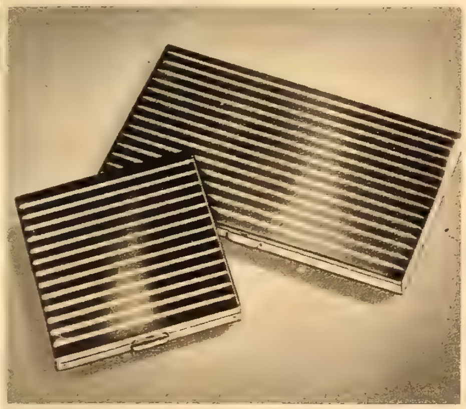
Dainty, feminine, fragile . . . pretty adjectives come naturally to Richard Hudnut's "Violet Sec" set. Dusting powder and toilet water, $2.50.

Models Special
MAKE-UP
Models Special
MAKE UP

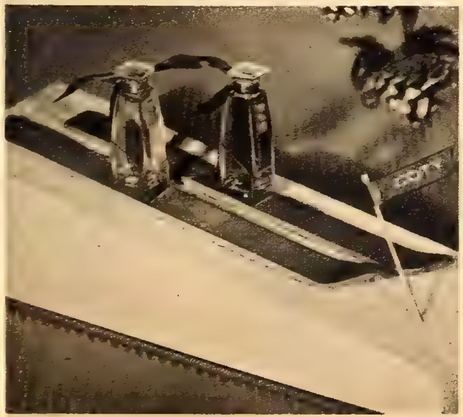
Show that you mean it when you say she's prett as a model. Give her "Models' Special" Lipstick $1.00, and "Models' Special" Makeup, $1.50

Bath-time fun. Tussy presents "Ginger Spice" Bubblessence, $1.00, and a soap trio for $1.00 shaped just like mother's plump spice cookies!

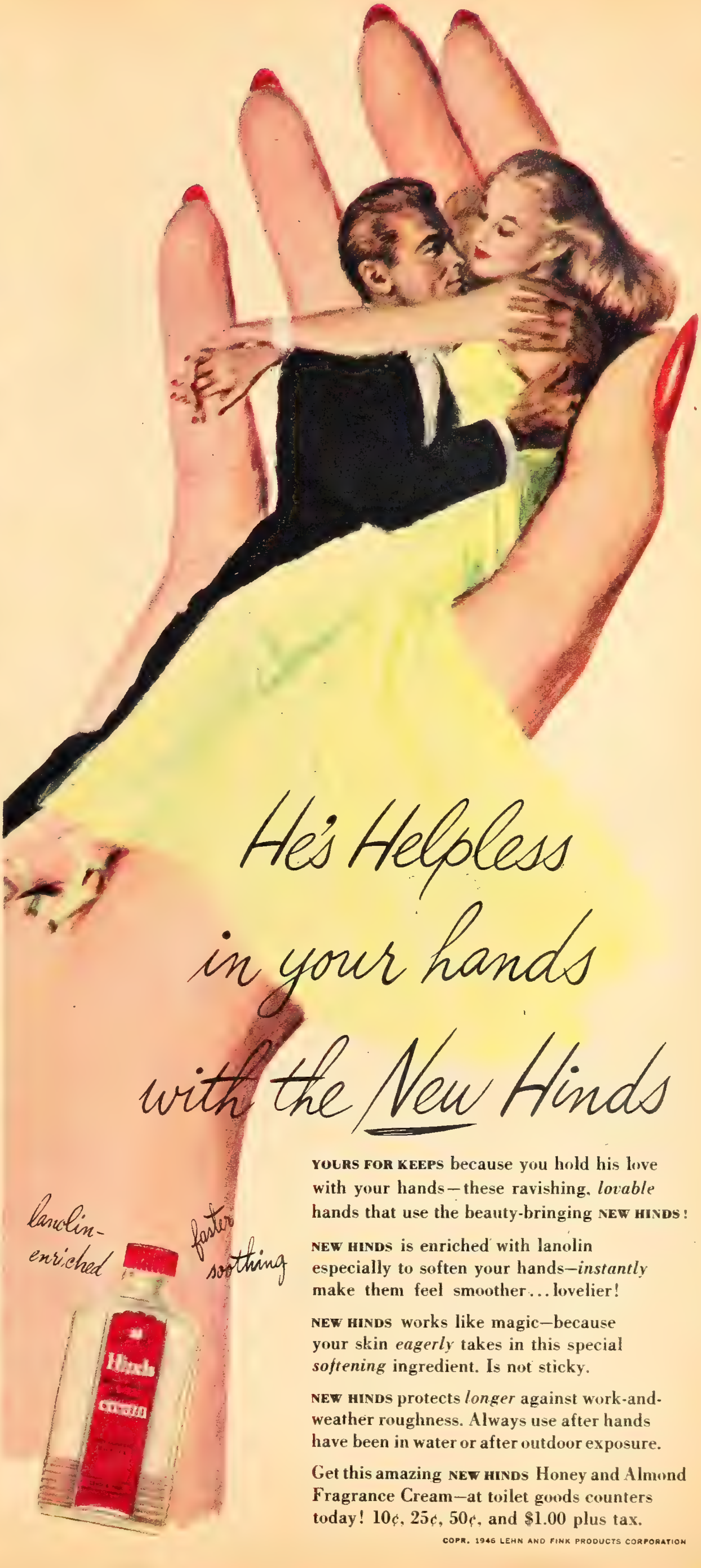
Irresistible makes a pretty Noel box with its cologne, lipstick, perfume, sachet and "Air-Whipt" face powder in one set. You pay $1.00 for it.



For a girl who rates something distinctive and pretty special, Volupte's exquisite compact, about $5.00, and cigarette case, about $6.50.



In Coty's "Slalom Set," two tall, slim bottles of "L'Aimant" and "Emeraude" perfume glide down a snowy slope on miniature skis. Price is $6.50.



YOURS FOR KEEPS because you hold his love with your hands—these ravishing, *lovable* hands that use the beauty-bringing **NEW HINDS**!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—*instantly* make them feel smoother... lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic—because your skin *eagerly* takes in this special *softening* ingredient. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects *longer* against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing **NEW HINDS** Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and $1.00 plus tax.

COPR. 1946 LEHN AND FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Carol's Christmas Gifts

Roses bloom in December thanks to Luxor who makes these "Rosebud" soap bars, $1.00. In fact, there's an entire bath-time ensemble.

Bombi's "Black Magic" Bath Ensemble is enshrined in a lucite tray that decorates dressing table, then travels luxuriously to the tub. $10.00.

She'll be radiant for weeks after Christmas morn with Tangee's flattering makeup. This charming kit contains face powder, lipstick, rouge. $2.00.

No matter what her type, Wadsworth has the compact for her. No-end versatile, designs can be jivy ($2.00) or super-sophisticated ($5.00).

Dana
Platine

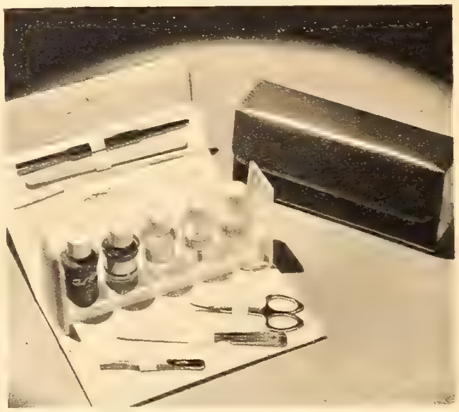
Palladium flakes floating throughout enhance the luxuriousness of Dana's "Platine." Many sizes, cologne from $2.25, perfume from $3.25.

Mavis
talc mitt

Clap hands for Mavis who concocted this pretty, flower-bright mitt and filled it with freshly scented Mavis Talc. Nice gifting for 69c.

Holly Berry
Christmas Rose

A gift to receive a royal welcome, "Holly Berry" and "Christmas Rose," two fragrant colognes by Prince Matchabelli. $2.00 for each.



"Personal Favor" is the name. You'll be doing her just that by presenting this trim case crammed with La Cross manicure "musts," $5.00.

Shulton helps you say "thanks for being friends." Give their Early American "Friendship Garden" set of toiletries, a delightful gift, $1.50.

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 69*)

and Sally were living. Sally was riding a bicycle in the lane as he drove up, and she threw herself off with a shout of welcome.

"Uncle Jerry! Is it really you?"

Then Hessler bustled out, and pulled him into the cozy parlor of the English cottage. Somehow it managed to look just like the house back in New York, with music and instruments all around. They sat over a glass of beer and talked for an hour. Sally finally persuaded them to stop talking and take her to the fair that was being held on the village green.

It was a gold and blue day, rare in England, and a breeze smelled of roses.

"I want some taffy, Uncle Jerry," Sally cried. "And some popcorn."

But Jerry was standing quite still, with a faraway look in his eyes, watching the swings sail with their laughing occupants up among the green of the leaves. The girls in their ruffled dresses laughed as they swung, and Jerry hummed a tune in time with the rhythm of the swings.

"The whole chorus in swings, Jim," he said suddenly. "Cover the stage with them—can't you see it? And everyone singing 'How'd You Like To Spoon With Me?'"

"What a number!" Jim Hessler was immediately enthusiastic. "You've got something, my boy! I'll call Edwardes tomorrow—maybe he can use it at the Gaiety."

The Gaiety did use it, and Jerry had his foot on the first rung of the ladder of fame. He went to work immediately on a new number, but somehow he couldn't seem to get this one right. The harder he tried, the more elusive the notes became. One day he and Hessler went for a bicycle ride. Jerry was absent-minded.

"Forget it," Hessler counseled. "With a song on at the Gaiety you can afford to relax awhile."

"I can't relax while this song's half done. It's driving me crazy." Jerry whistled a few notes over and over, getting nowhere.

Just then there was a bang. Jerry's wheel swerved, and he almost fell off. His front tire had a puncture.

"I say, old boy, what do I do now?" he asked.

Jim groaned. "I'll take your wheel down to the next village and get it fixed."

Jerry grinned and stretched out on the grass. "Damned decent of you, old chap."

my kingdom for a piano . . .

Hessler peddled off, and Jerry went back to whistling those five notes over and over. Suddenly he got a sixth, then a seventh. He sat up in a hurry. He had it now! If he only had a piano! He peered around him, and for the first time noticed that there was a neat white cottage back of the hedge on the other side of the road. Jerry vaulted the hedge and ran up to the door. No one answered his knock, but through the open French windows he could see the gleam of a baby grand piano. The temptation was too much.

For the next twenty minutes nothing existed for him except the golden melody unfolding beneath his swift fingers. At last he said, "That does it!" and sat back. He found a young woman in working clothes standing in the doorway regarding him curiously. She was carrying a spade and a basket of flowers.

"Are you Mr. Timkins' man?" she inquired.

Jerry jumped. "No. Uh—no. At least, I don't think so. Who's Mr. Timkins?"

"The piano tuner."

Jerry got up and put on his coat. Piano

Women are in Love
with These Lovely
Leigh Perfumes
Risqué
LEIGH
heartbeat
LEIGH
LEIGH

Risqué—Daring perfume—smoldering amber musk 3.50 oz.

Heartbeat—High-hearted perfume—vibrant floral blend 3.50 oz.

Poetic Dream—Heavenly perfume—tropic-floral fantasy 3.50 oz.

Dulcinea—Perfume of romance—lovely jasmin bouquet 3.50 oz

Lovely Stocking Gift

LEIGH MINIATURES — all four perfumes in a tiny charming box. An opportunity to "play favorites" 1.00 the box. LEIGH PERFUMES, *a division of Shulton, Rockefeller Center, New York.*

Prices plus tax Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

tuner, indeed! "As a matter of fact," he said coldly, "I'm a song writer."

The young woman looked amused. "If you're not a piano tuner, you'd better get out of here."

"You don't believe I'm a song writer?"

"No. Should I?"

"It happens to be true. But I guess I had better get out before your mistress gets back and finds me."

Just at that moment a neat maid in black and white appeared, and said, "Miss Leale, will you have tea now?"

Jerry stared. "My gosh! And I thought you did the gardening. I'm sorry, honestly. And I really am a song writer. If I send you tickets to the Gaiety, will you come?"

Eva Leale did come, and for the next few weeks Jerry saw her as often as he could manage. He was, for the first time in his life, desperately in love. This English girl with the clear grey eyes and rose cream skin was suddenly as much a part of him as his music. Then one night at the Gaiety, he met Charles Frohman, the American producer.

"So you're Kern!" the great man said. "I congratulate you on that number with the swings. Magnificent. But all you Englishmen write superb music."

"Thanks, old man," Jerry said in his best drawl, his heart thumping.

"I wonder if you could write four numbers for my new Broadway show?" Frohman asked. "Something with that real English charm."

"Why, sure! Uh—I mean, righto!"

"That's settled, then. We'll sail day after tomorrow. My office will take care of the tickets." Frohman shook hands briskly.

The next forty-eight hours was a mad bustle of excitement, packing, and general tearing around. Hessler and Sally decided to go back too, and there were all sorts of arrangements to be made. Jerry had no chance to leave London and go down to the village where Eva lived. He called her on the phone, but it was a frustrating, unsatisfactory conversation.

"I—I have to go to New York, Eva," he said. "Tomorrow. Frohman wants me to write some songs for his new show."

"How lovely for you, Jerry." Her voice was cordial, but remote. Why shouldn't it be? Jerry thought. To her he was probably just another visiting American. And he had never even told her he loved her!

Once back in New York he was too busy with the new music to think of anything. The night the show opened, Julia Sanderson sang, and Jerry sat in the audience hardly believing it was *his* music being sung on a Broadway stage.

The plaintive melody of one of the songs took him back to that day at the piano in Eva's house. He was filled with a sudden aching desire to be with her again.

Jerry knew that there was a ship leaving for England the next day. Frohman was taking it. Maybe he could take it too, and they could talk business on the way over. He packed as fast as he could. But at the last minute something came up to delay him, and when he got to the pier, the huge liner was already at sea.

"Never mind," Jim said consolingly. "The Lusitania isn't the only ship afloat. You can get another in a couple of days."

By "a couple of days" they were reading black headlines in the newspapers. The Lusitania had been sunk by a German U-boat and among the dead was Charles Frohman. Jerry, impatient as he was, had to stay in New York while new business arrangements were made. His music was booked into a show called "Oh, Boy!" and it was then that, for the first time, Jerome Kern saw his name up in lights. But it didn't mean a thing compared with sitting with Eva before a glowing fire and knowing a happiness beyond any in the world.

So he went back to London and lifted the brass knocker on the front door of the cottage, and felt his heart echo its knock. His throat burned and his breath caught in his chest and when she opened the door he couldn't speak. But Eva stared at him, her eyes getting brighter and brighter. Then she said "Jerry!" and began to cry.

Right afterward, of course, she retreated into her English shell of reserve and pretended it hadn't happened. But by then Jerry knew where he stood.

"You waited long enough to write to me," he said.

"A lady never writes to a gentleman first," Eva said firmly.

"A lady never does much of anything. Dull, isn't it?"

"Certainly not!" Eva was very prim now.

Jerry whistled to himself. He whistled his new tune, "Till The Clouds Roll By." He grinned at her. "Probably if I proposed, it wouldn't be ladylike for you to say yes. A lady never says yes, does she?"

"Yes! I mean, no! Oh—Jerry!"

The next ten years went by in a gay, easy fashion. Jerry found that happiness made him compose better than ever, and soon he was one of the top figures of the American musical world.

There were two things, however, that bothered Jerry. One was the poor health of his friend, Jim Hessler. The other was little Sally, who was growing up into a beautiful, but very spoiled, young lady. Her doting father had always let her have her own way, and the series of private schools she had attended lately had one by one admitted defeat.

"It's ridiculous to make me go to school, Uncle Jerry," she wheedled, after the latest dismissal. "I want to go on the stage. Show business is in my blood, just the way it was with you and daddy."

Sally was a persuasive talker. She even won Eva over to her side. Jerry at last agreed to see that she got a tiny part in the new Marilyn Miller show, "Sunny," for which he was writing the music.

But it didn't take Jerry long to discover that Sally wasn't ready for show business. He had written one song, which she, as "Gwen," was to sing. It was called "Who" and its lovely, wistful melody haunted all who heard it. Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the lyrics, came to Jerry and Marilyn, after the first rehearsals.

"I've been talking to Mr. Dillingham," he said worriedly. "He thinks 'Who' should be a big production number, and that Marilyn should sing it."

Jerry shrugged. "He's the boss. It's going to be tough on Sally, but she'll have to get used to those things in show business."

"Maybe you'd better let me tell her," Marilyn suggested. "She's going to be awfully disappointed."

However, even Marilyn wasn't prepared for the scene that followed.

"It's a low-down trick!" she stormed. "That's *my* song and I'm going to sing it!"

"That's not the way things work, Sally," Jerry said quietly. "Life isn't based on what we want, it's what we give. I can see that you aren't ready yet to give anything to show business."

Sally stared unbelievingly, then burst into choking sobs and left the theater. That night Hessler sent for him. Sally had disappeared, leaving a note behind her. Hessler was terribly worried. "She's too young to be alone like that, Jerry."

"I know. And it's my fault. I'll find her, Jim. Don't worry."

But he couldn't find her. All the leads he got came to nothing. Sally was gone. And the shock was too much for Jim Hessler's weak heart. Jerry was sent for again, but this time there was a chance for only a few words.

"You're a great boy, Jerry," Jim murmured. "I'm glad I was around to help."

"I wouldn't have gotten anywhere without you," Jerry told him. He took Hessler's thin hand in his and held it tightly. "Jim, I'll find Sally yet. I swear I will."

After Hessler's death, Jerry went to pieces. He sat moodily at the piano, hour after hour, not playing a note. He couldn't compose any more. Even his wife couldn't get through the depression that gripped him. Then at last, electrifying news came. Sally was singing at a tiny cafe in Memphis. Jerry snapped out of his lassitude in a hurry. He took the first train. Oscar Hammerstein came down to see him off, and tossed a book in his lap.

"Read it on the way down. I have an idea it would make a show."

The book was by Edna Ferber. "Show Boat" was its name.

The Club Caliban in Memphis was a small, smoke-filled cafe, tucked away on a back street near the river. Its patrons were a mixed crowd, but they were united in one thing—their enthusiasm for the girl singer, Sally.

After her act, he went backstage, but he didn't have much to say. Just, "You don't need me, Sally. I can see that you're started on your career. But let me know if I can ever help."

Vivian Blaine

. . . 20th Century-Fox Star, currently appearing in "Three Little Girls in Blue," is a little girl in blue for us in her party dress by Carole King. The dress (in the kind of blue that men love) is soft as can be, with a sweet oval neck line, and a gently gathered dirndl skirt. There is a soft sash that buckles at the waist, and a delicate tracery of white embroidery on the skirt. It's a real dressed-up dress, like a little girl's "best," and deserves your prettiest pearls, your most fragile high-heeled sandals.

To find out where to buy Vivian's dress, as well as the other fashions in this month's MODERN SCREEN, please turn to page 83.

Jerry went back to New York with a light heart. He could still hear the song of the giant Mississippi as it swept past Memphis, and it inspired him to write the greatest score of his career for the musical "Showboat." He knew it was great, and Eva knew it, long before the enthusiasm of the first-night audience ran riot.

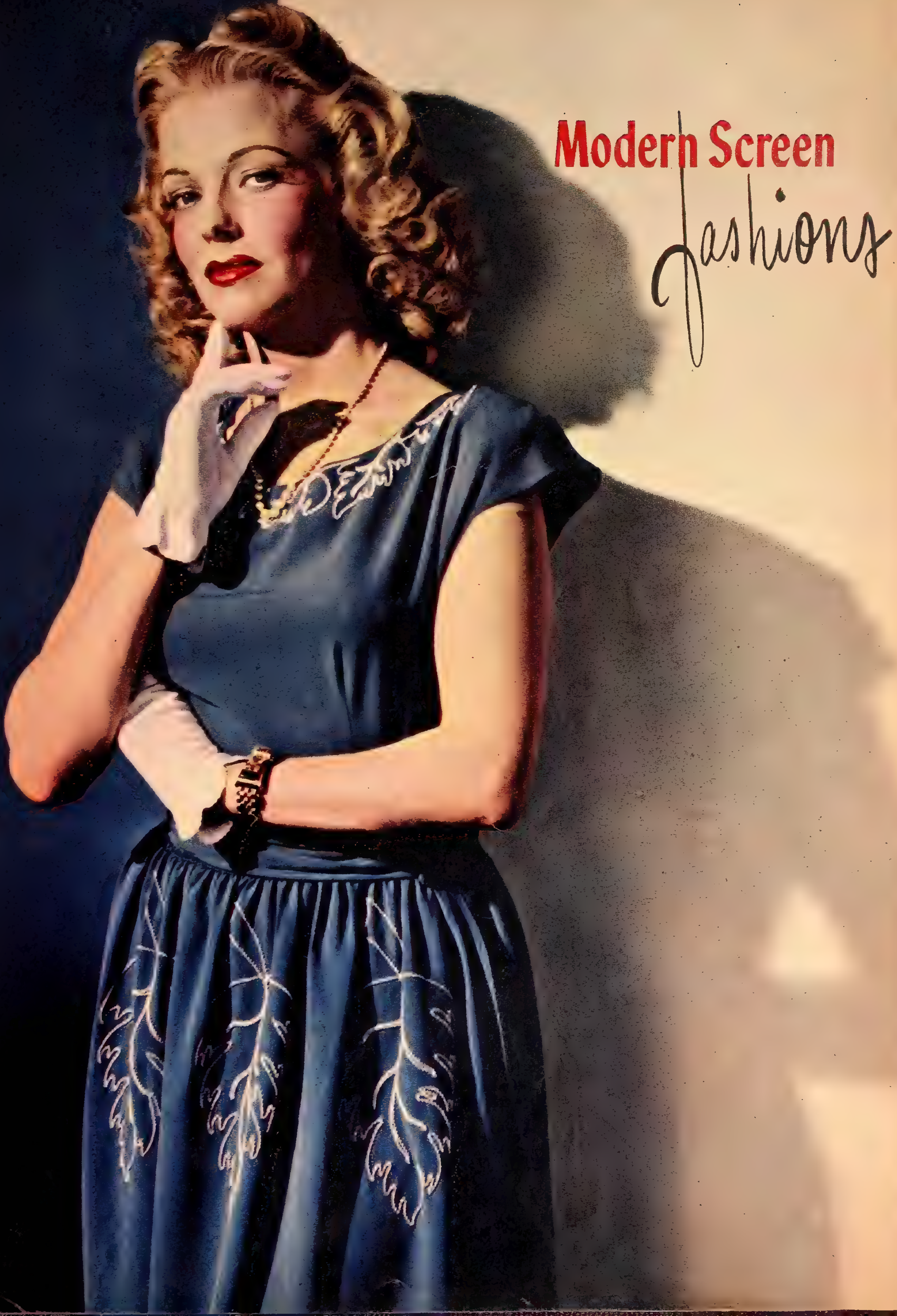
Even there, the story doesn't end. For later Jerry was called to Hollywood. "Showboat" was being made into a picture. Its cast glittered with starry names, but there was one song that was to be sung by a comparative unknown.

"A kid from New York," the producer told Jerry and Eva, the first day. "New but good. She's going to rehearse now."

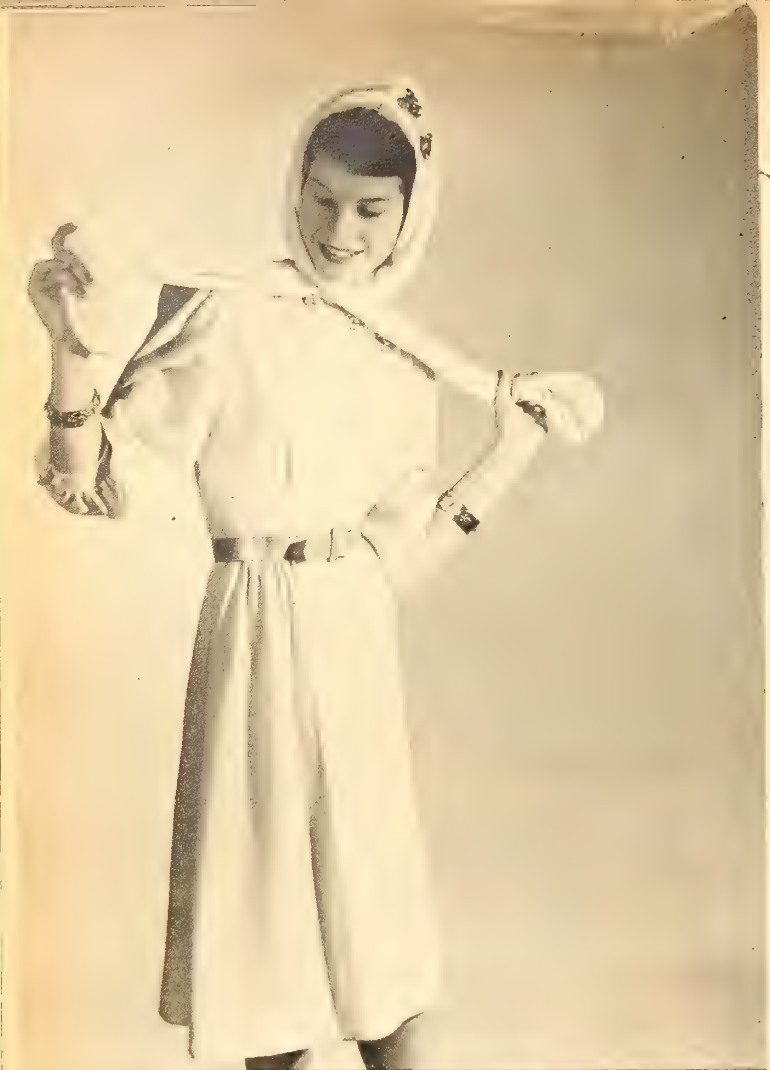
As a tall, copper-haired girl walked gracefully on the set, Jerry and Eva looked at each other with delighted smiles. "Yes," Jerry said quietly, "I think we'll like her fine. I used to know her father well, and she's a lot like him."

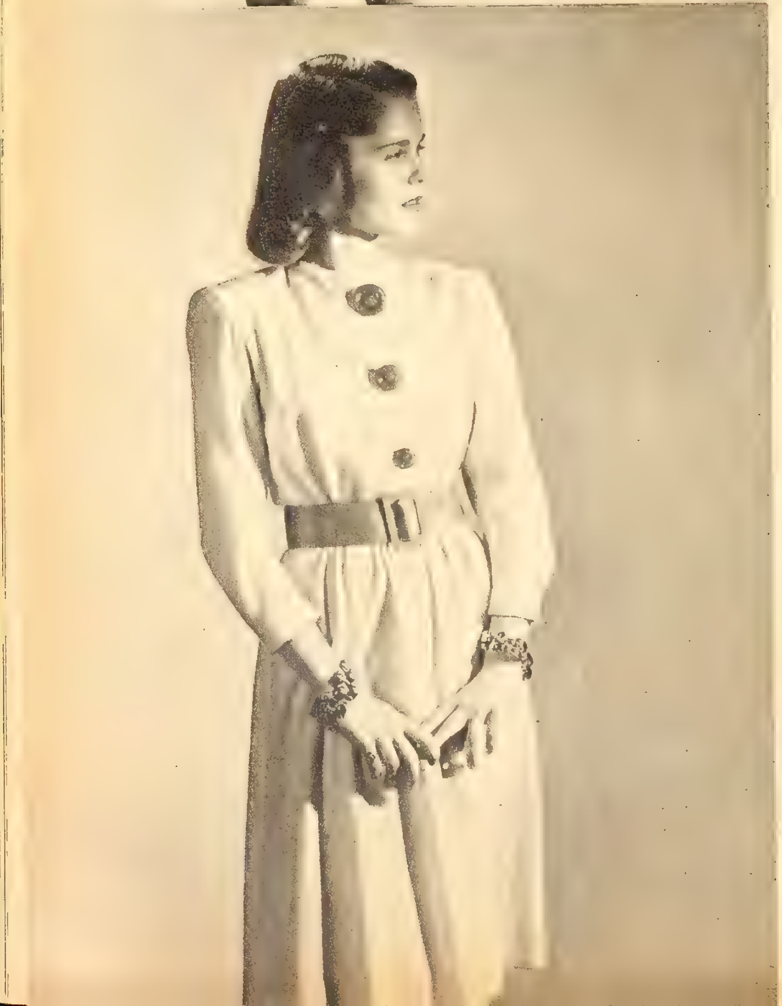
CAST

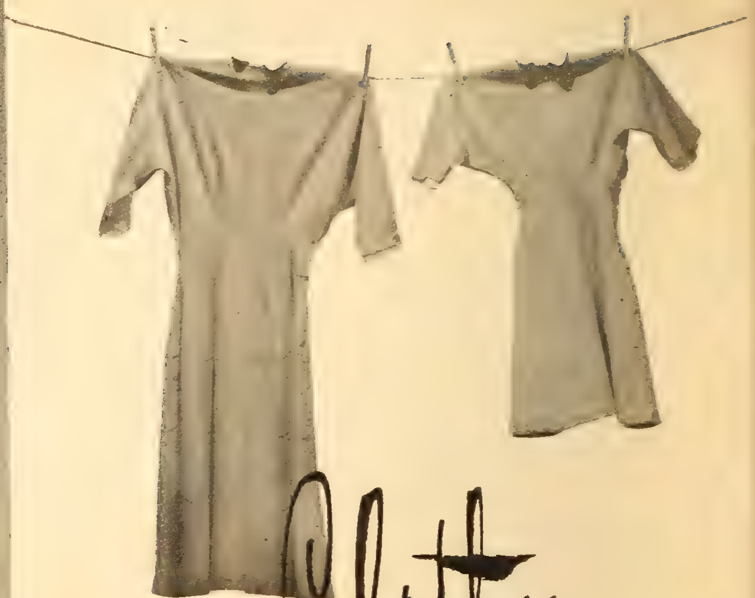
Jerome Kern	Robert Walker
Marilyn Miller	Judy Garland
Sally	Lucille Bremer
Sally, as a girl	Joan Wells
James I. Hessler	Van Heflin
Oscar Hammerstein	Paul Langton
Mrs. Jerome Kern	Dorothy Patrick



Modern Screen Fashions





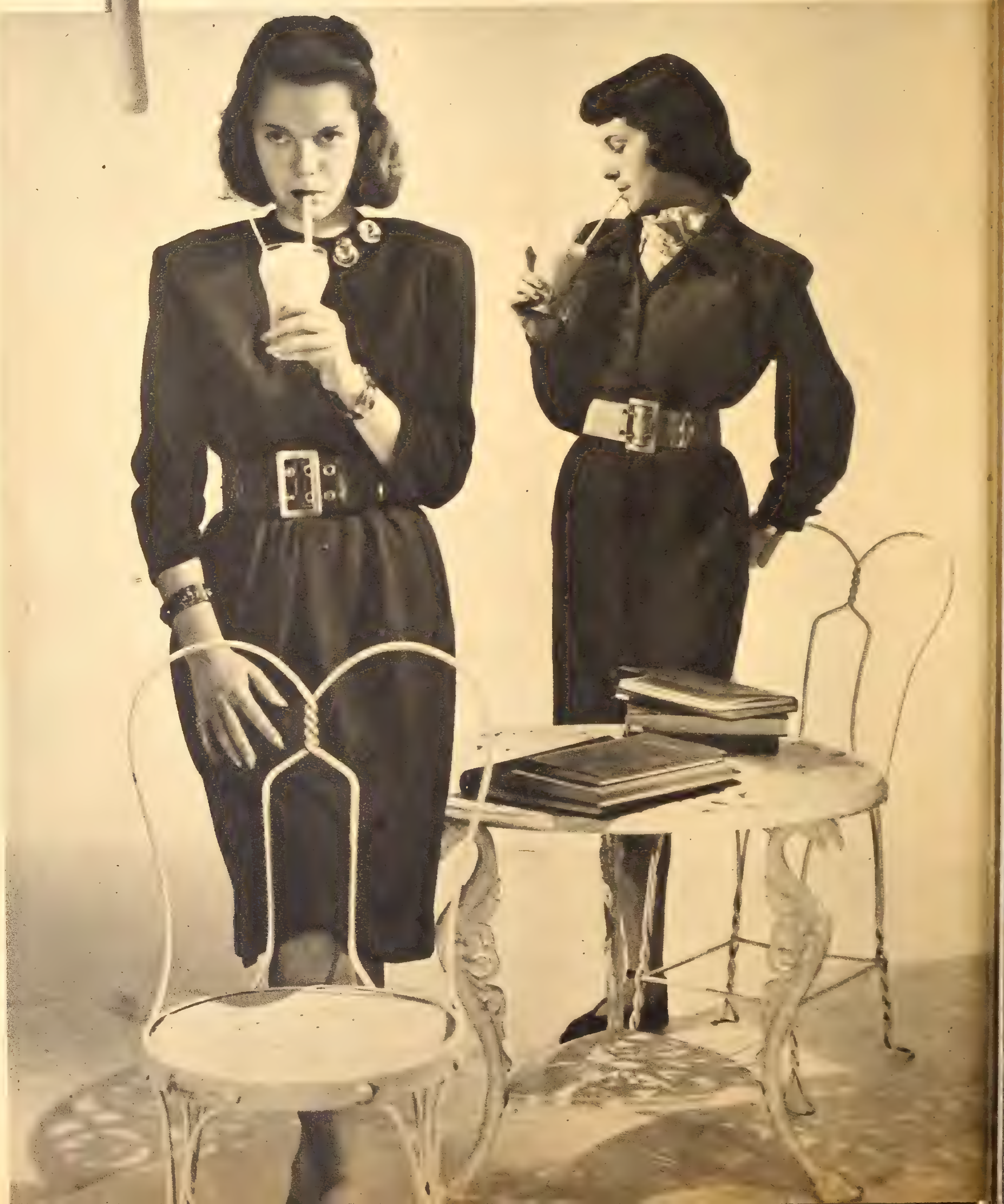


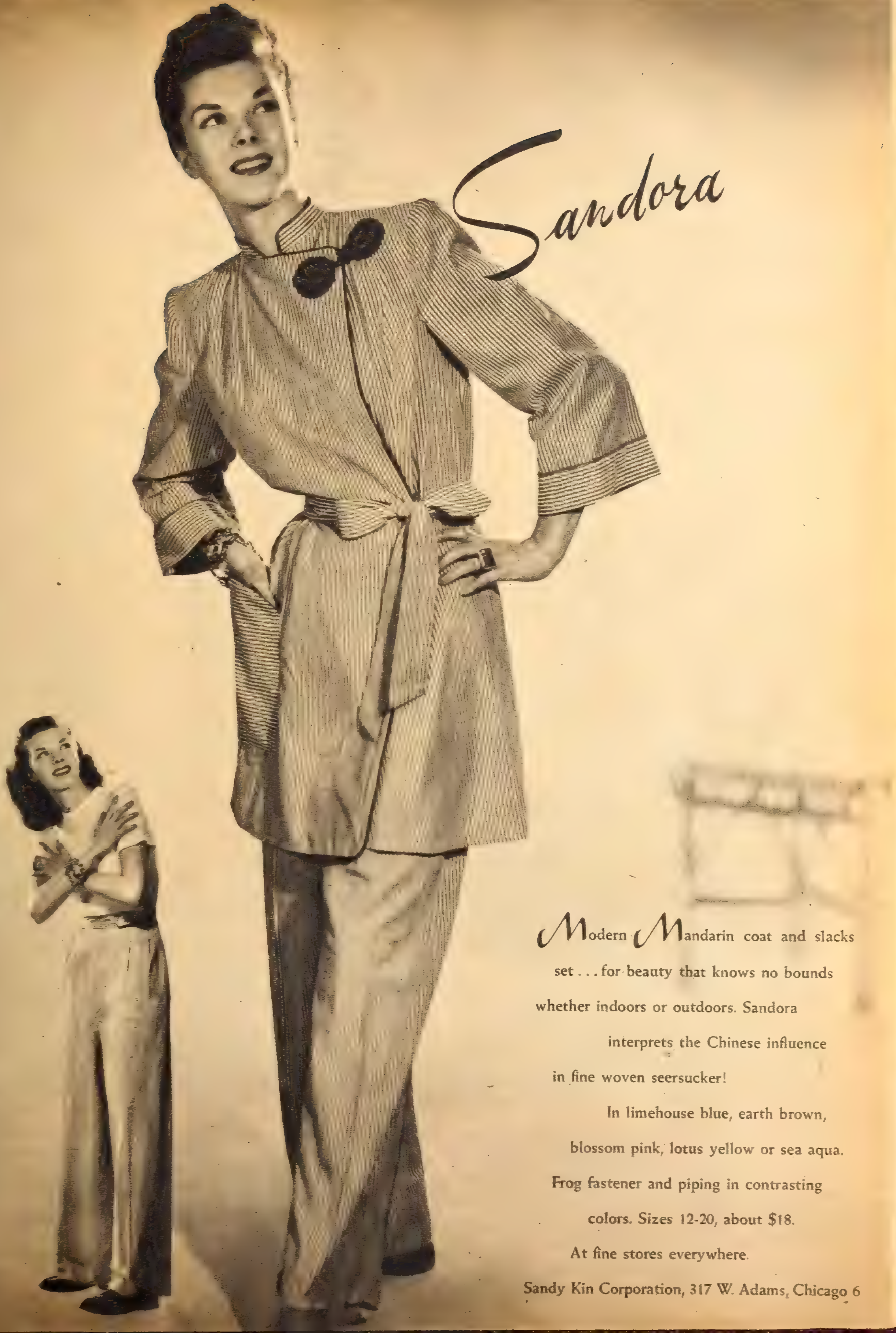
Clothes pin-ups

■ Wondering what that little picture above means? No, it's not a mother and daughter outfit—it's the end result after washing two dresses, each one a size 13, one having been treated with the *Lanaset* process, and one made of the old-fashioned kind of untreated wool. That's our story for this issue kiddies, new, gorgeous clothes, made of American Cyanamid's *Lanaset* treated wool, wearable, washable, practical! For the first time, you juniors can invest in one of these luscious winter white wool dresses, secure in the knowledge that when it soils or stains, you can whisk it in the washtub and have it come up looking the way it did the day you bought it! The four dresses on these pages are Eddie Rubenstein originals by Crestlee, Inc. They come in junior sizes, winter white only, and are priced at about $23.00 each. The swank gold jewelry that dresses them up so glamorously is by R. M. Jordan, and costs about $4.00. For very dress up occasions, we'd love to see these winter white lovelies, teamed up with gold kid ballet slippers.

CLOTHES PIN-UPS

These beautifully tailored wool jersey sport clothes by Korday are also treated with the *Lanaset* process and are washable. Our soda-sipping friend at the right wears a soft collarless wool jersey blouse, about $9.00, and a dirndl skirt, about $8.00. Her friend's tailored shirt is $11.00, and skirt, about $8.00.





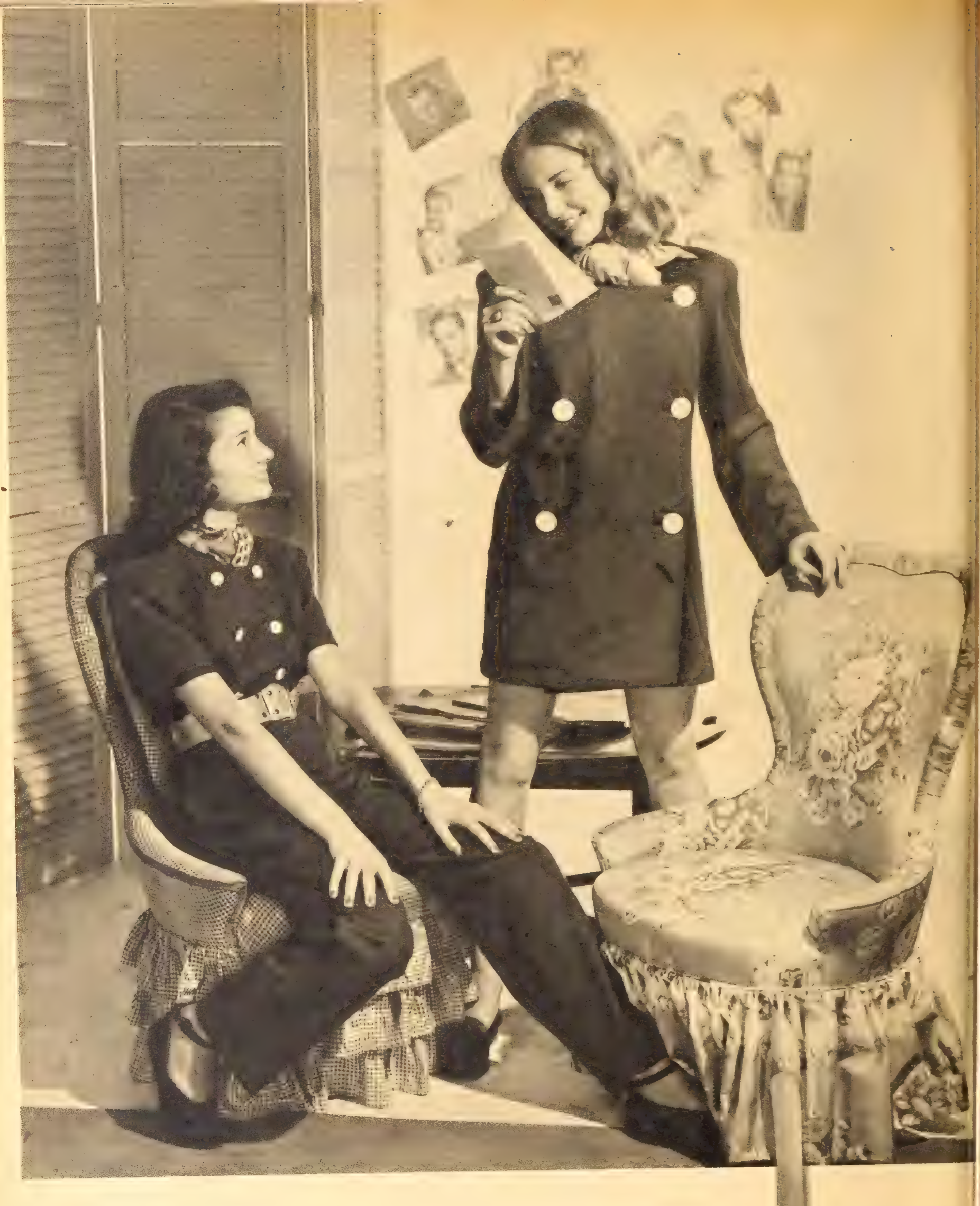
Sandora

Modern Mandarin coat and slacks set . . . for beauty that knows no bounds whether indoors or outdoors. Sandora interprets the Chinese influence in fine woven seersucker!

In limehouse blue, earth brown, blossom pink, lotus yellow or sea aqua. Frog fastener and piping in contrasting colors. Sizes 12-20, about $18.

At fine stores everywhere.

Sandy Kin Corporation, 317 W. Adams, Chicago 6



A wool lounging wardrobe by Dorian of Macksoud, consisting of sharply tailored slacks with an in-or-out jacket, plus a coat that can be worn separately or over the slacks. This set is ideal for a college girl's Christmas present—it's warm and cozy, and above all, it's washable 'cause it's *Lanaset* processed!

CLOTHES PIN-UPS

HOLIDAY GLAMOUR

What a dressed-up Christmas this is going to be! No more hen-parties, no more dreary little get-togethers with 100 girls and a man! This is the Christmas we've been waiting for, and we're really going to do it up right!

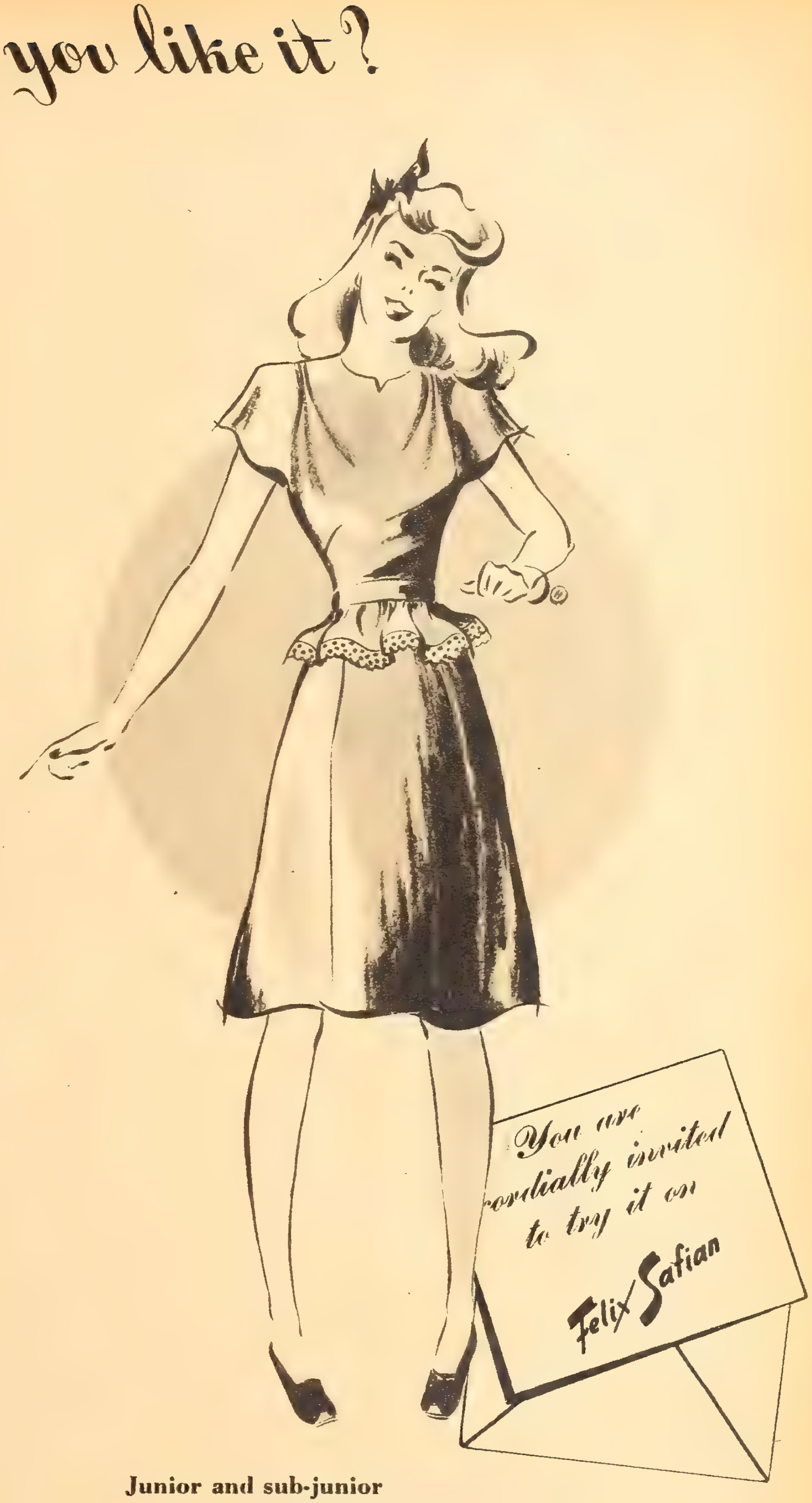
Biggest news of all, of course, are the new formals. Full, FULL skirts are the thing, the picture look is the look for you. Strapless, full-skirted faille portrait gowns steal the scene, worn with long gloves, making you look like a fairy tale princess.

The other extreme of fashion is the very casual two-piece formal outfit, consisting of a blouse and skirt of an unexpectedly sporty fabric, like corduroy. This is lush stuff in white or pastels, with gold or silver accessories and jewelry. Perfect for you gals who feel at home only in a sweater and skirt!

Another new note is in the slim little sheath dresses, preferably in black, but pretty nice in brown, which has a longish lace or net skirt that ties over the sheath dress. This has the added advantage of being a little item that you can run up yourself. Have the skirt coming to about the middle of your calf, and the width about four times the width of your skirt at the hem, gather, sew on a ribbon with enough yardage left to make a bow, and there you are!

The above suggestion, by the way, is the very thing to transform that old formal dress hanging in your closet, particularly if it's one with a slim skirt. Buy matching net or lace and make a floor length overskirt, but make it much, much fuller than the daytime version, about six or eight yards around.

More than anything, we love the young look of the winter white Crestlee dresses shown on our fashion pages this month. Wear these little dresses with flat gold kid ballet slippers, carry little gilt evening bags. We've seen a couple of young things who wore their hair in gilt mesh snoods, and one who had a flat, gold kid band around her dark hair. Your local millinery trimming shop will have these items.


you like it?
You are cordially invited to try it on
Felix Safian

Junior and sub-junior
sizes 7-15, $8.30

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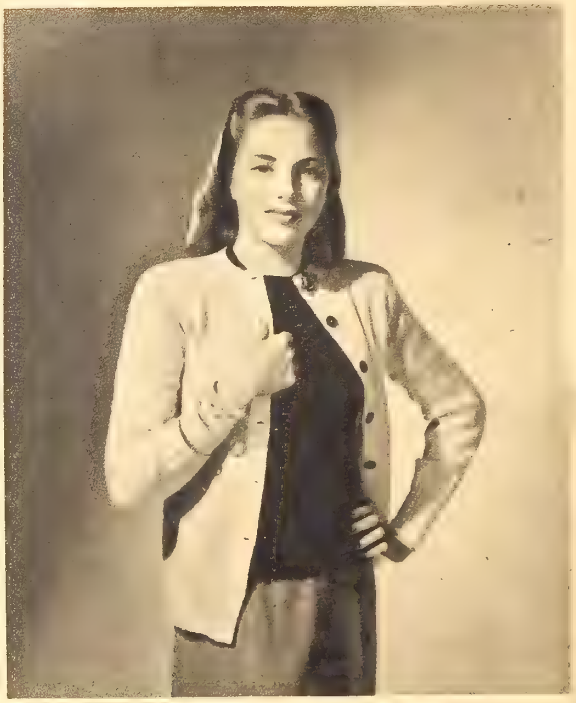
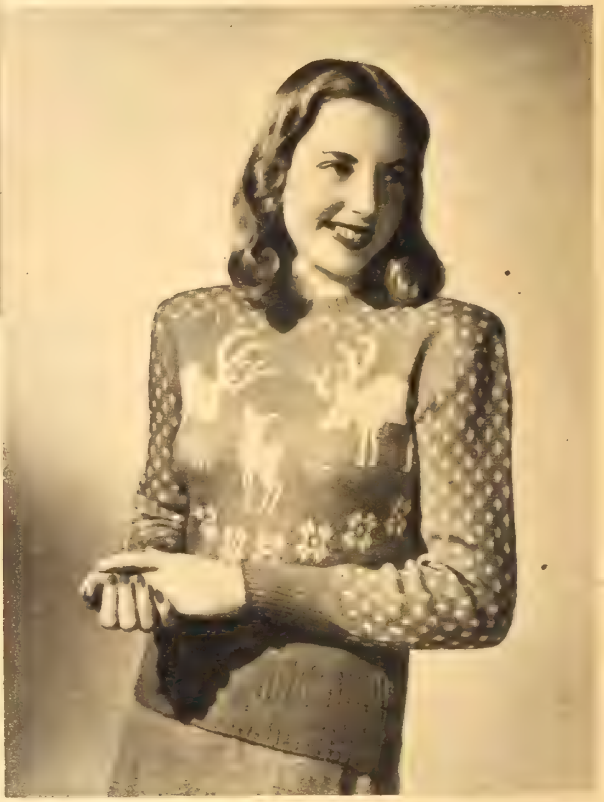
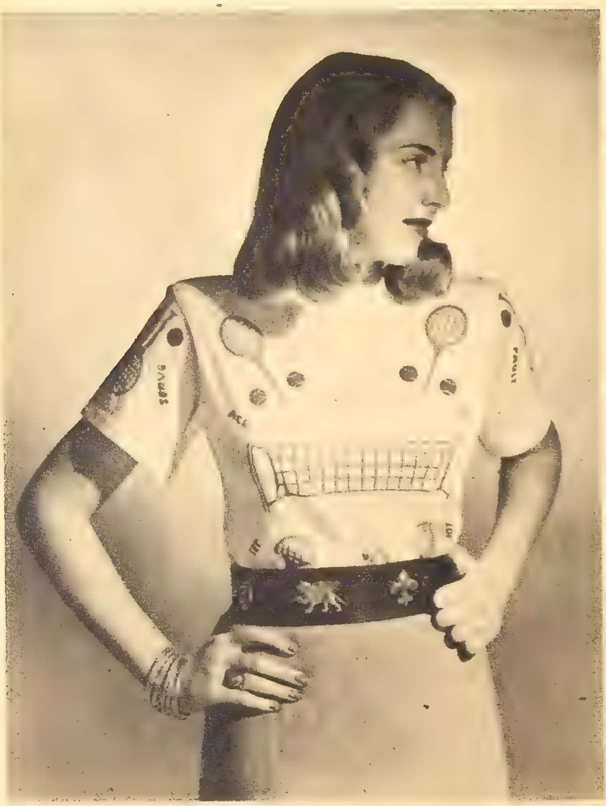
TOP INTEREST







■ Nothing makes your school or college wardrobe more versatile than having lots of separates to team up as you please! And among your collection, there's nothing you'll love more than these handsome Tish-U-Knit sweaters. We show a wardrobe of them on this page. On the left, you're all set for a fast game of tennis in this cute cotton Jim-Jam shirt for only $3.00. Above is our favorite—a magnificent jacquard reindeer sweater, like the ones Norwegian skiers wear. This one is about $8.00. Above left is a gay twin sweater set, dressed up enough for dates. The pullover in black is $3.00, the cardigan in pink is about $8.00. Twin clips are by R. M. Jordan Co.

modern screen fashions

BUYING GUIDE

CAROLE KING KODACHROME (page 75)

write to Forest City Manufacturers Co., Washington Ave. at 17th St., St. Louis, Mo.

CRESTLEE WINTER WHITE DRESSES (pages 76 & 77)

Baltimore, Maryland—Stewart Company
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Dayton, Ohio—Elder Johnston
Fort Wayne—Wolf Dessauer
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dover Dry Goods
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes
New York—Saks' Fifth Avenue
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings
Salt Lake City—Auerbach
St. Louis, Mo.—Scuggs, Vandervoort & Barney
Washington, D. C.—Erlebackers

or write to Eddie Rubenstein Originals—Crestlee—152 West 36th St., N. Y.

KORDAY SEPARATES (page 78)

New York—Saks' Fifth Avenue
Beverly Hills, Calif.—Saks' Fifth Avenue
Brooklyn—Loesers
Hempstead, N. Y.—Carol Green
Freeport, N. Y.—Carol Green
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
New York—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh—Joseph Horne
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Schuster's
Hartford, Conn.—Worth's
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's

or write to Korday, 991 6th Avenue, N. Y.

JEWELRY BY JORDAN (pages 76, 77, 78, 80 & 82)

write to R. M. Jordan, 377 5th Avenue, N. Y.

MACKSOUD LOUNGE WEAR (page 80)

Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.
Portland, Oregon—Chas. F. Berg.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Paul Steketee
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bus
New York—Lord & Taylor
Cincinnati, Ohio.—John Shillito
Toledo, Ohio—La Salle & Koch
New Haven, Conn.—Esther Levin
Detroit, Mich—Himelhoch Bros.
Boston, Mass.—Conrad & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson

or write to C. N. Macksoud Co., 1 East 33 St., N. Y.

OLYMPIC KNITWEAR, INC. (Tish-u-knit) (page 82)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
New York, N. Y.—Saks' 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's
Indianapolis, Ind.—A. P. Wasson Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels
Dayton, Ohio—Elder & Johnston
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery Bird & Thayer
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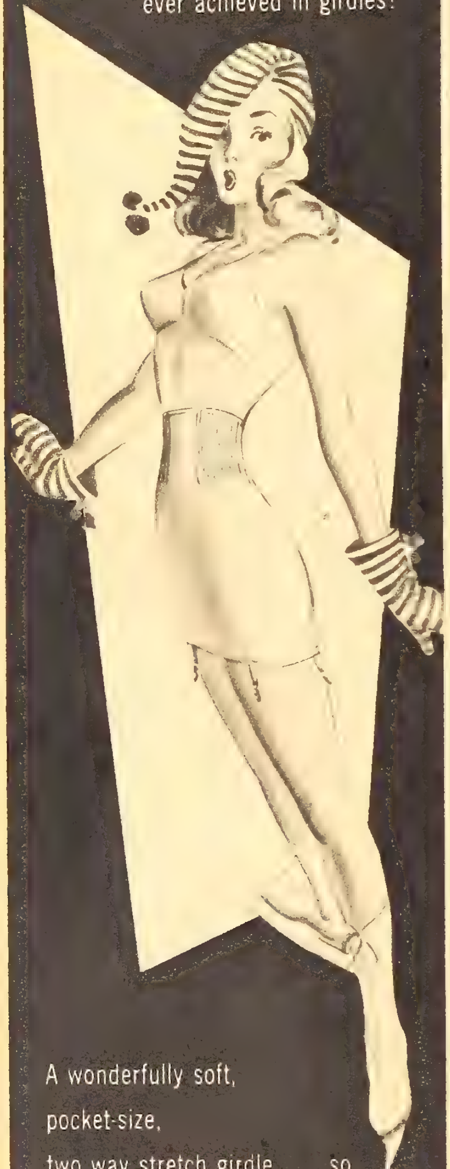

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WATCH BEVERLY TYLER!

(Continued from page 55)

an amplification of the lost chord. So I immediately stopped minding my own business, and opened the door to the bungalow. Inside sat a young girl with red hair. She looked slightly over five feet, around a hundred pounds. I looked around.

"I'm Hedda Hopper," I said briefly. "Who did that?"

"Did what?" said the girl.

"Sang that note!"

"Oh," she replied. "That was me."

I stared at her, "You? You're too little." She smiled. "All right," I said, "do it again."

She took a deep breath and let go with a high C that nearly blew me down.

"Can you act, too?" I asked her.

"Well, I had a part in 'The Green Years'."

I started for the door, and then remembered.

"What's your name?"

"Beverly Tyler," she said.

"Oh! Thanks, I'll be watching you."

I whipped up to the front office of the studio and asked to see "The Green Years." They ran it off for me and I sat alone in the projection room watching Miss Tyler do a charming job of portraying Alison Keith.

sherlock hopper . . .

That settled it. I wired Modern Screen: DEAR BOYS WATCH BEVERLY TYLER CAN ACT HAS RED HAIRED GOOD LOOKS AND VOICE THAT COULD SHATTER BEER STEIN AT FIFTY PACES. SEND GRUEN WATCH PRONTO. SHERLOCK HOPPER.

Very proud of myself, I rushed to find out more about my discovery. Leon Gordon, producer of "The Green Years," told me that he was pleasantly surprised by Beverly's test for the part of Alison.

"How about her voice?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the best dope I can give on that is the report of music critics. They all say that she's ready for the great test—"

"You mean the Metropolitan Opera? At nineteen?"

"At nineteen. She's been singing for a long time, Hedda. She was soloist in a church choir when she was ten."

She was born Beverly Jean Saul in Scranton. Her father, connected with a typewriter company, was transferred to Brooklyn when Beverly was three.

She doesn't look it, and people won't believe it, but she loves the outdoors. In her childhood, she summered at a Girl Scout camp in the Pocono mountains of Pennsylvania, passed the Red Cross life saving test when eight years old, spent many hours daily playing cops and robbers with the neighborhood boys, and has owned only two dolls in all her life. Just last year, she proved her mettle to some friends of her parents who own a cabin near Big Bear Lake in California.

Beverly had just arrived for a visit, and was in the process of getting out of her city clothes and getting her hair into pigtails when a howl went up from her host.

"The pipes! They've done it again!"

Beverly poked her head into the living room.

"What's the matter?"

"The water pipe has broken. But there's nothing you can do."

Beverly hauled on her blue jeans and an old shirt and rushed to the backyard where everyone had congregated. It seemed that it was necessary to dig through the ground to the pipe in order to mend it. Beverly grabbed a shovel and was soon up to her knees in mud.

"Why, my dear," said the hostess, "I had no idea you could do things like this."

Beverly paused for a moment to wipe mud from her eye.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," she said and went on shoveling.

Beverly's father was transferred back to Scranton before Beverly started school, and they moved back into the two-story house which her grandmother had occupied during the Sauls' stay in New York. Even before the second move took place, her parents had begun to notice Beverly's voice. When she was five years old, she took to singing whole songs, snatched verbatim from the radio,

They started her immediately with both piano and voice lessons, and unlike the average child, Beverly ate it up. She got up early each morning to practice before leaving for school, was soon singing in the church choir and at church socials. People soon started calling her "The Shirley Temple of Scranton."

She studied with her minister's wife, who headed the choir at the Scranton church attended by the Sauls. Every three weeks, the Reverend Tolley's wife took Beverly to New York City, where a famous voice coach gave pointers.

With singing always interwoven in her life, Beverly progressed through grammar school, through a rough and tumble tomboy period of tree-climbing and such plus a heart-rending crush on a red-headed boy named Murphy. High school brought initiation into a sorority mysteriously initialled the TYS. Then there was the boy friend with the convertible coupe who was something special, she tells me, and a whirl of sorority and fraternity dances.

In the middle of all this came Aunt Jenny's True Life Stories, a radio program in New York which dramatized the life stories of interesting people. They chose Beverly as a subject, and her story took a mere three days to unfold, inasmuch as her extreme youth didn't give the producer too much material to work on. She finished up the series by singing the Mad Scene from "Lucia Di Lammermoor," no mean feat for a girl of thirteen.

With her parents and Patty, a girl friend from school, Beverly left the broadcasting studio. It was a cold November day, and they were walking briskly down the street when Patty stopped them.

"This," she indicated with her thumb, "is the Loew Building. I know Al Altman—he's the test director for Loew's—and I think you ought to be in pictures, Beverly. Why don't you go up and see him?"

"That's silly," said Beverly.

"No, it isn't," insisted Patty. "Go on up."

"But I don't know any of those people."

"I would appreciate it," said Mr. Saul, rubbing his hands together, "if you would decide before I freeze to death."

"Go on up and see," said Patty.

Mrs. Saul took charge. "Come on," she said. "We'll go up and see, but we'll come down in a hurry. Wait here."

She grabbed Beverly by the hand and ushered her through revolving doors. They sat down in Mr. Altman's outer office and waited. They waited for a half hour and nothing happened. Beverly got nervous.

"Let's go," she urged her mother.

Mrs. Saul was beginning to agree with her when a man entered the room.

"What can we do for you?" he said.

Mrs. Saul, thoroughly disgruntled, flung a few pieces of paper on a desk.

"Here are some clippings about my daughter's voice," she said and turned to go.

"Wait a minute," said the man. "Wait a minute. Let's see what she can do."

He ushered them into a room with a piano, and Beverly sang the finale from "Madame Butterfly." She was half way through when the man started waving.

"Stop! Stop!" he yelled and dashed from the room. In a moment he was back with Al Altman.

The scout eyed Beverly with respect. "Go on, please," he said.

In the meantime, Patty and Beverly's father had long since tired of braving the November winds. They followed Beverly's footsteps and were thawing out in the waiting room.

They overheard the switchboard operator arguing with someone on the phone.

"I don't care how important the call is, There's a very important audition going on."

The important audition, of course, was Beverly's. The group had been joined by Mr. Schenck, who was at the moment watching Beverly critically.

"Mrs. Saul," said Mr. Schenck, "would you accompany your daughter to Hollywood if we gave her a contract?"

Mother and daughter gasped.

"How soon?" said Mrs. Saul.

"Within three weeks."

They left, collecting Patty and an astounded Mr. Saul from the waiting room. Three or four days went by in utter confusion, and it was finally decided that Mr. Saul could get his firm to transfer him to California. Beverly had her Christmas at home and in January she and her mother arrived in Hollywood.

Instead of being put into a film immediately, Beverly found herself studying, and studying hard. She finished schooling at the studio school, graduating at sixteen with college credits, but that was the least of her work. Hours were spent every day with her voice, the piano, ballet lessons, diction lessons and dramatic lessons. This went on for more than three years.

The routine was broken by an invitation to sing the lead in "The Firebrand," staged by Max Gordon on Broadway. She went back to New York and sang eight performances a week, including the last performance when she went on with a temperature and a sore throat.

She had been back in Hollywood three months when she tested for the role of Alison and got it.

The cast and crew watched Beverly before the cameras for two months before hey heard her sing. They'd seen the girl around the lot, and wondered, as Beverly had, what she was doing there. Now hey knew, at least, that she could act. Then came the day for Beverly's singing scene. The stage was set, the extras lined up in the background, and Beverly walked near the camera. Out came the full hroated notes of the Messiah, and every ast man on the stage stared at this small girl. She sang it through completely and a hushed silence followed.

I had a few fast words with Beverly's oach at the studio, Gita Alpar, who ouldn't say enough about the girl's voice.

"Furthermore," she said, "she never wants to leave. She sings with me every day, and it is sometimes difficult to persuade her that she cannot stay here all ay. In all my life, I have never seen girl who had such a passion for inging."

Well, maybe M-G-M found her for pictures but I found her for Modern Screen nd I'm pretty smug about it. I think Beverly is going places, don't you?

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SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 24*)

One of the nights I was there, Mickey Rooney sat in and played drums with Slim. He plays loud and happily.

I met Andre Previn, the 17-year-old wonder I've told you about before. He's being featured on Frankie's Old Gold show every week, and he's also arranging for Frank and for M-G-M, too, which is phenomenal. A guy can work twenty years some times before getting an arranging job at M-G-M. This Previn is an amazing kid. He barely looks his age, but if you spoke to him over the phone, you'd think he was a mature man in his thirties—because of his speech, his poise, his musical knowledge.

I set up a couple of Victor sides with him and Vivien Garry (bass) and her husband, Arv Garrison (guitar) just for kicks. Previn hasn't done much recording, except for an album of Ellington tunes for Sunset.

A couple of days later, I went over to see Woody Herman, who was starting work at Republic in the new "Hit Parade" picture. Woody and the band had just got in from San Diego, and the guys were running around town like crazy, trying to find hotel rooms.

Not Woody, though. He'd bought Humphrey Bogart's home—way up in the hills at the far end of Hollywood Boulevard. It's a lovely place with a wonderful view, and Woody's supposed to have paid seventy thousand dollars for it.

The only hitch in the whole deal was the question of the washing machine. "We take the washing machine," said the Bogarts. "We *need* the washing machine," said Woody. Then he decided that he needed a house worse than he needed a washing machine, so the Bogarts won that argument.

I spent a couple of afternoons up there with Woody and Charlotte, and we celebrated their beautiful red-headed daughter Ingrid's fifth birthday. Charlotte's beautiful and red-headed too, and Ingrid looks like a good movie bet. If she could stop talking about Roy Rogers for long enough. Woody's breaking his head trying to arrange a meeting with Roy, because Ingrid's driving him crazy.

I managed to get over to see Lena Horne for a little while—she lives on Horn Avenue—and she was just leaving on a flying trip to New York. She wanted to see her children, and the new home she'd bought out on Long Island. Lena's been doing some personal appearances, and she gave a concert in the Hollywood Bowl, but she hasn't made a movie in some time. She may go into "The Pirates," in November, though.

Said goodbye to Lena and went out to hunt for women. Women musicians, that is. I needed 'em for an all-girl jam session—I was doing an all-girl album for Victor. I got Vivien Garry, and the pianist from her trio, Wini Beatty, and I discovered a terrific colored girl named Ginger Smock who plays the electric violin, and sounds a lot like Stuff Smith.

We made records from about seven till ten; then I went on to another record session from eleven till two in the morning. This second session was with "The Lamplighters" (Ted Yerxa—whom I've mentioned before) and it was a very informal setup where everybody came wandering in and said, "Well, what tunes shall we make tonight, boys?" And somebody had brought a bottle of sparkling burgundy, and it got spilled all over the control room.

Next day, I went out to the Hal Roach studios. An independent producer named Jules Levey was just starting work on a picture called "New Orleans"—vaguely based on the history of jazz in general, and Louis Armstrong in particular. Louis was signed for it, and so were Zutty Singleton, the drummer who worked with Louis on his most famous records eighteen years ago, and Barney Bigard, the great ex-Ellington clarinetist. Billie Holiday's been mentioned for a part, too, and she's out in Hollywood right now.

The studio, being desperately accurate, had sent a whole research crew to New Orleans to dig up old recordings and history and music, and when Louis and

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AFTER YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT YOU DON'T WANT IT—Dardanelle (Victor)
FLA-GA-LA-PA—Timmie Rogers (Majestic), Count Basie (Columbia)
FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS—Fran Warren (Cosmo), Ella Fitzgerald (Decca)
IT'S A PITY TO SAY GOODNIGHT—Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Ella Fitzgerald (Decca)
I'VE GOT TO PASS YOUR HOUSE TO GET TO MY HOUSE—Billy Eckstine (National)
PASSE—Tex Beneke (Victor), Ray McKinley (Majestic), Evelyn Knight (Decca), Phil Brito (Musicraft)
MAXINE SULLIVAN ALBUM (International)
THE THINGS WE DID LAST SUMMER—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Bing Crosby (Decca)
THE WHOLE WORLD IS SINGING MY SONG—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Dennis Day (Victor), Harry Cool (Signature), Morton Downey (Majestic)
LOVE DOESN'T GROW ON TREES—Benny Goodman (Columbia)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—Mo-Mo (Musicraft)
COUNT BASIE—The King (Columbia)
ROY ELDRIDGE—Hi-Ho Trailus Boot Whip (Decca)
LIONEL HAMPTON—Flying Home #2 (Decca)
PETE JOHNSON—Housewarming Album (National)
JOHN KIRBY—New sextet album (Disc)
RAY McKINLEY—Hangover Square (Majestic)
BOYD RAEBURN—Album (Jewel)
BOBBY SHERWOOD—Sherwood's Forest (Capitol)
KAY STARR—St. Louis Blues (Lamplighter)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—It Is Better To Be By Yourself: Bob Crosby (Decca)
BLUE SKIES—Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire Album (Decca). You Keep Coming Back Like a Song: Dennis Day (Victor). Blue Skies: Count Basie (Columbia)
DUEL IN THE SUN—Gotta Get Me Somebody To Love: Bing Crosby (Decca), Orrin Tucker (Musicraft), George Paxton (Majestic)
IF I'M LUCKY—Title Song: Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
MAKE MINE MUSIC—The Whale Who Wanted To Sing At The Met: Nelson Eddy Album (Victor)
OUT CALIFORNIA WAY—Title Song: Sons of the Pioneers (Victor)
THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—Aren't You Kind Of Glad We Did?; Changing My Tune: Vaughn Monroe (Victor)
THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—Oh, But I Do: King Cole Trio (Capitol)
THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—You Make Me Feel So Young: Dick Haymes (Decca), Charioteers (Columbia)
TO EACH HIS OWN—Title Song: Don Byas (Savoy)

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15029 SHOULD I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU
PUT THE BLAME ON MAME
15042 THE CAT AND THE CANARY
WALKIN' WITH MY SHADOW
15046 FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOREVER
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Zutty and Barney showed up, they were assigned to a rehearsal room to practice up on all this old material. They looked it over and listened to it and realized they didn't have to rehearse that stuff; they'd been there when it was born, and they could put down their horns for six months, and pick them up and play that same music better than the guys on those records.

They had to stay there from nine to six every day, anyhow, though, so they'd finish rehearsing after about the first hour or so, and then they'd sit around and reminisce, and Louis'd tell stories about things that had happened to him twenty years ago.

I made some records with these same men, including Red Callender, who's a very wonderful bass player. The records were for the Hot Club of France, now in full swing again, after the war. Louis, of course, is their god, since he's the biggest jazz name in the world. Because the Hot Club used Victor facilities, and because Louis had a Victor contract, you'll be able to get the records here, too, on the Victor label, when they're released.

The biggest musical-social event that took place while I was in Hollywood was the Tex Beneke opening at the Palladium. The Palladium's huge, but it's not air-conditioned, and it was mobbed.

Everybody was so busy seeing and being seen that practically nobody heard the band. Including me. What little I did hear (when I wasn't table-hopping or being said hello to or talking to Tex in between sets) sounded fine.

The band is still billed as "Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller Orchestra," but Tex says he hopes that will be eliminated in the next few months. It should be, too. The band's doing fine on it's own. A few of the billion people at the opening were Frank Sinatra and Marilyn Maxwell and Johnny Mercer and Woody Herman.

Before I came home, Duke Ellington made a record date I went to. He had thirteen sides to do to finish up his Victor contract, and I've seldom seen him work so hard. He usually takes a day to get one or two sides finished, but the session I went to he made eight sides in one day.

A funny story going around about Duke has to do with the time he appeared as a guest judge on "Can You Tie This?"—a coast show. It's a program where different musicians judge records that are played, and give them percents, from one to a hundred.

Duke simply stood there and gave everything ninety-nine or a hundred percent. Everything. From Dizzy to Guy Lombardo. And if anyone seemed surprised, or questioned him, he'd explain, "Well, the man achieved what he set out to do. In his own sphere, the man is good."

In winding up, this month, I will just report that the whole time I was in Hollywood, everybody was trying to sell me on the idea that: a) I should move out there and I'll live ten years longer; and, b) the music business is moving out there anyhow.

It seems to be true, too. Besides the people already mentioned, the bands around town during my visit included: Stan Kenton, Billy Butterfield, Les Brown, Boyd Raeburn, Russ Morgan, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey (who have their own ballroom, the Casino Gardens), Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton and Harry James.

This is an amazing majority, considering the fact that there are supposed to be name bands spread all over the country, on the road, etc. Every couple of months, you read about some bandleader buying a home on the coast, and settling down to do most of his work there, coming east only for a couple of months a year.

And I can't really say I blame them. Think of it—ten years to your life, and oranges as big as your head.

CORNEL WILDE

(Continued from page 61)

me. The job will be open."

Cornel swallowed his pride now. He signed on for the camp, but before he left he took one last crack at his street of dreams. That last day he pushed open the door of the last agent's office. He'd been there before.

This time they tossed him a script casually. "Here's one that might make Broadway this fall. Try reading the lead. It's a poor New York guy working his way through college—in love with a Park Avenue girl."

"Leave out the Park Avenue girl and that's me right down to the socks," laughed Cornel. Maybe that's why he read it with such bounce.

"We'll let you know."

"Oh, sure," said Cornel. He'd heard that before, too.

One night a long distance call came to the camp where Cory was coaching dramatics.

"Wilde? Can you be here Friday to read for 'Moon Over Mulberry Street?' It's set for Broadway this fall."

Cornel stammered. " 'Moon Over W— What?' "

" 'Mulberry Street'—you're up for the lead. You know, the poor college guy—the Park Avenue girl."

Cornel came to. "Oh, sure!"

"Friday, then. Two o'clock. If you get the author's okay, you're in."

It wasn't until after he'd hung up the receiver that Cornel remembered. The camp play, "Emperor Jones." And he was to play the title role. The kids—he'd worked them to a fever pitch and now—how could he let them down?

He read for "Moon Over Mulberry Street" in New York Friday afternoon. He won the part. He caught a train back to New England Saturday morning. He learned the complete long script of "Emperor Jones" on the coach riding north. The camp play was a hit. Cornel left with the worship from the kids he'd coached. And he had a solid start on Broadway—he thought.

But it was a lone and costly triumph for Cornel. His parents still regarded his career icily. And his sudden success cost him his chance at the Olympics.

Cornel had long pointed toward the United States Olympic fencing team. The honor meant plenty to Cornel personally. He was facing rehearsal for "Mulberry Street" when he entered the eliminations. Taking on the play break of his young life and the stiffest saber tournament in the nation didn't faze Cornel. But even Cory Wilde discovered he couldn't be two places at once. He had to withdraw from the Olympics.

There was another sacrifice to make. Cornel had always lived at home with his family. But now he was coming home later, sleeping longer into the morning. He couldn't expect his family to understand the strange rhythms of show business. Cornel moved out.

He has to laugh today when he recalls his first home away from home. It was

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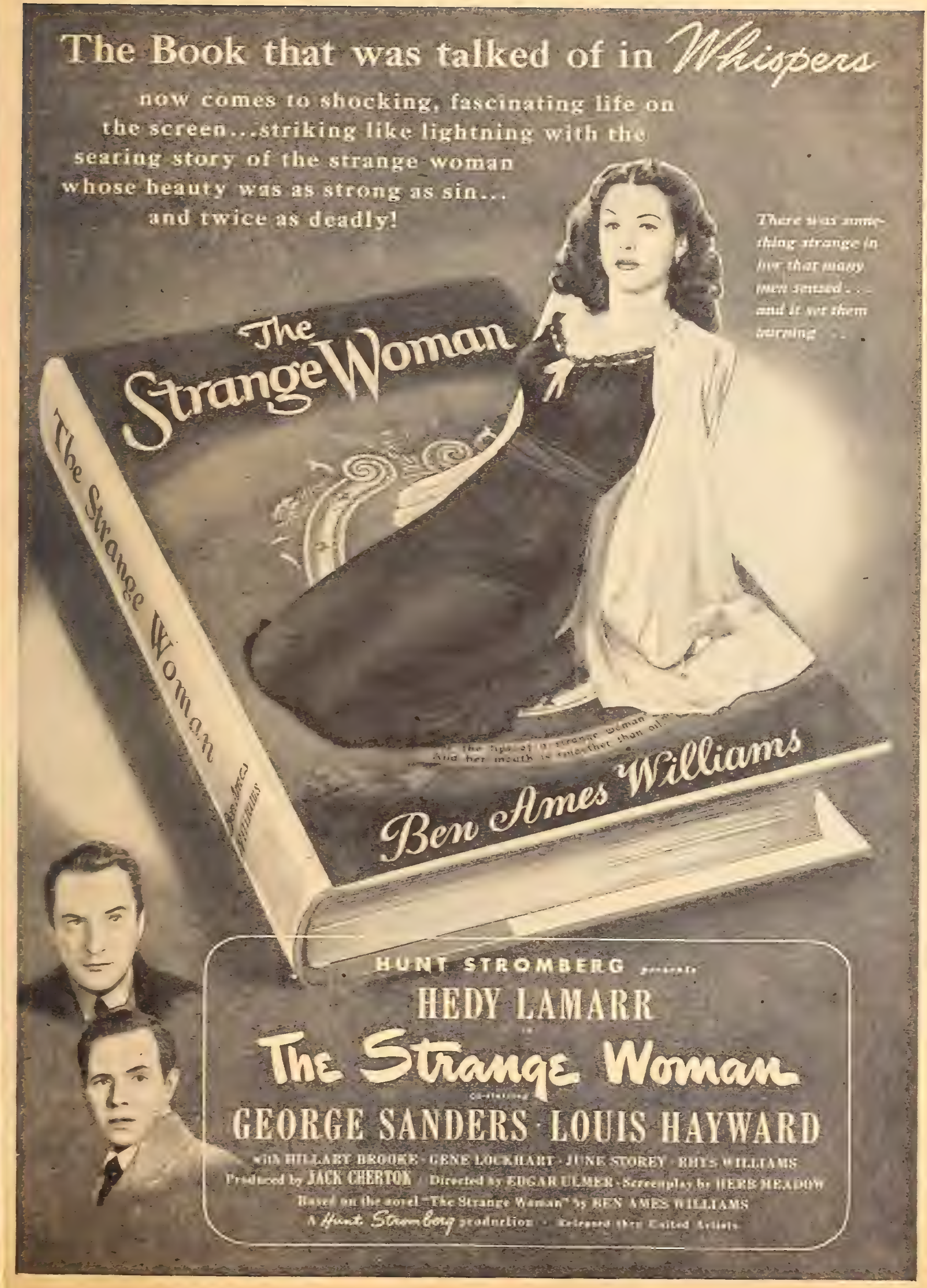
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The Strange Woman
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Ben Ames Williams

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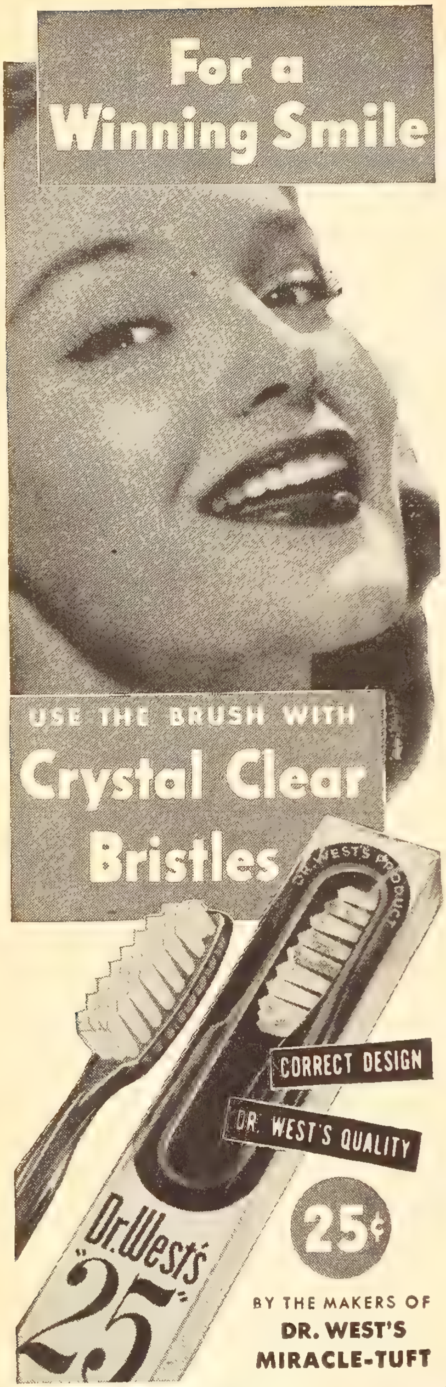

a furnished room of an ancient brownstone boarding-house in the west seventies. The attraction to Cornel was the price—$2.50 a week. An iron bed, an old bureau, and a bare light bulb dangling from the ceiling—three flights up. One thing puzzled him. In the window downstairs a sign said, "Dancing School." It was always in the window upside down and he never heard music or saw any pupils.

One afternoon Cornel came home earlier than usual. As he climbed the stone steps past the "Dancing School" sign, the door swung open. Inside, through a blue haze of smoke, he spied a strange layout. A board hung on the wall, scribbled mysteriously with chalked figures. A motley crowd was passing bills back and forth over a counter lined with telephones. A furtive, little beady eyed man saw Cornel and barked softly, "Wanta bet on a nag, Pal—double ya money?"

"N—no thanks," said Cornel, hotfooting it on upstairs. He knew the mystery now. The "Dancing Schools" along his street were bookie joints on the lam from the law. He decided for the sake of respectability he'd better move. Next he checked into a small hotel.

It was a good thing he learned to live cheaply while the money—all $40 a week of it—rolled in. Because "Moon Over Mulberry Street" closed in the spring and Cornel Wilde found himself at liberty.

He soon discovered that he'd been sitting pretty. Flop followed flop. But even Broadway heartbreaks looked rosy to Cornel from the minute he lost his heart to starry-eyed Patricia Knight.

Cornel's show, "Daughters of Atreus" had opened—and closed. But he didn't care that morning. He was used to flops. He'd saved a few dollars from the debacle and a lucky narration job for a commercial movie had paid off the day before. He'd spent part of it for a trim, new, double breasted blue overcoat and a pearl gray Homburg hat. The rest nested comfortably in his pocket—eighty-six dollars. For Cory Wilde that was prosperity and his hopes were high. A Hollywood scout had spotted him and arranged a Hollywood screen test. Cornel felt loaded with luck as he stepped out of the Columbia Pictures Building at 49th Street and 7th Avenue and walked to a cab. He was standing by the open cab door talking over arrangements for the next day when he looked up Seventh Avenue and saw her—a beautiful blonde in a smart black velvet suit tripping along right toward him. And the instant he looked up he caught her eyes and hers caught his. They stayed caught, Cory's head pivoting, hypnotized until she passed.

He didn't know what had hit him, but it was wonderful. His mouth turned dry and he could barely get his breath. He forgot about the Columbia executive he was talking to. He just slammed the cab door, squeaked, "See you tomorrow," and turned after the vision, brushing wildly through the crowds, afraid he'd lose her.

Cornel followed the girl in the black suit for three blocks. She went in a drug store and sat down for a coke. Cory followed, beating his confused brain. "What do I do? How can I approach her?" He went into a phone booth to figure it out. He came out with no answer. He looked around and his pounding pulse almost stopped dead. She was gone!

During the next two days, Cornel Wilde merely went through the motions, showing up at Columbia for his test (maybe that's why it was so bad) then roaming up and down the fatal neighborhood. On the second day he saw her again. She was going into a building, crowded with theatrical agents' offices. His heart leaped again. She was an actress, for sure. He followed.

distressing dialogue . . .

Cornel plunged into fast talk, anything to hold her. He tried gay dialogue, but it wasn't so gay as he'd imagined it would be. She listened him out and then turned on her heels. "I'm sorry," said Patricia Knight, "I have a date—good-bye."

But even in swarming Manhattan, Cupid has a sure-fire lonely hearts club working night and day. Cory got his third chance, and like third chances are supposed to be, it was the charm. Two days after that he saw the beautiful blonde "queening down Broadway" flanked by two young actors.

"Please don't think this is anything personal," lied Cornel, "but you must be an actress and I've just made a test at Columbia and I know they're looking for new people and if you'd care to interview my agent it might be a good idea," he ended, out of breath.

The escorts were not amused, but Cornel's pretty husky. Patricia smiled, "That might be nice," she said. So Cory made an appointment to introduce her to his agent that evening. Cornel saw Patricia every night for ten months after that. It wasn't a very glamorous or swanky courtship. Then one night at her hotel he walked by three good looking, obviously affluent young men sitting in the lobby. He strode to the desk and told the clerk, "Miss Knight, please."

"Suggest you have a seat, sir. Three other gentlemen are waiting for Miss Knight." Cory whirled and stared angrily. He didn't like it. Patricia was his and before he knew it he was running up the steps and pounding on the door of her room. He burst in.

"What are those three guys waiting down there for?" he demanded.

"They're friends of mine," began Pat icily. "And they are acting like gentlemen. They aren't breaking into my room unannounced. If you think—"

Cornel did the only sensible thing. He took Patricia in his arms and kissed her. "Patricia," he pleaded, "will you marry me some day?"

"Cornel," answered Patricia, with the answer she'd had ready for weeks and weeks if the dope had only known it, "I'll marry you any day."

They ducked down the back stairs and her three beaus may be sitting there yet for all Patricia and Cornel know.

They agreed to be sensible and wait a year.

But right away came what looked like a good break for Cornel and Patricia, too. Both grabbed on to a lucky tip and both got parts in Tallulah Bankhead's new play, "Antony and Cleopatra." It looked

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ke a sure, solid run. They were excited.
year hadn't passed; just one week. But
hen they left the office with their con-
acts the wonderful idea hit Cornel and
atricia at the same time.
"We've got a few days before rehearsal,"
ought Cory out loud.
"Yes?" said Patricia.
"Let's get married, now—right away!"
A train left every hour on the hour,
outh to Philadelphia and Washington.
hey were on the next one, bound for
lkton, Maryland, where there wasn't any
aiting for a license. Between them they
ad thirty-five dollars. It took them ex-
tly twenty minutes to become Mr. and
Irs. Cornel Wilde, in a marriage "factory"
that Southern Gretna Green. They
lled back to New York that evening,
ired Patricia's family from the Penn Sta-
on and called Cornel's, trying to break
e news gently. Patricia wasn't eighteen
t. Her father could annul the marriage if
wanted to. He'd been down from Boston
d met Cornel, but the day he arrived a
ck of actor friends poured in and Mr.
night wondered what kind of strange
ople his daughter had got mixed up
ith. But he liked Cornel, and the blessing
me back. Cornel's family had learned to
pect anything.
Tallulah Bankhead was sympathetic.
e had just been married herself to John
nery. "I know how it is, kids," she
iled. "Go ahead—and God bless you!"
e tore up their contracts (now that they
re married the "Antony and Cleopatra"
le seemed small potatoes)—and they
re free, like the birds of the air. Too free.
They walked, with their guard down,
ght into the worst season on Broadway
years.

ve on the dole . . .

They were living—and eating—although
ich of the time it was through the
endliness of Perry Franklin, who ran
e St. James Hotel on 45th Street, near
xth Avenue. The Franklins had seen
zens of young couples like the Wildes
ase fame right around the corner on
oadway. They loved the theater and
rry-eyed kids who wooed it. They
ked Cory and Patricia Wilde months at
ime for the rent of their little room on
14th floor, up where Broadway's
hts winked in the windows like mock-
come-ons. Cornel tried to keep the
lde family debt down to around two or
ee hundred dollars. There were ways
pick up money.
ornel made a quick dollar now and
n at Radio City, or reading narration
a commercial movie and Patricia, with
knockout looks, could always model
an advertising photographer.
ll the time Cornel beat his brain writ-
plays, Patricia's appendicitis attack
e him his opportunity. The doctor said
eration" and that meant Boston for
ricia Knight.
o Pat went up home and to the hospital
while she convalesced Cornel stayed
h her family. He sat in the basement
seven weeks, leaned over a kitchen
le, and batted out a play. It's one
led "Legend," his first full-length play,
one incidentally that's red hot to be
de into a movie right now.
ut he didn't get the chance he'd hoped
to play it on Broadway. Back in New
k Cornel entered and exited through a
olving door of more failures. Things
e beginning to get desperate. Not a
ny on the bill at the St. James had been
l for months.
Well," said Patricia at last, "one thing I
w. I can always get a job dancing in a
sical. Who am I to be too proud for
chorus?"
Patricia was dancing in "DuBarry

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Was A Lady" for $35 a week when the big Wilde break came. Cornel had a hunch she shouldn't be. It wasn't too long after her operation, but Patricia pooh-poohed that. If she knew better she never let on. Cornel kept plugging on Broadway, and he got his chance by doing a good deed, just like in the Boy Scout books.

Everyone on Broadway knew of course about Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh's production of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." It was a main event of the theater season. Cornel heard all the parts were cast, so he didn't bother to join the line-up. But one day a friend of his buttonholed him on the street.

"Say, I'm in a jam," he announced. "I'm up for the part of Paris in 'Romeo and Juliet' and I've got to know how to fence. Will you teach me?"

Cornel stifled his impulse to say "What about me for that part?" Instead he smiled, "Sure." He took him over to the gym and showed him how to handle a sword. When the lessons were over the friend offered to pay. "Forget it," said Cornel.

"Look," came back his friend, "they haven't cast 'Tybalt' yet. Why don't you try? Gosh, you'd be perfect."

That was a tip and Cornel didn't waste a second hurrying over to where the play was being cast. Olivier and Leigh were out in Hollywood. He found every young actor in New York hopefully lined up to see Bob Ross, the co-director who was casting the production.

He read the part. "We'll let you know." He came back and read it again. "Wait." It went on for agonizing days. "Come back tomorrow, for sure," Bob Ross told him at last. "I'm calling Olivier tonight in Hollywood for an okay on you, and I'm going to get it!" The next afternoon when he walked in, a smile met him. "Sold!" Cory Wilde could hardly believe it. He rushed over to the "DuBarry" show to tell Patricia. The stage manager met him at the door. "Patricia's just collapsed on the stage," he said. The thirty weeks in the chorus had been too much. But Cornel's news revived her. She left the show then and snared the part of "Rosalind" in "Romeo and Juliet" the next week. That made it a family affair.

Laurence Olivier had no idea Cornel Wilde could fence when he hired him by telephone from Hollywood. But Cory didn't hesitate to let him know it the first time they met at rehearsals. More than once his expert swordsmanship had paid off. He was no longer backward about it.

"If you need any fencing taught, I can do it," said Cornel.

"Good—you can start on me," smiled Olivier. That added $25 a week to the Wilde family paycheck, and they could use it.

All through the run of "Romeo" a Warner scout pestered Cornel. As soon as the show closed and Olivier sailed for England, Cory began to listen attentively. Finally he signed.

Cornel didn't know he was being typed and filed when he made the tests—and that what they tagged him with was the last thing in the world he wanted.

In his first picture, he played the role of a Mexican heavy.

Cornel was puzzled but he thought, after all, you have to start. So he played "Mendoza," the Mexican menace, and to this day, Raoul Walsh, who directed the picture calls him "The great Mendoza" whenever he sees Cory. It didn't seem exactly the way to start rivalling Errol Flynn's career, but Cornel didn't catch on that he was being groomed for a stock bit player until his next job, "The Lady With Red Hair." His "part" turned out to be three lines. He had no dressing room. He didn't have a stand-in, which was okay, but he found out, definitely, where he stood by a little incident that happened the first day.

During a lull in the shooting, hot coffee was trundled onto the set and the actors all gathered around for a cup. Cornel wandered up for his.

"Not you," said the assistant director.

"What do you mean, 'not me'?"

"This coffee's just for the principals," explained the set boss. "Not bit players—sorry."

Cornel's face turned crimson. That night he called Hallam Cooley, who was then his agent. "What sort of a runaround am I getting, anyway?" he demanded.

"Take it easy," his agent advised him. "Just be a good boy and do what they tell you. You'll get ahead."

Christmas Eve, that year, came ten days before option time. The spirit of the holidays filled Cory and Patricia Wilde. They forgot the disappointments temporarily. They were home drinking a toast to a new season, a new future. "Something good's bound to break," Cornel was telling himself. The telephone rang about then. It was his agent, Hal Cooley.

"Hi, Cornel," he said. "Say—can you take it?"

"Sure," said Cornel, feeling a chunk of ice suddenly sitting over his heart. "What?"

"Warner's have dropped your option. But we'll try elsewhere. Well—Merry Christmas!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1946.
(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH. (My Commission expires March 30, 1948.)

"Thanks," said Cornel. "Same to you."

Cornel had made one good friend at Warners. Jerry Asher, a big hearted publicity man who has helped lots of young players over rough spots, told the Goldstone agency about Cornel. He took Cornel around for an interview and Nat and Charles Goldstone agreed that Cornel Wilde was star stuff. But their keen eyes caught more than talent—they saw the anxious lines and shadows on Cornel's face.

"What's eating you?" asked Nat. "Come on, let's have it."

"I'm broke," confessed Cornel. "I'll have to get a job fast."

"You'll never get it by worrying," the agent said. "In fact, if you worry, you'll fluff your chances. You're on salary here —$50 a week, until you land a job—how's that?"

It was swell with Cornel—and of course by now the Goldstones have got their gamble back and plenty more too; they're still Cornel's agents. But it was six months, to the day, before he landed that job. In those six months, the Goldstones promoted screentests with every studio in town, and today, looking back at Cornel Wilde's record, some of the reports are pretty funny.

At Universal, for instance, he got—"Nice looking—but too much personality." (Cornel's still trying to figure that one out!) At RKO: "His head's too small for his body." (Cory cracked right back, "A few good parts can fix that!") Columbia, where he later became the hottest leading man they'd had in years, judged him: "Good for occasional bits and spot casting—but he'll never play leads!" At M-G-M, "Might be okay for heavies" (the Warner influence). The best wrong guess of all was at Paramount, where thumbs went down because, "he's too dark for Technicolor." Cornel has never done anything but color pictures since "A Song to Remember!"

last laugh . . .

Outside of his agents, only two people reacted to the Wilde personality in all that time, which shows you how sure-fire the Hollywood experts are. One, Director George Sidney, begged M-G-M to grab Cory. Another director, Charles Vidor, had fenced with Cornel a few times at the Hollywood Athletic Club. He knew what Cory had, but Columbia, Vidor's studio, couldn't see him then for the dust. Later Vidor had the satisfaction of "I told you so" by directing the same Cornel Wilde in "A Song to Remember" at Columbia. But that's Hollywood.

When Cornel's break did come, at Twentieth Century-Fox, it was surprisingly smooth and simple—although Cornel did everything he could to make certain it would click. His agents lined up the test and Cornel got an okay on his interview with Darryl Zanuck. But they let him choose what he wanted to read. Cornel's mind reeled back to the day he met Patricia on the street in New York. Now it was funny, in retrospect, romantic, cute.

He sat down at his typewriter and rattled out the skit like lightning. It started just as his romance with Patricia had started, with the same awkward words that were right off the cob. . . .

"Pardon me, but haven't I met you somewhere before?"

"You certainly *haven't!*" Cory got lost in his memories, took it from there and batted out a laugh a minute. He made the test. That, he found out later, was what won him his contract. Darryl Zanuck wanted to find a new actor who was romantic, dashing, and could handle light comedy to boot. Cornel fitted that description like a kid glove. When John Shelton fell ill on the eve of "The Perfect Snob," Darryl Zanuck ordered his new actor right into

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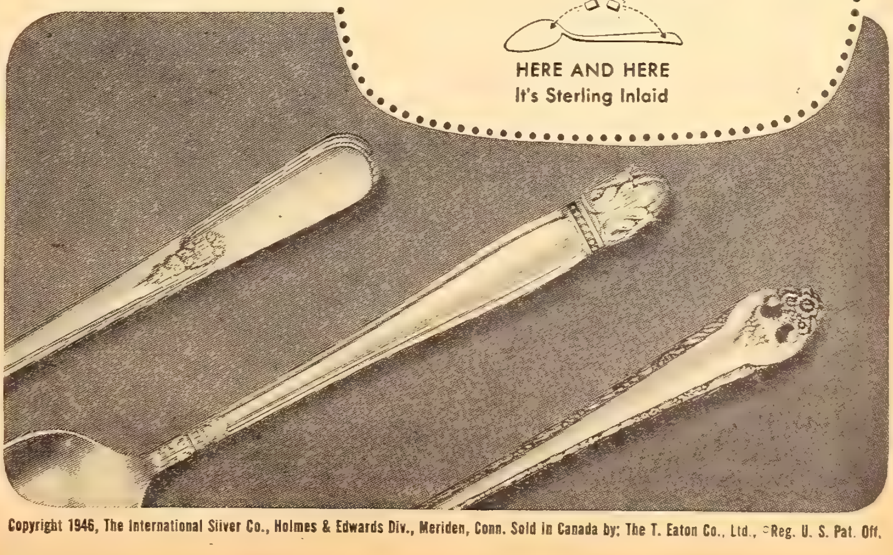

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the lead. But trouble was ahead.

Cornel doesn't like to focus his memory on those long months at Twentieth, before they discovered what a star they had. It's too painful, for various reasons. Patricia was ill practically all of the time. She'd never recovered from her exhaustion in New York, and there were now other health complications. Much of the time she was expecting her baby daughter, Wendy, and not having an easy time of it. Cornel raced home anxiously at the lunch hour, fixed food, gobbled some himself and raced back. When the set closed at six, he'd have to market and whip up dinner.

The brightest ray in all those gray days for Cory Wilde broke through one Washington's Birthday. That's when he got a phone call on the set of "Wintertime," stuttered, "Excuse m—me—gotta go, now" and shot out the door, picture or no picture, part or no part. He called back in a few minutes from the hospital, where he'd raced in the car with Patricia, explaining his exit. That's the day Wendy was born. She was more than the daughter they'd wanted and tried for years to have. Wendy turned out to be the lucky charm of Daddy Wilde's Hollywood career.

lucky charm . . .

Cornel and Patricia and Wendy were up at Santa Barbara on vacation when the long distance call came. For Patricia the vacation was a rest-up.

"Get in your car," said Nat Goldstone, "and hurry down here as fast as you can. You've got a test tomorrow to play 'Chopin' in 'A Song to Remember.'"

Cory was in his shorts, the water was swell at the Santa Barbara Biltmore, he was beginning to feel human again, Patricia was perking up and Wendy, too. He had an impulse to say "nuts" to the idea.

"Listen," he said. "Tell them if they want to test me they can wait till I get back. I'm tired of tests anyway." Cornel knew that every actor in town had tested for "Chopin," far bigger names than his. Tested and refused. They would run him through like a shirt through a washing machine, say "No," and there went a swell holiday. No thanks.

"You didn't let me finish," said Nat. "Charles Vidor's doing the picture and he'll shoot your test."

Cornel's heart bounced. "That's different!" Charles Vidor was an old fencing opponent at the Athletic Club. He had always boosted Cornel's stock. Now he did it again. At first, Columbia didn't even want to interview Cornel Wilde for "Chopin." "Oh yeah, we know him," they told Vidor. "Too big and husky to be a sick pianist." But Vidor wouldn't take no. Whenever another star possibility flunked, he'd suggest, "Let's test Wilde." After the first test, Sidney Buchman, the producer, was on Cory's side, too. It took three more tests to cinch the verdict with the Columbia bosses. When they did agree, it was certainly no chore to make arrangements with Darryl Zanuck for Cornel. He wanted Alexander Knox, a Columbia star for his pet picture, "Wilson." Twentieth traded Cornel for "Song to Remember" and five more pictures.

no costume! . . .

He won the final "Okay" two days before the picture started. Time was so short he couldn't have a wardrobe made. He started work in a rented suit from Western Costume. On opening day he had to "play" a concert piece. Cornel's piano work in the picture remains one of the greatest achievements of manual acting in screen history. It was "faking," but expert faking. Jose Iturbi actually played the melodies, but Cornel's fingers hit the right keys at the right time, in the right way. There were no deceptive "cuts," no shots over his back, no switch to "double" hands on.

In fact, Cornel was so close to his part for so long that he had no idea what to expect the night he drove with Patricia to Pomona for the first sneak preview. He was nervous as a racehorse and to make matters worse, they got off to a late start, so he had to drive like the wind all the way. By the time they covered the fifty miles from Hollywood, the theater was crammed. Cornel and Patricia climbed up to the second balcony, in the last row. They craned their necks and looked down just as the title sheet flashed on the screen, "Starring CORNEL WILDE." It actually said it, in large white letters. Cory gripped Pat's hand. He didn't let go all through the picture.

And of all the tributes that poured in to convince Cornel Wilde that he was a star at last, the one he treasures most came from his critical father. "I'm proud of you," it read. "For the first time in a picture I have no fault to find with my son."

But an even bigger thrill to make Cory Wilde's happiness complete came the day Darryl Zanuck saw Pat with Cornel in Ciro's and told her, "You can test for a contract whenever you want." For a while Pat felt that Wendy was too young but now things are different. And with Darryl Zanuck hunting a story to co-star them—well, how happy can you get?

The other night Cornel came home loaded with gaudy travel folders. "It's all arranged," he told Pat, plopping them down on the coffee table. "S-h-h-h," he shushed, when she started to speak. "No back talk. Here's the ticket on the Matson Line and here are the hotel reservations at the Royal Hawaiian. Here's a check for a new tropical outfit, and here," he unloaded the other arm, "are two dozen American beauties for my beautiful bride. We leave in the spring when it's fit and proper to take a second honeymoon."

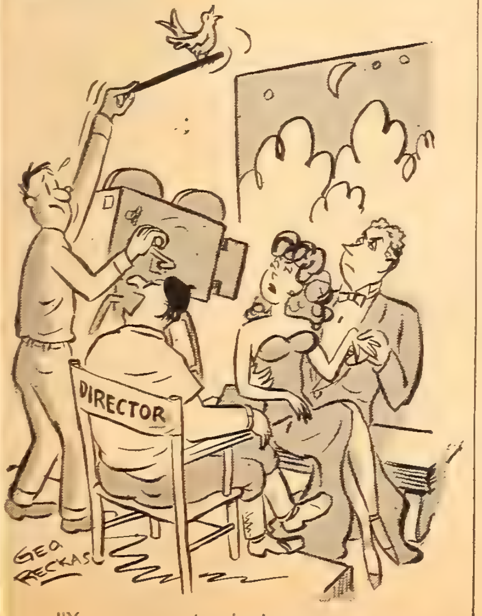
Pat sighed. "It all sounds too perfect," she said. "But I know you. What if another picture comes up along about then?"

"Then they'll just have to make it in Hawaii," said Cornel. "Nothing's going to stop our honeymoon. After all you've been through you deserve it!"

"So do you," said Pat softly. "After what you've been through."

I think anyone who knows Cornel Wilde would agree with that, and as his wife, Pat says—she knows him, best of all.

MODERN SCREEN



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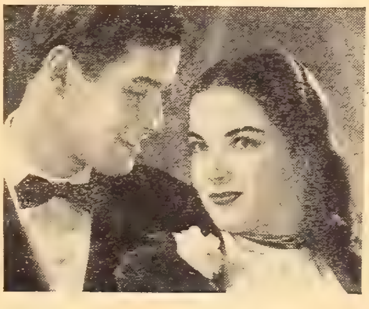
I Can't Afford CHAPPED SKIN"

ZONA earns over $50 a day in winter, but pays only a few cents for "the most wonderful beauty soap I ever used—SweetHeart." Helps keep skin softer, smoother, free from chapping.

SweetHeart Soap's 1-2-3 Extra Lather **Beauty Care** Helps Prevent **Chapping**



Like Zona, trust your skin to SweetHeart Care this winter. Then have dozens of exciting dates! Be adored for your softer, smoother SweetHeart complexion!

"SweetHeart's *Extra Lather* Care helps me avoid chapped skin all winter long," says Zona Cleveland. "I call it my great beauty discovery!"

Try Zona's way! Massage your face night and morning for one minute with SweetHeart Soap's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm—then icy cold water. This . . . (1) *cleanses* (2) *stimulates* (3) *brightens*. You look simply radiant!

Insist on SweetHeart because it gives up to *twice as much lather* as average beauty soaps—rich, creamy, *gentle* lather. See how this SweetHeart Care helps you avoid chapping.

SWEETHEART
TOILET SOAP

The soap that AGREES with your skin

DON'T WASTE SOAP
It contains vital materials.

"And jewels of fabled Samarkand are drab beside her Moon-white Hand"

"Moon-white" hands that do a baby's daily wash? Of course!

If you think that washing clothes *must* mean red, rough, flaky-dry hands... you're just not in the know! Snowy, fragrant Pacquins Hand Cream helps make that "housework" look disappear from your hands... in its place there's a softer, smoother look.

Doctors and Nurses were first users of Pacquins

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. So, naturally, they need *extra rich* lubrication to help overcome the drying effects of soapy-water scrubbings. Pacquins was made just to answer that need. Super-rich... it quickly helps overcome the drying effects of hard work and rough weather.

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HAND CREAM

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HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... *not* sticky, *not* greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

THANKSGIVING FOR JEANNE

(*Continued from page 33*)

with it, a little more self-confidence. By the end of the year she had her own group of intimates, and the thought of leaving them and the school and Sister Mary Miles struck terror to her heart. Especially to go to a huge impersonal place like Inglewood High, with 2,500 students and half of them *boys*.

Mother was torn between wanting them to stay at St. Mary's, and being fair to Father. He was proud of his girls, and it seemed his just due to have them at Inglewood. There was also the question of fees at St. Mary's.

"But if I win a scholarship, Father," Jeanne pleaded.

He didn't say yes and he didn't say no. It was sort of left hanging. But even a slim hope was enough for Jeanne. Her grades had always been good. Now she flung herself into her work with a passion. This was a crisis in her life. She *had* to stay at St. Mary's.

And stay she did. Whether it was the scholarship (which of course she won) or the intensity of her feeling, didn't much matter. It was probably a combination of the two that made Father yield—at least for the time being. Jeanne was a freshman, a soph and a junior at St. Mary's. Then the blow fell. Not as a surprise, of course. She'd seen it coming, yet hoped against hope that something might happen to keep it from coming. She argued, but all the arguments had been used up long ago. She wept—not as a persuasive measure but because she couldn't help it. She prayed her young heart out, she and Rita both. Poor Rita would have to give up *three* years at St. Mary's. It wasn't that they couldn't see Father's side—they could—and this should have lessened the anguish, but somehow it didn't....

Mother finally said: "I thought perhaps your father could be won over, but he can't be—"

Sister Mary Miles said: "Your parents are your instructors, Jeanne. You're bound to take what they give you with a good heart—"

Father said: "It's only one year out of all your school years—"

"But the most important one, Father—"

The year to which all the others had led. A misty faraway goal at first—because when you were little, seniors were creatures so shining and splendid, it didn't seem possible you could ever be one. As you grew older, the radiance changed without dimming. And now that it lay within your grasp, to see it go glimmering!—the senior play and the senior prom and graduating with your class among people you knew and loved....

When school closed that year, her chums didn't know that Jeanne wasn't coming back. She couldn't bear to tell them. Besides, the summer was long. And even though she knew there was no more hope, hope continued to flicker—faint, forlorn and illogical—somewhere down in the depths of her desolation—

Till the day Mother said: "Well, we'd better start shopping for your school clothes, girls—"

no more uniforms . . .

They looked at her, at each other, and burst into tears. Red-eyed, they accompanied her to the shops. Blue skirts and white blouses, sweaters and scarlet jackets and bobbysocks. Mother tried to inject some life into the proceedings—

"Do you like the color, dear?"

"Yes, it's all right—"

"Maybe you'd rather try something else—"

"No, it doesn't matter—"

Nothing mattered. They have given all the colors in the rainbow for the dear black uniform and stiff white collar of St. Mary's . . .

Just before school started, Jeanne went to see Sister Mary Miles. How strange it felt, walking through the gate in sweater and skirt and bobbysocks. But Sister didn't seem to find it strange at all. "That looks like a very nice outfit for school," she said. Jeanne felt the tears rising again, and bit them back. She'd cried enough. What good did it do to cry—?

life's gifts . . .

Sister Mary Miles was smiling at her. "You'll find compensation, Jeanne. When they come, don't fight them. Take thankfully whatever gifts life brings you—"

The first day at Inglewood was as awful as she'd thought it would be. People swarming around, noise beating on your ears. Everyone seemed to know everyone else but Jeanne. If she was shy at St. Mary's, she was paralyzed here. To cap the climax, a dreadful thing happened—

When the bell rang at St. Mary's, it meant prayers. At Inglewood, it just meant that you changed classes. But the habit of seven years was strong on Jeanne, and at the sound of the bell she slipped to her knees. It took her only a second to realize her blunder, and nobody indicated by so much as a look or sign that they'd noticed. But she went through the rest of the day, shaken and heartsick.

Day followed day. She took each as it came and tried not to think ahead, not to draw contrasts or keep dreaming of how it would have been at St. Mary's. Just when the darkness began to lift she couldn't have said. But one day she found herself laughing with another girl, and one evening she found herself at a football game. The school had a fine team that year. At first she'd been inclined to feel that nothing they hadn't done at St. Mary's could be fun, but she had to admit in all candor that the game *was* fun.

shy boy meets shy girl . . .

One of the girls came up with a boy and introduced him. He was on the team, and he was also in her geometry class but they'd never talked. Now he sat down—

"I've been noticing you for a long time," he said.

"Have you—?" In the matter of small talk, Jeanne hadn't improved much.

He blushed. That was funny. Maybe he was shy too, a thought which made her feel suddenly less so. "I—I think your hair's so pretty. You don't wear it like most of the girls—"

"No, I wear it longer. It's not very stylish—"

"Then I guess I like it unstylish—" They both smiled. "Look, would you—I mean, I'd like to take you to the next game—"

She had no brothers, and boys had never been part of her everyday life. Those she'd met at dances had been very polite. Compared with them, the average high school boy had struck her as pretty rough-and-ready. Now she got to know him. She found he was more casual than those she'd been used to, but awfully nice.

Then another nice thing happened. Every year the boys chose their composite ideal girl who was glorified in the school paper. She'd have this one's eyes and the other one's complexion and somebody else's mouth. That year she had Jeanne Crain's hair and Jeanne Crain's practice of using no make-up. Jeanne was the only girl in her class who didn't use it and, strangely enough, the boys approved . . .

But what really took her breath away

Slick Tricks for small fry

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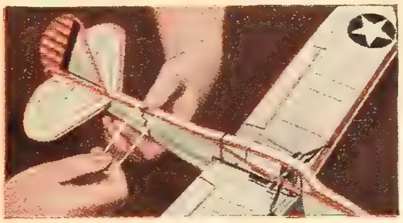

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was being put up as one of the forty candidates for Grid Queen. If you've gone to a co-ed highschool, you know what being Grid Queen means. So far that year, Inglewood High was unbeaten, which made the prospect even more alluring. When the names were called at a student body assembly and Jeanne heard her own, she just didn't believe it. Each of the forty had to get up and walk across the stage, which would have been pretty embarrassing normally, only Jeanne was too numb with amazement even to quake. All she could think was, how *nice* of them when they hardly *knew* her—!

Next thing, she was having her picture taken. It went up with thirty-nine others on the bulletin board, and parties swung into action—

"I don't have a chance," said Jeanne, "I'm not the type—" And it wasn't false modesty. She truly didn't think she fitted the pattern of the ideal sweetheart of the football team—

"Time will tell," said Rita, who'd suddenly grown very mysterious and seemed to know a lot about what went on behind scenes.

campaigning . . .

Anyway, of the eight or ten names that promptly pulled into the lead, Jeanne's was one, and for two weeks everybody lost their minds. Rita and Ray, Jeanne's beau on the team, managed the campaign for her and electioneered like mad—organized get-out-the-vote squads and tried to find out what their rivals had up their sleeves—had cards printed with JEANNE CRAIN FOR GRID QUEEN and went around snapping them on people's lapels—sent up Jeanne Crain balloons and hung Jeanne Crain posters from the balconies at noon. Five times a day Rita canvassed the school, and night after night had her cohorts up at the house to report—

"Now," moaned Mother, "I know what the Roosevelts go through—"

In the end it boiled down to a race between Jeanne and one other. All hands on both sides redoubled their efforts. Though in a sense the battle raged around her, Jeanne was thankful that she herself could stay in the background. It wasn't like the scholarship, or like trying out for a play. That depended on your own efforts and capability. This depended on other people. All you could do was sit back and wait . . .

Evenings, when the crowd came up for their pep sessions, Jeanne would slip over next door to help Auntie Bee with the holiday decorations. They painted place-cards with pumpkins, and made little fluted paper cups to hold sugar walnuts. They worked on the scene for the buffet. It was "Over the River and Through the Woods" this year—cotton batting snow sparkling with mica, and the crowded sleigh gliding over it, and off in the distance a lighted house, with Grandmother in her cap standing at the open doorway and Grandfather looking over her shoulder. Once that was finished, they'd start on the table centerpiece of autumn leaves and a cornucopia spilling out goodies like turkeys whose bodies were made of sugar doughnuts, with toothpicks for legs and a pair of gumdrops for shoes . . .

In this atmosphere of peace and good cheer, Jeanne relaxed. When she'd taken care of the cookies and cokes at home, Mother'd come over and they'd all talk about everything but Grid Week—about how many they'd have at table this year—about Uncle Hugh and his family who were coming from the east. About whether to have a goose for a change, or a big ham. The discussion went forward just as vigorously as if they didn't all know how it was going to end—

With Mom saying: "Thanksgiving means

turkey. Let's get the biggest gobbler we can find—" And somehow they always did. Every year's turkey was always bigger than last year's.

Maybe just before they left, Dad—who'd been born in Ireland and dearly loved to tease—would look up at his granddaughter over the top of his paper. "When's this off-year election I've been hearing rumors about?"

And Mom would come back at him: "As if you didn't know it was Friday, and you on worse tenterhooks than anyone else—"

And Jeanne would laugh softly and kiss them both goodnight.

will power . . .

On Friday she couldn't shake the dust of school from her feet fast enough. Rita and Ray were going to wait for the returns. The very thought of waiting with them gave Jeanne the shudders. Win or lose, she couldn't face the ordeal.

Hurrying home, she kept telling herself: "It's not really important. If you'd stayed at St. Mary's, none of this would have happened, and it wouldn't have made any difference to you *who* was elected Grid Queen at Inglewood High—" But of course she wanted to win. Any girl would—

In her room she picked up a book. "I won't look at the clock till I've read this much—that'll take half an hour—" Next time she looked at the clock, it was five minutes later. Mother stuck her head in once or twice, but didn't say much— "What time did they think they'd be back?"

"Around five, they thought, but you never can tell—"

It was 5:30 when she heard them come up the drive, and met them halfway in the living room. One look at their faces, and she knew. They were two of the longest faces she'd ever seen. "Well, it's too bad—" murmured Ray. Rita didn't say a word.

Jeanne's head went up. She'd be gallant or die in the attempt. "Don't mind so much. It's not the end of the world. Somebody *had* to lose—" The speech sounded all right, but her voice didn't. If only Ray would go—then she could cry first and be gallant later—

Suddenly Rita's arms went around her. "I think we're horrible, Ray, and I can't stand it. Darling, you *won*—!"

"Well, which *is* it?" asked Mother, who'd had about all she could take—

flat joke . . .

She'd won. The gag had seemed a good idea on the way home, but after the first minute it began to look sick. . . . The rest of the evening was a gay but confusing patchwork of phone calls and congratulations and kids dropping in to celebrate and general excitement, with the family sort of beaming around in the background. One of the girls, who'd been a princess last year, was describing the big event. "—Then the football captain hands you this enormous bouquet—"

Auntie Bee pricked up her ears. "There's an idea. What say we skip the cornucopia and use the bouquet for a Thanksgiving centerpiece? With Her Majesty's permission, that is—"

"Oh, that would be wonderful—" Then Her Majesty's jaw dropped. "But suppose they don't *give* me any—!"

But of course they did. A little smile touched Jeanne's lips as she lay in the swing, dreaming the whole thing over again. The football field at night, and the first half over. You in your ivory gown and long-trained robe of gold, waiting for the signal. The hush that fell over the crowd as you stepped out, and started slowly down the field toward the throne. The prayer that your pounding heart wouldn't suffocate you before you got there. The mist in front of your eyes that

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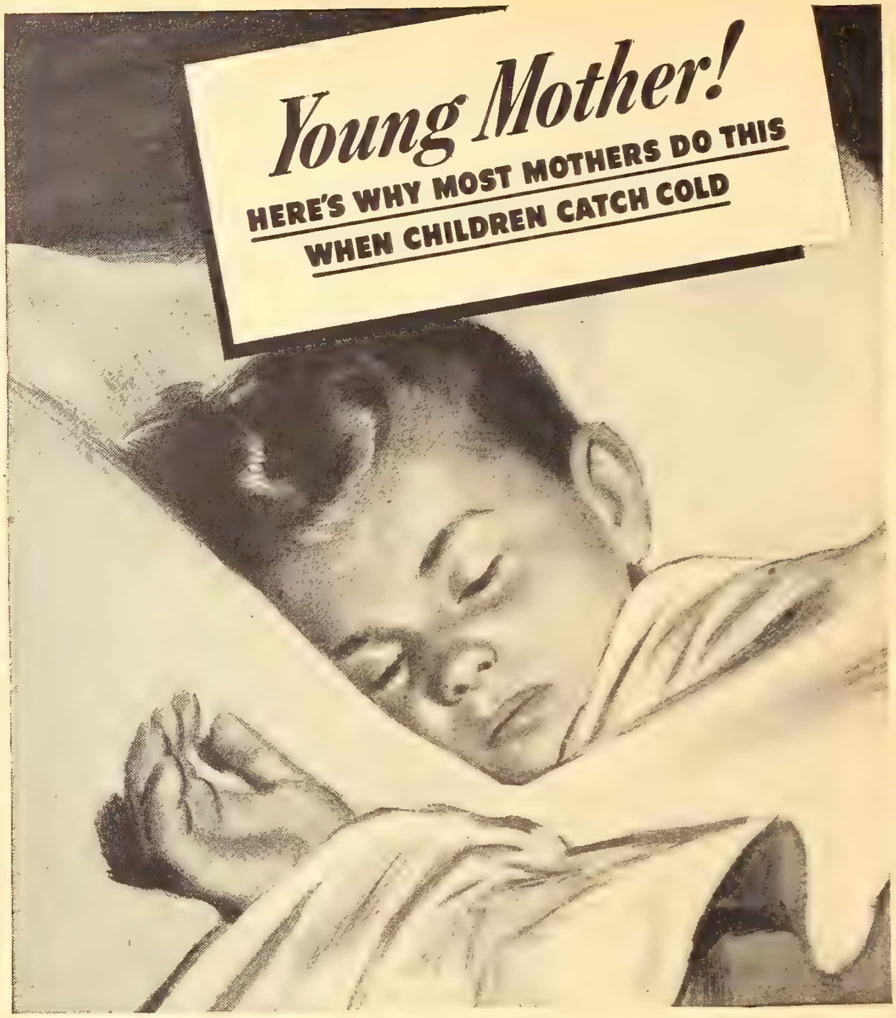

Distress of his cold is relieved as he sleeps

Let this picture remind you that tonight you can relieve distress of your little one's cold *even while he sleeps!*... with nothing to swallow ...and nothing to upset his delicate stomach.

What you do is rub warming Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Even as you rub it on, VapoRub starts right to work to relieve distress.

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IT STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a nice warming poultice.

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Remember... only VapoRub gives this special penetrating-stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only Vicks VapoRub.

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In a special door-to-door survey in Rochester, N. Y.—a typical American city—88 out of every 100 mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub whenever their children catch cold. So benefit from their experience . . . and when anyone in *your* family catches cold, rub on Vicks VapoRub. When you see what grand relief it brings you'll understand why *most mothers always use Vicks VapoRub!*

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suddenly cleared when you thought of your family watching, a thought that sent your head a little higher . . .

The princesses grouped round the throne. The crownbearer with the crown on its satin cushion. The student body president lifting it and placing it on your head—"I crown thee Grid Queen—" The roar that went up. The truly enormous sheaf of golden flowers laid in your arm, and the captain of the team leading you to the throne. The girls—just like ladies-in-waiting in a storybook—arranging your train as you sat down. Six football huskies lifting the throne with you on it, and the dizzying sensation as they carried you to the fifty-yard line, and the sense of relief when they set you down.

It was funny when you came to think of it—Jeanne the timid, Jeanne the scaredycat, sharing the spotlight with Inglewood's unbeaten team. And *liking* it! Being dazzled and exhilarated by it—! A thought shot through her head—the same thought she'd had on the way home last Friday, but now it came barbed with pain. If she'd stayed at St. Mary's, none of this would have happened, and here she was being glad it had happened. Did that make her disloyal? Suppose she'd known in advance—how would she have chosen—?

Then she heard the voice of Sister Mary Miles. "You'll find compensations. Don't fight them. Take thankfully whatever happy gifts life brings you—"

Her heart lightened. There were no questions to answer. The choice had been made for her. She'd always known that Sister Mary Miles must be right. But now she'd learned the lesson for herself.

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued on page 57)

ganization made up of former Flying Tigers who now have an express service which drops items by parachute, to be on the receiving end of their first cargo to be dropped at San Francisco. As a reward, they also dropped for her a complete set of sterling silver. June lived in terror that their aim would be so accurate that the sterling silver would hit her directly in the face. . . . After the picture was finished, Bob Walker and Dorothy Patrick were called back for a re-take on a love scene. The original version had been too torrid to pass censorship. . . . One of the love scenes between Bob and Dorothy took place on location at Talloc Knolls, near the Santa Anita race track, and was continually spoiled by interruptions from Joe Hernandez, announcing the races from over the hill. "I love you, darling," Bob would say, and then Joe's voice came floating over and onto the sound track: "It's Honeymoon in front by three lengths, Please Me on the rail—and here comes Bold Impulse". . . . For one of her dance scenes, June Allyson was given her choice of dainty toe rubbers or galoshes, and naturally chose the more flattering toe rubbers. When she found that she had to dance in a downpour, for which five thousand gallons of water were used, she hastily changed her mind. . . . The deluge promptly turned June's hair into doll-like curls, and the solution for keeping her hair in place was finally found in the light chemical spray used by Esther Williams in swimming scenes. . . . Kathryn Grayson had personal problems during the shooting of the film when Throckmorton, her St. Bernard dog, wandered onto a golf course and proceeded to swallow a few golf balls. He landed in a dog hospital where the golf balls were finally recovered.

HAPPINESS - TAYLOR MADE

(*Continued from page 59*)

with his suspenders hanging and his hands full of cuff links and collar buttons. "I distinctly remember—"

"Had is right," Bob muttered, from the dresser. "I've got it on."

"Hey listen. . . ."

"With one clean shirt between us," said Bob solemnly, "I would remind you whose wife is arriving tonight. You can darned well keep your blouse on."

"If you weren't my best friend . . ."

"There you have it," said Bob equably. "What are best friends for?"

"Imagine the Old Man splurgin' like this. Good Lord, the food at Antoine's—and me with ulcers. You're sure you told the Queen all she ought to know about Navy protocol? I'd hate to have anything go wrong."

"Nothing will go wrong. Remember your ulcers and stop worrying. And for Pete's sake, let's get going!"

They got going. They made the station just as the train pulled in. They made Antoine's just as Admiral Hardison arrived. Bob had a cocktail before dinner—one—Barbara had water, and Paul had milk, as prescribed by his physician. Then, in Paul's car, the three of them set out for the theater where they would meet the rest of the party for the screening.

Or, anyway, that was the idea. On Canal Street, Paul, who was driving, stopped at a red light. When it turned green he discovered the motor had died. He tromped hard on the starter and accelerator. "Mmpf," said the motor.

Horns, in a typical New Orleans temper, sounded behind them. Two red lights came and went, and now the horns were a swelling cacophony, and a burly policeman was trotting in their direction from the intersection. Just as he reached the car the motor coughed and began purring; the green signal flashed on; Paul nervously shifted into low.

"Get that heap out of heah," bellowed the cop, "or Ah'll run you in!"

This was too much. Paul, his ulcers shrieking and his face aglow with righteous fury, said, "Listen, you—" and proceeded, in succinct sentences, to tell the fellow off. That did it.

"You," said the cop, "are under arrest." And blew his whistle. A reinforcement cop responded. Recognizing the insignia of the lt.-commander and the lieutenant, he directed the arresting officer to take his arrestees to the Shore Patrol. He did.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As Gene Kelly stepped out of a theater in New York, fans rushed to mob him. A few minutes later, a policeman came over and tried to extricate Gene from the throng of boys and girls surrounding him. One young miss, who looked like a typical bobbysoxer, persisted in hanging onto Gene's arm. "Now see here, miss," yelled the policeman, "get along now and leave Mr. Kelly alone!" "You leave her alone!" cried Gene indignantly. "That's my wife!"

Barbara Bernstein
Lawrence, N. Y.

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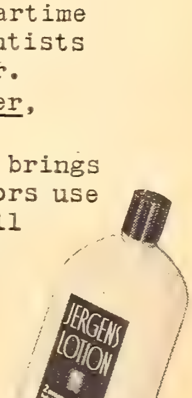

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"Bob," said Paul unhappily, "you and Barbara go on. Get a cab or something. The Admiral would never understand—"

Barbara had her hands on her hips, and was standing with her feet a little distance apart. A wisp of hair had slipped over one eye, and through it she was peering at the cop. "Bob goes on alone," she said. "I have work to do here."

The picture of misery, Lt. Taylor strode out. At the theater he said to the Admiral, "Flat tire, sir. They'll be along in a few minutes. I came ahead so you wouldn't hold up the screening."

"These things will happen, my boy," said the Old Man.

a new cosmetic . . .

Barbara and Paul reached the theater and started down the aisle just as "The End" flashed on the screen. Doing an about-face, they joined the Admiral and his party in the lobby. "We only missed a few minutes of it, Admiral," she told him, in her blandest voice; she had a very high color, he noticed, and a glitter in her eye which he had not noticed at dinner. Very becoming.

Later, at a further party which the Admiral had decided was in order, Bob, Barbara and Paul managed a moment alone in a hallway. "Okay, let's have it," Bob said, and Paul began to laugh.

"What a woman!" he said. "The Queen was wonderful, and I'm cured of at least one of my ulcers. Barbara talked to those guys in their own language, and when she got through we had official apologies from the inspector and even the Chief of Police. They wanted to know if we would prefer charges against the cop for false arrest—he'd booked us for drunken driving and disturbing the peace—but Barbara got soft-hearted."

"Well, good heavens," Barbara said, "he's already had several serious complaints against him. This would have ruined his career on the police force." She yawned. "It's after two. The train was exhausting, and I can't say this has been a restful evening. Let's go. I'll just say good-night to the Admiral . . ."

"Come back here!" shouted Bob and Paul, with one voice. "You can't leave 'til the Admiral does. None of us can. It's Navy etiquette."

"But he's so full of pep," Barbara protested. "He may decide to stay up all night."

"Then we stay up all night."

They got home at 5:30.

"Bob," said Barbara to Paul the next day, while waiting for Bob at dinner, "has written me so many reams of letters mentioning your name that I should know all about you. But you know how men write letters—all I really found out was that you are the swellest guy in the world, that you were the top man in picture exhibition circles before you went in the Navy in 1942, that you've promised Bob to come to Hollywood and have a shot at the game when the war's over, and that you and he are room-mates. We've got about half an hour before he gets here. Why don't you shed a little light, Commander?"

Paul gave the menu a despairing glance, noting particularly such items as bouillabaise and frogs' legs Creole, then reached for his glass of milk. "It started in 1943," he said. "I'd heard Bob was joining up and knew at once he'd be perfect for a job I had in mind, so I put in a request for him.

"They told me he'd have to finish his flight training first, so I had to wait. I don't suppose he ever told you this, but he was graduated third in a class of 157 men."

"No," Barbara said, "he never told me."

"Well, when he was finally sent to me at the Navy's Flight Instructors School, he was assigned three collateral jobs, all going at once: Making flight training pictures; broadcasting on a radio show; and on top of that, flight instructor. He lectures magnificently. He has patience—and he *knows* people."

"When does he have time for flying?"

"The Navy takes care of that, ma'am." Paul paused for a moment.

"It's sweet to be talking to you, Queen. It was a big disappointment when you were sick and couldn't make it down for the Lieutenant's graduation. That's the only time I ever saw him really excited. He hardly ever gripes otherwise. Except when he wanted overseas duty and the Navy felt he was more valuable as an instructor. He's one of the finest, you know. Sure, he's a swell flyer, but plenty of swell flyers don't make good as instructors. Bob's a perfectionist. And calm. His students love him."

"You know him pretty well now, Paul, don't you?" Barbara asked.

"Honey, we've worked, played, griped and laughed together. You know a guy then—or never. Bob's worst fault is that he underestimates himself."

"I know," admitted Barbara. "The Taylor modesty is solid. I'm afraid Bob's always going to be the quiet, solid citizen type—and what's wrong with that?"

"Not a thing," said Paul. "Why do I go on talking? I haven't told you anything about Bob you don't already know—"

"Except what a friend he's made—"

"Who? Me?"

"That's the Short of it, sir!" grinned Barbara.

It was late summer, 1946, and the Robert Taylors were fairly well settled—albeit grudgingly—in the small Beverly Hills house Barbara and her son, Anthony (Skip) Stanwyck, and Uncle Buck, her godfather, had occupied during Bob's absence. Only the day before, the real estate broker who was supposed to have discovered a house of decent size and condition for them had relayed its asking price: Just double what it could conceivably be worth.

Which took care of that.

This was breakfast. It was early, eight in the morning, because of the interminable list of activities scheduled for the weekend. Barbara, Bob, Skip and Uncle Buck sat (somewhat glumly, except for Skip, who at 14 is perpetually ebullient) waiting for the coffee to perk.

both feet on the ground . . .

"I thought Paul was coming to breakfast," Bob said. "He told me last night—"

"Breakfast for Paul means ten, on weekends," Barbara said. "Particularly now that he's well again."

"You busy today?"

Cautiously: "Why?"

"I'm going to do some flying. Thought you might like to come along. I know airplanes scare you to death, but it's a beautiful day and I'll take it easy, and we can fly over the city."

"But I went flying with you once."

"Ah!" said Mr. Taylor.

"And besides, the town will look just the same. I'm going to spend the morning, if possible, catching up on my reading. Why don't you take 'The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds,' which I know darned well you haven't read yet, and join me?"

Two small horns sprouted readily from either side of Bob's forehead. "I've read a book," he announced. "What would it be but pages with a lot of printing?"

"Mother," said Skip, "you've upset your coffee."

"Skip," Barbara said suddenly, "have you finished your packing? And what about the laundry tags on your linens?"

There was a prolonged silence.

"I thought so," said Barbara. "Well, that settles that. I pack Skip for school, and fasten on laundry tags. You go flying."

"No," Bob said, "if you're really stuck for the day I'll go to Lancaster and bag some doves. I don't like that plane too much anyway—especially for flying alone. Just wait till I get my new Beechcraft!"

Barbara shuddered. "Man, in my firm belief, is not yet ready to fly." She picked up the "Hollywood Reporter" and held it pointedly before her face. A moment later she gave a little exclamation. "Have you seen this, about Dickie Moore?"

"He's a young man now, isn't he? What'd he do, get married?"

remember dickie moore? . . .

"He's in the Sawtelle Veterans Hospital with paralysis, from some obscure bug he picked up in Saipan. That sweet kid. I've loved him ever since he played my son in 'So Big.' Twenty years old and paralyzed."

"Aw, that's rotten."

"I can go to see him this afternoon. And send some stuff over. . . ."

An hour later, after Bob had gone and Uncle Buck had left to walk down to the drug store for cigarettes and Barbara and Skip were deep in a pile of underclothes in his room, the maid came to announce Mr. Paul Short's arrival. Leaving Skip looking vague among his open suitcases, Barbara trotted downstairs.

"It's been ages," she said reproachfully. "Where've you *been?*"

"I was over here for dinner night before last," he reminded her. The maid brought him his breakfast on a tray, and he lifted a piece of toast, holding it suspended halfway to his mouth while he listened. "What in heaven's name is that?"

"It's Dinky, that French poodle Bob gave me when he came back. Dinky has very definite ideas about people. He decided to tolerate me, but he gave his heart to Uncle Buck—and now whenever Uncle Buck leaves the house, Dinky sits down and shrieks with anguish until he comes back. The neighbors tell me it's getting to be more than they can bear."

"I should think it would be. You never told me much about Uncle Buck. Is he really your uncle? He's such a sprightly and dapper fellow—always reminds me of half a dancing team."

"And you're so right. He used to be. Buck Mack, remember? He's actually my godfather, but he's dearer to us than most relatives could possibly be. He's 'show folks,' with a heart bigger than he is, and he saw me through that whole bad time while Bob was gone."

"It was for him you built that suite onto the garage, then?"

"Yes—when it began to look as if we couldn't get a house for love nor money. My hat, we could almost have built one for what that room cost—the silly little crackerbox was $4,500!"

"The maid said Bob had gone dove hunting, and you were going out to Sawtelle."

Barbara's eyes clouded. "Will you drive me out?"

"If you'll have roast beef for dinner."

Barbara put her head back and hooted with laughter. It was the perfect family joke: The Taylors have almost never had any other meat except roast beef—unless it was unavailable—for dinner in their entire married life.

By seven that evening, with the prime ribs tucked away and the perpetual gag quart of ice cream delivered to Paul for dessert, in reminder of the ulcers he once had, the Taylors and their favorite guest were on their way to Metro for a private preview. Again, this was routine. When neither Bob nor Barbara had to get up early in the morning, the evening was prescribed: A movie, either at his studio or hers.

Now, driving to Culver City, all three were silent, for a change. Bob was relaxed

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from his day in the sun and wind; Paul knew that Barbara had something on her mind, and was respectfully silent.

She had been with Dickie Moore that afternoon. She had sent candy and a note to him first, explaining that she wanted to drop by; and later she had walked into the forbidding hospital cheerfully, rehearsing a gay greeting.

Then she'd seen Dickie, very handsome, with the most fantastic eyes she could remember seeing in years. And he had very carefully advanced to meet her, saying, "I can walk, Miss Stanwyck."

There had been the moment when, after a photographer came up and asked if she would pose with him, she had put on her best movie-star smile; and the photographer had said, "Smile too, will you Dick?"

And he had tried, and it hadn't worked. "I'm sorry," Dickie had said—

"Did you have a nice afternoon with Dickie Moore?" Bob asked now, his eyes on the road ahead.

After a moment Barbara said, "I'll tell you about it some time."

Charles Trenet was opening at Ciro's, and one had to hear Trenet. So on this particular Sunday night the Taylors, Paul Short and Helen Ferguson, another family friend, went to Ciro's, and for the occasion Barbara had dressed.

She had chosen a sleek, deliberately seductive Schiaparelli original, with jewels and furs, and an up-swept hairdo that banked sharply over one ear and went capricious over the other.

There was something about her. . . .

Helen Ferguson, who is an enormously sensitive woman, waited until both Bob and Paul had excused themselves and gone to talk for a moment at a table where sat an old friend from the Navy. Then she said, "Skip left today, didn't he?"

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"I drove him out to Pomona. It's that famous Webb school, you know—very rugged, and so on, but wonderful scholastically. And they turn out real men."

The lights went out except for a pale blue spot, which wavered onto the floor, caught M. Trenet, and made his somewhat bulging eyes appear to swim with sentiment. He began to sing.

"Pomona isn't far," said Helen.

Five neighboring voices said, "Shhh!"

"But the rule is that new students have no visitors for seven weeks," Barbara explained. "Matter of adjustment."

"Shhhh!"

Barbara lowered her voice to a whisper. "I've been thinking of the other evening, when he decided to beau us both to the Beverly Hills Club. Remember how we kept calling him 'Mr. Stanwyck,' and he kept saying, 'Gosh, no celebrities?' And how big-eyed he got when Joan Bennett and Ginger Rogers came in?"

"Did you ever get copies of those photos the boys took as we were getting out of the car?"

"Dozens. Skip gave them to all his friends. I had just stuck my foot down over the running board, you remember, and if I ever saw cheesecake— So what does my adoring child say to everyone? 'Get a load of Mom's gams,' he says."

"Who was the man who asked you if you really wanted to be photographed with a son who looked like Van Johnson and was taller than you?"

"I don't remember, but I said a couple of words to him."

"I can imagine."

M. Trenet finished his final encore, and went away, and the lights came up. Helen looked at Barbara, and looked quickly away again. "Don't cry here, in front of everybody," she said.

"I'm not. But—today at the school, in his room, while I was unpacking his bags and hanging things up, he looked so *little*. Until suddenly I wished that instead of fixing him for his first year away at boarding school, I were pinning a diaper on him.

"And if you laugh," she added furiously, "I won't answer for the consequences."

Bob and Paul, at that moment, slid into their chairs. "Sorry," Bob said, "the floorshow caught us over there. How do you like him?"

Barbara looked up with eyes that still glistened, and were very far away. "He's wonderful, of course. . . ."

And suddenly, being Bob Taylor and knowing his girl, he understood. "Of course," he agreed. "Only I meant Trenet. How about another cup of coffee?"

She smiled at him gratefully. "Thanks, darling," she said. "That's just what I want. A cup of coffee."

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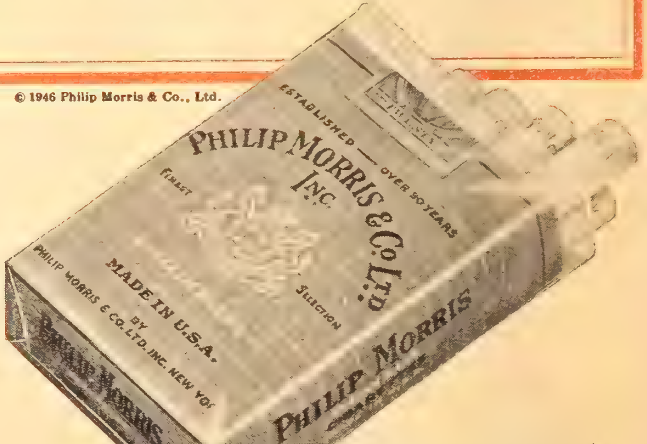
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"NO GREATER LOVE . . ."

(*Continued from page 45*)

Wordlessly they saluted the moment together, then turned and smiled for the birdie.

A few days later they dug out the old still and pasted it next to the new one for dramatic contrast.

"We can afford to remember it now," said Mrs. D.

Bette looked up with something in her face that her mother couldn't quite figure out. "I can't afford not to. It reminds me of another picture—"

In a movie they'd have shown you what she meant by fading out the still and fading in a closeup of Ruthie (that's what she calls her mother, so we'll do the same). Ruthie would be bending over a desk in the window of a second-floor shop, making tiny scratches on a photographic plate, pausing briefly to press her palms against strain-reddened lids. From a one-arm lunchroom across the street, Bette would be watching—Bette at 19, slight, tense, miserable, fists clenched in an agony of helpless protest, crying to herself with the passionate extravagance of youth that she'd go stark mad if she couldn't do something for her mother.

Time was when Bette had accepted Ruthie's labors as part of the natural order of things. She was eight and her sister six, when their parents were divorced. The money allowed Mrs. Davis would have covered an average sort of education, but average wasn't good enough for Ruthie, who'd conceived a notion that her girls were entitled to the best. In order to send them to good New England schools, she studied photography, and when her earnings still didn't reach, she'd fill in with a job as house-mother at some school or sorority.

ituation normal . . .

At 18, Bette was about to be graduated rom Cushing Academy. Ruthie'd made her graduation dress—as filmy a dream as ny of the girls had—and another beauty or the senior dance. Cushing was attended by daughters of wealth, yet Bette had never felt anything but well-dressed among them. Her mother was an accomplished needlewoman. It was nothing for Bette to come home at night and find nother new number, whipped up heaven knew when, and it never entered her head o inquire. The Davis girls were neither nsensitive nor thoughtless. Like all children, they accepted as normal the situation with which they'd grown up. If they ook for granted all that their mother id, that was because she took it for ranted, too. There was nothing self-sacricial in the atmosphere. If you'd asked er, Ruthie'd have told you she was doing exactly what she wanted to do. The word nselfish, as applied to her own activities, would have irked her. "What you do for your children," she'd have said, "you o for yourself—"

So Bette was being graduated from ushing. Only one detail remained to be aken care of—payment of the final inalment on the year's tuition. Until it was aid, you didn't get your diploma. Bette'd aited on table to earn part of it, but the alance was still due. She wasn't worried bout it. She knew that when the day ame she'd be up on the platform, getting er diploma in style with the rest of the weet girl grads. Ruthie'd see to that. . .

"I've arranged to take the graduation cture," Ruthie told her. "Which should ust about cover the bill—"

"But you'll have to wait till all the girls get their dresses. That won't leave you much time—"

"Time enough—"

It was a fantastic deal. Fifty girls in the class. Fifty copies of the photograph to be printed, developed, retouched and mounted. Ruthie couldn't afford any technical assistance. From beginning to end she did the whole job herself. Working frantically, she finished it, then raced around town, delivering fifty prints and collecting the dough. On the morning of graduation day, she appeared in the office and paid her bill.

Through the mists of her own excitement, Bette was aware of all this, thought as always that Ruthie was a brick, and let it go at that. Revelation came later—as she stood on the platform in her beautiful dress, waiting with the others for her beautiful diploma. . .

borrowed glory . . .

The instinctive need to share this high moment with Ruthie sent her glance into the auditorium. And all of a sudden the blinders of habit dropped away, and for the first time she really saw her mother. It was a picture she'll never forget—a woman weighing about ninety pounds, in an old dress and a funny little hat stuck on at a funny little angle. No makeup. Face and hands temporarily scarred by chemical poisoning. . .

Pain slashed through her like a knife. "I can't stand it," she thought wildly. "I can't stand having her look that way!" What made it worse was Ruthie's expression—proud as a peacock and pleased as Punchinello, as if she were thinking: "She's getting that diploma today. I made it—"

Bette's tears rose in her throat, stung at her lids and overflowed—and she didn't even care. Nothing mattered but Ruthie, nobody else was there. Her daughter's arms were outstretched, though you couldn't see them. "Some day you'll have a good life," she was crying inside, "if it's the last thing I do—"

More important than dresses or even the best of schools—in fact, more priceless than rubies—was another gift Ruth Davis handed her child. Bette was by nature a pessimist. Though the yearning to act burned with a dedicatory flame, faith in herself was an uncertain quantity, easily depressed. But Ruthie believed in her, wholly, serenely and without the shadow of a doubt. Anyway, she created that illusion. . . .

star dust . . .

Bette's bug about being an actress, said the New England relatives, was pure nonsense. Ruthie hadn't asked them, but they told her anyway. "Send the child to a good secretarial school—" they told her.

Instead, Ruthie sent for folders from dramatic schools, and pored over them with the girls. Fascinating literature, all, but the fees soared 'way out of reach. Bette'd shake her head hopelessly. . . .

"Now wait a minute, there must be other places," Ruthie would say, and send for more folders.

Eventually they got hold of Eva Le Gallienne's prospectus—

"Look!" cried Bette. "You hardly have to pay a thing—"

Ruthie peered over her shoulder. "That settles it. We're going to New York—"

"*Mo*-ther! — But suppose she doesn't like me—"

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"She'll like you. If not, someone else will—"

Barbara—called Bobby—was about to go off to a Madison, Wisconsin school. So it was just the two of them who landed in the big city. An appointment was made with the great lady who headed her own experimental theater. Between the time that appointment was set and the time it was kept, Bette neither ate nor slept. On their way to the theater, her thumping heart threatened to suffocate her. If the lady said yes, she'd be too excited to live. If the lady said no, she might just as well die and be done with it. . . .

The lady said no. Until it was pulled out from under her, Bette didn't realize how hard she'd been leaning on this lonely hope. The eyes fixed on Miss Le G. were those of a doe who's just felt the arrow at her heart. Terribly-sorry, Miss Le G. was murmuring, and you-understand-we-have-to-limit-ourselves and perhaps-another-year, and all those futile things people might better save their breath on at such times as these. Ruthie was prepared to give her an argument till she took a look at her daughter's stricken face, and decided that first things came first, and the first thing was certainly to get young Bette out of here before she collapsed.

Back in their room, Ruthie said: "What does she know?"

Bette smiled, but wanly. Miss Le Gallienne knew a lot—

Ruthie realized too that she'd taken the wrong tack. "Even the best of us blunders, including Eva. One of these days she'll be sorry, but we won't be able to do a thing for her then—"

This brought a damp snicker, more to please her mother than anything else. Bette'd wept herself out and had now reached the stony-despair stage. . .

campaign manager . . .

They were packing, though not to return to Boston. Anything but Boston, Ruthie had decided, knowing what Boston would mean to Bette at this juncture. Psychological defeat. An admission that they'd been licked. And of course they hadn't been—not by Ruthie's reckoning. This was just a tactical withdrawal—

"Let's get up to Norwalk. I can get a job there. Give us a chance to save some money and line up the next campaign—"

Again that night Bette lay awake, staring into darkness. If they went up to Norwalk, it would be the same old story. Ruthie working for her, when she ought to be working for Ruthie. She was a big girl now, too big to let her mother carry the load alone. Fiercely she turned on herself. Where was it written down that she had to be an actress? Who said her relatives weren't right? Three months training, and she'd be a qualified stenographer, notebook and pencil, brisk and efficient, take a letter, yes sir, no sir, chance of advancement, wind up a secretary, maybe an executive even—anyway, no more work for Ruthie—

Feverishly she piled up the arguments, but all the noise failed to drown out one still, clear voice. When the racket subsided there it was, quiet like something sure of its own rightness, persistent as ever. You have to be an actress, you have to be an actress, you have to be an actress. . .

Once Ruthie had said: "There are doctors and carpenters and actresses who might have been half a dozen other things and it wouldn't have mattered. But if you're the kind who'll make a first rate doctor and a second rate anything else then you're born to be a doctor. It's called self-fulfilment and it's very important—"

How did she *know* she'd make a first rate actress? She didn't. All she knew was that unless she moved heaven and earth trying, the rest of her life would be one long ache of regret. . .

Besides, it was an academic question. Suppose she went to Ruthie. Suppose she said, "Let's give it up, let's go home—"

"Don't be silly," Ruthie would say.

Though she masked it in lightness, Bette knew that she'd never budge, that her own strongest ally was her mother's steadfastness. Only a few hours ago she'd been crushed to earth, convinced that she'd never rise again. Now her spirit lifted a little, in response to Ruthie's—

She pressed her aching eyes into the pillow. "I'll make it up to you, darling," she whispered. "I'll make up for everything—"

mind reader . . .

In Norwalk Ruthie got a job as retoucher. A photographic retoucher sits all day over a negative, making infinitesimal scratches that tax the eyes and nerves. Ruthie'd come home at night with her eyes inflamed. If her nerves were similarly affected, Bette never saw a sign of it, and Bette was super-sensitive then to such signs.

Evenings, they could choose between walking and staying in. Conversation revolved around what should be their next move. . . .

"You read about girls barging into agents' offices. Maybe I should try that—"

But her tone lacked conviction. For that you needed the kind of self-confidence she didn't have. With training, you'd gain confidence, but for training you needed a good dramatic school—

"I think you need training first in a good dramatic school—" That was Ruthie—as if she'd opened her daughter's skull like a book, and read what was written there.

Bette'd tried to find a job too, but Norwalk was oversupplied with unskilled labor. She took out a transient's card at the public library and stayed up till all hours, partly to devour plays, partly to insure sleeping late next morning, so she wouldn't have to face the world. Around 11 she'd get up, dress, and wander down to the little restaurant where every day she met Ruthie for lunch. On the second floor of the building across from the beanery was the shop where Ruthie worked, and her desk was right in the window. Bette had only to look up, and there sat her mother bowed over the desk, intent on her scratches. . . .

Of course she could have timed it to get there later. Yes, and keep Ruthie waiting maybe when she had little enough time to eat and relax—

"If she can stand *doing* it," Bette told herself scornfully, "you can stand *seeing* it—"

Intent though she seemed on her scratches, Ruth Davis's thoughts were furiously occupied elsewhere. For weeks she'd been asking herself what good this was doing, and had just about reached the answer. None. They were saving a little money—too little to matter—and wasting time, which mattered a lot more. Every day of inactivity deepened the sick look in Bette's eyes. Yet without money or acquaintances, what could they do? To them the world of the theatre was a seamless wall, blank and impenetrable. But there had to be *some* way of getting in. Other people had. . .

Instead of sleeping late next morning, Bette found herself being tumbled out of bed. "Put on your best bib and tucker, lamb, we're going to New York—"

"What *for?*"

"Find a good dramatic school and stick you into it—"

"But Ruthie, *how?* What's *happened*—?"

"Nothing's happened, Bette, except this

"RC does taste best!"

says **ANNE BAXTER**

See her in

"ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER"

A Charles R. Rogers Production
Released through United Artists

"NOW I'M CONVINCED!" says Anne. "I took the cola taste-test—chose Royal Crown Cola best-tasting. It's tops!" Try it! Say, "R C for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

time I've made up my mind and won't take no for an answer—"

On the train going in, she hauled out the folders—all the old folders of schools they could never afford in a million years.

"How about trying this one first?" She handed Bette the John Murray Anderson folder.

"Why this one?"

"It's the most expensive—"

For the first time in weeks Bette flung her head back and howled. This was going to be fun. Even if it didn't work, it was going to be fun.

"It'll work," said Ruthie. . . .

From the station they went straight to the school and asked for Mr. Hugh Anderson, listed in the folder as manager.

"Do you have an appointment—?"

"No, but I think he'll see us—" Bette choked back a giggle at Ma, the New England grand dame. "Just tell him please, Mrs. Ruth Davis and her daughter—"

Mr. Hugh Anderson rolled that over in his head and reached the conclusion that he didn't know Mrs. Ruth Davis or her daughter from hunger. But something in the stateliness of the message set up a compulsion. They were shown in.

Ruthie wasted neither time nor language. "My daughter desires to study at your school. I have no money now, but if you'll take her, I *will* have—"

He looked at the daughter whose looks were nothing to go lyrical over, and back at the mother—

Years later he said: "Don't hand me credit for giving Bette a break. If she'd walked in alone, I'd have said hello and goodbye. But who could turn down that mother with her honesty and—well, I guess they call it character in New England. On Broadway it's guts. . . ."

Ruthie got a job in New Jersey as house mother to sixty screaming dears, ages six to ten. On free evenings she'd take the ferry to Manhattan, and have herself a large time with her daughter. Window-shopping on Fifth Avenue. Strolling in and out of Broadway theater lobbies to gape at photos of the great and about-to-be-great . . .

"*You'll* have dresses like that some day," Ruthie would predict. Or: "Be funny, won't it when *your* picture's in the lobby."

Bette would scoff, but the words always kindled a small unreasonable glow.

"Did you really believe all that at the time?" she asked her mother once, after it had all come true. "Or was it just a shot in the arm for me?"

Ruthie shook her head. "I honestly don't know myself—"

tears of joy . . .

It was on one such evening that Bette got the thrill of paying a dividend.

A straw in her mouth, Bette eyed her mother over the top of a drugstore ice cream soda—

"You won't have to pay my tuition next year—"

Carefully Ruthie laid her spoon down. "Who's deposing me?"

"*I* am. Tried out for a scholarship and won—"

"Darling, that's *mar*velous, I— What on earth are you crying about?"

"Because now," Bette sobbed, "you can take things easier. . . ."

They shared other high moments, lots of them. When Bette went back to Boston, not as a candidate for secretarial school but as the heroine of Ibsen's "Wild Duck," and the relatives poured congratulations like music into Ruthie's ears. When the reviews broke on the Davis performance in "Of Human Bondage." When struggle and victory were dramatized in the tribute of a roaring crowd at Carthay Circle. When Ruthie's little girl got her first Academy Award. . . .

But for purely personal satisfaction, unmixed with professional, there was just one standout to match that night in the drugstore. Also bathed in tears . . .

When Bette was 21, the very lovely engagement ring her father had given her mother was stolen. She made up her mind that one day she'd replace it, though at the time there was no smallest indication that she'd ever be on the giving end of a truly superior diamond ring. The day came, however—a memorable Christmas. Apart from stockings, handkerchiefs and such, each of the Davis clan gives each of the others one Christmas present that's special.

Bette thought she'd choke with excitement as Ruthie opened the box. But not till she saw the look in her mother's eyes, did she start to cry. Then Ruthie cried. Then the whole family cried—

"Darling, it's marvelous," wept Ruthie. "What on earth are you crying about?"

"Because now you've got a diamond ring," she wailed happily.

Ruth Davis still takes for granted what she did—by her reckoning, no more than any mother would do. If you made a song and dance about it, she'd be embarrassed, she'd squirm, she'd change the subject. "Praise to the face is instant disgrace," they say in New England, and Ruthie's a bred-in-the-bone New Englander.

Not long ago she was working on a book about the screen's first lady.

"The things I could tell you!" sighed Bette. "Have you any conception, for instance, of what you looked like the day I graduated from Cushing?"

"What do you mean?"

All Bette gave her were surface details. All Ruthie said was, "And we think our children don't notice—"

Bette knew she could never tell her the whole story. Except this way.

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 63*)

agers I've ever seen —but there was nothing cute about what they wanted to beef.

If I had printed in my column that Rory Calhoun was an Esquimo they couldn't have been more insulted than they were over my saying that he was "Copying Clark Gable" in his photographs. From five sides I got—"Rory is distinctive—he doesn't need to copy anybody—he's better looking than Clark Gable—he's going to be a bigger star."

I promised the kids then and there that I would take back what I said—and I did. But this proved to me one very important point: **Modern Screen** is absolutely right in its policy of boosting these new favorites—the young actresses and actors just coming up to stardom. I can speak from personal experience that their fans are the most hectic.

* * *

It's become quite a fad in Hollywood for the gals to wear little "Wolf Whistles" on their charm bracelets. They're made of gold in miniature size and the idea is that the girls can now whistle at the fellas—if they want to.

But one guy who hates them and wish they had never been invented is poor Dana Andrews. And here's why:

The other night Dana and his wife were dining at the Beachcombers and there was a gal at the next table equipped with one of the whistles.

When Dana came in she gave him the "Wolf" greeting. When he made a trip to the gentlemen's "Powder Room" she whistled him in—and whistled him back. Every time he turned his head he got the fatal "WOOOO-WOOOO." He was as conspicuous as though a circus barker was calling attention to him.

"I don't care if those darn whistles are a fad," says Dana. "They're unfeminine—and I'm agin them."

* * *

Personal Opinion Department:

Merle Oberon wears the most decollete evening gowns.

Jeanne Crain is the least opinionated gal in town.

Peter Lawford is too nice a guy to give a "First Impression" that he takes himself too seriously. When you get to know him—he doesn't.

Ginger Rogers should grab herself a couple of more mature roles.

Van Johnson is the loneliest guy in town. "I can be lonely in a football crowd," he told me.

Every star should be as easy to get along with and as cooperative as Dorothy Lamour, the darling of the studio gang.

The torch that Tony Martin is carrying for Rita Hayworth is lighting up San Fernando Valley, Hollywood and environs.

I'm terribly fond of Rita and certainly she is the one to know whether she has made the right move in reconciling with Orson Welles.

(*Continued on page 112*)

ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION— PREVENTS ODOR BETTER.

Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.

FRESH
CREAM DEODORANT
STOPS PERSPIRATION

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starred for thanksgiving

Here is truly America's emblem bird—tender, juicy roast turkey, rather than that irate old eagle! The delicate turkey flavor is always enhanced by a serving of cranberry relish.

■ Do you know what Robert Mitchum is especially thankful for? That big fat cook book he bought recently, thumb-indexed and brilliant with color photos of all manner of flabber-gastronomy, beginning with "Acorn squash, baked" and ending with "Zweiback crust!". You can't stick Bob with terms like marinade or roux, and "blanch" isn't just a girl's name to him! The section on vegetables is of small interest to him. (How he ever grew to be so tall and handsome without liking vegetables we'll never know!) The pages on meat and egg cookery are beginning to show signs of diligent use. The 3-decker sandwiches he builds are ad-libbed according to the contents of the refrigerator.

The kitchen is the very heart of home to this Horatio Alger hero who'd been everywhere and done every kind of work before he married his boyhood sweetheart and settled down to being a Hollywood movie actor. He's regaining that man-sized appetite he lost in the Army along with 26 pounds—that also lends considerable inspiration to his cooking. But to get to the business at hand . . .

Oh, oh, pop's forgotten what the book said to do next with that roast in the oven! This is basic training for that super-duper Thanksgiving dinner the Mitchums are planning come turkey day.

Diplomatic note to Brazil: Please arrange shipment of extra boatloads of Brazil nuts because Norte-Americanos adore them, especially in Baked Acorn Squash. You may take back the samba!

CONNECTICUT-BORN
BOB MITCHUM, STAR OF RKO'S "THE LOCKET" IS
LOOKING UP RECIPES FOR A
TRADITIONAL THANKSGIVING DINNER

By Nancy Wood

If you're making plans for Thanksgiving dinner, you may want to consider these newer variations of traditional recipes:

TURKEY GRAVY

When your roast turkey has reached a wonderful perfection, remove it from the roasting pan to its hot platter and keep it hot while making the gravy:

3 tbsps. drippings
3 tbsps. flour
2 cups liquid
Salt and pepper

Pour drippings from roasting pan into a bowl. Skim off as much fat as possible and put 3 tablespoons of it into a saucepan. Add flour and blend thoroughly. Measure meat juice and add enough stock in which giblets were cooked, or plain water, to make 2 cups. Set fat and flour mixture over low heat, stirring constantly. Cook until frothy. Add measured cold* liquid all at once, stirring constantly until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve boiling hot. Makes about 2 cups of gravy.

---

*Cold liquid added to the flour and fat mixture makes a smoother gravy than hot. If you're in a hurry, add two or three ice cubes to the hot meat juice instead of 1/4 cup of water.

BRAZILIAN ACORN SQUASH

3 acorn squash
Salt
1/2 cup chopped Brazil nuts
6 tbsps. brown sugar
2 tsps. butter
Water

Cut squash in half lengthwise. Scoop out seeds. Sprinkle with salt. Fill squash halves with Brazil nuts, brown sugar and butter. Place in baking pan. Pour hot water in pan to depth of 1/2 inch. Cover during first half hour of baking and bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 1 hour, or until tender. Serves 6.

CRANBERRY APPLE RELISH

4 cups fresh cranberries
2 apples, pared and cored
2 oranges
1 lemon
2 cups sugar

Put cranberries and apples through food chopper. Quarter whole oranges and lemon, remove seeds and put through chopper. Add sugar and blend. Chill in refrigerator a few hours before serving. Makes 1 1/4 quarts. This sauce will keep well in the refrigerator for several weeks.

THANKSGIVING PIE

Settle the old mince-or-pumpkin-pie-for-Thanksgiving indecision by making two luscious half-mince, half-pumpkin pies! One of the biggest frozen foods companies is putting out a sweetened, spiced pumpkin pie mix which needs only an egg and some milk. Then, for the bottom layer of mince, get yourself a 9-ounce package of dehydrated mince meat. Crumble it into a smallish pan and add 1/2 cup cold water. Place over heat and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to a brisk boil and continue boiling 1 minute. Chill it thoroughly before spreading over the bottom of a 9-inch unbaked pie shell. Then top with a half batch of pumpkin pie mix. Bake 10 minutes in a hot oven (450° F.). Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake about 35 minutes longer.

"Almost as good as Fels-Naptha"

We can't blame any woman who loses patience looking for good laundry soap. There's no fun in trying substitutes when you really need Fels-Naptha.

Your groceryman appreciates that. But neither of us can solve the problem completely right now.

When ingredients are plentiful again and Uncle Sam says, "Go ahead", we'll see that you are able to buy all the Fels-Naptha Soap you need. In the meantime, if you can't get Fels-Naptha, we hope you won't mind too much using something '*almost* as good.'

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

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SAYS MARY SHINE, R. N. OF SCARSDALE, N. Y.

See how this
Famous Medicated Cream
can help improve
Your Skin

It's just good common sense to realize that trying to "cover up" blemishes may actually make them worse. If externally-caused pimples are making you miserable, get a jar of Noxzema.

Start using it today. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is as a complexion aid. That's because it's a *medicated formula*. It not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but *helps heal* those annoying blemishes. Try it! At all drug counters; 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax).

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SKIN CREAM

NOXZEMA An Aid to Lovelier Skin

Paul McCarthy

"She doesn't mind losing the jewels and furs, but our Ex-Lax was stolen, too!"

Good Heavens! Not that!... Somebody go and buy her another box of Ex-Lax *quick!* Once folks have discovered Ex-Lax they just can't bear to be without it. And you can't blame them. It tastes so good—just like fine chocolate! And it *acts* good, too—so effectively, yet so very gently! Not too strong, not too mild, Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative. As a precaution, use only as directed. Economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes at all druggists.

But my heart goes out to Tony. That ache in the torch songs he's singing these days comes straight from his heart. It's tough for a man to be "whistled back" to a woman he has loved for so many years when she is just between romances or marriages.

Not many people know it but Tony has been in love with Rita for over five years. Right after his divorce from Alice Faye, she was the girl he fell for. All the time he was in the service he thought about and dreamed of Rita.

When he returned to Hollywood and his career it looked like everything would be all right between them for Rita was estranged from Orson Welles and she seemed to be as devoted to Tony as he was to her. And then—along came Jimmy Stewart.

The Hayworth-Stewart romance lasted for months, you remember, during that time. Tony had few dates with other charmers—he was obviously waiting for Rita. Once again, everyone thought he would win a happy ending to his love story, for when Rita and Jimmy said "goodbye" to romance, once more she turned to Tony.

Then, out of the blue—Rita gave me the "tip" in advance that she would arrive at the Elsa Maxwell-Jack Warner party with her estranged mate, Orson, and that they were on the verge of a reconciliation.

* * *

These young mothers are amazing. I saw Mrs. Gregory Peck at the dinner preceding the preview of "Canyon Passage" and she told me she was up and about just six days after the birth of their second son. And I can remember when the ladies thought it was "ladylike" and fragile to be "invalids" for weeks and even months after that birth of a baby. Good for these modern, healthy young women, I say.

* * *

We throw the word "Cinderella" around too loosely in Hollywood, applying it to any girl from a glamorous model to an "extra" who gets a break on the screen.

But, believe me, the only real Cinderella in years is a 19 year old beauty named Janet Leigh who was picked right out of nowhere to be Van Johnson's leading lady in "The Yankee." Lucky girl!

But with all the wonderful things that are happening to her, little Janet remains completely unspoiled.

"When I make my first kissing scene with Mr. Johnson" she said, "I want my husband to be there." Ain't that something, girls??????

* * *

George Raft has the maddest hobby in Hollywood.

He loves to watch dental operations. Me?—I would pay to keep out of a dentist's office for the rest of my life, but George is usually on hand when his good friend, Dr. Bob Lumsden, operates on a molar. Honest, it was George who came along and held my hand when I recently parted with one of my prized ivories. My tooth broke in three places, but as long as I had to go through all that torture, it helped me to have a nice guy like Georgie holding my hand.

SECRET LIFE OF DANNY KAYE

(*Continued from page 64*)

pal scoffed, "She's probably married." But something wistfully wishful about the way he said it stung Danny into action. "Come on," he said, "we're putting in a long distance call!"

Danny Kaye made the telephone company pitch and perspire that night. But in the end, he got the girl and she *wasn't* married and he sighed happily as he listened to his old pal coo over the wire to the sweetheart he'd never forgotten. Today they're married and living in the San Fernando Valley, close enough for the Hollywood Kayes to call now and then and collect a rosy glow of satisfaction for a job well done.

From what you see of funny Danny Kaye on the screen, chances are you'd never pin a pair of Cupid's wings—of all things—on his shoulders. Danny doesn't parade his pet private projects or declaim his good deeds either, but if you dig around you'll find Kaye has more outside interests in his life than a loan shark.

Danny and his wife, Sylvia, came out the stage door of the Paramount Theater in New York last year to find themselves swamped by fans. Danny had played six performances that day; he was limp as a dishrag. But he jerked up when he saw a wistful little girl in the crowd. She was thin and scrawny and he picked her right out to scribble the first autograph.

"Thank you," she said, "I'm so happy." Only she didn't say it, she barely squeaked.

"Speak up, Honey," urged Danny. "Don't be afraid."

Tears came to the little kid's eyes. "I can't," she husked.

"What's the matter—got a cold?" She shook her head. "The doctors don't know."

Danny and Sylvia had planned going on to supper with some friends, but they forgot all about that. They took the girl back into the theater and asked her about herself. She really couldn't talk above a whisper. It was obvious she had something pretty badly wrong with her.

Next morning they went around to where she lived, in a crowded tenement section up in the Bronx. The sight there was sad. She had no mother or father; she was living with relatives who didn't want her. Danny and Sylvia took her to the best throat specialist in New York. But nothing was wrong with her throat. A psychiatrist came up with the answer. Her voice was lost through an emotional psychosis. Danny took on the cure—new clothes for the girl, better food, more play, treatments by the doctor. That's been going on for months now, at Danny Kaye's expense, and what gives him one of the greatest kicks of his life is that already the afflicted girl's voice is practically back to normal.

Danny's an absolute sucker for kids and they're crazy about him, too. He found that out this year when he changed the time of his radio program from 8 to 10:30 P.M. That made his show out of bounds for moppet listening and immediately he got thousands of complaints. One mother in Philadelphia wrote Danny such a tearful letter, explaining how her Jimmy's life had been ruined by the switch, that Kaye brooded over it until finally he got on the telephone and called the stricken home. When he said, "This is Danny Kaye," the mother didn't believe him. But when he launched into a sincere apology for wrecking her son's life, practically, she knew it was really Danny. Then she was aghast. Jimmy was away visiting relatives. She knew that when she told him Danny Kaye

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had called he'd be fit to end it all.

"He'll never, never recover from the disappointment," she cried. That made Danny feel worse. "I'll do something about it," he promised, "if you'll let him stay up and hear the next show."

So the next program Danny slipped Jimmy's name in his radio script. He knew it was against the radio commission's rules and he knew he'd get bawled out. He did too, but he didn't care. It was worth it to give that kid fan a trip to Heaven for a night. And Danny won't ever part with the thank-you note his mother sent on for the favor. It's one of his particular treasures.

Danny has just finished making wonderful screen fun out of James Thurber's tickly tale, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," for Sam Goldwyn. But the secret life of Danny Kaye is a collection of human interests that lie closer to his heart than his funnybone. He'd shoulder the woes of the world, if he could, and gets the groans himself when he sees anyone suffer.

One of Danny's biggest relaxations, oddly enough, is an evening at a night club. You'd think, after all the dime and dance joints he's cavorted in through the years, he'd break out in a rash every time he saw a head waiter. But the reason Danny goes is to catch floor show acts. He's nuts on new talent—always crazy to discover someone and help them along.

The other night Danny and Sylvia, Ed Dukoff, a friend, and Sylvia's brother, Bobby Fine, stepped out to a new Hollywood cafe. They found a ringside table and settled back to listen to a singer who stepped up to the mike. The minute this Jo opened his mouth it was a case of the agony squirms for the customers. He was terrible. Worse than corny, worse than an amateur night.

Well, you know what happens in a night club when the act lays an egg. People start eating, drinking and jabbering, turning their backs to the noise. Danny knew this—he'd been in that sorry singer's spot himself; he'd flopped once or twice, too. He knew how painful it was. He turned into a dictator at his own table. If anyone reached for a fork or a glass of water, Danny grabbed their wrist. If they started to open their mouths, he hissed, "Sh-h-h-h!" Sylvia, Bobby and Ed hardly dared move a muscle in their chairs. They knew too, that Danny was suffering inside more than anyone, even though he clapped loudest when the song was over.

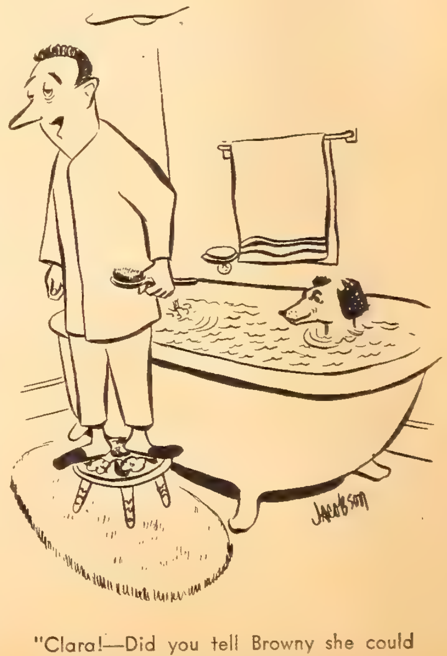
When he runs into a sad apple like that, Danny's depressed for days, almost as gloomed up as he is when the Brooklyn Dodgers, his favorite ball club, hit a losing streak. On the other hand, he's up in the clouds when he thinks he's found someone with talent he can help. He's always on the lookout.

Just a few days ago, Danny dropped into a Hollywood ice cream parlor for a chocolate soda. A pretty, intelligent looking waitress served him. Danny thought he saw something in her face and promptly forgot the soda. He started quizzing her and discovered she'd been educated at Stephens College and studied drama under Maude Adams. It was the old story; she'd come to Hollywood but—well, she had to eat. All she needed, Dan knew, was a chance, a look-in. Danny hopped right up to the pay phone, popped in a nickel and called Lou Kerner, Sam Goldwyn's casting director. He arranged for an interview and test on the spot and the only person happier than the ambitious girl in that room was Danny Kaye. That's typical. He'd rather find someone he can help along than a long lost gold mine.

There's a certain children's convalescent home in Los Angeles which has just named its new auditorium, "The Danny Kaye Theater," because Danny has rallied so many times to raise money for expenses. Right after he finished starring in "I Wake Up Dreaming," Danny planned a complete rest. Rehearsals and tedious acts tire him worse than anything, because he's impatient. He likes to shoot his talent straight from his funnybone, without scripts, chalk marks and cameraman's tape touching his nose everytime he makes a funny face. But you don't make movies that way; that's why picture jobs always knock Danny out. So he was dying to climb into a hammock somewhere and not wake up for a week or two after they wrapped things up. But just then an appeal came in from Denver that made Danny forget his vacation plans, pronto.

The General Rose Memorial Hospital there was having trouble raising money to finish the building. The hospital is dedicated to the gallant U. S. General whom the Nazis murdered in cold blood during the Belgian Bulge; that alone was enough to capture Kaye's interest. But when he learned that construction faced a let down and the let down would affect ex-GIs, he hopped a plane, flew to Denver and helped put over a big contribution dinner to the tune of $50,000. He had so much fun, he flew back to Denver two weeks later to spend that vacation there. This winter Danny's taking a trip to London for five free benefit appearances—any one of which would earn him $5,000 in America—to help out the British acting profession. It's his pet idea that entertainers all over the world should help each other out and promote world understanding and peace, and if there's one thing Danny Kaye is hipped on, it's world brotherhood. He's no politician, but he worshipped F.D.R. and Wendell Willkie, too, and in Hollywood he's treasurer of the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts Sciences and Professions to do his bit keeping their liberal dreams alive in a world that shows signs of forgetting.

In fact, if there is one bright banner Danny Kaye waves on high in his private life, it is the dignity of man. That sounds like high-falutin' talk, perhaps, for a comedian who trips up his own dignity for professional laughs and has more fun being a screwball in his daily life than any star in show business. But Danny can get sore as a boiled owl, and what usually makes him see red is racial or religious



"Clara!—Did you tell Browny she could have her bath first?"

prejudice. On that subject he's not funny —he's dead serious.

Danny will go to the limit any time he feels he's in the right. He'll battle for principle—even when it costs him big money and bad publicity. He waded right into a court battle in Los Angeles this summer because he felt he was being exploited as a famous star and he decided Danny Kaye was the one to call the bluff and stop that sort of thing from happening to other celebrities in the limelight. Because Danny believed his landlady was putting the squeeze on him and he resented it. After she started her suit for alleged damages to the house she'd rented the Kayes, her lawyer suggested an out-of-court settlement more than once. Even Danny knew he would come off badly in the end, and a settlement was the reasonable thing. In fact, his own lawyer advised it. But Danny's dander was up. "I don't care what it costs," he said. "If someone kicks me around, other stars will start getting sandbagged too." So he fought it out in court, lost two days shooting on the set of his new picture, then had to fly his lawyer out from New York—and, all in all, spent important money and time. But that didn't matter—the principle did.

One day, during the suit, the opposing lawyer referred to Mister Kaye's "servants." Up Danny jumped at once. "By any chance," he retorted bitingly, "does the gentleman refer to Mr and Mrs. McCoy?" What burned him up was the slighting reference to the people who work in his home and whom Danny regards as loyal friends—his colored couple, Dan and May McCoy. He's super touchy on the subject of anyone's right to the dignity of being a person. A magazine once gave May a watermelon-fried chicken-deep South accent simply because of her race. It made Danny furious. May was born in California; she couldn't say "you-all" if she tried. Danny Kaye maintains no servant-master air around his house. He appreciates what Dan and May have done to make his life comfortable and they worship him, but it's on a relaxed and easy plane that makes everyone happy. May has chased Danny out of the kitchen more than once when he snooped around her pots or messed up the place trying some outrageous recipe he took a fancy to. He kids her, plays jokes on her, and she loves it. But it's all with the same real respect that Danny would joke with a member of his own family.

Matter of fact, May McCoy practically *is* a member of the Kaye family and she'll be even more so when she gives up cooking and takes on the most important job Danny and Sylvia Kaye can imagine—minding their baby when the new Kaye arrives some time around Christmas.

Sylvia was in New York when she discovered she was wearing a madonna's halo. She called Danny long distance and told him the news.

"May!" cried Danny.

"That's not the name I had in mind—" began Sylvia.

"No, no!" stuttered Danny. "May's the only one for the nurse. Nobody but May." That's how May got a new job a good number of months in advance. She has already moved with her husband, Dan, to the Kaye's Park Avenue apartment and to wangle that Danny spent hours on the telephone, calling from Hollywood, to find the right school for Barbara, May and Dan's talented 16-year-old daughter. It was an almost hopeless job, with schools busting at the seams the way they are, but when Danny gets on a project for someone he likes, he never gives up. Barbara's registered in one of the best schools in Manhattan, thanks to Danny.

"This way, Mommy—

new housekeepers can be clever as old ones!"

Baby: 'Course you keep house just fine, Mommy, for being so new at it. But don't you know you should learn about "Lysol"?

Mother: Is that *so!* Well then, what *about* "Lysol"?

Baby: Why, you ought to put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water every time you clean—to *kill germs.* That's what *experienced* housekeepers do.

Mother: You mean it's an old housekeeping custom? Why, how many women do you suppose follow it?

Baby: Oh, *most* women—like about *2 out of 3,* I hear. For health's sake, you know.

Mother: Then *I'll* start cleaning with germ-killing "Lysol", too, for *your* health's sake!

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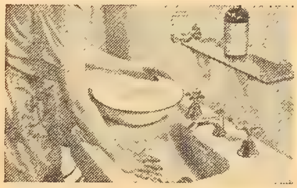

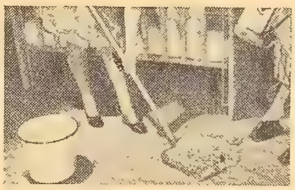

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One night Danny was entertaining his friends from Broadway's theatrical and artistic world in his Park Avenue apartment. John Steinbeck was there and Tallulah Bankhead, Moss Hart, Cole Porter, a good dozen of Broadway's best. In the middle of the evening, the doorbell buzzed and Danny's maid announced, "Two friends of yours from Brooklyn, Mr. Kaye." "Ask them in," said Danny promptly. They were two of the old gang, from Public School 149. They were in the clothing business now —as apart from the world Danny now lived in as men from Mars. But he wouldn't let them leave until all his fancy guests had departed. Then he spent the rest of the night in a Brooklyn bull session.

Danny has always clung to his first friends and his modest background like ivy to an old wall. Everytime he goes back to New York from Hollywood, he manages a trip up to the White Roe Inn, a sort of "Having Wonderful Time" resort hotel where he got an odd job entertaining vacationers in his hunger days. Reason —the proprietors there are still on Danny's list of favorite people. The only time Danny ever tried to impress anybody, it was the kids back in Brooklyn.

He'd just made his first real Broadway success in "Let's Face It" and Danny had blown himself to a Cadillac. He was pretty proud of that car; to him it symbolized a dream come true and the first place he wanted to show it off was back on the block. He drove the big heap over to Nat's candy store, where he knew pals of his youth would probably be hanging out, just as they had when he'd left. He parked the shiny new wagon by the curb, straightened his new tailor-made suit and sauntered in, the picture of success.

"Hi, Red," one of the gang greeted him. "Where ya been?"

"Up on Broadway," Danny said, waiting for them to ask him all about it. Nobody did. When he said "so long" they watched him drive away in the shiny Cadillac, but nobody mentioned that, either. That was the last time Danny Kaye ever tried to impress anybody. It was funny, too. He liked what had happened—a lot more than if he'd caused a riot. Since then Danny has never been impressed with himself, or with anybody else. If he ever finds himself slipping, he thinks of the Brooklyn bunch.

One of Danny's best friends is Sammy Prager, who used to play piano with him in a night club act. Sammy's a pleasant, unprepossessing, round-faced man who can tickle the ivories like nobody's business. Do you think Sammy's impressed with being Danny Kaye's pal? Not a bit. It's Danny who's proud to know Sammy. He thinks he's the greatest pianist ever. Everywhere Danny Kaye goes, Sammy Prager goes, too. He flew out from New York to join Danny at the Denver benefit appearance for the General Rose Memorial Hospital. The Governor of Colorado was there, the U. S. Senators. The room was crowded with Colorado's eminent citizens the night of the banquet. Danny was introduced as the celebrated Hollywood star. Then the toastmaster introduced Sammy, just as "Mr. Prager, the pianist."

Danny got up. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "when the speaker introduced Mr. Prager he left out the most important thing. He's my very dear friend."

There are really only two classes of people that Danny Kaye stands in awe of —fine musicians and physicians. Because underneath his comic mask burns a serious, frustrated desire to be both. The greatest compliment Danny ever received was when the manager of the Metropolitan opera suggested he train to sing Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." His proudest possession is a bunch of old Enrico Caruso records and his secret vice is playing and singing with them when he's alone in the house. Whenever Danny disappeared from the set of "I Wake Up Dreaming" (based on "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"), they knew exactly where to find him—on the recording stage with Dmitri Tiomkin and his 90-piece symphony orchestra, begging Dmitri to let him lead the band. He's made great friends with Artur Rubenstein, the concert pianist, and he'll do anything to get him to play when he comes to Danny's house. He'll first try pecking out discords on the keys until Rubenstein plays in self defense; if that doesn't work, Kaye will come right out with an offer, "I'll put on a funny show if you'll play the Second Polonaise." It's usually a deal. They had a lot of trouble at Goldwyn's with Danny when they made "Wonder Man," too. He'd criticize the daily rushes of opera burlesque numbers—not because they weren't funny enough, but because his "voice quality" wasn't just right.

It's the same way with anything medical. Danny has memorized the long Latin names of practically every disease you can think of and he'll spout them at the drop of a symptom. Long before he came to Hollywood, Danny deliberately hung around New York hospitals and doctors' offices. Once in New York, he was playing in a Copacabana show; nearby was a small hospital where a medico friend of his operated. One night, in the middle of the show, Danny got a message: The doctor was about to take out a man's kidney. Danny ran off his show number so fast the customer's heads swam. In between the first and second floor shows, he leaned over the operating table, hypnotized.

Danny was playing catch once, with Louis Calhern, between takes of "Up In Arms." He pitched a fast one to Louis and it cracked his finger. There wasn't a doctor near and Louis was hopping around the stage with pain. Danny's feelings were, frankly, a little mixed. He was sorry he'd hurt Louis, of course, but the opportunity to put a splint on the finger was pure joy. Danny's a great sun-roaster and proud of the fact that he takes a good tan. (He once got off the train from Florida and peeled down to his shirt right in Penn Station before everyone to show Sylvia the deep brown on his back.) Well, one day in Hollywood Danny discovered some tiny white spots in his tan. He got all excited. He was sure he had some exotic, simply awful skin disease. Sylvia and everyone he showed it to

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Victor Mature made a personal appearance here in Rochester, he kept the audience, and those waiting to get into the theater, convulsed with his antics. He sold programs in the lobby, shouting his wares like a real peddler, and kidded around with remarks like, "Buy a program, folks! Put this program, with my picture in it, under your refrigerator. Guaranteed to exterminate all mice, ants, and other household pests instantly!" We were all charmed to see the "suave, sophisticated lover" of the screen cavorting like a kid, enjoying himself, and giving us a grand time too!

Arlene Hart
Rochester, New York

scoffed, "Why, you silly—it's just your sunburn peeling off!" But Danny wouldn't settle for that. He pestered six doctors until he could come home triumphantly and announce that what he had just might be a super rare skin fungus.

But what has really kept Danny Kaye riding rosy clouds in his private life for the last few months is the deliriously happy prospect of becoming Daddy Kaye. When Sylvia telephoned the family news to Dan, he had the worst siege of telephonitis in Kaye history—worse than the time he broke 90 in golf. Every pal Danny had known since childhood got buzzed out of bed from San Diego to Sand Point with the glad news, "We're going to be a father!" Because Danny always calls himself "We," and what he really means is himself and Sylvia—who in this particular case, you'll admit, had a right to some billing.

Since then, "the blond actor," as Sylvia calls Danny Kaye, has beamed all the bursting warmth of his heart and mind in the direction of that unborn tot. It's already the greatest production the Kaye career has had or ever will have.

Danny's bought practically every book printed on the care of infants, and driven his veteran parent pals wild with voluntary advice on their kids. He's collected scads of school folders—even if that problem is years away—shopped for more immediate toys and baby clothes, riffled through a thousand names—boy and girl—and tried them out on all his friends. He's bought a complete motion picture outfit to record every moppet move and even set his scenarist brother-in-law, Bobby Fine, to work on a script to do the job up in professional fashion. He's ordered a new Cadillac closed family car, instead of his beloved convertible. He's even gone house-hunting (in these times!) around Hollywood because he's set on settling down at once so the babe will have California sunshine and a sense of a permanent home. In short, Danny Kaye has lost himself completely—as he loves to do—in the life of someone else and this time that life belongs to him, so you can imagine.

Somebody asked Danny the other day what he wanted—a boy or a girl.

Danny sighed, "I don't care which—just so long as it's a baby!"

MORE THAN YOU KNOW

(*Continued from page 53*)

he told her, and she grabbed the receiver while he plugged the line into a socket.

"Joan darling?"

"Livvy!" said Joan Fontaine Dozier's sleepy voice, half protestingly, "what on earth—it's the middle of the night here! Are you all right?"

"Never so all right in my life. I'm being married today."

"I just misunderstood you and it gave me a start," Joan said. "I thought you said you were going to be married."

"That's what I did say. Remember, I told you last week I'd run into someone you knew, whom we'd both met three or four years ago? Marcus Goodrich."

"Of course I remember. You said he seemed charming and you were having lots of fun reading scripts together. You don't mean ? . . ."

"Yes. Will you wish me luck?"

When, a few minutes later, she had hung up, Olivia went to the door, opened it three inches, and listened in to the accelerated pulse of the household. Mrs. Langner, an intent look on her face, was trotting up the spiral staircase carrying a mammoth black picture hat and a bunch of yellow tea roses. Olivia heard her knock on

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Phyllis Loughton's door. Phyllis, an old friend, was to be matron of honor.

Olivia went back and stretched out lazily on the chaise. Idly she mulled over in her mind the letter she would write her sister, Joan.

Let's see now—the first time I ever heard his name, years ago, someone said, "It's about time Marcus Goodrich was writing a book. He's one of the best raconteurs in the country. Witty and worldly and polished—but thoughtful, too."

subtle match-maker . . .

Anyway, do you know the Langners? Lawrence is a patent attorney and an executive of the Theater Guild, and he's known Marcus longer than any of us. I don't know if it was match-making, or not, but when he heard I was coming to Westport he immediately invited Marcus to the Cannondale place to work on his new novel.

I was staying at the Westover Inn, just outside the Westport Playhouse, and rehearsing like mad for the Maggy Wylie part in "What Every Woman Knows." But of course between rehearsals I took time out to relax and saw a lot of the Langners, and Marcus, too.

Before long we were talking more about ourselves than about music or writing or world affairs. Aside from his charm, I sensed in him a solidarity, a sincerity . . .

The play was supposed to open Monday night, August 26th. Then I had scheduled a week at Easthampton and a radio show. We thought we might be married secretly the week after that.

But darling, you know how it is. On the Saturday before opening night we went to one of those darned inns that's even quainter than the rest and Marcus had never been more charming, and what was the use of waiting?

So I called Lawrence—he was dining with Edna Ferber and I had the dickens of a time getting him to come to the phone—and told him we wanted to be married at once.

It was almost noon. Olivia got up and went over to the dressing table. She was wearing the simple white dress with the paisley print figures of blue and rose which she'd chosen for her wedding.

She put on a crownless hat of royal blue straw, trimmed with blue veiling and a green velvet band. She drew on both of her long white gloves, then suddenly remembered and adjusted the left one so that her hand was bare. Marcus' enormous diamond and ruby engagement ring glittered cheerfully on her finger. It would have company soon.

At the door Lawrence Langner's voice asked, "Ready, Livvy?"

off with the old . . .

She took a last look at the reflection in her mirror of Hollywood's most famous, and most persistent, Bachelor Girl. "Bye now," her mind said, without regret; and to Lawrence, who would give her away, she called, "I'm ready."

The Rev. Frederic L. C. Lorentzen, Rector of Christ Holy Trinity Church, Westport, was waiting under the Japanese willow. Olivia had time to remember her whim of asking him to put the word "obey" back into the marriage lines, and to wonder if he would do it.

Then they were standing together, and the Rev. Lorentzen was reading the lines—not forgetting the word "obey" after all—and then Marcus was whispering, "Hello, Mrs. Marcus Goodrich," and kissing her so that she nearly lost her veil. And the harp was singing out all the right melodies, and she was saying all the right, usual things to people: "It's an old-fashioned wedding ring, and I love it . . . Mrs. Good-

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rich. It sounds wonderful, but I've got to get used to it . . ."

There was posing for photographs, and Marcus saying, "No, on my left, dear," and her prompt acquiescence.

"I promised to obey, didn't I?"

In Hollywood, the week of Olivia's marriage to Marcus Goodrich, Joan Fontaine, who had recently married Bill Dozier, talked to one or two of her closest friends.

"Part of the answer to this sudden marriage of Livvy's," she said, "is in my own marriage to Bill. The first time Bill and I ever talked together—at Lucey's, and strictly business—I realized that here was a man of integrity and honesty and strength. A mature man, seasoned—

"And as we grew to know each other, and to be in love I understood that never before in my life had I known what a real marriage could mean. After we'd been married, and were planning and decorating the new house, Olivia came to visit.

"She didn't say much, at first. She just watched. She saw Bill take over the way a man should take things over—straighten out my business affairs without a hitch or a haggling session or any confusion.

"She saw a true, solid marriage, built on love and the strong personality of the man in the case, developing before her eyes. And she saw my great happiness. Why, she couldn't take her eyes off us. . ."

Just then Olivia came walking briskly around the corner of the house, across the lawn, her arms filled with bundles.

As she lit a cigarette Joan regarded her sister contemplatively. "You know," she said, "we've never been a very connected family in the sentimental, clannish sense. You've had your job to do, and I've had mine. But it seems to me we've been closer in the last few weeks than ever before. And you're—softening, darling."

"I'm observing a modern miracle—in this crazy era, and in this town, my sister finds a man who believes in home, family and fidelity. I never knew the idea of marriage could have so much appeal to me," Olivia murmured.

"You might try it, then."

"How many men are there like Bill?"

"Not many. But a few—and if you know what to look for, what you want, you'll find him. . ."

"And that's just it, you see," said Joan to her friends in Hollywood the week that Olivia married Marcus. "She did."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We had just finished hearing Dick Powell perform on the stage of the Golden Gate Theater here in San Francisco, when a voice from the audience called out, "Where's June, Dick?" Dick grinned and finally, after some coaxing from the audience, brought Junie out from the wings to be introduced. They had just been married a short time, and held hands like a real bride and groom while on the stage. June then announced that it was Richard's birthday, and asked if everyone would join her in singing "Happy Birthday" to him. We all did, of course, and the way Dick looked at June as he accepted our birthday greetings was really something to see.

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San Francisco, California

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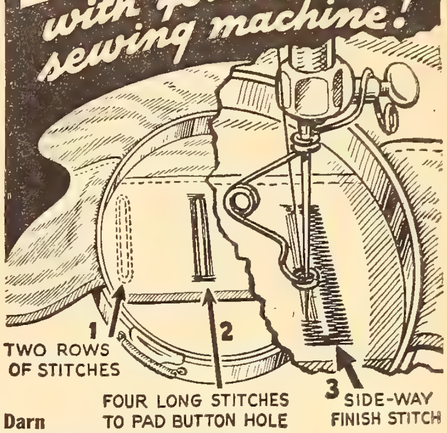

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PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

(Continued from page 63)

been a bit of a stuffed shirt since she came here, relaxed completely and appeared in the most honest costume of the evening, "An Old Frump." I don't know what Clark Gable does to these gals, but they are always starry-eyed when he's dancing attendance and he was with the Rogers girl every minute.

Rita Hayworth was "The King of Siam" and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was dressed up as "Anna." Rita's gown was of kitchen cleaners and her earrings were safety pins. Mrs. Reginald Gardiner was arrayed in a red union suit with a bunch of cherries in her hair —but Loretta Young took care of the beauty department in a dress made of silver paper and cheesecloth.

* * *

Every time Don, the Beachcomber, gives a party at his Valley estate, everybody in Hollywood wants a bid—even the biggest stars. Don owns the famous Beachcombers Cafe where only island food is served, but not long ago, he bought a home in the Valley and every month when it is full-moon time he tosses a luau.

I was curious about these affairs and so I quickly accepted his invitation to eat of suckling pig roasted in the ground and fish cooked on leaves.

The evening turned out to be unexpectedly chilly but that didn't keep our belles from donning bathing suits, while most of the actors wore bathing trunks or little else. Of course, they had heavy flower leis around their necks—if that helped to keep them warm.

We all sat down on the ground to eat dinner, and used our Adam and Eve implements —fingers—to dip into the wonderful island food dished up. There was nary a knife, fork or spoon casting a shadow in the moonlight. The drinks that went by on big trays looked like Technicolor productions because they were all rum and fruit concoctions.

Bing Crosby, who had been on my radio show with me earlier in the evening, wore the brightest red shirt I've ever seen. He looked like a fireman on a holiday and didn't mind the kidding he took in the least.

Mrs. Franchot Tone, the pretty Jean Wallace, worried me because her bathing suit seemed the scantiest of all. Sonja Henie, who goes everywhere these days with handsome Stewart Barthelmess, was all done up in bright silk pajamas. But she wore her best shoes and got her feet wet—sniffle, sniffle—sniffle.

Later, everyone sang island songs, led by Bing Crosby. Everything considered, I think it would have been best if we had all shut up and let Bing do the warbling. But it was a gay and "different" evening and I enjoyed it most of all because I was the warmest.

* * *

David Selznick doesn't give many big parties, but when he does he goes all out. His party honoring pretty blonde Evelyn Keyes and her bridegroom, John Huston (the son of Walter Huston and well known as a writer and director in his own right), was a *party*.

David took great pains to see that his guests were comfortable. For instance, the grass was covered with canvas so the ladies would not get their feet wet and dinner was served on the tennis court. The buffet table was decorated with enormous ice figures and scads of roses and the view from the hilltop was so lovely it looked as though David had planned it as a backdrop.

It was really a Who's-Who turn out. Everybody was there. I had the misfortune to spill a glass of sherry on Mary Pickford's gorgeous French gown of pale blue brocade— but she was a darling about it and told me not to let it spoil my evening.

Dr. Martin and I sat at the table with Mary, Walter Huston, Norma Shearer and Norma's Marty Arrouge. I don't know what's happened to Norma but she is the most beautiful thing in our town. Perhaps I do know. She's wonderfully happy with her handsome husband and happiness makes women glitter more than diamonds. Joan Crawford was there with her on-again, off-again romance, Greg Bautzer, doing all right in the looks department, too.

There wasn't a chance for any girl to be a wall flower, for David has a very cute idea for "mixing up" the dancing partners. He had men draw "names" for one dance and then go looking for the lady whose moniker was written on the slip of paper.

Then the girls were given slips of paper with the names of men. I saw one siren change hers six times until she got Cary Grant. Honors for looking the "youngest" go to Joan Bennett who didn't look a day over 17 years of age. Hard to believe she has a daughter just 17. Marlene Dietrich was lovely in a gold-colored dress and it did my heart good after that long misunderstanding, to see her daughter, Maria Manton, go up and throw her arms around her mother's neck.

David's was certainly a party that clicked.

* * *

One of the most gasp-inspiring parties was the beautiful affair given by the Arthur Lyons' who made a perfect fairy land of their beautiful estate. Their home is English architecture surrounded by a small forest of trees—and this night every tree was abloom with yellow and white hibiscus. I've never seen anything more beautiful.

I went with Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard and Dorothy's dress was the center of conversation. It was gray metallic, beaded and backless. "Whose dress?" someone asked her. "Mine," quipped Dottie. "I have had it for ten years and Edith Head just remade it for me." Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor came with Mary and Jack Benny and I've never seen Barbara so gay. She danced and danced and seemed to be having so much fun.

After all these formal parties, it was something "different," indeed, to be invited to the charming home of the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. for a quiet dinner and an evening of playing the famous "game."

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The Fairbanks crowd play "the game" in an unusual way. Teams are chosen (as per custom) but instead of acting out characters from books or plays, quotations were "drawn" on a blackboard—and if you have never tried to draw a quotation—try it for laughs sometime. I was amazed at how clever some of them were—even guessing such a difficult passage as "The trouble is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

The guests who kept this nonsense going until four o'clock in the morning were Merle Oberon and her husband, Elsa, the hosts, and my doctor and I.

Mary Lee Fairbanks is such a charming woman. She has personally superintended the care of the David Niven boys almost since the tragic death of their mother. The youngsters live next door and while they have a wonderful nurse who is devoted to them, Mary Lee visits them many times a day. She told me the older Niven youngster misses his mother, talks about her all the time. It is so difficult for David, who has not yet told the little boys that their mother is gone forever.

* * *

Another unusual party was the wedding dinner in honor of Dolores Moran and her producer husband Ben Bogeaus, given in the Crillon, one of Hollywood's most exclusive restaurants. The hosts were Eleanor Parker and her hubby, Bert Friedlob, and I particularly enjoyed it because there were so many of the younger set present.

Cleatus Caldwell and Bob Hutton had just made up after a long spat and they were radiant at being together again.

Janis Paige was there with Cubby Brocolli. But they both said there are no wedding bells in the offing. "She's too good for me," Cubby remarked. Figure that one out.

Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith breezed through the party for a few minutes and John Garfield, who makes very few social appearances, was there with his pretty wife.

* * *

It's been a big party month in Hollywood.

But there's one more I must tell you about. It is the midnight soiree tossed by Schwab's Drug Store following the preview of "The Jolson Story"—a wonderful movie, by the way. Little pint-sized Sidney Skolsky put Schwab's on the Hollywood map by mentioning it so often in his column—so the Schwab Brothers decided to toss a wingding in his honor when Sid turned producer.

The invitations were formal and engraved—but there the formality ended. I'm mad about ice cream, or I swear I wouldn't have had the strength to push through the mob inside and outside the store when I arrived.

William Powell, still a red head from "Life With Father," and his pretty little Diane, couldn't get near the soda fountain, so they were off to one side eating ice cream cones.

June Allyson and Dick Powell sat next to me at the fountain and did we polish off the ice cream sodas! But perhaps the biggest laugh came from Alan Ladd and Sue Carol who insisted on buying stamps on account of they just never get to a drug store unless it's a "party."

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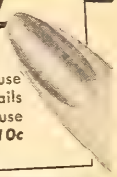

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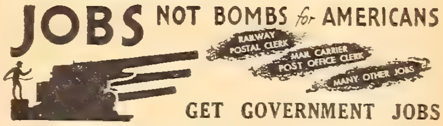

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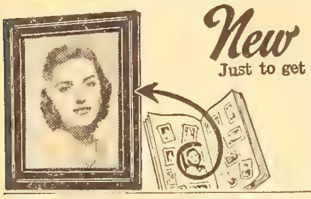

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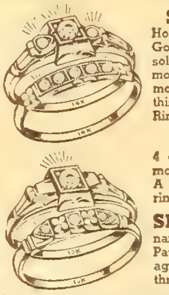

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THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN

(Continued from page 35)

decorate was volcanic in its violence. She flew about the tiny apartment, assaulting the existent color scheme and furniture.

"This is awful," she told Ronnie. "We've got to buy some furniture."

"But, honey, you can't buy it now. It may not fit into the house when we get it."

Ronnie's logic didn't dampen her ardor.

One night when Ronnie came home there was a note pinned to the door.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we don't live here any more."

Consulting the manager, Ronnie learned that his wife had succeeded in getting a larger apartment in the same building. She met him at the door, her face flushed with excitement. Behind her, painters were slashing at walls with their brushes, and furniture was heaped in confusion.

"Isn't it wonderful?" gasped Jane.

"Never a dull moment," said Ronnie.

Life in the new apartment meant backaches for Ronnie. He was continually moving furniture from one room to the other, or sometimes out in the hall. After a month of vaulting divans, he decided the time had come. He started looking for a lot for their home. It had to be on a hill.

guardian dragons . . .

Ronnie found the lot shortly after Maureen was born. High on a hill, it suited their every purpose. Ronnie designed the floor plans himself and hired a draftsman to complete the job. There was to be a living room two steps down from the entrance hall, and a den. A dining room and kitchen completed the first floor, with three bedrooms and three baths upstairs. A patio was planned in back and a swimming pool in front. Then Ronnie started work in a picture and found himself working at night for thirty-eight consecutive nights. When Jane started a film shortly afterwards, she did it conventionally, working during the day. The foundation of the house was begun, and although they visited the site every day, it was never with each other. They considered themselves the night watchman and day nurse of their new home.

By the time Ronnie's night shift was over, the flooring and uprights were completed. For the first time, they went up the hill together. Jane spied the openings in the wall which represented living room windows.

"What," she demanded, "are we doing with windows like this? Good heavens, what's a view for if you can't see it?"

Ronnie tapped the foreman on the shoulder.

"My wife says what are we doing with windows like this?"

He walked into what would be the dining room.

"This is too small," he said. "Let's kick out that wall."

Jane climbed a ladder and cat-walked around the second story.

"Oh, yipe," she howled down to Ronnie. "What am I in now?"

"That's the entrance hall," he said.

"Well, it's too big! It's a waste of space."

Ronnie tapped the foreman on the shoulder.

"We want to use some of that space up there—where my wife is—for the bedroom. Can you knock that wall over about four feet?"

"This," said Jane, poking her head through an aperture, "is a very silly window. Let's make it bigger."

Before they left, they had arranged for about two weeks' worth of changes.

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"Now, what about the furniture?" said Ronnie.

"That's my department," said Jane. "You're only a man."

She bent her energies to furnishings with the same whirlwind fury directed at the apartment, but she soon began to have trepidations This was to be their own house, and it must be very right. Colors and blending of period styles began to frighten her.

"I don't want a decorator," she said to Ronnie, "but we'd better have one to help me, or I'll have a stroke."

A few months after Pearl Harbor they moved into the house when it was partially, to put it mildly, furnished. Ronnie came home one night to find Jane in the living room, staring at the walls in preoccupation. She had found a decorator that day, decided on materials and bought a table, and was currently concentrating on colors.

"Hello," said Ronnie.

"Do you like red?" said Jane.

"I like olive drab better," said Ronnie.

Jane stiffened. "You can't put olive drab in *this* house."

Ronnie put an arm around her shoulders.

"No, honey, but I can wear it."

She stared at him, wide-eyed.

"You mean—you're in?"

He nodded and took his own particular "Greetings" from his coat pocket.

"How soon?" she breathed.

"Fifteen days."

It was a hectic fifteen days. Ronnie was in a flurry of preparation, and Jane was trying desperately to settle housing issues.

The only thing Ronnie did, squeezing what little time he could from his days, was the landscaping. Every time he came home, it was with another tree under his arm. He'd yell to Jane, and she'd come whirling out of the house with a shovel in hand. Every time she started a household chore, Ronnie would come up the driveway with a tree.

"The only thing I'll ever leave you for," she told him, "is a tree."

In two days, Ronnie left for San Francisco, his reception center, and Jane found herself working in another movie. With the war had come the exodus of servants into airplane factories, and the house was left in abject loneliness during the daytime when it was occupied only by Maureen and a constantly changing shift of nurses, plus sundry workmen administering finishing touches. The carpets finally arrived and the lawn was planted, but Jane was in a complete dither trying to locate servants. She finally found a couple who seemed most efficient.

your nap's showing . . .

They came to the house on Sunday, and informed Jane when she admitted them that they would serve as butler and maid. The man looked into the living room and gasped.

"Madame," he said in a shocked tone, "your nap is all wrong."

"Hmm?" said Jane.

"The nap on the rug, madame. It should all go in one direction."

"Oh. Oh, well, that's fine. We'll have it go in one direction in the future."

The butler and his wife took over the house like two Sherman tanks.

The climax of having a butler came when Ronnie arrived home for the first time. When he phoned from San Francisco and told Jane he'd be home the next day, she flew to the kitchen.

"Lt. Reagan will be home for dinner tomorrow night," she said. "I want everything especially nice."

"We have no silver serving trays, madame," was the butler's only comment.

The next day Jane took him on a shopping tour and bought Ronnie's favorite

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food and wine, and flowers for the table.

"The silver trays, madame."

Jane stopped and bought two. "That's all you get," she told him.

Ronnie came home, lifted Maureen in his arms and planted a kiss on his wife's upturned face. He was drowned in a flood of compliments on his uniform, introduced to the butler and his wife, and then headed for a shower. In his dressing room, Ronnie heard a knock at the door.

"Yes?"

The door opened and in walked the butler, bearing one of the silver trays, on which was a dainty linen doily and on top of that, an old-fashioned cocktail. Ronnie loathes old fashioneds, but he felt forced into it, took the glass and thanked the man. A few seconds later came a knock at the door of Jane's dressing room. It was the maid, bearing another old fashioned on *her* tray. Jane accepted it in a similar frame of mind, then opened her door and howled at Ronnie. He looked around the corner of his door, raised his glass, grinned and said, "Well—here's health."

dinner de luxe . . .

Two minutes later, the butler and maid each bore up a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Then two more old fashioneds. Bathed and dressed, Ronnie started for the dining room.

"No!" said Jane. "You can't do that. You have to wait until they announce dinner."

"Ye gods," said Ronnie.

At dinner, they sat one at each end of a fifteen-foot table, which was resplendent under the Reagans' only banquet cloth, and loaded with gardenias in the middle. Also a few candelabra filled with tall candles. Jane and Ronnie bobbed back and forth at their respective seats, trying to catch glimpses of each other through the foliage. After the appetizers were finished, Jane buzzed for service. The butler pussyfooted into the room.

"Madame," he said. "I shall anticipate your every want. You need not ring."

"That'll larn you," Ronnie told Jane.

The next morning, Jane went to the refrigerator and reached for a bottle of pepsi. A hand stole over her shoulder and gently removed the bottle from her hand. She turned to see the butler, bottle-opener in hand.

"You are not accustomed to being waited on, are you, Mrs. Reagan?" he said.

Janie shrugged and went into the living room to wait for her drink, which was delivered on one of the silver trays.

The butler bowed as he delivered the glass to her, then straightened and made his announcement.

goodbye now . . .

"Madame," he said, "my wife and I feel that this house is not large enough for us. We should like to leave as soon as possible."

"Within an hour will be fine," said Jane.

It was a brave and soul-satisfying statement to Jane, but when they had left she realized with panic that she was bereft of any help at all. Barbara Stanwyck saved the day by deciding that her son Skip was too old for a nurse and transferred Nanny to the Reagan household, where she has been ever since.

Six months after he left for San Francisco, Ronnie was back home again, stationed near Los Angeles.

Life for the Reagans in their new home began to settle down somewhat after that. The only new addition to the household came the following Christmas when Maureen was two. She had been indicating, by repeated renditions of the word "wow-wow," that she would be most happy with a dog of her own. She chose Scotty herself one day at a kennel, not realizing that he would be hers at Christmas. Scotty was not a particularly sleek or snooty dog, but was possessed of a spirit kindred to Maureen's, i.e., sugar and spice. Maureen found him, laboring under a huge red bow, on Christmas morning. A week later, Jane took Maureen to the kennels to buy some toys for Scotty, and came home with a second Scotch Terrier whom she dubbed Soda. Although she wasn't able to resist the pup, Mrs. Reagan was not exactly overjoyed at the prospect of Mr. Reagan's reaction. She stowed both dogs in the back yard and nervously awaited Ronnie's arrival.

He came home, and as always, brought Maureen downstairs for what the Reagans term the Children's Hour, when they devote a whole hour to fairy tales and games.

"Uh—Ronnie," said Jane, "why don't you get Scotty? He's in the patio."

Ronnie trotted to the back door and came back on the double. He pointed at Jane accusingly.

"There are *two* dogs out there!"

"His name is Soda," said Jane, twisting her handkerchief.

"And you think Maureen is the baby of the family," said Ronnie. "Ask me how old you think *you* are!"

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"I want a book for my mother. She's an adult between 26 and 30."

The household axe which grinds perpetually is Jane's procedure of Straightening Up Things, and her unfailing failure to remember. Ronnie enters the house and throws his mail on a table. Two minutes later, Jane picks it up and stuffs it in an odd drawer—any place to get it out of sight. An hour later, Ronnie glares.

"Where's that letter from the studio?"

"Letter?" says Jane. "What letter?"

"The letter I put on that table. Right there. Not an hour ago."

"Oh, that. Now—let me see. What did I do with it?"

Jane makes up for this quality by being continually amusing in her sleep. Physically, she sleeps as though she were embalmed, being practically impossible to waken, but her mind goes on all cylinders at all times.

One morning, after Ronnie had showered and dressed, he leaned over the bed to kiss Jane goodbye. Sound asleep, she made a face at the disturbance and burrowed down under the covers. Then suddenly she thrust both arms high in the air, just missing Ronnie's left ear.

"See?" she howled. "I've got hands!"

Jane has never been left at home, a widow in any sense of the word. It's like moving a stone quarry to get either of the Reagans out of the house at any time, but when one goes, the other follows. When Ronnie took up golf, Jane played along with him, giving him a fair game. Now they have their horses and their own stable, Yearling Row, which is not only a source of pleasure but is also run as a business. Horses are trained for jumping and show, and many a Reagan hour is spent at the stable. Years ago, Ronnie took up building ship models, installing a workshop in the garage. Not to be outdone, Jane carefully watched the whole procedure and is currently building a tugboat which she proudly claims, even though it sounds dumpy, is just as difficult as any other type of ship.

a little child shall lead them . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Reagan are a unit unto themselves, never having become acquainted with neighbors down the hill. The social end of the family is upheld by Maureen, who somehow manages to meet everyone but Santa Claus. The other day, Ronnie and Jane were standing by the pool when the milkman drove up the driveway.

"Hi, Bob," said Maureen. She poked Ronnie in the ribs. "Daddy—say hello to Bob."

"Oh," said Ronnie. "Hello, Bob."

Then she coaxed him into a walk down the hill. A neighbor was sitting on her porch.

"Good morning, Mrs. Duncan," said Maureen, and poked again. "Daddy—say hello to Mrs. Duncan."

Ronnie waved, a little hesitantly, at the stranger. "Morning, Mrs. Duncan," he said.

Maureen is a very social-minded child. When the Reagans recently gave a birthday party for Joan Crawford, Maureen acted with Jane as co-hostess, wearing her first long party dress. The house was brightly lighted, standing on the hill in the night like a chest of bright jewels. Maureen stood at the door with an official air about her.

junior hostess . . .

"Miss Crawford, may I present Mr. and Mrs. Peck."

Greg and Greta and Joan nodded in solemn acknowledgment, of the introduction, although they have known each other for years. The guests gathered in the patio which boasted a dance floor and was sheltered by a canvas top. The garden was illuminated and a small orchestra played soft strains of music to the night. Maureen had a whale of a time, making sure that everyone knew everyone else. When her bedtime approached, she toasted the party with milk in a wine glass and was waltzed around the floor by Ronnie. Then her parents bundled her into warmer clothes for the trip to her grandmother's, where she was to spend the night. Maureen balked at leaving.

"It's a beautiful party," she told them. "I don't want to leave it. I don't want to leave the house either. I don't ever want to leave the house."

Jane and Ronnie looked at each other over their daughter's head. They knew what she meant. Their house is not only gracious and beautiful and filled with warm humor. It's more than that. It's a home.

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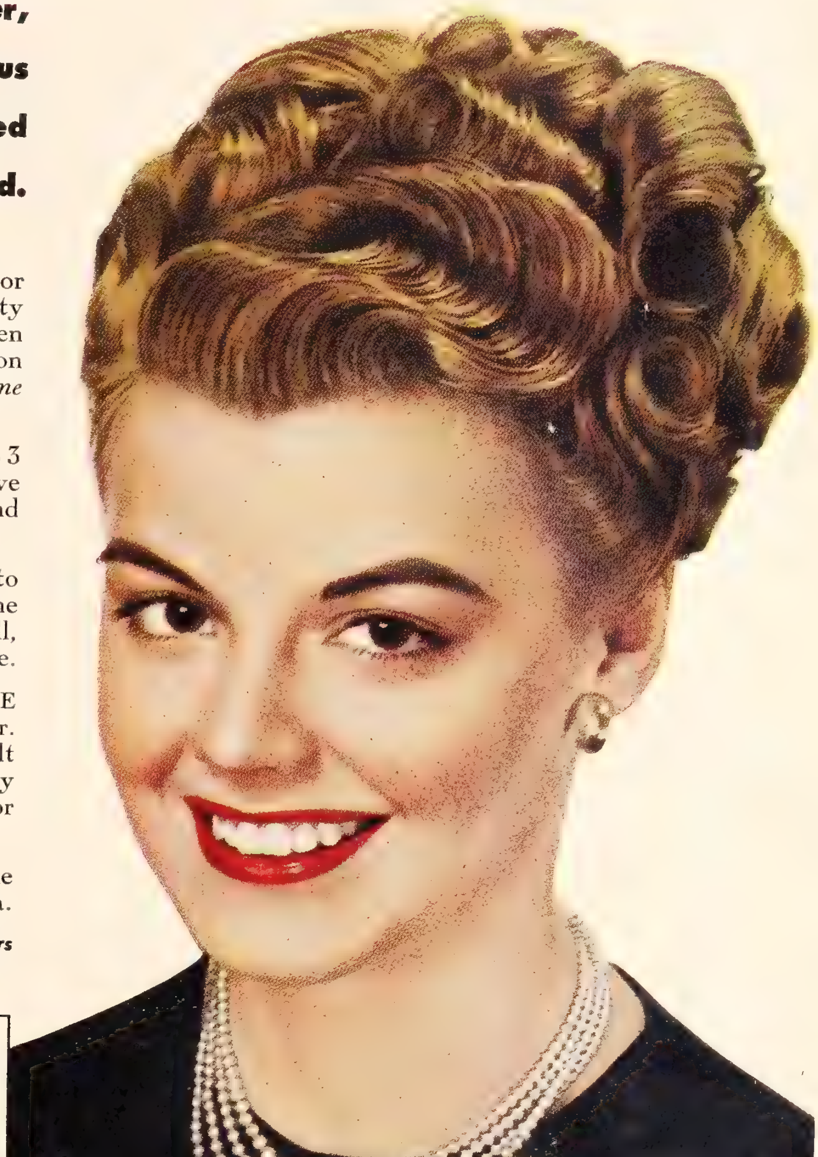

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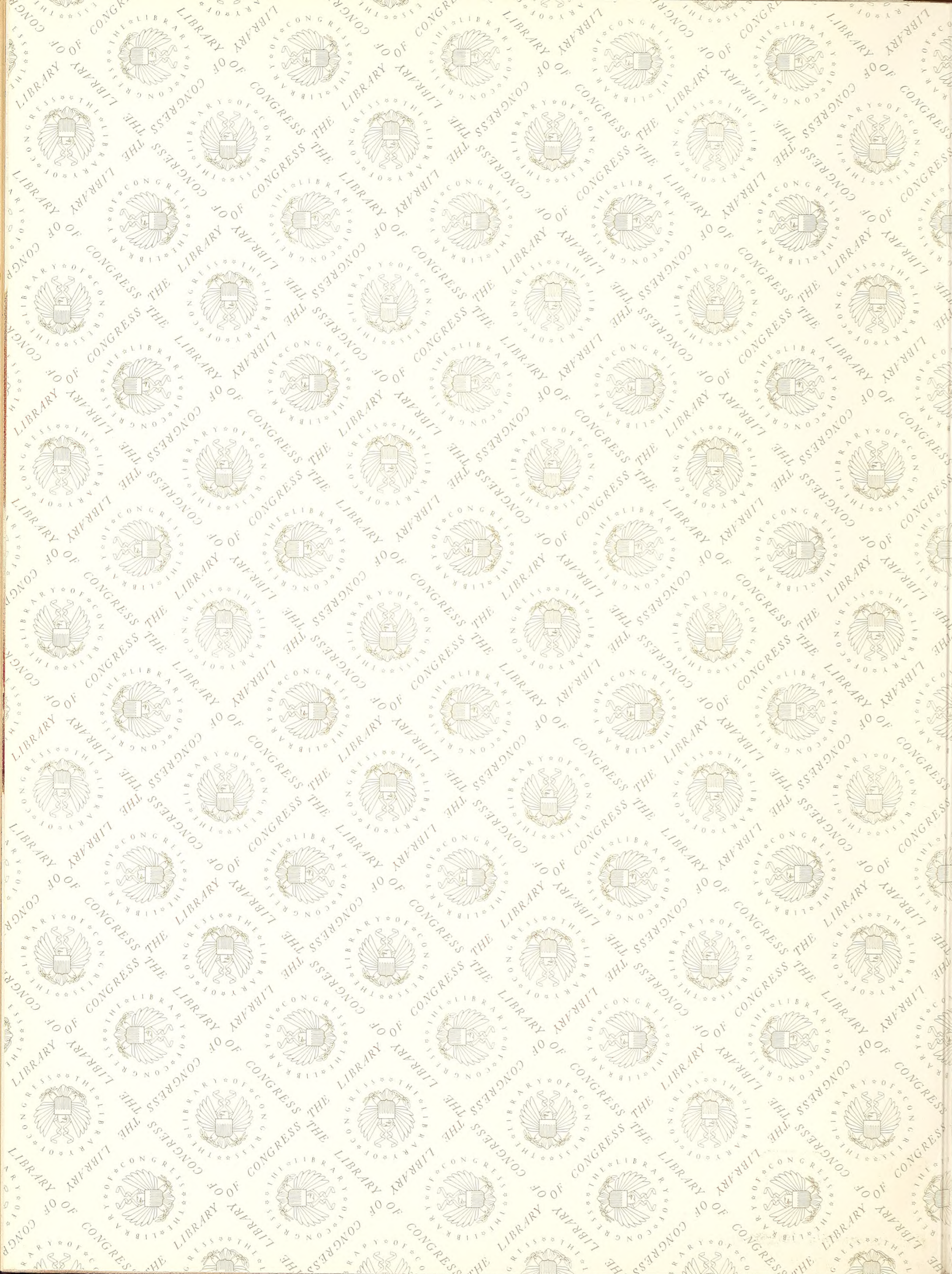
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